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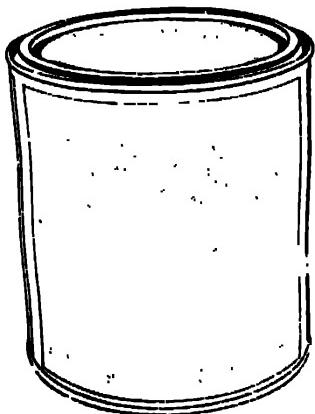


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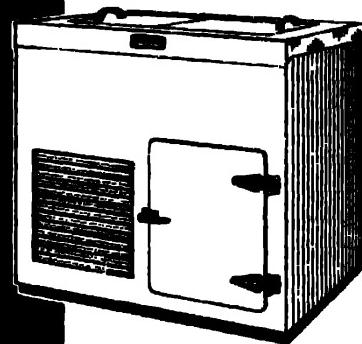
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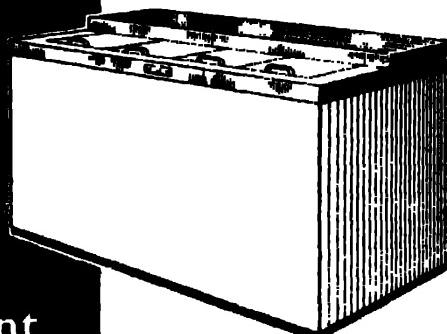
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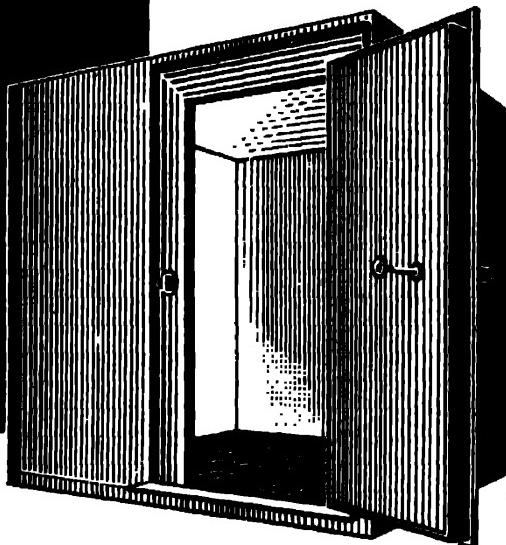
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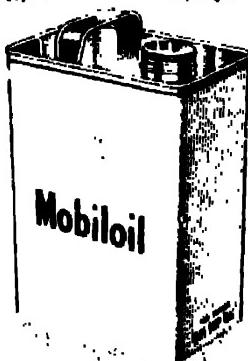
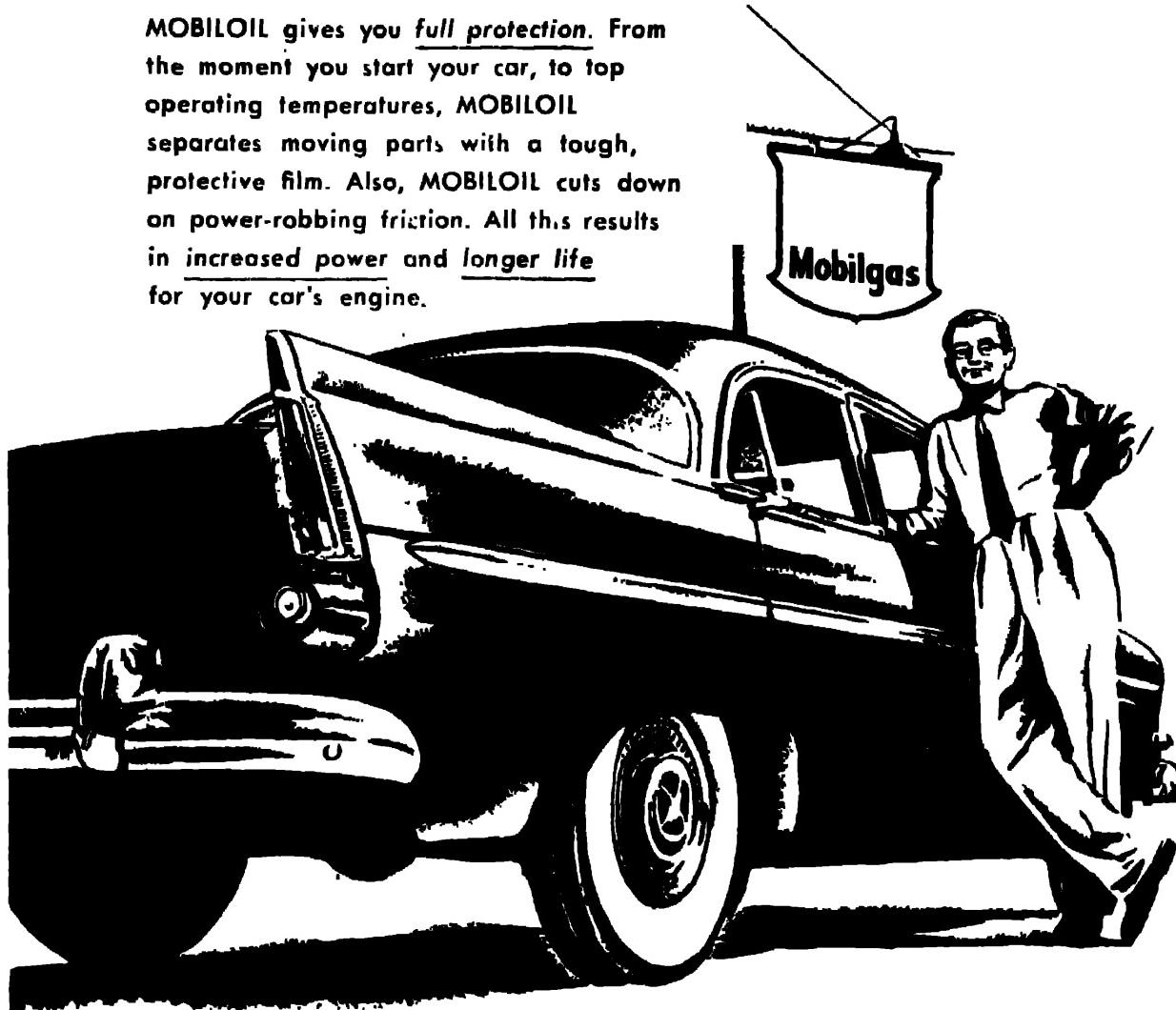
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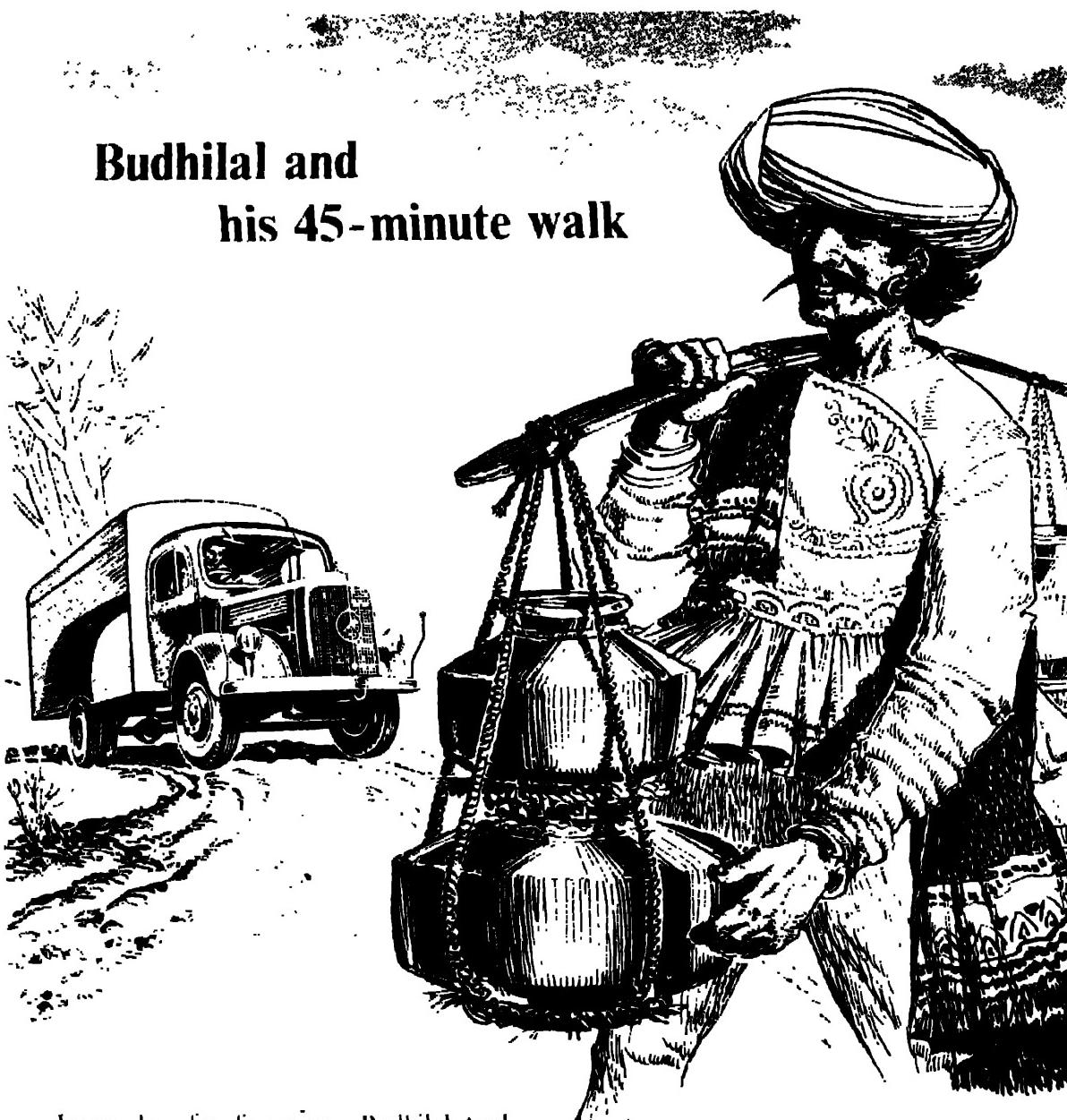
### The Taste Proves It's Doing You Good

Our toothpaste tastes as it does because of the SR in it. We could, of course, add less SR for the sake of a better taste, or even remove SR completely and put in an ice cream flavour. But we're in the business of fighting dental troubles. We consider gleaming white teeth and hard, healthy gums much more important than pleasant flavours. That's why we keep SR — and our Gibbs SR users. You can tell who they are: they're never afraid to smile!



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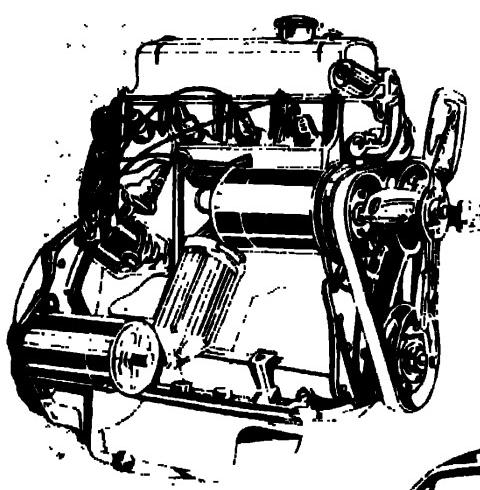
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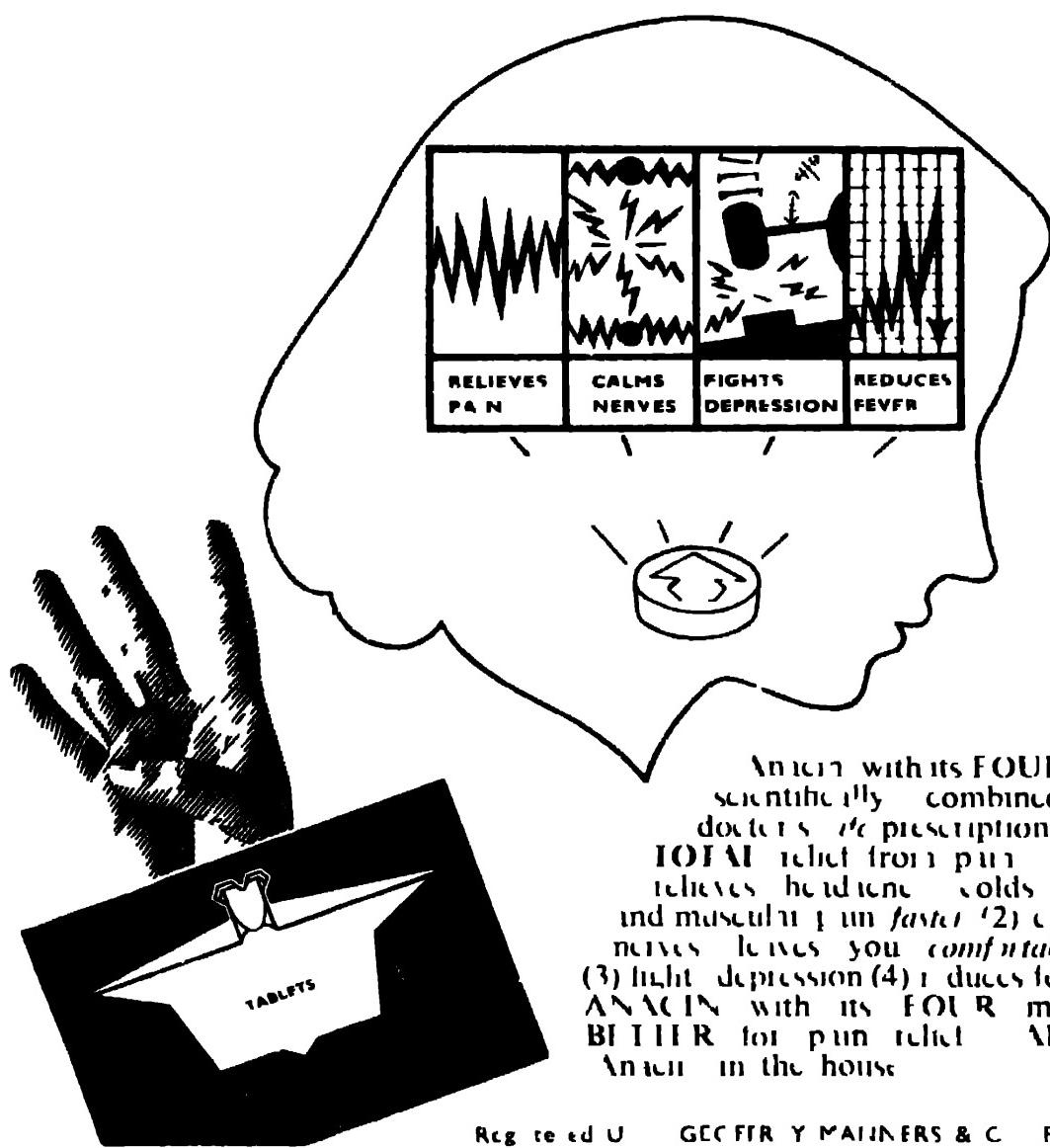
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VOLUME 75

*The*  
**Reader's Digest**

JULY 1959



Is this fearsome creature a myth—or the missing link?  
Soon we may learn the answer

**THE RIDDLE  
OF THE  
ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**

*By Albert Maisel*

MID THE vast wastelands of the high Himalayas there stalks a strange something, an elusive giant whose manlike traits drive scientists into furious controversy. Is it, as sceptics insist, merely a bear, a monkey or even just a myth? Or is it truly a humanoid, the long-sought missing link between the apes and man?

All argument over the mysterious "Abominable Snowman" may soon

be ended. Large, well equipped expeditions are now tracking him down on both sides of the towering ranges that separate India from the U.S.S.R. and Tibet.

From the north, three Soviet expeditions, with virtually unlimited support from the Soviet Academy of Sciences, are scouring the Pamir Mountains, Tibet, Mongolia and the Gobi region. From the south, a smaller, privately financed

international group, including Indian, British, American and Swiss scientists and mountaineers—the third Slick-Johnson Expedition—is combing the deep valleys of the tributaries of the Everest-shadowed Arun River in eastern Nepal.

Thus, the search for the Abominable Snowman—called Yeti, Meti, Shookpa, Mi-go or Kang-Mi by the natives of different areas—has turned into a race. At stake, of course, is national scientific prestige. But more important—and so recognized by both sides, who have swapped information on their findings during previous expeditions—is the fact that whoever finds the Snowman and, if lucky, captures him alive, will have solved one of the most tantalizing anthropological riddles of all time.

The natives of the roof-of-the-world valleys have insisted on the presence of the Yeti for hundreds of years. Not until 1887, however, did the strange creature first stride into the ken of the Western world. It was then that a British mountaineer, Colonel W. A. Waddell, trudging across a 16,000-foot high snow-field in Sikkim, came upon a mystifying set of tracks. Waddell described them as seemingly the footprints of a man of gigantic size stalking along where no one would expect to find a lone human being—least of all barefoot.

Waddell's report caused no stir, but in 1906 a noted botanist and Himalayan explorer, Henry Elwes,

saw not only a Yeti's tracks but a great, hairy biped running away from him and vanishing over a ridge in the distance. Unfortunately, Elwes died without publishing his detailed notes and sketches; thus for many years only a few friends knew of his discovery.

In 1921, while leading the first expedition to attempt the scaling of Everest, Lieutenant-Colonel C. K. Howard-Bury sighted what appeared to be an unclothed, hairy but human form *walking* slowly across a snow-field far below. In shaking tones, the Sherpa porters with him explained that this was no ordinary man but an awesome Yeti that killed unguarded yaks and even slew unwary herders.

Howard Bury later told a group of reporters of his long-range encounter. Intrigued by the strange tale, Henry Newman of the Calcutta *Times* interviewed the Sherpas. They fully confirmed the sighting, calling the creature a Kang-Mi, which means "thing of the rocky places." Mistranslating this dialect term, Newman coined a far more fascinating one. His witty dispatch about the "Abominable Snowman" made a front-page sensation all over the world.

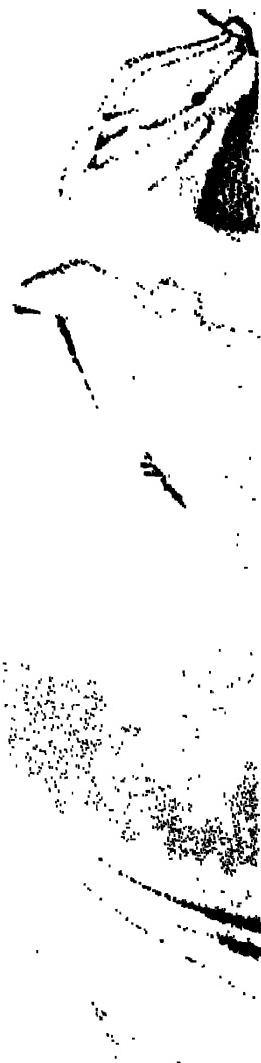
As more and more Westerners attempted to scale Himalayan peaks, the reports of Snowman-sightings mounted. Many were outright hoaxes. But dozens came from experienced mountaineers and scientists of unquestionable integrity.

In 1922, for example, at an altitude of 10,000 feet in Sikkim, a group of British Army officers saw several creatures run--upright--down a small slope and disappear into a rhododendron forest. Three years later the Yeti was seen by an Indian botanist, A. N. Tombazi, near his camp in the Zemu Gap in Sikkim. It "walked upright like a man and occasionally stooped to pull up roots and shrubs." The next morning Tombazi found not the claw marks of a four-footed animal but the footprints of a biped, with toes and heel like a human being's.

Similar manlike footprints were encountered in 1936 by Ronald Kaulback, an English botanist, climbing at an altitude of 16,000 feet near Bumthang Gompa in Nepal. And a year later, the British mountaineer Frank Smythe followed Yeti tracks in the snow through a pass north of Bhyunder Valley in Nepal.

Almost simultaneously, but nearly 200 miles away in Sikkim, Captain John Hunt (later knighted for his leadership of the first successful Everest expedition) came across two sets of prints winding through a 19,000-foot pass.

The Second World War put a halt to Himalayan expeditions. But in 1948 two Norwegian uranium



prospectors, Aage Thorberg and Jan Frostis, discovered Yeti footprints near Zemu Gap.

Following the tracks for several hours, they found themselves face to face with a pair of gigantic, shaggy-haired bipeds. They attempted to lasso one, but it attacked Frostis and severely mauled his shoulder. Thorberg saved his friend by firing his rifle and frightening the Yetis into flight.

Until 1951 belief in the Snowman's existence depended entirely upon the word of those who claimed to have seen it or its tracks. But in that year Eric Shipton provided photographic evidence. Crossing the Menlung Glacier in search of a new route to Everest, he and his Sherpas found two sets of biped tracks clearly imprinted upon a thin layer of crystallized snow. He took pictures of them. For several miles Shipton and his party were able to follow the path made by the creatures as they walked side by side, with longer than human strides, until they came to a deep crevasse. Here the great "things" had leapt the gap, landing not on all fours as a bear would, but on only one leg — like a human.

Shipton's pictures provided clear proof that, whatever the Yeti might be, it was certainly neither a quadruped nor an ordinary human being.

During the next three years Yeti tracks were reported by Dr. Edouard Wyss-Dunant, leader of the first Swiss Everest Expedition;

by Sir Edmund Hillary, who followed him in the Barun Khola region while on the way to his final conquest of Everest; and also by Norman Dyhrenfurth, a member of the second Swiss Expedition.

With each new report of tracks or sightings, newspaper editors sought the comments of anthropology professors and zoo curators. In the early years, most of these desk-bound scientists insisted that the Snowman — and his tracks — stemmed from hallucinations brought on by lack of oxygen in the high altitudes. Then came the photographs, and the sceptics conceded that there might be *something* up there. But nothing new. Just an ordinary animal.

One of their favourite candidates was the Himalayan red bear. Another was the langur monkey. But red bears never walk on their hind feet for more than a few steps, and their footprints are likely to show claw marks.

As for langurs, not only are their bodies too light and their feet too small to account for the Snowman tracks, but they walk on all fours when on the ground.

The wealth of evidence of the "thing's" existence had, until 1954, been incidental to mountain-climbing expeditions working on tight schedules. Clearly, if the identity of the Snowman was to be firmly established, specially organized parties of hunters and scientists would have to track it down.

That year the first expedition

was financed by the London *Daily Mail*. Organized by Ralph Izzard, who had covered the conquest of Everest, it included Tom Stobart, the zoologist and cameraman of the successful Everest expedition. The group traversed the high valleys north of Katmandu in Nepal and never saw a Snowman. But the members photographed four widely separated sets of tracks and, more important, found Yeti droppings. These contained both vegetable matter and the hair and bones of mountain mice and hares—clear proof that the “thing,” like man himself, lived on a diet of both vegetable and animal matter.

The first Yeti hunters established another vital fact. Early trackings had fostered the idea that the Snowman was a creature of the high glaciers. Izzard and his party found tracks in lower areas.

Izzard also visited the monasteries of Pangboche and Khumjung, where the lamas permitted him to examine and photograph “Yeti scalps” preserved there for 300 years as semi sacred objects. Measuring seven inches in height and 26 inches in circumference, these bore bristly, reddish hair and had an inch-thick ridge running back from their foreheads. Definitely not the scalps of bears or langurs, they had precisely the appearance one would expect to find if they came from the bodies of primitive, manlike creatures with heavy jaw muscles anchored in a large cranial ridge.

In 1957 an expedition financed by Texas oilmen Thomas Slick and F. Kirk Johnson, and including Slick, Peter Byrne, an Irish hunter-explorer, and N. D. Bachketi, superintendent of the Delhi Zoological Park, set out for Katmandu and the wild, high country beyond. In three hitherto unexplored valleys the party sound, photographed and made plaster casts of Yeti tracks at three widely separated locations.

Following one set over several miles on freshly fallen snow, Byrne noted not a single instance in which the creature had resorted to four-footed locomotion. On one mild slope, upon which a four-footed animal would have had no difficulty in walking, the “thing” had slipped, fallen and slid, leaving a deep furrow on the soft white snow. Then it had risen and marched off, again on only two feet. At another point, where it had climbed over a felled tree under a huge growth of rhododendron bushes, it had put up a hand—or paw—to steady itself, tearing loose a mass of moss.

Each pursuit, like that by Izzard’s group, ended without a sighting of the Snowman. But the photographs and plaster casts of the prints provided incontrovertible evidence of the presence of a number of the creatures in these valleys. Above the Chhoyang, for example, the tracks measured ten inches in length and seven and a half in width near the toes. But in the region of the Iswa, another set of tracks—though

similar in shape—proved to be 13 inches from toe to heel.

At one village the natives insisted that a small boy and his elder sister had encountered a Yeti two months earlier while guarding a yak herd in the near-by hills. The creature had walked out of a wood to within 100 feet of the frightened youngsters, and then, calmly, still on two feet, re-entered the forest. When asked about its height, the boy asserted that it was from one to two feet taller than six-foot Slick.

Showing him photographs of all the animals allegedly mistaken for the Snowman, plus an artist's drawing of the prehistoric man, *Australopithecus*, Slick asked him to indicate which picture most closely resembled what he had seen. The boy's first choice was a gorilla, which he said was "almost the Yeti but not quite." His second choice was the prehistoric man, his third the orang-utan. His sister, questioned separately, chose the pictures in the same order.

On at least a dozen other occasions, in widely scattered villages, the same test was made with other natives who claimed to have encountered a Yeti. Invariably they dismissed the bears and langurs as utterly different from the creatures they had seen. Invariably they picked the gorilla, the pre-man and the orang-utan in 1-2-3 order.

In three villages—Dimi, Hykali and Mansima—scores of interviews confirmed rumours that within the

preceding four years Yeti had killed at least five Nepalese by bashing them against rocks or trees. Particularly gruesome, yet indicative of the Snowman's high position on the evolutionary scale, was the manner in which these Yetis mutilated their prey. The victims had been found with their eyeballs, fingers, toes and testicles torn away and, presumably, eaten. Animals rarely devour their kill with such selectivity; but in both Africa and the South Seas savage man has practised a precisely similar ritual cannibalism in the belief that by so doing he may gain for himself the strength and function of these organs.

Driven out of the hill country by the monsoon rains in the late spring of 1957, Slick and Byrne—though disappointed by their failure to capture the Yeti—were by no means ready to give up the search. Instead, they began recruiting and equipping a Second Slick-Johnson Expedition which returned to the Chhoyang Khola early last year. This time, Peter Byrne was joined by three other experienced hunters: his brother Bryan, Norman Dyhrenfurth and Gerald Russell of the *Daily Mail* expedition and the quest for the Giant Panda. Fifteen Sherpa guides, including a number who had been on one or both of the earlier Yeti hunts, a Nepalese liaison officer and 72 porters completed the party.

To pursue their hunt, they now had both new weapons and new

plans. They would seek, at first, to locate the Yeti in a general way by searching for its prints along the snowline. Then, setting up hides in the upper reaches of the side valleys, they would await its reappearance. After that, they might use snares, specially designed so as not to hurt the Yeti, or a newly developed air-gun which propels hypodermic cartridges containing a temporarily paralysing drug.

As before, they had little difficulty finding the biped's tracks on the high mountain-sides. On two successive nights, in fact, Yetis actually invaded the Byrne camp, overturning cooking pots and other equipment. Frightened by the ensuing noise, the "things" made off with crashing steps before anyone could get out of his sleeping-bag. When torches were switched on, the Yetis were nowhere in sight. But there in the snow were two sets of ten-inch footprints—Yeti prints—in a clear trail that vanished where the snow ended on a bare rocky incline.

The search on the snowline was abandoned, however, when Gerald Russell discovered a Yeti feeding-hole at a jungle pool in an isolated and desolate canyon off the Chhoyang Valley. Near here, Russell had followed several Yeti tracks, then set up his hide and spent ten days watching behind a thick screen of branches in the hope that the creature would pass by on his way to water.

Finally, one night, a Sherpa

villager came up-river to hunt for edible frogs with a torch hung from a bamboo pole. About 300 yards below Russell's hide he came upon a wet footprint on a rock. Then, swinging his torch round, he saw a small Snowman, squatting on a boulder across the stream, 20 yards away. At his frightened shout, the creature rose slowly to its feet and stalked with massive dignity into the darkness of the trees.

The following night, Russell's Sherpa guide, Da Tempa, went out with the villager in the hope of driving the Yeti towards Russell's hide. After more than an hour, they caught the Snowman in the glare of their torches; but instead of retreating—and thus heading towards the hiding Russell—the Yeti advanced threateningly upon the two Sherpas. Unarmed and mindful of the tales of man-killing Yetis, both men turned and fled.

During the weeks that followed, members of the expedition took turns each night in a new hide nearer the pool, waiting for the creature to return to eat the frogs which hide by day but come out in swarms at moonrise.

But their hopes were in vain, for a large party of Sherpas, driving their herds of goats and sheep towards the mountain pastures, came to camp at the frog-filled pool. Churning the river-banks into a muddy quagmire, their beasts effectively drove off the Yeti. And the hunt-ending monsoon came before the "things" returned.

But again a seeming failure had produced new facts and thus justified Slick in financing this year's Snowman expedition. Meanwhile, Slick took to Britain and Russia photographs of a Snowman's "hand." The hand itself, mummified with age, had been shown to his party at the Pangboche monastery. Its finger lengths and the joints of its bones were quite different from those of humans, but it had an opposable thumb, as only man and other primates have.

Professor W. C. Osman Hill, Prosector to the London Zoological Society, believed the hand to be that of an "unknown anthropoid nearer to the gorilla than anything else." Russian scientists agreed and urged that, if the monks would not part with it, it should be X-rayed to determine where on the scale of evolution its former owner should be placed.

As this is written, the third Slick-Johnson expedition is in the Himalayas. Along with snares and hypodermic guns, its porters have with them a portable X-ray machine to X-ray the Pangboche hand.

Possibly even before you read this, these explorers will have snared, photographed, X-rayed and perhaps brought down from its mountain lair the long-sought Abominable Snowman. If they fail—and if the Russians fail, too—other expeditions are sure to go out.

But when it is found, what will the Snowman prove to be? All the evidence—the shape of its feet, its bipedal walk, the opposed thumb—leads men like Izzard, Slick, Byrne and their Russian counterparts to believe that the Snowman is considerably more manlike than ape-like. Thus, with increasingly fewer reservations, they postulate that the giant Yeti may be a primitive relative of early man, whose fossil remains have been found at numerous locations. If so, the high Himalayas could be the most logical place for it to have survived, a refugee from its smaller and weaker but weapon-wielding competitor, man himself.

Speculations? Yes. But man may soon be destined to meet his nearest cousin, Darwin's missing link!

### *Pet Aversions*

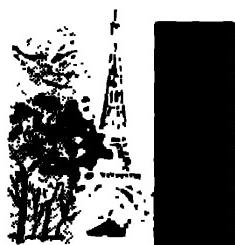
OF ALL modern phenomena the most monstrous and ominous, the most manifestly rotting with disease, the most grimly prophetic of destruction, the most clearly and unmistakably inspired by evil spirits, the most instantly and awfully overshadowed by the wrath of Heaven, the most near to madness and moral chaos, the most vivid with devilry and despair, is the practice of having to listen to loud music while eating a meal in a restaurant.

—G. K. Chesterton

The fog of France's post-war political strife has long veiled her remarkable record of industrial achievement. Her bold inventiveness and sheer technical ability are winning her a profitable place in the world's markets

## *France Delivers the Goods*

By Robert Littell



**T**HE FASTEST electric locomotive in the whole world, the highest aerial cableway, the deepest canal lock, the tallest gantry crane, the tiniest micro-tools, the biggest truck, the quietest commercial jet . . .

All these mosts, bests, biggests and many more are products of France. Yes, of lovely, pleasure-given, *frou-frou* France, a land of food and fashions, wines and perfumes, but surely—one used to think—not quite up to making serious hardware.

Never has the stereotype of a frivolous, deliciously backward France been less true than it is today. The post-war surge of French inventiveness, of sheer technical ability,

has surprised her friends, and even France herself. The dismal fogs of French politics have veiled the solid accomplishments of a France that can compete with the best in science, industry or technology anywhere.

And a France that exports creative brains as well as vintage bottles. French engineers have been building an oil refinery in Finland, a telecommunications network in Greece, pipelines in Kenya, a fertilizer works in Pakistan, a jet-age runway in Hong Kong, a sewage system for Auckland, New Zealand, a steel mill in the Colombian Andes, a four-lane road tunnel under Havana Bay.

The French may not yet have peddled coal in Newcastle, but they have built ships for Britain and

Norway; they have equipped paper mills for the Swedes and chocolate factories for the Swiss. St.-Gobain, the world's largest manufacturer of plate glass,\* with 32 plants in nine countries, is planning to build a plate-glass factory worth nearly Rs. 15 crores in the United States. Here glass, in a river ten feet wide and nearly half a mile long, will be rolled, ground and polished on both sides in one operation, just as at the company's amazingly automatic Chantecraine plant in France.

Just look how well France, one of the main rivals for dollar business, is doing in America. French machinery and inventions are crossing the Atlantic, to the great surprise of those who had thought of France as primarily an exporter of silks, champagne and truffles. The Ugine-Séjournet technique for extruding hot steel shapes by lubricating the dies with glass is being used by a number of leading American steel companies.

The Voltabloc, a nickel-cadmium, rechargeable alkaline battery, developed by the French S.A.F.T. and manufactured in the United States under licence, lasts 20 times longer than conventional acid batteries. Built up of individual cells no bigger than bottle caps, these batteries have been used in transistor radios, rechargeable torches, military walkie-talkies, devices to replace an injured larynx and

proximity-guidance sticks to warn the blind. Heavier, Voltablocs have helped to launch American jet planes and missiles, and have heated huts in the Antarctic for the U.S. Navy.

In no field has France done more to win applause than in aviation—with Sud-Aviation's swept-wing, two-engined, 500-mile-an-hour Caravelle pure jet plane. The Caravelle has not only flown but even taken off on one engine. The first of 50 Caravelles ordered by six countries went into service this spring.

French aeronautical skill has turned out a stable of military jets, and the world's only manned ram-jet, the Grislon, with a speed twice that of sound. Another triumph is the world's smallest reaction turbine, developed by Turboméca.

In sharp contrast to the French race-horses of the air is Bréguet's 941 which, though it cruises at 250 miles an hour, can slow down to 45 without stalling. It can clear a five-storey house after a take-off sprint of only 220 yards. This is achieved by using enormous flaps and by drenching the wings in the slipstream from four oversize propellers.

The world's first turbine-driven helicopter, the French Alouette, was the first helicopter to fly in the stratosphere, reaching an altitude of 36,501 feet. The Alouette has sprayed bananas in Guinea, supplied crews of oil-drilling platforms off the coast of Louisiana and saved victims of Alpine accidents.

\* See "St.-Gobain's Glittering World of Glass," The Reader's Digest, October 1957.

The Alouette's younger sister, the Djinn, is agile enough to land on a moving trailer. The Djinn is driven by compressed air blowing out through the tips of its rotor blades, making them spin, just as water pressure twirls a lawn sprinkler.

If the French have flown high, they have also dived deep. Like something sprung from the mind of Jules Verne is the "bathyscaphe," an experimental submarine for exploring the ocean floor. Adapted by Commander Georges Houot from Professor Auguste Piccard's diving sphere, the bathyscaphe is like a blimp in reverse, operating with 20,000 gallons of petrol instead of helium. As the petrol is released, sea-water is let in to take its place. Water being heavier than petrol, the bathyscaphe sinks. Commander Houot has taken it down to a record depth of 13,287 feet.\*

French tradition has reasserted itself on dry land as well. Last year France exported nearly five cars for every seven from Britain. In the small-car markets of the world the German Volkswagen has recently been challenged by Renault's 40-miles-per-gallon, four-passenger Dauphine. To satisfy an increasingly enthusiastic public, Renault has flung a network of some 800 dealers over the United States and Puerto Rico, and chartered six freighters with a capacity of 1,000 Dauphines each.

\* This bathyscaphe has recently been bought by the U.S. Navy.

At Flins, near Paris, Dauphines are assembled at the rate of one a day for every five employees. An American motor executive reported recently that this factory was more nearly automatic than any motor-car factory in the United States.

After waiting 22 years before bringing out a new model, Citroën finally hatched the revolutionary DS 19, the world's only mass-produced car with an air-oil suspension. It can be raised or lowered  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches, to clear rough ground or rutty roads, and its tyres are changed without a jack. Car experts speak of it as "incredibly safe, fast cornering, superbly comfortable—a decade ahead of contemporary design."

The French have more than kept pace with the rest of the world in electronics. Directed Hertzian waves from a huge radio-telephone tower near Paris have replaced most of the old-fashioned telephone wires between the capital and four of the largest provincial cities. From France (ordered by the French navy for use in ships) has come Europe's first electronic automatic telephone exchange, which operates without any mechanical moving parts. And what is reputed to be the world's most efficient radio and television transmitting tube, the small, powerful "Vapotron," which is cooled by the vaporization of water. And the "Tecnétron," an electronic amplifier, more efficient and versatile than the transistor, for radar, television, satellites and guided missiles.

One of the crown jewels of French scientific invention is the sensational "electron probe micro-analyser," or Microsonde, developed by Professor Raymond Castaing. By directing a finely focused beam of electrons on to the surface of a piece of metal, it can determine in two or three minutes the composition of a substance which a chemical laboratory would need as many weeks to analyse. It can analyse areas as small as  $1/25,000$  of an inch, and is expected to revolutionize the field of metallurgy.

France and her 44 million people are boiling with energy, both physical and intellectual. One proof of this appears in the country's industrial-productivity figures. Over the past five years, French output per man-hour has increased by 31 per cent, a rate higher than that of any other nation in the West.

Doubting foreign observers should listen to John Cooney, chairman and managing director of the Burroughs accounting-machine company's French subsidiary.

"The French worker," says Cooney after nine years' experience in France, "is skilled, dedicated and creative. He has a great many original and useful ideas for improving efficiency. He takes great pride in his factory, and will break his

neck just to get the job done."

Burroughs, which began by importing brains and machines into France, now exports French engineering ideas and management to its other foreign subsidiaries.

There is, of course, a seamy side to the amazing French carpet. The economic gap between the employed and the employing classes is still much too wide. The standard of living, though much improved since 1949, is still too low. Labour relations are better, but there are still many die-hard French employers.

France needs several minor revolutions: economic, social and psychological. Thousands of small merchants and manufacturers will have to give up special positions and private arrangements, and abandon the philosophy of building high prices upon a narrow market.

And savings will have to come out of hiding, whether from the peasant's gold-filled sock or the speculator's anonymous Swiss bank account.

The entire Free World will stand to gain if these idle funds are invested in a France which her people are daily making stronger with their clever hands, their good heads and their resolute hearts.

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For some of the material used here the author is indebted to the periodical, *France Actuelle*.



*MARRY BY ALL means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy; if you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.*

—Socrates

# TELL YOUR DOCTOR EVERYTHING!

*Patients who, for any reason, conceal their real symptoms are wasting time and money—and frequently gambling with their lives*

By Dr. I. Phillips Frohman, as told to Scott Seegers



THE PHONE rang just as I was turning in for the night. "Doctor, please come quickly!" a frantic voice urged. "I think my husband is having a heart attack."

Her husband had already gone to bed when he complained of a pain in the left side of his chest. This spread to his back. He had trouble getting his breath. His face turned ashen, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

This sounded alarming. I pulled trousers and jacket over my pyjamas and ran to my car. Driving to the

sick man's home, I reviewed what I knew of George Tompkins.\* He was 43, on his way up in a big firm which sent its executives to me for annual physical examinations. Tompkins, I remembered, would pull off his shirt and say impatiently, "Right, doctor, let's get this over with so that I can get back to work."

"Still doing a lot of entertaining?" I asked during his most recent visit.

"Of course, part of my job."

"How's your digestion?"

"I can eat anything."

"Ever have any chest pains?"

"No. I feel fine. No complaints."

His electrocardiogram showed normal heart action. Blood pressure was normal. Blood studies indicated

\*The name is fictitious, as are the names of all patients mentioned in this article.

nothing wrong. Yet I found him now, three months later, near death from a severe coronary occlusion. Surely he had not told me everything about his physical condition. We got him to the hospital, and later when he was out of danger I questioned him again.

"Well, yes, I had been having these pains over my heart," he admitted, giving me a perfect description of angina pectoris symptoms.

"Why didn't you tell me about them?"

"Oh, I was afraid you'd want me to cut out this, cut out that—"

He was right. I would have had him cut out all entertaining and cut down drastically on smoking and drinking. I would have prescribed simple medication to relax spasmodically constricted blood vessels of the heart, and recommended that his nerve-racking duties be replaced by quieter administrative responsibilities of equal importance. Tompkins could thus have retained his value to his firm and continued his promotion-marked career. He might never have had a heart attack.

But, because he withheld vital information, he caused himself a dreadful ordeal, spent five months in bed and dipped heavily into his savings. He had to return to reduced responsibilities, a lower salary and, because of his condition, he is not likely to be promoted.

. Angina is but one of many conditions that no doctor can spot without the patient's help. Constriction

of the blood vessels that feed the heart is often caused by nervous tension and may simulate indigestion. Usually it shows up as a pain in the left chest.

Unfortunately the electrocardiograph cannot show a pain. A patient with chest pain or persistent indigestion may risk his life if he does not describe these symptoms to his doctor. For, despite today's extraordinary scientific instruments, the diagnosis of an internal ailment must remain the doctor's opinion, based on the best evidence he can gather through his eyes and ears, his senses of smell and touch, even his intuition. Vital to the evidence is what the patient tells him.

A patient's lack of frankness once led me a less-than-merry diagnostic chase. Janet Archer, a 33-year-old bank clerk married to a builder and with one child, had sudden dizzy spells accompanied by severe choking sensations. Janet had been my patient for several years. I knew that she had no adverse medical history. Thorough examinations showed only a rapid heartbeat. Suspecting nerves, I questioned her about her job, home life, financial obligations. Everything was fine, she insisted. Her husband was a steady worker; the child was healthy and happy.

Simple treatment reduced her heart action to normal, but the attacks continued. The easy diagnosis would have been to call her a hypochondriac, prescribe tranquilizers and observe. But something has to

be out of order to make a person feel ill enough to seek medical help. I started all over again, putting Janet through every test in the book. All were negative.

To double-check, I sent her to a neurologist. This specialist's encephalograph, a near-miraculous instrument that measures brain waves, showed no physical reason for nerve trouble. But I had rigged a small booby trap. The neurologist was also a psychiatrist. His skilled questioning revealed Janet's trouble: her husband was a heavy drinker and a night-bird, and was only sporadically employed. I sent Janet to her parish priest, who talked to her and her husband. The priest got the husband sorted out, and Janet's symptoms disappeared as if by magic.

When I pointed out the time, money and illness she could have saved by being frank on her first visit to me, she said, "Doctor, I was ashamed to tell you the truth about my husband."

Sometimes a patient with a guilty conscience will suffer prolonged pain rather than make the simple statement of fact that will enable the doctor to cure him. One such was Arnold Jameison, 52, a research physicist. I first saw him one night in his home as he lay moaning with pain in his back. Repeated quiz sessions and laboratory tests produced no key to his condition. According to him, he had no history of meningitis or other severe infectious disease, had not fallen or done any

recent heavy lifting and had suffered no back injuries. I was baffled.

Looking farther afield for the trouble, my radiologist colleague and I ordered X-rays of his hips. Examining these films, the radiologist called my attention to some dense specks so minute that they might merely have been tiny scratches on the film. I returned to Jameison's room and asked him, "Did you have any injections in your hips about 25 years ago?"

He paled a bit, hesitated, then said, "Yes, doctor, I did." The specks on the X-ray film were remnants of bismuth injections, a standard treatment for syphilis in pre-penicillin days. Examination of the spinal fluid now disclosed syphilis of the central nervous system. The infection had irritated his nerves, causing intense pain. Fifteen massive injections of penicillin cured him.

Even the most flagrant case of a patient's concealment of facts about his condition evokes in the doctor only an intensified effort to find and eradicate the cause of illness. But I have to confess a feeling of indignation towards otherwise responsible adults who will endanger a child's life by deliberately withholding information. Unbelievably, this does happen.

A few weeks ago a distraught mother brought her five-year-old daughter to my surgery. The child had been knocked down by a car. Her skin was cut and scraped by

violent contact with the dirty road surface—perfect conditions to produce a case of tetanus.

As I filled the hypodermic with tetanus toxoid, I automatically asked the mother, "When she was a baby, was she given the triple vaccine for diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough?" This shot is often standard medical protection for infants. For at least three years after, tetanus can be warded off with a relatively mild booster shot of tetanus toxoid. If the child has not had the triple vaccine, however, the only safety from the deadly infection lies in an injection of powerful tetanus antitoxin, which can produce in some people a fatal allergic reaction.

The mother said vaguely that the child had received many injections. She couldn't remember what they were, or when given. Pressed for details, she said the treatment was given in another city. Who was the doctor? She hesitated, then gave me a fictitious name, as a check with my medical directory quickly revealed. I faced the woman squarely.

"Without proper treatment your daughter will probably get tetanus," I said. "If she does, she will almost surely die. Now will you tell me about those injections?"

She began to weep. "The child

has never had any injections of any kind. She never seemed ill, so I never took her to a doctor." To conceal her negligence, this woman was willing to imperil her child's life.

I tested the girl for allergy to tetanus antitoxin. Negative. I gave her an injection which removed her from danger.

To yield to embarrassment for whatever reason is likely to be costly in time, money and suffering. Far too many women, for example, endanger their lives by concealing or denying symptoms that plainly call for a pelvic check for possible cancer. Reason? Only that they dislike this type of examination. Others, both men and women, fail to mention symptoms which they consider trivial. The patient who does this is foolishly substituting his own medical judgement for that of the doctor.

Contrary to some opinions, the doctor does want to know every detail. The very thing that the patient thinks unimportant may in fact be the key to a baffling diagnostic problem. Confession of an indiscretion will certainly not shock the doctor or make him think less of you as an individual. He seeks only to cure you, not to judge you.

**Quip heard in government circles:** "If you're not confused, you're not well informed."

**IF THERE** is anything the nonconformist hates more than a conformist it's another nonconformist who doesn't conform to the prevailing standards of nonconformity.

—Bill Vaughan

# A

## Dog's Life

in



## China

*A well-known Yugoslav legal writer visited China last year. Even to Marxist eyes, life under the present regime seems to be fit for neither man nor beast*

By Maks Snuderl

*Professor of Law,  
Ljubljana University, Yugoslavia*

VISITING China, we were struck by the extraordinary cleanliness in the towns. Nowhere did we see any flies, sparrows, mosquitoes or mice—these are all “enemies of the people” and have been liquidated. But neither did we see any dogs or cats. I had not realized that they too were enemies of the people. Cats are unnecessary—the explanation goes—

because there are no more mice and, since crime has been eliminated, watchdogs are no longer needed. Moreover, a dog eats every day without producing anything.

Recently, however, a Chinese returned from a foreign country with a dog. It was a valuable animal of a special breed, and the man and his wife loved it like a child. The man worked in an office and walked his dog during his free time. But soon his neighbours began intriguing against him. He has a dog! Here is something suspicious!

They calculated how much food a dog eats in a year and multiplied this by 600 million. Then they told the owner how much it would cost the people if everybody had a dog. If the hours he spent walking his dog had been used for work beneficial to the community, the state would have profited. Also, he was living contrary to the concepts of the great majority, and thus he tended to rightist deviation.

The man apologized, saying that he had not thought of it in this way. As evidence of good faith he offered to give them the dog—but nobody wanted to become a rightist. He said that, if they desired, he would kill the dog. But they warned him that it had value; by destroying it he would harm the nation. What then?

A high Party secretary came to solve the problem. “What are you doing?” he said to the neighbours. “This man should keep his dog! He

takes food from his own mouth in order to feed it. He is *allowed* to go for walks, and if the dog follows him no harm has been done."

But the man's happiness was brief. The neighbours, taking a new tack, began to say to him: "Don't you know that a Communist must be aggressive and militant, that he must hold out and not surrender? You wavered when we criticized your dog! Why didn't you retort, 'I am taking food from my own mouth to feed my dog!' Why didn't you criticize us, since you were right to go for walks? Why did you want

to destroy the people's property? What would become of China if all Communists were like you? Answer!"

When he tried to answer, he realized that they were right. Therefore he confessed his failings. "Well," they said, "now you see that you need to strengthen your Marxist convictions. This can be done through physical labour."

We left China before this affair ended, but I suspect that the owner of the dog had to register for voluntary work in order to strengthen his political convictions.



### *The Well-known Human Race*

G. K. CHESTERTON always wore an Inverness cape, instead of an overcoat, and carried a sword stick. One day I asked him why he went thus armed. "All my life," he replied, "I have hoped that some day, while walking down the street, I would hear the cry of a lady in distress. I would rush to her rescue, the villain would grab my stick and thus unsheathe my sword, and I would be ready to defend her. I am an incurable romantic."

—M.T.W.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC, who liked to believe that he was an expert at reading character from handwriting, was once brought a little boy's notebook and asked about the child's possibilities. After carefully examining the scrawly handwriting, he asked the elderly woman who brought it, "Are you his mother?"

"No; I'm no relation," she replied.

"Then I'll give you my frank opinion," Balzac exclaimed. "This child is slovenly and probably stupid. I fear he will never amount to anything."

"But, master," the woman laughed, "that book was your very own when you were a little boy at school."

—Christian Science Monitor

For HOUDINI, the famous magician, his marriage remained a romance for 33 years. He was never too busy to compose a love-letter to his wife, and from 1913 to the time of his death he wrote one of these letters every single day—many of them long compositions, none casual lines. If he was at home, he would hide them about the house; and for six months after his death Mrs. Houdini continued at intervals to find these letters.

—T.A.M.

*One of the world's busiest women  
explains how to be tireless at 74*

## Where I Get My Energy

*By Eleanor Roosevelt*



WHEN I am told that I have extraordinary vitality for a woman of 74, I feel that a good part of the credit must go to my sturdy forebears. I am grateful to them for handing down to me good health and a capacity for self-discipline.

I was fortunate in learning self-discipline early. My grandmother brought me up from the time I was seven, and her code demanded a great deal of self-discipline—particularly of women. No matter how you felt, the show must go on. If you had a headache or were depressed, you certainly did not air your complaint in public. This stern code has stood me in good stead on many occasions.

The responsibilities of a family

are, I think, excellent training in organizing one's life. After my marriage I thought first of my husband and children, and learning to fit my own activities into the family schedule was good preparation for the demands of public life in later years. Adapting one's plans to the needs of others is what makes life worth living. The things we do just to satisfy our personal desires soon lose their flavour but there is a deep satisfaction in meeting the needs of husband, children or friends. The self-discipline these tasks develop is a great treasure in our later years, for it is giving pleasure to others that keeps our interest in life alive and makes us look forward to the next day.

For me, two remedies for weariness are change and relaxation. One of the most stimulating changes for me is a trip to a new part of the world. I do not find travel tiring, as some people do. I have learnt to relax and to take short naps sitting in a chair almost anywhere.

By way of a change in the summer, I fill my cottage mostly with children. True, it is sometimes exhausting to watch over a household overflowing with lively young people. But this is a different kind of weariness; the mere contact with youth is good for old age, I believe.

The ability to relax, recuperate and enjoy is, I suppose, partly an attitude of mind. Like most older people, I am constantly fighting the

temptation to slip into self-absorption. If one loses interest in the people who tie one to life, then it is very easy to lose interest in the world as a whole. This, I think, is the beginning of death.

I may look like Methuselah, but I feel no older than my younger friends. I am sure that I am no more exhausted at the end of a busy day than many who are half my age.

When you know that there is much to be done you are always looking forward instead of backward. This is one of the secrets of strength. But for all of us, as we grow older, perhaps the most important thing is to keep alive our love for others and to believe that our love and interest are as necessary to them as to us. This is what makes us keep on growing and refills the fountains of energy.



### *The French Touch*

A GOURMET travelling in France was surprised to find in one Paris restaurant that the wines of the poor years were more expensive than those of the good years. Asked for an explanation, the proprietor said, "We do it for tourists who usually know nothing about wines, but always buy the most expensive. Thus we are able to get rid of our poor wines and keep the best for our regular clients."

—Contributed by R. O.

At RUSH hour, the Etoile, the circle of road round the Arc de Triomphe, is a terrifying place for a driver who is unfamiliar with Paris traffic. Private cars, taxis, motor-cycles, bicycles and other assorted vehicles roar round it at breakneck speed. Driving down a boulevard, I made a wrong turn, was caught up in the maelstrom and was promptly manoeuvred into the inner circle. Round and round I drove, unable to extricate the car.

I was utterly frustrated and on the verge of tears when the *agents de police*, whom I must have passed a dozen times, hopped on to my running-board. Raising his hand, he stopped the rushing traffic and steered me over to a side street.

"I should really have liked to see more of you, mademoiselle. It's been charming," he said. "But with all these people about . . ." He gave a Gallic shrug, bowed gallantly and departed.

—Contributed by C. C.

THE AMERICAN influence has reached Paris—with modifications. Walking in the Luxembourg Gardens, I saw a group of children playing in a sandpit. Instead of wearing starched dresses and shorts like French children of yore, they had on blue jeans and T-shirts. But in addition they all wore spotless white gloves.

—Contributed by G. C.

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

**I**N THE following test, tick the word or phrase you believe to be *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Correct answers are on the next page.

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- (1) **immeasurable**—A: stingy. B: without limit. C: powerful. D: generous.
- (2) **monograph**—A: treatise on a single subject. B: long speech by one person. C: picture. D: study of many subjects.
- (3) **deranged**—A: assorted. B: degraded. C: defeated. D: disordered.
- (4) **adulatory** (ad' ü lä' tō ri)—A: boastful. B: immoral. C: extravagantly complimentary. D: high-handed.
- (5) **rescission** (rē sizh' un)—A: act of cancelling. B: reconsideration. C: surrender. D: surgical technique.
- (6) **severance**—A: indignation. B: separation. C: deep respect. D: harshness.
- (7) **footling**—A: trifling. B: hopeless. C: wandering. D: useless.
- (8) **imperturbable**—A: extremely upset. B: ignorant. C: inexcitable. D: stubborn.
- (9) **dismantle**—A: to upset. B: disillusion. C: shatter. D: strip or take apart.
- (10) **aria** (ah' rī a)—A: extent. B: melody for a single voice. C: applause. D: prima donna.
- (11) **destined**—A: made famous. B: postponed. C: fated. D: announced.
- (12) **virtually**—A: completely. B: righteously. C: hopefully. D: practically.
- (13) **uncouth**—A: dull. B: awkward. C: insipid. D: untrustworthy.
- (14) **holocaust** (hō' lō kōst)—A: complete destruction. B: funeral pyre. C: feast. D: tumult.
- (15) **bizarre** (bī zahr')—A: of great beauty. B: gay. C: grotesque. D: noisy.
- (16) **canard** (kā' nard)—A: game bird. B: false story. C: explosion. D: vase.
- (17) **roundly**—A: loudly. B: indirectly. C: unfairly. D: vigorously.
- (18) **abashed**—A: embarrassed. B: insulted. C: smashed. D: self-possessed.
- (19) **tumultuous** (tū mul' tū us)—A: heavy. B: revolutionary. C: full of commotion. D: terrifying.
- (20) **denunciatory** (dē nūn' sē ă trī)—A: resigned. B: vile. C: relating to a formal announcement. D: threatening.

*Answers to*

**"IT PAYS TO INCREASE  
YOUR WORD POWER"**

- (1) **immeasurable**—B: Without limit; incapable of being measured; as, *immeasurable* help. Latin *in-*, "not," and *mensurare*, "to measure."
- (2) **monograph**—A: Treatise on a single subject; thesis; dissertation; as, a *monograph* on bird migration. Greek *monos*, "single," and *graphem*, "to write."
- (3) **deranged**—D: Disordered; disarranged; as, a *deranged* mind. French *dérange*, "to get out of order."
- (4) **adulatory**—C: Extravagantly complimentary; as, an *adulatory* biography. Latin *adulatorius*.
- (5) **rescission**—A: The act of cancelling or annulling; rescinding; abrogating; as, a *rescission* of the treaty. Latin *re-scindere*, "to repeal (a law, decree)."
- (6) **severance**—B: Separation; breaking off; as, the *severance* of communications. Old French *sevrance*.
- (7) **footling**—A: Trifling; senseless; as, a *footling* argument.
- (8) **imperturbable**—C: Inexcitable; calm; not easily disturbed. Latin *in-*, "not," and *perturbare*, "to disturb."
- (9) **dismantle**—D: To strip or take apart; as, to *dismantle* a machine. Old French *dismanteller*.
- (10) **aria**—B: Song, air or melody for a single voice, especially an elaborate one sung to accompaniment in an

opera or cantata; as, an *aria* for the coloratura soprano. Latin *aer*, "air."

- (11) **destined**—C: Fated; fore-ordained; determined by destiny; as, *destined* to be a lawyer. Latin *destinare*, "to determine."
- (12) **virtually**—D: Practically; in effect; as, "The game is *virtually* over."
- (13) **uncouth**—B: Awkward; outlandish; as, *uncouth* manners. Old English *unrūth*, "unknown, strange."
- (14) **holocaust**—A: Complete destruction, especially by fire; as, "The upset lantern led to a *holocaust*." Greek *holokautos*, from *holos*, "whole," and *kaustos*, "burnt."
- (15) **bizarre**—C: Grotesque; odd; fantastic; as, a *bizarre* costume. Spanish *bizarro*, from Basque *bizer*.
- (16) **canard**—B: A false story; as, "The newspaper report was a gross *canard*." French *canard*, "hoax" (literally, "duck")
- (17) **roundly**—D: Vigorously; severely; as, *roundly* condemned.
- (18) **abashed**—A: Embarrassed; disconcerted; as, "The child was *abashed* when he could not answer the question."
- (19) **tumultuous**—C: Full of commotion; characterized by noisy disorder; as, a *tumultuous* meeting. Latin *tumultuosus*.
- (20) **denunciatory**—D: Threatening; accusatory; as, a *denunciatory* editorial. Latin *denunciare*, "to denounce."

*Vocabulary Ratings*

20-19 correct.....	excellent
18-16 correct .....	good
15-13 correct .....	fair

# The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

*By Matilda Fenberg*



*Clarence Darrow*

**A** TRAIN TICKET was in my pocket. I was going home, back to the small Ohio town I came from. The year was 1923 and I had only recently been admitted to the Bar. Now my dreams of becoming a famous trial lawyer had faded, for I had discovered that I simply did not have the courage to tackle Chicago on my own. But, with my train leaving in an hour, I had a sudden impulse: I would not go without meeting Clarence Darrow, the greatest trial lawyer of his time. Minutes later I pushed my way boldly through his office door and stood in front of him.

He was slouched low in his chair, feet perched on a scarred, littered desk the size of a banqueting table. He was in shirt sleeves, and the famous red braces he had snapped so triumphantly in courts all over the country were in full view. A lock of silver-streaked brown hair drooped over one eye. He was reading a book of poetry.

I wanted to say something bright and witty. Instead I burst out with an anguished, "Mr. Darrow, do you think life is worth living?"

He shot me a startled glance—then, as he took in my sex and my years, an amused, tender grin. "Oh,

fee can the client pay parried Darrow.

"Why, nothing," answered his colleague. "He is destitute."

"Ah, well," Darrow sighed, "I see I'll have to take the case."

He defended many political radicals with whom I knew he did not have the slightest personal sympathy. "They are childish, hysterical malcontents," he agreed. "But their rights are as precious as yours and mine."

Darrow rarely looked up the law. "The most important thing," he told me, "is to make the judge *want* to decide things your way. He can always find some precedent or loophole to permit him to do so." In a trial he was able to take on the role of teacher, with the judge, the jury, the witnesses, even with his opposing counsel, as his students in quest of the truth of the case—as part of the larger truth itself.

The day came when Darrow asked me to try a case with him. I was understandably thrilled. All the young lawyers I knew were jockeying eagerly to appear opposite Darrow, for the man who could win against him was made. Few did. Now I had the chance to argue by his side.

The case involved a convicted felon accused of having robbed a bank director. I was convinced that the man had been indicted because

\* In American courts, unlike those in Britain, counsel make use of the right to challenge jurors. Choosing the jury may take as long as trying the case.

of his past record rather than because of any real evidence. But when I rose to my feet to begin questioning prospective jurymen,\* Darrow saw that I was trembling. "Look for the milk of human kindness," he muttered in my ear.

I knew what he meant, for he had often enlarged upon the art of picking jurors for the defence. "Choose a man who laughs above a man who frowns, a married man above a bachelor, old men rather than young. Irishmen and Jews are easy to move to sympathy, but rarely take a German or a Swede, and *never*, under any circumstances, a prohibitionist!"

On the day the trial opened, Darrow sent a message saying that he was ill and asking me to carry on. In a perfect panic, I arrived at court to be greeted by a huge crowd.

When the time came for me to make my closing speech to the jury I walked forward, looked at those 12 men in the nervous way Darrow had made famous, and half-raised my hands as though to snap my non-existent braces. I asked if any of them had ever visited the prison. I pictured the grey stone walls—would they send to a living death behind those walls a man against whom there was only circumstantial evidence?

The jury, out five hours, vindicated our client. I immediately tore to the nearest telephone, phoned Darrow and shrieked into the mouthpiece, "We won! We won!"

The evening headlines were an enormous boost to the spirits of a girl who had been afraid to tackle the big city: FENBERG, ASSISTED BY DARROW, WINS CASE.

Ten days later two college youths, members of two of Chicago's wealthiest and most influential families, committed the "thrill murder" of 14-year-old Bobby Franks. The day after Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold confessed, it was announced that Clarence Darrow, "The Old Lion," would take the case. Members of the boys' families had awakened him at 3 a.m., knelt at his bedside and begged him to save the boys.

Darrow was always ready to defend on principle a cause that was unpopular. "All men are at least partly good," he once said, "and all men are partly bad, and there isn't so much difference in them as we have been taught to believe."

The trial took place in the heat of July. Sitting in a front-row seat, I watched him, a plain, ageing man with hunched shoulders, his lined face and brooding eyes proclaiming his eternal doubt of the accepted verities: "Who knows? How can you be sure? What would you have done?"

Much has been made of Darrow's lack of religion. Yet no minister could have preached a more moving sermon than Darrow as he appealed to the judge for mercy.

"Crime has its cause. Scientists today are studying it; criminologists

are investigating it; but we lawyers go on and on, punishing and hanging and thinking that by general terror we can stamp out crime. If there is any way to soften this human heart, which is hard enough at best, if there is any way to kill evil and hatred and all that goes with it, it is not through hatred and cruelty but through charity, love and understanding. There is not a philosopher, not a religious leader, not a creed that has not taught this."

He talked, holding the courtroom spellbound, for three days. He pleaded, he said, for the future, for "a time when we can learn by reason and judgement and understanding and faith that all life is worth saving, and that mercy is the highest attribute of man."

When he finished I saw that tears were streaming down Judge Caverley's face. Darrow, his face lined, his eyes burning, swayed on his feet with weariness. I moved forward to help him to a seat.

Darrow's magnificent pleading saved the lives of Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold. "Now they call me the lawyer for the damned," he grumbled the next day. "That means I'll get every case no other lawyer is fool enough to take."

He was prophetic. The famous Scopes "monkey trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, the following year—when a school-teacher was prosecuted because he dared to teach Darwin's theory of evolution in a public school—brought him additional

fame but no fee: only a 5,000-dollar fine for contempt. But always he pleaded for tolerance, for understanding, for flexibility. "None of us knows what the truth is," he declared. "Truth is a chameleon. Just as you think you have sprinkled salt on its tail, it changes. We can never fully grasp it or settle it for all time."

Darrow's legal career, which had begun in 1878, stretched to encompass the early 1930's and the pre-war days of Roosevelt's regime.

No man had fought more diligently than Clarence Darrow for higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions, but he now found himself opposed to some of the government-imposed measures designed to hasten social and economic improvement.

"We are paying too high a price for social betterment," he told a Congressional committee on one occasion. "Labour must continue to progress but not by inflicting injustice on others. When you are dealing with human society, the means are fully as important as the end."

When Darrow's health began to fail, his independent spirit remained. One day he brought me a

newspaper crumpled in his clenched fist. "I've been maligned by the Press before," he spluttered, "but this is the end! Look at this—they're calling me a Conservative!"

Darrow died on March 13, 1938, a month before his 81st birthday. He had asked that his former law partner, Judge Hally, should speak at his funeral: "He knows everything there is to know about me, and he has enough sense not to tell it." The service was held during a torrential downpour, but it did not keep hundreds who could not get into the small chapel from standing outside sorrowing for their friend.

My office today is in the old Rookery Building, where Clarence Darrow first began to practise big-city law. I feel that his spirit still stalks the corridors, and as I pass the door that once was his I half expect to find it ajar and hear him sing out, "Come in. Let's talk." But the big black desk with the boot scars on the top is no longer there. I found it a few months ago, up-ended and dusty in a store-room, and it was presented to the Chicago Bar Association. Today, any young lawyer can rest his feet on it for a moment and try it for size. Not many will fit it.

**W**HEN A Japanese countrywoman bears a child, she may not utter any sound indicative of pain and, throughout the whole procedure, surrounded by her female relations, she is required to smile as if she were at a social gathering. This smile of custom and tradition is Japan's acknowledgment that nobody has the right to cause anybody else a moment's mental discomfort. The deepest sorrow or the most appalling disaster is recounted with an expression of amusement.

—Rosita Forbes

In his struggle to save the life of a dying patient, a troubled young doctor makes an awe-inspiring discovery

*A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award*

## WHEN THE CURTAINS OF DEATH PARTED

By Dr. Martin Sampson

**I**T WAS a hot summer day, and the air in the old hospital hung heavy and still. I had been up all night in a vain fight to save a little girl from meningitis. In reaction to her death I was feeling completely disheartened. As a young houseman I had seen so much of dying in the past months that life seemed fragile and meaningless. I was face to face with cynicism. Faith seemed to exist only to be mocked by death.

The first patient I was to examine that morning was a man I shall call John Bradley. He was in his late 40's, with deep-set brown eyes and a gentle face. During the few weeks

since his admission his condition had declined steadily. As I looked through the window of his oxygen tent I saw that his lips were blue, his breath fast and strained. I knew that his heart had been weakened by rheumatic fever in his youth, and that in recent years hardening of the arteries had taxed it even more.

I couldn't help thinking of his wife, a small, white-haired woman with a face in which the shadows of work and sorrow mingled with faith and trust. She and her husband had constantly looked to me for help. Why, I thought bitterly, did they ask so much of me?

I went over Bradley's treatment again in my mind, hoping to think

of something new to relieve his suffering. He was getting digitalis to control his failing heart, an anti-coagulant to prevent the formation of clots in its damaged wall, and injections to help rid his body of excessive water. The amount of oxygen being pumped into his tent had been increased. This day, as on many previous days, I inserted a needle to draw off any fluid that had accumulated in his chest. Still, when I left him I had the feeling that all my efforts were fruitless.

Shortly after six o'clock that evening the nurse in charge of Bradley's ward called me to come at once. I reached his bed within seconds, but already his skin was ashen, his lips purple and his eyes glazed. The pounding of his heart could be seen through the chest wall, and the sound of his breath was like air bubbling through water.

I immediately ordered an injection that would give the rapid action of digitalis. Then I tried to relieve temporarily the failing heart—but I knew that it could only be temporarily.

An hour later Bradley began to breathe more easily. He seemed aware of his surroundings and whispered, "Please phone my family."

"I will," I said.

He closed his eyes. I was just leaving when I heard a deep gasp. I wheeled and saw that he had stopped breathing. I put my stethoscope to his chest. The heart was beating, but only very faintly. His

eyes clouded over, and after a second or two his heart stopped.

For a moment I stood there, stunned. Death had won again. In that moment I remembered the little girl who had died the night before and a wave of fury came over me. I would *not* let death win again, not now.

I pushed the oxygen tent out of the way and started artificial respiration, meanwhile asking the nurse for adrenalin.

When she returned, I plunged the syringe full of adrenalin into the heart. Then I whipped the needle out and listened through my stethoscope again. There was no sound. Once more I started artificial respiration, frantically trying to time the rhythm of my arms to 20 strokes a minute. My shoulders were aching and sweat was running down my face.

"It's no use," a flat voice said. It was the medical resident, my senior. "When a heart as bad as this one stops, nothing will start it again. I'll notify the family."

I knew that he had the wisdom of experience, but I had the determination born of bitterness. I was desperately resolved to pull Bradley back through the curtains of death. I kept up the slow rhythmic compression of his chest until it seemed so automatic it was as if a force other than myself had taken over.

Suddenly there was a gasp, then another! For a moment my own heart seemed to stop. Then the gasps

became more frequent. "Put the stethoscope in my ears," I said to the nurse, "and hold it to his chest." I kept pumping as I listened. There was a faint heartbeat!

"Oxygen!" I called triumphantly.

Gradually the gasps lengthened into shallow breaths. In a few minutes Bradley's breathing grew stronger, and so did his heartbeat.

Just then the screen around the bed was moved slightly, and Mrs. Bradley stood beside me. She was pale and frightened. "They told me to come right away!"

Before I could answer, Bradley's eyelids quivered. "Helen," he murmured.

She touched his forehead and whispered, "Rest, John, dear—rest."

But he struggled for speech. "Helen, I told them to call you. I knew I was going. I wanted to say good-bye."

His wife bit her lip, unable to speak.

"I wasn't afraid," he went on painfully. "I just wanted to tell you—" he paused, his breathing heavier "-to tell you that I have faith we'll meet again—afterwards."

His wife held his hand to her lips, her tears falling on his fingers. "I have faith, too," she whispered.

Bradley smiled faintly and closed his eyes, a look of peace on his face.

I stood there, filled with a mixture of exhaustion, wonder and excitement. The mystery of death was right in this room. Could I, in some way, begin to understand it? I

leaned forward and very softly asked, "John, do you remember how you felt? Do you remember seeing or hearing anything just now, while you were—unconscious?"

He looked at me for a long moment before he spoke. "Yes, I remember," he said. "My pain was gone, and I couldn't feel my body. I heard the most peaceful music." He paused, coughed several times, then went on: "The most peaceful music. God was there, and I was floating away. The music was all around me. I knew I was dead, but I wasn't afraid. Then the music stopped, and you were leaning over me."

"John, have you ever had a dream like that before?"

There was a long, unbearable moment; then he said, with chilling conviction, "It wasn't a dream."

His eyes closed, and his breathing grew heavier.

I asked the ward nurse to check his pulse and respiration every 15 minutes, and to notify me in case of any change. Then I made my way to the residents' mess, fell across my bed and was instantly asleep. The next thing I heard was the ringing of the telephone beside my bed.

"Mr. Bradley has stopped breathing. There's no pulse."

ONE GLIMPSE of his face told me that death had won this time.

Why, then, had the curtains of death parted briefly to give this patient another few minutes on

earth? Was that extra moment of life the result of chance chemical factors in his body? Or did it have a deeper, spiritual meaning? Had his spirit been strong enough to find its way back from death just long enough to give a message of faith and farewell to his wife? Could it also have been meant to give a small glimpse of eternity to a troubled

and cynical young house-doctor?

Whatever the meaning, and whether or not it had a purpose, the incident made a deep impression on me. This was my first step towards acceptance of certain mysteries as an essential part of life. This acceptance, the gift of a dying patient whom I could not save, put me on the road back to faith.



### *Mix Masters*

OUR BOSS, who was born on the Continent, still has a struggle with the English language. Recently, welcoming a new employee into the organization, he said warmly, "We are very happy to have you with us. As you know, we're a little underhanded" —F

ALTHOUGH my mother is a strict teetotaller, she is fond of a relative who is somewhat of a tippler. Mother telephoned her one morning and was told by the maid that her mistress probably would not be up before noon. Hanging up the receiver, Mother turned to me and remarked, "I suppose Helen must be in bed with a leftover" —Contributed by Mary Gilley

AT THE close of a speech, a politician was approached by a feminine admirer who asked if she might have his notes as a souvenir. The politician said that he had no notes. She said she would be satisfied with a transcript of the address. But no transcript had been made.

"Do you think there's any possibility of your speech being published?" the woman persisted

"Perhaps posthumously," replied the politician jokingly.

"Well," she said, "let's hope it's soon."

—G.D.

\* \* \*

### *Trade Secret*

DEVASTATING comment on current women's fashions has pretty well exhausted the inventiveness of comedians. But a sober court ruling in a tax case caps them all. A shoe concern's fashion expert who dressed in the most advanced styles for business reasons, meeting buyers and so on, claimed the cost of this wardrobe as a deductible expense. Her clinching point, with which the court agreed, was that it *had* to be a business item because she would not for a minute *choose* to wear such stuff! —W.S.J.

# Life's Like That

WE WERE shooting a scene in a Western film where I save the leading lady from being gored by a maddened long-horn steer. I was to leap from my horse, grab the steer's horns and throw him, holding him on the ground until my lady reached safety.

This steer weighed about half a ton and had what we call a leather neck—hard to bend. He dragged me through three or four film takes, kicking up the scenery—and me. As I sat disconsolately nursing my bruises and wondering if we'd ever get the shot, an old Texas cowboy ambled over.

"Ken," he said, "that critter is plum too big and ornery to get down. You're wearin' yourself out. Why don't you jest throw a calf and have the picture enlarged?"

—KEN MAYNARD

DRIVING HOME from work, my colleagues started discussing burglars. One man said he kept a stick handy in case anyone broke into his house. After listening a while, the father of five small youngsters spoke up.

"If a burglar came into our bedroom during the night," he said wearily, "I'd get up and take him to the bathroom."

—V. M. P.

WE WERE patiently fishing when a shiny limousine pulled up with a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel and a sedate old lady in the back seat, grasping a fishing rod. The chauffeur baited the hook and tossed the line out of the car window.

She sat back, firmly holding her rod,

and we waited. Soon her line was taut. With effort she reeled the line up to the water level; then the chauffeur took over to finish the operation. Up came a beautiful five-pound sea trout.

"That's enough for tonight's dinner, Howard," said the old lady. "Let's go now."

—J. GILLESPIE

AS WE emerged into the brilliant sunshine after seeing the church in Cana of Galilee a very old, black-robed Arab woman sidled up to me. "Another beggar," I thought, but the familiar whine was not forthcoming. In a rolling Irish brogue she whispered, "God bless ye, m'darlin', and have ye been into our lovely church, then? An' where might ye be goin' to now? Have ye been to Nazareth yet?"

I stared, dumb with astonishment, then recovered my voice. "In heaven's name, what part of Ireland do you come from?"

"Ireland? An' where's that? I haven't been farther from here than Nazareth, where dear Sister Malachy taught me at the Mission School."

—EILEEN GLANCY

THE NEW taxi driver on the late night shift telephoned to his garage: "I've driven this fare home, and the meter reads 20 rupees—but they don't have any money."

"Well, get some security—a watch, a ring, anything!" the manager said.

After a minute or so the driver called again. "I've got the security. Now what do I do with it?"

"Hand it in tomorrow morning."

"Hell!" exploded the driver. "You mean I've got to drive around the rest of the night with a live duck!"

—JANE DYE

ON A MOUNTAIN road in Jamaica I met an old woman wending her way down to the city market. Suddenly a shrill bell sounded behind her and in her haste to move to the side of the road, she almost dropped the heavy basket of vegetables she was balancing on her head. The next moment a young girl whizzed past on a bicycle.

The old woman stared after her. "Hi, lady!" she shouted. "Hi, there! You drap someting!"

The girl heard her call, jammed on her brakes and skidded to a stop. Then she turned her bike round and started back up the road. "What is it?" she asked. "What did I drop?"

"Little lady," the old woman said, "you drap your manners!"

—UNA MARSON

IN THE cemetery not far from where my parents are buried, I have always been drawn to a grave that has a double headstone. Jim's side reads 1876-1928. But Charlotte's side has only one date, 1878.

Visiting the cemetery after a long absence, I noticed that Charlotte, now in her 80's, was still alive. Near Jim's stone there was a piece of scrap paper staked into the ground with a twig. Curious, I picked it up—and felt overcome with emotion at being in the presence of a true and lasting romance. Written in a precise, old-fashioned hand were the words, "Jim, bless your heart. I love you in the same old way. Charlotte."

—VIRGINIA JONES

IN GUADALAJARA, Mexico, a beggar girl of perhaps seven accosted me. One shoulder was humped and she carried her head at an unnatural angle; paralysis had frozen her mouth into a grotesque slot. Limping towards me, she murmured, "*Cinco*," asking for a five-cent piece.

I dropped a 50-centavo piece into a hand. On following days she lay in wait for me and the coin I always gave her.

But one day I saw her before she saw me. She was coming towards me but looking across the street to carry on a conversation with another little girl, and I could scarcely believe my eyes.

Her body was straight and graceful; she did not limp, and there was no facial paralysis. She was, in fact, a beautiful child. Suddenly she saw me and stopped, big brown eyes wide.

Assuming the posture of a beggar and cupping my hand, I whined, "*Cinco*." Then we both roared with laughter. "Treacherous girl," I said in mock anger. "What will you grow up to be?"

Placing a hand on her hip she stamped a bare foot and cried, "An actress!"

—HENRY GRANADA

ALWAYS apprehensive about flying, I boarded the plane and chose a seat next to a solid-looking citizen. I tried to settle back to endure the six hours ahead of me but found my eyes glued to the engine within my view.

After an hour or so my fellow passenger turned to me with a kindly smile. "Miss," he said, "if you would like to rest for a while, I'd be glad to watch that engine for you."

—JOAN EDWARDS

A first-hand account of one of history's most momentous experiments—described by the scientist who directed it

## ***BOUNTY FROM NUCLEAR BLASTS***

By Dr. Edward Teller, as told to Allen Brown

EVER SINCE the world learned, five years ago, that the United States had developed a hydrogen explosive, men have been making proposals for its control. Some want all nuclear tests prohibited; others want them postponed.

All these proposals are based on fear. Fear that man will destroy himself. Fear that one nation will develop better nuclear weapons than another. Fear of radioactive fall-out.

Meanwhile, we scientists at the University of California's Radiation Laboratory have been working to change this awesome power from a weapon of war to a tool of peace.

=====

Dr. EDWARD TELLER, the world-famous atomic scientist, is a leading figure in the development of thermonuclear power.

Remembering the advice of the Bible on the conversion of swords, we call this "Project Ploughshare."

Now we are nearing success, and the possible benefits to man are so tremendous that they demand a positive new approach to nuclear programmes. These must be encouraged, not discouraged. And since people all over the world will benefit from Project Ploughshare, I would like to see it placed under international supervision. By working together, scientists from all countries could make Ploughshare a decisive victory in man's battle to shape the world to his needs.

Our most specific Ploughshare knowledge was obtained from a small underground nuclear explosion (equivalent to only 1,700 tons of

TNT) set off in the Nevada desert in September 1957. The things we learned from this experiment, code-named Rainier, may change the way that man lives in the future.

Into a desert mesa we dug a 2,000-foot tunnel. Its end turned into a tightening spiral which led to a small room 900 feet from the top of the mesa, 800 feet from its sides. Here we placed our nuclear device. Then we sandbagged the entrance of the room and set off the explosion. What happened?

The top of the mesa jumped six inches into the air, then fell back. The blast collapsed the spiral section of the tunnel, sealing the explosion chamber. Intense heat vaporized and melted huge quantities of rock, the vaporized rock pushing out against the melted rock to create a 110-foot bubble in the centre of the mesa.

Almost immediately, rock rubble fell in on this bubble to form a large cavity 500 feet below the surface of the mesa. The cave-in of the bubble's roof displaced 200,000 tons of rock. The blast had pulverized another 500,000 tons around the bubble.

Most important, we learned that we could break up massive rock formations with no radioactive fall-out. Nearly all the radioactivity was locked into a four-inch coating of lava, formed in the cavity by the heat of the explosion.

Rainier, plus our above-ground experiments, has given us a solid basis for peaceful applications of nuclear power which until now have been

beyond men's imagination. These are the most promising:

1. We can greatly increase facilities for water transport.

Strategically located canals, deep harbours and navigable rivers mean cheap transport and increased world trade. We now have hydrogen explosives producing so little radioactive fall-out that we can safely blast such facilities in many parts of the world—and for as little as 1/100 the cost of doing it with conventional high explosives!

The coast of Alaska north of the Arctic Circle, for example, is one of several suggested locations for an artificial harbour. This would open the way to the development of vast coal deposits near the coast as well as valuable oil reserves inland. The nuclear-blast harbour could be completed in a year and would cost less than ten million dollars (about Rs. 5.3 crores). Elsewhere hydrogen explosives could be used to dig water-level canals or eliminate rapids from rivers—at a fraction of the cost of conventional engineering.

2. We can free immense oil and mineral reserves.

In America alone there is an untapped reservoir of oil, estimated to contain at least 700 thousand million barrels, locked in shale rock formations and unobtainable by conventional pumping. This shale oil would be enough to supply the world's current needs for hundreds of years. Additional millions of barrels of oil—more than in the entire

Middle East—are locked in the tar sands of the huge Athabaska Lake district in Canada.

Oil and low-grade ores could be economically extracted with hydrogen explosives in either of two ways. The first is sure-fire.

Since many vast mineral deposits are only 300 to 400 feet below the earth's surface, we could economically uncover these deposits for open-cast mining simply by blasting away the earth's crust. The ore and shale could then be scooped up for processing, eliminating costly dig-and-tunnel mining operations.

We have high hopes for the second, more revolutionary method: mining underground.

Before the Rainier test, water could not be pumped through the tough volcanic ash of that Nevada mesa. After the blast, it *could* be pumped through the rubble that caved into the exploded cavity. We hope that a thermonuclear explosion in a mineral deposit would produce the same result. We could then extract oil from tar sands by forcing heated water through the formations, warming the tars to the point where they could be pumped out.

### 3. We can control underground rivers and conserve water.

Many of the world's rivers flow uselessly through desert regions on beds of water-impervious rock. We could set off nuclear explosions beneath this bedrock so that water could seep through the rubble and into the earth's strata, thus raising

the water table to the point where irrigation would become easy.

Another new concept in underground conservation is the creation of subterranean rivers to water desert areas. In many places, areas of green fields give way to sandy waste in the space of a few miles. These sharp distinctions are often caused by underground rock barriers blocking the natural water table. We might explode these barriers, allowing water to seep through to convert desert into farmland.

### 4. We may be able to use hydrogen explosions to build underground power plants.

This year we hope to set off a nuclear blast at the end of a 1,200-foot shaft in a salt bed. We expect to confine the heat from the blast sufficiently to be able to bring it to the surface to produce power—much the way volcanic heat is now used in Italy and New Zealand. If this works economically, we may be able to set off underground thermonuclear explosions at regular intervals to produce electricity cheaply.

It is just possible that the realization of Ploughshare projects as a friendly, international enterprise might in itself be the programme's greatest ultimate value to humanity. For if nations can co-operate in the peaceful development of our most awesome weapon of war, then perhaps the Biblical prophecy will be fulfilled: "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."



# The Worm That Turned

By W. Gilhespy

*Unless he worked miracles underground, we should starve*

HERE WAS once a worm that turned—into an explorer.

His ancestral home, a field by a brook, had been ideal once. The soil had been porous and full of worm food—humus; warm and moist, though never wet. Then the farmer who owned the land moved; ditches filled, the land was flooded and many worms drowned. In winter the whole field was frozen into a solid block of ice; few worms survived.

But one of the survivors was a pioneer. He left his birthplace and settled on land to the west. Since he was not anxious to make a breakfast for the early bird, he had to sink his new shaft and be well out of sight before dawn.

The surface of his new home was a combination of sand, clay and fine

gravel. Untouched for years, soaked by winter rains and baked by summer heat, it was nearly as hard as concrete. But the worm had to get into it or die.

So he pushed out his nose till its needle-like point found an entrance between the hard-packed grains of sand; it was not easy. Another push and another; he kept on till he had gone down half an inch. Then the ground was too hard for pushing; he had to *eat* his way down. Soil and sand went down his gullet to a crop that was lined with skin like hard leather.

Grit in the crop acted like tiny grinding mills which crushed the sand to paste, the process being facilitated by digestive juices which turned particles of decayed vegetable matter into body-building material. The rest passed through his body, emerging in the form of "worm casts," excellent fertilizing material for the soil.

The explorer did not rest for one moment all night. Even so, half his five inches remained above ground when the birds began to twitter ominously—then the worm struck luck in the form of a long straight root of red clover, relic of the days when the field had been cultivated. That clover root had been slowly disintegrating the mineral matter round it by the gases of its decomposition.

The result was a narrow shaft, lightly packed with soft matter. The

nose-needle found its way into that—to safety.

The rest was easy, but only for a worm. He was stronger, in proportion to his size, than any creature which walks, swims or flies. For ribs he had 200 rings which encircled his mighty little frame; the lower edges acted as feet. Contracting the ribs in front, he expanded those behind till they had a firm grip on the sides of the tunnel. Then he pushed; and kept on pushing, contracting and expanding his ribs, widening and smoothing the tunnel at each move forward. Drawing upon his own chemical laboratory, he enamelled the sides of his tunnel as he completed it.

Though he was sightless, his skin was sensitive to light so he did not go up to the surface till nightfall. Then he emerged, partly for a change of diet, also to drink the dew and bathe in it. With his wonderfully sensitive nose-point he found microscopically minute portions of withered leaves and shrivelled roots which he turned into nutritious food, no matter how decomposed they were.

Just before the faintest glimpse of dawn would have warned him to hurry below, he was alarmed by a tiny shrew.

So sensitive is the worm to soil vibration that the tread of those tiny feet was enough to send him back to his burrow. He retired tail

\* The amount of soil brought to the surface by earthworms is enormous—in some places as much as 18 tons per acre in a year.

first, pausing only to drag a scrap of dead turf over the mouth of his hole, partly to hide it and partly to prevent evaporation.

He had work to do down there. Though there was food about him, he always kept a storehouse of hoarded scraps of dead leaves and roots. Each was carefully coated with digestive juice and packed neatly away. That first vertical shaft had been only the beginning of his mining; he needed tunnels in every direction. Each led to further supplies of food, admitted air to improve that food, and provided avenues of escape from the centipedes and slugs which would follow down the holes.

There was not much to fear from moles until more worms came into the new land and made the soil porous.

Then the mole, driving his tunnel with comparative ease, would eat many of them. But, on the other hand, when the mole drives his tunnel close to the surface he gathers up far more foes of the worm than worms themselves.

The explorer was not alone for long. The conditions which had driven him to the higher ground bade other worms follow, and in due time the pioneer found a mate. Reproduction was slow, and there were probably not more than 100 worms to the acre that first year. They had no communal activities; each drove himself endless tunnels for food and safety.\* But the more each aerated

the subsoil the more he benefited his neighbours.

Once the rain had been held near the surface till it evaporated, souring and packing the earth so hard that no air and little moisture reached the depths. Now tunnels admitted both, their reaction freeing potash, lime, nitrogen, phosphates and other plant food.

What had been barren land was

now rich with herbage, providing in turn more food for more worms—more little grinding mills to crush inorganic matter into fertilizing materials. So arose beauty and wealth from desolation.

The worm knows nothing of the incalculable benefits he confers on mankind—that unless he worked, man would soon starve. He is no boaster; he can only work miracles.

### *Down with Teenagers!*

HERE ARE many different attitudes on how to treat youth. One we heard recently comes from Al Capp, the cartoonist and creator of Li'l Abner, a father of three who was once a boy himself. He believes that too much fuss is made of today's youngsters: "Those parents who concern themselves with their children's problems are crazy. The problems of a nine-year-old kid cannot be solved in any way except by becoming ten. The problems of a 16-year-old will only be solved by becoming 17.

"Teenagers are repulsive to everybody except each other. We all know that children pass through various stages of insanity, so why try to understand them?"

But aren't teenagers unhappy?

"Certainly they are. Let them stay like that. We've put too much emphasis on security. The teenagers today have been told that they have rights. Why should they have rights?"

"Children used to try to please their parents—now the parents try to please the children."

What is your solution?

"It is my humble belief that we should make children feel neglected, insecure, unwanted and unloved. In return we'll get courtesy, obedience, good scholastic records. They'll be so eager to be wanted that they'll do everything in the world to please us."

Is there anything else?

"Yes. Don't be a pal to your son. Be his father. What child needs a 40-year-old man for a friend? And forget about teaching him the facts of life. There is nothing that a boy could discuss with his father that he couldn't discuss much more openly with his guttersnipe friends.

"Keep in mind that we owe children nothing. We simply supply them with food, shelter and clothing only because we're gambling that some day these sub-humans will turn into civilized beings and possibly make reasonable and honest citizens." —Art Buchwald in the New York *Herald Tribune*



*Close-up of Dag Hammarskjöld,  
the U.N.'s hard-working and  
astonishingly successful  
man-in-the-middle*

## The World's Hardest Diplomatic Job

*By Ernest Havemann*

NY MAN who undertakes to practise the difficult art of diplomacy must reconcile himself to some unpopularity. There is one diplomat, however, who by the very nature of his job has to steel himself to criticism from all parts of the world. He is the mild and modest Secretary-General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjöld.

That Hammarskjöld should be so

thoroughly lambasted is unfortunate and ironic. For this 53-year-old Swedish bachelor is generally acknowledged to have done more than any other living man to keep our uneasy globe from exploding into war. He also genuinely enjoys being liked. If he had followed his original inclination, he would today be a quiet university professor instead of a storm centre of world politics.

Hammarskjöld considers himself the United Nations' man-in-the-middle, the impartial buffer between East and West, between Arab and Jew. As a result, he has had cutting exchanges with Egypt's Nasser, and an Israeli diplomat once said, "This Swede is a slippery customer." Americans have accused him of being too soft on Communism, while the Russians have charged him with being blatantly pro-West.

But since Hammarskjöld has steadfastly stuck to his role of impartial arbiter, regardless of all pressures, he has come to win the whole-hearted respect of most of the people with whom he has come in contact. Last year, after unanimous re-election, he began his second five-year term as administrative head of the United Nations. As one of his associates explained, "He was re-elected because every government in the world trusts him. They may not agree with him—but they have absolute faith in his integrity."

By background and personality, Dag Hammarskjöld is ideally suited to this lonely, often thankless job. His name (pronounced "hammer-shuld") means "hammershield," and was given to his family together with a knighthood in the year 1610 by a grateful King Charles IX, as a token of valour. The Hammarskjöld family has been prominent in Swedish public affairs ever since. Dag's father was Prime Minister of Sweden during the First World War, and considered it his duty to

keep the nation from being drawn into the fighting. From him, young Dag inherited a stern sense of discipline and dedication.

Today, when arrows come at him from all directions, an older Dag sometimes dredges up one of his father's wise sayings. He once remarked during a Middle East crisis, "Well, as my father used to say, being neutral is not a question of saying yes to both sides, but of saying no to both sides."

From his mother, who came from a long line of Swedish intellectuals, Hammarskjöld inherited a love for philosophy and poetry, and he began his career as an associate professor at the University of Stockholm. But he was soon drafted into public service, as secretary of the Bank of Sweden, under-secretary of finance by the age of 31 and finally as acting head of Sweden's delegation to the United Nations Assembly. He was appointed Secretary-General of the U.N.—a post which has been called "the most impossible diplomatic job in the world"—in 1953.

In this job, Hammarskjöld is the frequent host or guest at luncheons and dinners with prominent people from all over the world. But socially he tends to be reserved. As one man who worked with him for many years once said, "It's not easy to get to know him." He labours long hours in his office on the top floor of the U.N.'s spectacular glass home, likes to slip quietly away to his flat whenever possible, to dine alone and

spend the evening in solitary work or with a book. He is an inveterate reader in seven languages, and once while flying home from a tense diplomatic mission to the Middle East he spent most of the trip translating some writings of the French Nobel Prize-winner, Albert Camus, into Swedish.

The newspapermen who cover the U.N. say that they find it hard to understand Hammarskjöld, for he talks in a sort of verbal shorthand. As soon as he thinks the listener has got the point, he will merely add, "And so forth and so on." Sometimes, however, his obscurity is the deliberate double talk of diplomacy, designed to keep his intentions from being pinned down. An admiring Egyptian has said, "He is a real diplomat who never gets angry, never shows disappointment—and never, never, says yes or no."

When Hammarskjöld was first elected Secretary-General, it was widely believed that he would confine his activities to being a good, unobtrusive, self-effacing administrator. For a time this is exactly what he did. The U.N. offices, with a year-round force of about 4,000 economists, political scientists, lawyers, interpreters and secretaries, recruited from 70 nations, have all the problems of any big organization, plus the special problems created by language and cultural barriers. At the time Hammarskjöld took over, the staff was further handicapped by low morale. Nobody knew exactly

what the United Nations was trying to accomplish; the cold war had severely reduced its prestige.

Hammarskjöld's first move was to visit every office on the 38 floors, to get to know his people and their problems. His executive assistant, Andrew Cordier, reckoned that the tour would take two months. Hammarskjöld finished it in a brisk two weeks, leaving a new air of enthusiasm behind him. He then sat down to streamline operations, and members who are in a position to judge give him credit for saving at least Rs. 40 lakhs in his first year, while improving the quantity and quality of the staff work.

One problem that had plagued the U.N. from the start was that member nations did not always send their best talent to serve. Shortly after Hammarskjöld became Secretary-General, a certain nation, given the opportunity to name an under-secretary, proposed a man whose record was obviously inadequate. Hammarskjöld flatly turned down the appointment. The nation named another man. Hammarskjöld again said no. Finally, at the fifth try, a competent candidate was named. "The country learned its lesson," a U.N. official says. "It sends us only its best people now."

The U.N. today, although a far busier organization than when Hammarskjöld took over, actually has fewer employees than it had at that time. Meanwhile, it has faced a number of difficult administrative

problems, any one of which most bureaucrats would have taken as an excuse to hire more people. Hammarskjöld managed with the staff he had.

Especially noteworthy was the job of reopening the Suez Canal, filled with sunken ships during the Middle East crisis of 1956. Even before the invading troops had withdrawn, Hammarskjöld foresaw that the U.N. would have the task of clearing out the wreckage and that the work would have to be done by crews hired from neutral nations. On his own, he persuaded two firms, one Dutch and one Danish, to prepare a fleet of salvage vessels.

By the time the problem had indeed been handed over to the U.N., a fleet of vessels from Belgium, Italy, Germany, Yugoslavia and Sweden was ready to step in. Estimates at the time were that the work would take six months and cost Rs. 8 crores. It took five months and cost less than Rs. 4 crores.

Hammarskjöld's prodigious working habits constantly amaze and inspire the staff. Assistants have learnt that a memorandum deposited on his desk at the end of the official working day will be read by the time the office opens next morning. They have also learnt that it is unnecessary to brief him on any new situation he is about to face. Hammarskjöld invariably turns out to know more than most of the experts.

His total range of knowledge is astounding. Once, on a trip to New

Zealand, it developed that he was better informed about New Zealand's mountain flowers than his host, a prominent amateur botanist. In a Damascus museum he startled his guides by identifying all the ancient inscriptions on view.

The great change in Hammarskjöld's role first became apparent in late 1954, when the United Nations debated the question of 11 American airmen who had been imprisoned as spies during the Korean War and were still held in Chinese jails. The U.N., finding itself without any constructive ideas, simply instructed its Secretary-General to do what he could to get the men home.

Hammarskjöld did what he has done many times in his life when faced with a difficult problem: he sat down alone and marshalled all the pertinent facts. His analysis led him to one conclusion: a mere note to China would fail, and failure would constitute another and perhaps fatal blow to U.N. prestige. For any chance of success, he would have to go to China himself.

He made the decision, as he has since told acquaintances, "with extreme reluctance." The idea of thrusting himself into the diplomatic limelight was foreign to his nature. He would be setting a precedent that would doubtless force him to do it again. And what if China rejected his personal mission?

As everyone now knows, the mission was a brilliant success. It brought about the freeing of the

airmen—and restored the faith of many who were about to give up hope for the United Nations.

At the time of Suez, the United Nations and Hammarskjöld faced an even greater crisis. When word of the fighting reached him, Hammarskjöld spent a shocked and restless night. By dawn he was writing an impassioned speech which he delivered to the U.N. Security Council that day. He said that a Secretary-General could function only on the assumption that every member nation honestly respected its pledge to renounce force and rely upon conciliation. If the member nations took a different view, he suggested that they "act accordingly." It sounded like a threat to resign. Delegates were quick to give him a vote of confidence, and two days later the General Assembly asked him to oversee compliance with its cease-fire resolution.

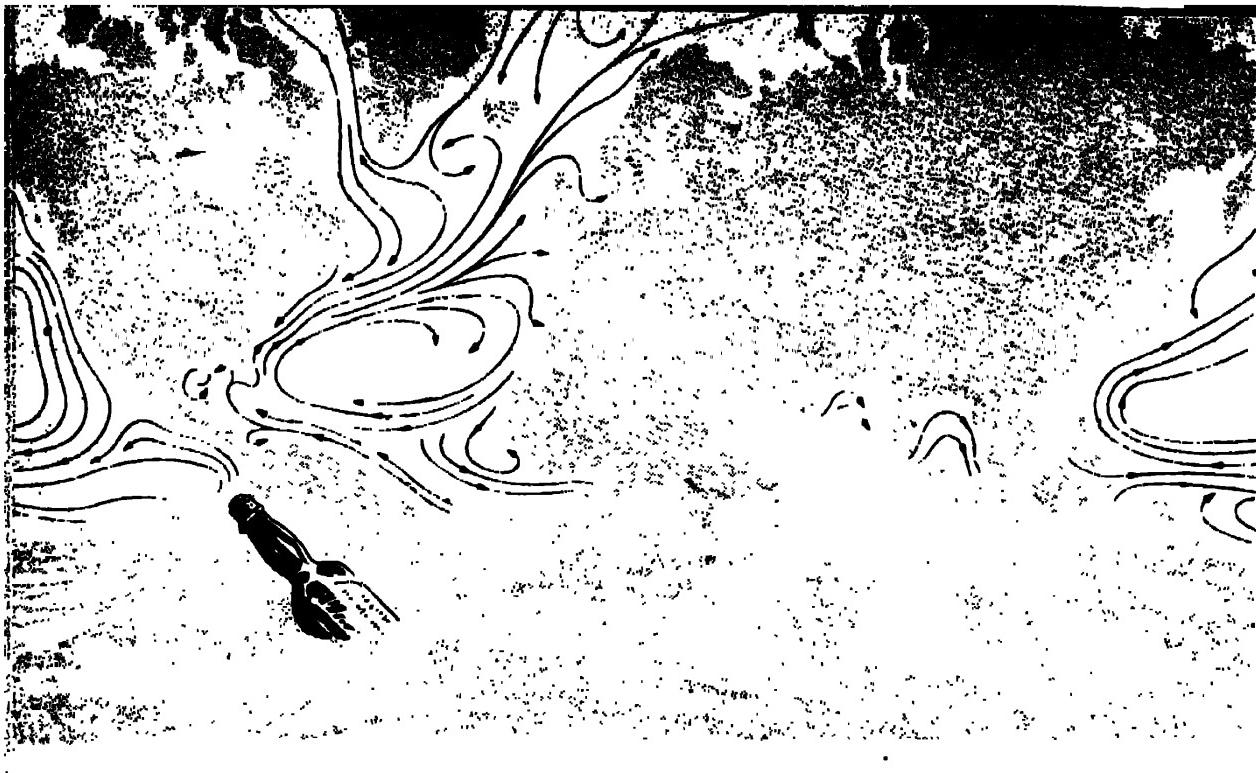
In the ensuing nightmare days of almost round-the-clock labour and crisis, Hammarskjöld did manage to arrange a truce. He also got together an international group of troops, now known as the United Nations Emergency Force, to patrol the Egypt-Israel border and police the cease-fire agreement.

Although Hammarskjöld is best known for these dramatic accomplishments, some people feel that among his most creative contributions to the U.N. are the two international atoms-for-peace conferences that he helped to set up. In these,

scientists from both sides of the Iron Curtain worked with remarkable amity and hope for the future.

Typical of Hammarskjöld's combination of idealism and hardheaded practicality is his effort to get together what he calls an International Administrative Service. Though he would like to see the backward nations of the world given the tools and capital to lift them out of poverty, he realizes that money can be totally wasted unless it is administered efficiently. It is his idea, therefore, to establish a pool of trained executives willing to live and work in the backward areas until the people of those areas can be trained to take over. Since economic progress is as much a matter of skill as of money, Hammarskjöld's idea is probably the best scheme yet devised to help raise the world's standard of living.

Unlike many of the U.N.'s original supporters, Hammarskjöld is a realist who does not believe that the world can be remade overnight. His own view of the United Nations and what it can do is quite modest; he once described it in private conversation as "a perhaps somewhat premature experiment in international reconciliation." None the less, he regards the experiment, with almost religious fervour, as the best possibility yet conceived to avert the destruction of war. "If we fail in this experiment," he has said, "God knows when mankind will have another chance to try anything like it."



Romance, navigation, fishing, spreading the Gospel—all have been rendered astounding services by these fragile voyagers

## Bottle Ahoy!

By Gordon Gaskill

**I**N 1956 Åke Viking, a bored young Swedish sailor on a ship far at sea, dropped overboard a sealed bottle with a note inside asking any pretty girl who found it to write to him. Two years later a fisherman picked it up on the coast of Sicily and, as a joke, passed it to his pretty daughter, Paolina. Still as a joke, Paolina wrote Viking a

letter. The correspondence grew warmer. Soon he visited Sicily. Paolina and Åke were married last autumn. Thus was recorded another astonishing chapter in the ancient and honourable history of services to mankind performed by drifting bottles.

Fragile as it may seem, a well-sealed bottle is one of the world's

most seaworthy objects. It will bob safely through hurricanes that can sink great ships.

For most practical purposes, glass lasts for ever—as was illustrated by a 1954 incident off the English coast. From a ship sunk 250 years before, a dozen and a half bottles were hauled up. The liquor in them was unrecognizable, but the bottles were as good as new.

The speed of a drifting bottle varies, of course, according to wind and current. A bottle adrift in a quiet corner may not move a mile in a month. Another, caught up by the Gulf Stream at its raciest, may bowl along at a brisk four knots and do 100 miles a day.

However, nobody can predict with certainty in what direction a bottle will go. Consider the contrary behaviour of identical bottles dropped at the same time just off the Brazilian coast. The first floated *east* for 130 days and was found on an African beach. The second went *north-west* for 196 days, ending up in Nicaragua. Yet two other bottles, thrown overboard in mid-Atlantic, landed on the same stretch of French coast—mere yards apart—after 350 days at sea.

As to the longest bottle voyage ever made, experts argue with some heat. The prize appears to belong to a valiant bottle which has been called the “Flying Dutchman.” A German scientific expedition launched it in 1929 in the South Indian Ocean, about half-way between

the islands of Kerguelen and Tasmania. Inside it was a message clearly legible without breaking the bottle, asking the finder to report when and where he picked it up, and to please throw it back into the sea unopened.

The “Flying Dutchman” apparently caught an east-going current that carried it to the southern tip of South America. There it was found, reported and thrown back again several times. From Cape Horn it moved out sturdily into the Atlantic, then again into the Indian Ocean, passed roughly the spot where it had been dropped, and was cast ashore, its journey done, on the west coast of Australia in 1935. It had apparently covered some 16,000 miles in 2,447 days—a respectable average of between six and seven nautical miles per day.

The most widespread and valuable use of sea bottles has been to trace ocean currents, so that ships may avoid an opposing current and take advantage of a favourable one. One of the most dramatic examples of this use involved England’s postmaster-general for the North American Colonies—that indefatigable knowledge-seeker, Benjamin Franklin. Puzzled as to why British mail packets usually took a week or two longer to make the Atlantic crossing than Yankee ships, Franklin speculated that the secret might lie in the Gulf Stream. He found that Yankee whaler captains knew every twist and turn of the Stream, and took

advantage of them, whereas British skippers did not know much about them.

From the whalers' lore, Franklin compiled his first chart—which he then proceeded to double-check carefully by means of sealed bottles. These he loosed in the Stream, asking finders to return the messages to him. His eventual chart is little changed today.

About 1860 the Royal Navy was issuing printed forms for ships' officers to drop overboard in bottles. The forms gave the name of the ship and the place and date of the dropping. Finders were asked to fill in the place and date of recovery, and return the forms. Some 30 years later the U.S. Navy adopted the same system, and still uses it, with instructions in eight languages. About 350 forms are returned each year, and from these returns excellent current charts have been drawn.

Such bottle studies have proved useful in the aftermath of war. At the end of the First World War, thousands of mines sown by both sides in the waters around Europe had gone adrift and were a deadly menace to now-peaceful shipping. Where were they likely to be? Into the breach stepped Prince Albert I of Monaco, an enthusiastic oceanographer who had made elaborate bottle studies of currents. Seven weeks after the Armistice he was ready with charts showing captains how to avoid currents where mines were most likely to be found.

The same basic system was used after the Second World War, and extended to the Pacific. There bottle studies, made long before by both Americans and Japanese, helped to point out "green" lanes probably free of drifting mines and "red" ones that might be dangerous.

For fishermen, exact knowledge of currents can be almost literally pure gold. In 1894 the Scottish Fishery Board employed a scientist to study the currents in the North Sea. He used 2,074 bottles, plus 1,479 wooden floaters, and his report was so valuable that the same sort of study goes on there to this day.

Scientists use bottles to tip off fishermen as to where and when they may find cod and haddock. The eggs of these fish float on the surface, and bottles are cast among them as tell-tale floating markers. If the bottles move far out to sea, then presumably the eggs do too.

Bottles have joined the fight against the menace of sludge oil in the sea. The crude oil which tankers carry leaves a sticky, tar-like residue which the ships must get rid of. If they put this sludge in the sea, the unpleasant mass floats on the surface and often drifts to shore in some current. Here it fouls sand, pebbles and rocks, leaving stains most difficult to wash from the human body and almost impossible to remove from towels and clothing. Slowly but inexorably, many beaches—especially in Western Europe—are being completely ruined.

Britain has been particularly hard-hit, and oceanographers are making intensive bottle studies of the seas, not only near the British Isles, but hundreds of miles away. They hope to find out whether there are safe places in harbours and inlets where sludge can be disposed of, and will not be carried out with tides and currents to foul the coast.

Over the centuries sea-going bottles have carried a remarkable variety of messages. One of the strangest was a secret report, meant for the eyes of Queen Elizabeth I alone, written and thrown overboard in a bottle by one of her intelligence agents. The report said that the Dutch had just seized the big Arctic island of Novaya Zemlya from the Russians.

At this late date it is hard to know why the agent used the bottle thus, or what was so vital about Novaya Zemlya. At any rate, the Queen was furious to learn that a boatman at Dover had opened the bottle and read the message. She put out a royal decree (this was 1560) to forbid any unauthorized person, on pain of death, to open any message-carrying bottle, and she named an official Uncorker of Bottles for this delicate task. Not until some two centuries later, in the reign of George III, was this odd office abolished.

You may one day find a message from a "Bottle Preacher"—perhaps Brother George Phillips of Washington, a reformed drunkard turned preacher. In 1940 he began using the

containers of his old enemy, "John Barleycorn," to spread the Gospel round the world. Since then, Brother Phillips and his helpers have launched some 15,000 wine, beer and spirit bottles, containing religious texts printed in many languages. He has had more than 1,400 replies, from 40 different countries. Most promise repentance.

Mariners in trouble have long resorted to launching bottles. In November 1875 the crew of the Canadian barque *Lennie* mutinied while she was in the Bay of Biscay, murdered all the officers and decided to sail for Greece instead of New Orleans, where she was originally bound.

As none of the mutineers could navigate, they spared the life of the steward, a Belgian named Van Hoydek who had not joined the mutiny, thinking that since he could read and write, perhaps he knew how to navigate too. Apparently he did, and he outfoxed them beautifully. He brought the *Lennie* in near the French coast (assuring the mutineers that it was Spain), and secretly dropped overboard bottle messages explaining the situation and asking for help. Within a matter of hours one of these was found on a beach at Les Sables-d'Olonne. The French, a sceptical race, thought the whole thing was a hoax but, just to make sure, the authorities sent off some marines in a small naval vessel, the *Tirailleur*, to see *qu'est-ce que c'est?* The *Tirailleur* quickly found

and boarded the *Lennie*, arrested the mutineers, who were later tried in London, and four of them were hanged. The grateful shipowners gave Van Hoydek £50 reward for his "honourable and courageous conduct." With this capital, and acclaimed as a national hero (Belgian or no), he married, set up a pub at Wapping in London, and did very well.

In the summer of 1944, a group of boys exploring a beach in Maine, U.S.A., came across some cast-up naval wreckage. In it was a well-stoppered bottle containing a note: "Our ship is sinking. SOS didn't do any good. Think it's the end. Maybe this message will get to the U.S. some day." Naval experts identified the wreckage as coming from the U.S.S. *Reatty*, a destroyer torpedoed, with heavy loss of life, off Gibraltar on November 6, 1943.

In 1953 a bottle was found in Tasmania with a message signed by two Australian soldiers on a troop ship taking them to France in 1916. The mother of one of them recognized the handwriting of her son, killed in action in 1918—some 35 years before the message reached her.

Stranger still was the case of Chunosuke Matsuyama, a Japanese seaman who set out in 1781 with 44

shipmates to seek buried treasure. Their ship was wrecked, and, shortly before they all died of starvation on a Pacific coral reef, Matsuyama carved a brief account of their tragedy on a piece of wood, sealed it into a bottle and entrusted it to the sea. With astounding fidelity, the sea delivered it to the very seaside village, Hiratatemura, where Matsuyama had been born. Here it was found in 1935, more than 150 years later.

But if some bottles tell of tragedy, others bear good fortune. In 1842 a British newspaper published what seemed an entirely routine notice of a birth at sea, ending: "Mother and infant are in a fair way." The bottle containing the information had floated back 1,500 miles to England from the brig *Superior* and, astonishingly, had been cast up on a beach only two miles from the very point whence the ship had sailed five months before.

Last year a large Australian department store, David Jones of Sydney, on its 120th anniversary, launched a batch of bottles containing vouchers entitling finders to gifts worth £A5,700.

They were last seen floating south-eastwards, perhaps towards Cape Horn. But sea currents are so complex that one of them might turn up on *anybody's* beach.

*A*lick Dick, managing director of Standard Motors, says: "When I asked one young fellow who came to me what he wanted in life, he answered, 'Your job.' That's the sort of person I employ."

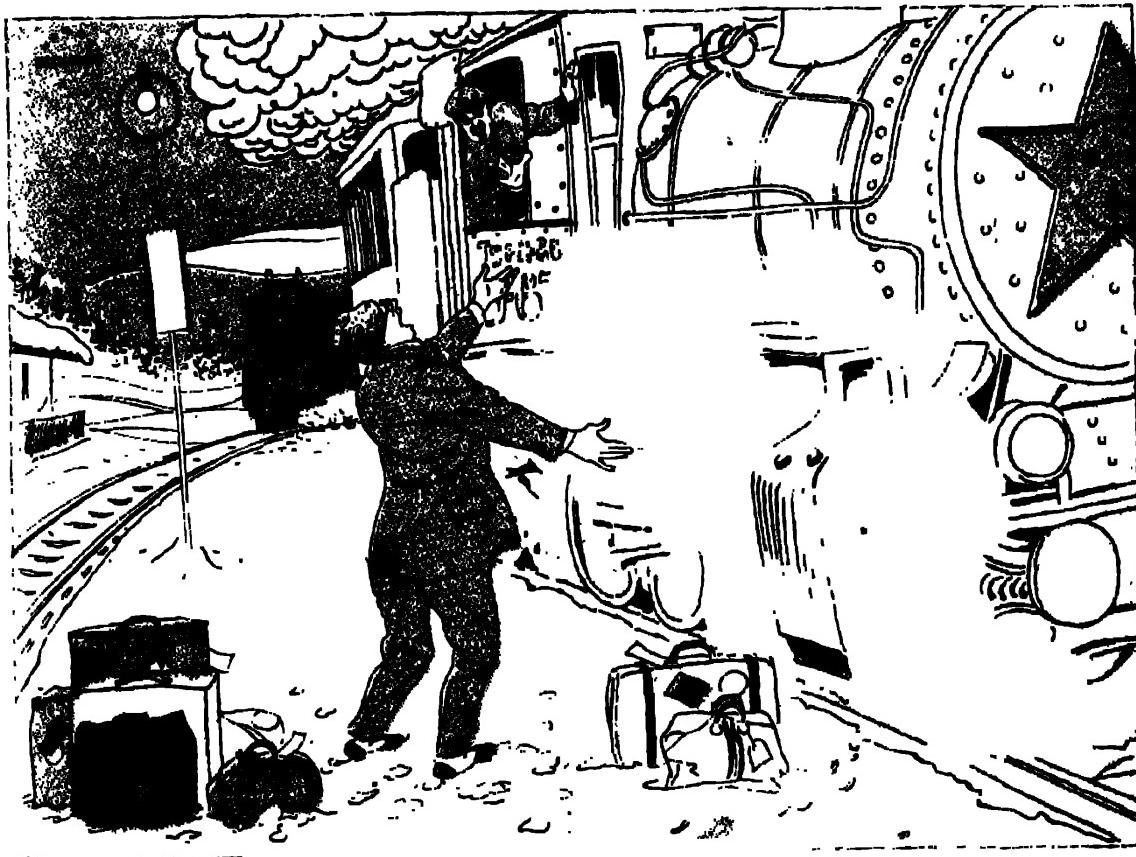
- "Atticus" in *The Sunday Times*, London

# Chilly Reception For a Hot Red

By Ellis Briggs

*The little-known story of the day Foreign Minister Vishinsky had to travel third-class—and carry his own bags*

MY EXPERIENCE on entering Czechoslovakia in 1949 to begin my duties as U.S. Ambassador was a valuable lesson in the kind of obstructionism with which the Communists harass and humiliate Free-World diplomatic representatives. As I waited beside the closed barrier at Rozvadov, a sergeant took my papers and went away. Snow was



sifting through the spruces, powdering the empty roads ahead. I looked at the two soldiers manning the gate. They stared back, fingering their weapons. Not a cheery spot, Rozdov. The Iron Curtain.

I was to cross the frontier many times in the next three years, and the average time wasted, while the comrades shuffled my papers, was never less than 60 tedious minutes. The members of our Prague Embassy staff were painfully familiar with this churlish and unco-operative behaviour, so that our revenge, when it came, gave us all inordinate pleasure.

Our retaliation was contrived out of unrelated circumstances and put together on the spur of the moment one winter afternoon.

The first circumstance was an altercation between the *Wagons-Lits* company, which owns the sleeping cars in Europe, and the nationalized Czechoslovak State Railways, which borrowed several cars and refused to give them back. Notice was served on behalf of *Wagons-Lits* that until the cars were returned, no more sleeping cars would cross the Czech frontier. Sleeping cars would be uncoupled at Schirnding, on the German side, and from that windy Bavarian station, with no porters, restaurant or hotel facilities, sleeping-car passengers ticketed for Prague could travel in the third-class coaches of the Czechoslovak Railways.

The second circumstance was the

Russian Grey Card requirement. At that time Bavaria and all of Austria were zones of military occupation. Bavaria was American; Austria was divided among Britain, France, the United States and Russia. To enter any zone it was necessary to possess a special permit issued by the respective occupying power. Getting the cards was a nuisance. Getting them from the Russians was a multiplied vexation.

All of us in the Prague Embassy had permanent permits issued by the U.S. authorities in Germany for entry into Bavaria. But to reach Vienna, for example, we had to cross the Russian zone of Austria. For that we needed Soviet Grey Cards, which for several years after the war were issued by the Soviet Embassy in Prague. Suddenly that Embassy stopped issuing them, and we were told to take our requests to the Soviet High Command in Vienna. When we inquired how we were to get to Vienna without Grey Cards to cross Austria with, the Russians shrugged their shoulders.

Therefore we felt no friendliness towards our Soviet colleagues in Czechoslovakia. We wished for a Russian diplomat, needing a permit for a trip to Bavaria.

The third circumstance had to do with the roads. Some 30 roads connected western Czechoslovakia with Austria, Bavaria and Silesia. When the Communists took over, they soon blocked the exits with steel barriers or deep ditches. A ten-mile

border zone was established; barbed wire was strung along the frontier; mines were planted. Unauthorized departure became a hazard.

Such was the situation when the General Assembly of the United Nations, meeting that winter in Paris, concluded its labours and Andrei Vishinsky, Soviet Foreign Minister and head of the Russian delegation, decided to go by train from Paris to Warsaw, via Prague. The Soviet Embassy in Paris asked the *Wagons-Lits* company to supply one of its sleeping cars. *Wagons-Lits* replied that Vishinsky could have his special coach: the company was honoured. But it could go only as far as Schirnding in Bavaria, on the Czech frontier. There was a small matter, said the company, of sleeping cars which the Czechoslovak Railways refused to give back . . .

Our first intimation of Vishinsky's plans was a call at the American Embassy by the Soviet Ambassador, a gentleman whose previous impoliteness had left little room for cosy relations. But this day he exuded sweetness. We must get to know each other better. Co-existence was a noble objective. Specifically, he needed some permits for an urgent trip to Bavaria. Where in Bavaria? Oh, not far; in fact, just over the border, to Schirnding. A matter of meeting his Foreign Minister, M. Vishinsky, who had asked the Ambassador to drive him from Schirnding to Prague, where he

would take the express to Warsaw.

At a staff meeting in my office the Soviet request was debated. Several members of my official family, remembering recent Soviet behaviour, were in favour of inviting the Soviet Ambassador to jump in the Vltava River. But Lex, the first secretary, produced a Czechoslovak road map on which he had made certain notations. The road to Schirnding ran up the valley to Carlsbad, then over the Sudeten hills to Cheb. From Cheb to Schirnding it continued for five miles and then crossed the border into Bavaria. An all-weather road, complete with Lex's inked-in notations.

Presently I telephoned my Soviet colleague. "We shall be delighted," I informed him, "to issue permits so that you and your staff can enter the American zone at Schirnding to meet M. Vishinsky. No, not at all, my dear chap. Think nothing of it. Happy to oblige."

Foreign Minister Vishinsky reached Schirnding at seven o'clock the following morning. Snow lay on the Schirnding station and upon the road beyond the railway. The platform, except for the stationmaster, was empty. No welcoming committee. No Soviet Ambassador. No Zis limousines.

The prospect from Vishinsky's coach might have appealed to a skier but it held few charms for the Foreign Minister. The stationmaster said politely that if His Excellency would be so good as to disembark,

the special coach would go back to Paris. M. Vishinsky, in bedroom slippers, a Moscow zoot suit and an Astrakhan hat, descended to the platform. He was the angry man. Where, he demanded, was the Soviet Ambassador to Czechoslovakia? Where were the cars to meet him?

Where, indeed? echoed the stationmaster. As he spoke, the engine of the Orient-Express, with Vishinsky's coach attached, headed westward. Up the track from the opposite direction puffed a Czech engine with a large red star on the front of the boiler, pulling a third-class coach with wooden benches.

The driver of the Czech engine observed his single Schirnding passenger and noted the large pile of luggage. He jumped to the conclusion that the American Embassy in Prague, whose supplies he had carried before, was again replenishing its capitalist larder. The engine-driver was a dedicated comrade, and the spectacle annoyed him. He decided that the pot-bellied oaf on the platform could be his own porter. As his engine drew alongside M. Vishinsky, the engine-driver made an impolite gesture. "Welcome aboard," he snarled. "Comrade imperialist warmonger!"

The Soviet Ambassador to Prague had risen at two o'clock that same morning. The evening before, he had telegraphed the Communist authorities in the frontier zone, instructing them to raise the barriers and remove the road-blocks. The

Ambassador did not explain why; he gave orders. Now in the darkness his three black Zis limousines zoomed up the valley past Carlsbad. They roared on towards Cheb, approaching the border. They went through the town before dawn, headlights gleaming on the icy streets, and entered the frontier zone with throttles wide open.

The Czech comrades were duly alerted. The barriers and road-blocks between Cheb and the frontier were tidily removed, and the headlights showed soldiers and border patrols, standing to attention. They didn't know what it was all about; they were obeying their orders. The three black limousines made an impressive display with the reddening dawn behind them.

Across the road, a few yards short of Bavaria, was a ditch 15 feet wide and ten feet deep, which had been dug a few weeks before by a battalion of people's volunteers, guarded by soldiers. It was the same ditch identified by an inked-in notation on Lex's road map, studied in the American Embassy in Prague. Lex had spotted the ditch from the train on a daylight trip to Nuremberg.

The second and third Zises, by skidding sideways in the snow, were able to stop in time. But the leading Zis, with the Soviet Ambassador, landed on a nest of barbed wire at the bottom of the ditch. From it arose imprecations in the language of Ivan the Terrible.

The Czech engine with the red

star on the boiler, pulling the third-class carriage occupied by the now-identified Vishinsky, reduced speed as it approached the severed road. Things were happening there: gesticulating civilians were present, and Czech soldiers. But the engineer, still shaken by recent events at Schirnding, blew a blast on his whistle and went on down the valley. M. Vishinsky, rummaging in a suitcase for boots and dry socks, did not look out of the window.

On the Prague platform three hours later a satellite cabinet awaited his coming. The Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia was there, also Foreign Minister Siroky attended by Vice-Minister Chalupa. They were apologetic about the third-class carriage and its hard wooden benches.

If they had known, they said, they would have sent a *Wagons-Lits* car to await M. Vishinsky at Cheb. While the Comrade Commissar's luggage was being transferred across the Prague platform to the Warsaw Express, would he care to have *slivovitz* with the Czechoslovak comrades in the presidential waiting room of the station?

M. Vishinsky said what the comrades could do with their *slivovitz*. His invective was scalding. He marched past the cabinet of the Republic of Czechoslovakia; he entered the sleeping car heading for Warsaw and slammed the door behind him.

Prague shortly got a new Soviet Ambassador. And *Wagons-Lits* shortly got its sleeping cars back.

### *Helpful!*

A YOUNG man I know recently became a representative for a company manufacturing animal foodstuffs. On his rounds he called on a poultry breeder who told him that he was worried because one of his hens was ailing and he didn't want the rest of his brood to be infected. Anxious to oblige a prospective customer, the young man offered to send the bird to his company to have its malady diagnosed. The farmer agreed, wrung the bird's neck and handed it over to be sent off.

Shortly afterwards the young man received this diagnosis: "The bird died of a broken neck." —"Northerner II" in *Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury*

PASSENGERS on one of the transatlantic airlines are given a pamphlet called, "Your Safety Is Our First Consideration." In the pamphlet are explicit instructions on what to do in case the plane is forced to ditch. The last one reads: "Avoid getting unnecessarily wet." —A. W.

OFFICIAL documents with their inevitable amendments are always good in our office for at least a quizzical eyebrow. But an edition of instructions about preceding instructions topped them all. On the second page of the booklet a word was followed by an asterisk. Pursuing the asterisk to the bottom of the page, we read: "Ignore all asterisks in this edition." —G. H. M.



## Laughter, the best medicine

OLD GEORGE is a Scot and an examiner. Not long ago, when I called on him in Glasgow, the conversation turned to the death of one of his cronies. "I'm told that Harry left £5,000," I remarked admiringly.

"That he didn't!" George said.

I expressed surprise.

"Harry *left* no money," he went on. "He was taken from it."

—Contributed by D. M. Donald

THOSE snap, crackle and pop advertisements have had their effect. A five-year-old I know likes to play mother to her two younger sisters. "Eat your toast; it's getting cold," she said to one of them at breakfast the other morning. "And you," she said turning to the other, "eat your cereal—it's almost quiet!"

...Jack Sterling

IN 1938, when Orson Welles' famous dramatization of an attack on earth from another planet caused so much hysteria throughout America, I was living in a small town in South Carolina. My excited neighbour jumped up from her radio and rushed into the kitchen where her husband was sitting by the wood-burning stove.

"John! John!" she shouted. "The Lord's destroyin' the world!"

The South Carolinian lifted the lid from the stove and spat a stream of tobacco juice into the flames. "Wal," he drawled, "it's His'n, ain't it?"

—Contributed by Robert Marshall

WHEN a sudden storm blew up at sea a young woman, leaning against the ship's rail, lost her balance and was thrown overboard. Immediately another figure plunged into the waves beside her and held her up until a life-boat rescued them. To everyone's astonishment the hero was the oldest man on the voyage—an octogenarian. That evening he was given a party in honour of his bravery. "Speech! Speech!" the other passengers cried.

The old gentleman rose slowly and looked around at the enthusiastic gathering. "There's just one thing I'd like to know," he said testily. "Who pushed me?"

- V. S. G.

IN THE midst of a busy morning, the county agricultural advisory officer got a call from a woman who said that she was starting a chicken farm and wanted to know how long she should leave the rooster with the hens.

"Just a minute," said the officer, who was talking on another phone.

"Thank you very much," said the woman, and rang off.

—Contributed by B. G.

THE DOCTOR was trying to encourage a gloomy patient. "You're in no real danger," he said. "Why, I've had the same complaint myself."

"Yes," the patient moaned, "but you didn't have the same doctor!"

—Contributed by Lillian Decker

*From this example of high courage  
against a sinister disease, sufferers and non-sufferers  
alike can draw new hope and inspiration*



*By Robert Littell*

THE BABY's doctor suspected something was wrong soon after the Schnabel's first son, Frank, was born, because the child bruised so easily. But nothing decisive happened until Frank was three, when he fell and cut his tongue. It stopped bleeding only after he had received three blood transfusions from his father.

Then the Schnabels learned the dreadful truth: little Frank was the victim of a mysterious blood deficiency, haemophilia, often called the "royal disease" because Queen Victoria, though immune herself, had passed it down to at least 11 of her male descendants. In Spain, the childhood of two of them was so cramped by parental fears that the

trees in the royal park where they played were padded with pillows.

Thirty years ago, when Frank Schnabel went to the hospital for the first time, only one or two of every ten haemophiliacs lived to be 20. And so in the Schnabel home in Washington it was as if his parents had suddenly glimpsed the sword of death suspended over their child.

One night Mazie Schnabel found her son sleeping peacefully—in a spreading pool of blood. A tooth had come loose. In a few hours, she realized with terror, his life would have leaked silently away.

After such a scare, many mothers would have guarded their child's every hour. But Mazie Schnabel was a mother in a million. Death might

be waiting for her son behind every rough tree-trunk in life's royal park, but something told her that too much protective pillowing could slowly stifle him. Her boy's best chance of living was to accept as much of life as he could take.

So it came about that Frank Schnabel broke all the rules that are supposed to govern haemophiliacs. He went to school, played games, graduated from university, travelled, married, got a good job and kept it. On top of all that, his energy and persistence have been chiefly responsible for the creation of Canada's first adult centre for the treatment of haemophilia.

The story of how Frank and his mother chose to let him shoot the rapids and live, rather than paddle in the backwaters and merely not die, is a lesson that takes one far beyond Frank's exotic disease.

Haemophilia is not, as most people believe, the penalty for royal inbreeding; it afflicts one out of 10,000 white males. Also, contrary to popular belief, the haemophiliac's greatest peril is not the external bleeding from cuts or wounds, but the more frequent internal haemorrhages.

Often after even the slightest injury, and sometimes for no apparent reason at all, the capillaries within the knee or ankle begin to seep blood into the narrow spaces of the joints. As the pressure of the confined fluid on the nerve trunks increases, it soon causes unbearable pain. In their agony, young sufferers

pull up their arms and legs, which remain frozen in that position unless skilfully treated.

Until recent years, most haemophiliacs ended their lives in braces, in wheel chairs, or as bed-ridden bundles of tortured human geometry. The Schnabels' pediatrician knew what was ahead for Frank, and he prepared Mazie to face it and to help her son endure long bouts of excruciating agony—without sedatives, because once Frank began taking them, he would need them increasingly. And so Frank learned early that even the most unbearable pain can be borne.

Frank Schnabel managed to live with this pain partly because his mother never asked how he felt, or showed how desperately sorry she was for him, or let him think he was different from other boys. He had to be protected—up to a point; yet it was also vital that he should lead a normal life—up to a point. When he was small she rounded off the sharp corners in the house. But cotton-wool was alien to her spirit, and when he was old enough to ride a tricycle, he was given one. Another boy pushed him off it, and Frank spent several weeks in the hospital.

The repeated transfusions, the days in bed, the nights of pain, taught Frank how to mix the right proportions of caution and daring. "I might not climb as high in the trees as my friends," he told me, "but I'd climb. I'd jump off a fence, but not off a roof." Yet every so

often he couldn't resist a game of touch football or a scrap. "And half the time I got away with it."

When he was 12 Frank began a diary. As a record of unselfconscious courage, as a story of how a boy took a fearful handicap in his stride, it is unique.

Played hockey . . . Had a fight . . . Went roller skating . . . Chopped down big tree in woods . . . Had big battle at snow forts. Both forts were recked . . . Did not go to school because tooth was loose and gum was bleeding . . . Think new teacher is nuts and belongs in asain asylum . . . Gum still bleeding. Went to Scout meeting and passed Badge and Uniform . . .

My arm started to get sore. Harry in love with Jean . . . Went to camp. The bunks were hard . . . Did not go to school because of sore foot I got at camp . . . Woke up this morning my mouth full of blood. It was my tonsils . . .

Put about three cords of wood in cellar . . . Made one dollar today delivering papers and shovelling snow . . . Down with bad leg . . .

Played tennis and got bloody nose; was hard to stop . . . Got another nosebleed. Had sore leg from sliding . . . Went to hospital and had a transfusion. Wasn't as bad as I thought. Pretty nurses . . . Had squirt-gun fight. Got ankle hurt . . . Bottled up Allied troops try to escape by Dunkirk . . .

Had another bloody nose . . . Won about 50 marbles . . . Let off some fireworks. Neighbours complained . . . Mowed lawn and

pulled weeds . . . Played polo on bike . . . Went down to Dad's store to take inventory . . . Dad was working in yard and I stepped on rake. Made cut which bled about 9 hrs. Had to have transfusion . . .

All through those years Mazie watched her son's ordeal with inner agony but outward calm. When one crisis had passed, she would go off alone somewhere and collapse, saving her strength for the next.

As time went by she was heartened by what the unending struggle was doing to her son. "It ripened him," she told me. "I never knew anyone to whom life was so precious because it was so rationed."

In spite of the constant setbacks, Frank won a university degree in political science, took postgraduate courses in geography and economics at the University of California, and went to England for a summer course at Southampton University. "I was possessed by the desire to travel," he says—though he and his mother knew that he might not have proper care. On one trip he spent days in the Library of Congress in Washington doing research on haemophilia. It was absorbing, says Frank, "but far too much like reading obituaries."

The blood of a haemophiliac is deficient in a substance—the anti-haemophilic factor, or AHF—which is needed to help normal clotting. Because no way has yet been found to make the sufferer's body

Ten wife-tested rules  
for home harmony

*What NOT to Say  
to Your Husband*

By Cynthia Lindsay

GETTING ON well with a husband requires far more than the ability to look both pretty and un-harrassed during domesticity's trying moments. It requires a basic instinct to know what *not* to say and when not to say it.

You never know what may have happened to the man a few minutes ago. He could have had a row with the boss—so he thinks you're extravagant when you tell him you want a new hair-ribbon. On the other hand, he may have won a big contract, been complimented by the managing director of the company or been told by his secretary that he reminds her of Cary Grant. In which event he may say, "It's time you had a fur coat." You never know.

Try to size up the situation before you commit yourself to any statement. But don't think for too long

without saying something, because then he is going to ask, "What are you suiking about? You haven't said a word since I got home."

Here are ten rules, tested in the home and the divorce court, on what you must never bring up if you want a sublime marriage:

1. Never say, "How do I look?"



You're wasting your time and his. If you don't look all right, he will notice. If you do, he won't. Straggling hair, slip showing or crooked lipstick will catch his eye immediately. A new hair-do, loss of four pounds or a smart dress—never. The best you can hope for as an answer to the question is, "Fine, dear"—while he reads the sports page.

2. When he says, "Sometimes I think my mother is mad," do *not* say, "She certainly is." He will reply, "Well, I don't mean really mad—" and you will say, "But *I* do." Then you're really in for it. And presently it will come out that you attacked his sainted parent.

When he says that his mother is mad, just say, "Poor lady, she's old and lives alone—we really should see more of her."

"Over my dead body," he will reply, and devote the rest of the evening to proving to you that his mother is off her rocker.

3. Never tell him you're tired. *He's* tired. You don't plan your day right. When he asks, "How was your day?" don't under any circumstances tell him. If you are lucky enough to get a "How are you?" it is permissible to say, "Fine—perhaps a little fagged." But if you see a glimmer of sympathy, do not press your luck, for if you go on, a glazed look will cloud his eyes and without looking up from the paper he will murmur, "That's nice, dear."

4. Never say, "I don't know how

Helen can stand it. Charles is getting impossible."

You have now attacked a male. If friends are having marriage difficulties, the woman is wrong. Your statement will be countered with, "Poor Helen, indeed. If she would stay away from that idiotic women's group, and see that dinner was on the table, there wouldn't be any trouble."

The danger of this kind of discussion is that it may remind your husband of something *you* haven't done.

It's best to say, "It does seem a shame about the Stewarts—I'm afraid they aren't getting on." Then you haven't taken sides. No point in trying to understand. Just accept it.

5. Never tell him about a past love or a gentleman who was over-friendly with you at the dance the other night. In the first case his answer might be, "Well, if he was so marvellous, why didn't you marry him?" This can end in tears. In the second case he won't be jealous, which is what you hoped for. He will think you are making it up to make him jealous, which you probably are.

6. Don't start any sentence with, "Never mind, I'll do it," or "Aren't you ever going to—"

First, you'll have to. Second, he isn't. These are the two most stubborn-making approaches in marriage.

7. Don't discuss the price or quality of his apparel. His clothes are a

basic necessity. Yours are sheer frivolity. Everybody at the office has more suits than he has. "Did you *have* to buy that dress? Why didn't you get a really smart black one?"

8. Never say, "You're always talking about sport. Don't you think it's time you let me in on what you're talking about?"

When you consider the possible outcome of this statement, it is blood-chilling. He may decide, all right, he will. So he takes you to a cricket match and is prepared to be kind and instructive. He is not,

however, prepared for you to ask where the goal-posts are.

9. Never ask if he enjoyed his nap after he has snored his way through an evening at the cinema. He was *not* asleep; he was resting his eyes. He heard every word of it.

10. Never tell him your dreams. I woke my husband one night and said, "I just had the most horrible dream. I was having an operation in a hospital in a strange city. It was awful. I was crying for you, and they couldn't find you anywhere."

He just rolled over and muttered, "Did you try the club?"



### *Smile, Smile, Smile*

THE HEARTY welcome, the easy smile are endearing traits. But they can be overdone.

People in television commercials smile too much, families in magazine advertisements smile too much, and government leaders smile too much. Everyone wants to be liked.

Now there is clearly nothing wrong with a smile. It can illumine, and often make beautiful, features dimmed by passivity or grooved by sadness. But the smile I am speaking of, and which so many wear so much, is less an expression of joy than the muscular reflex of popularity. No better, or more horrible, example of this exists than the smile of television masters of ceremonies or the cinema sellers of products: a smile directed at all and therefore at no one, a mass ingratiating wholly devoid of feeling. This kind of promiscuity—for it is exactly that—robs a man of both his dignity and his virility.

But now good-fellowship, unflagging, is the prime requisite for success in our society, and the man or woman who smiles only for reasons of humour or pleasure is a deviate. The passport photographer says, "How about a little smile?" The lover, seeing a grave face, says, "What's wrong?" A statesman unsmiling means bad news. To be serious is not to be loved, and that is unbearable.

—Marya Mannes in *More in Anger*

*With these hair-raising tests, seven candidates have been selected for history's greatest adventure*

## **From Today's Achievement to Tomorrow's Mystery**

### **The First United Nations**

*By Harmon Tupper*

**I**N FEBRUARY this year, 69 crack U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marine test pilots were summoned to the headquarters of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington. None knew until he arrived that he had been picked for perhaps the most extraordinary mission in history: "Project Mercury"—to rocket a human being into space flight around the earth.

N.A.S.A. scientists explained to the 69 potential space men that electronic computers had picked them by scanning service records of thousands of military pilots for those who met the initial criteria: age under 40, height not over 5 foot 11, university degree in engineering or physical science, graduation from test-pilot training school, logged air time of at least 1,500 hours. From the 69 men, 55 volunteered as candidates for orbit. Exhaustive physical

and psychological tests reduced their number to seven. From this nucleus, after months of the toughest training, *the man will be picked to go into world-circling flight.*

"Our selection will be made only when rocket count-down begins," the briefing team explained. "The man won't know he's been chosen until he enters the spacecraft and hears us say, 'This is it.' "

Project Mercury's unique astronaut must survive the punishment of blast-off, endure confinement, isolation and terrifying uncertainties. He must operate controls and monitor instruments while zooming through space at more than 17,000 m.p.h. How will they determine who can meet these gruelling requirements?

I found the answer at the Air Research and Development Command's Wright Air Development Centre, in Dayton, Ohio, where I

explored America's most comprehensive human proving ground. Here, in the bewildering labyrinths of the Aero Medical Laboratory, investigators subjected Project Mercury candidates to every stress likely to be encountered in an extra-terrestrial voyage. The tests were so rigorous that many of the hardiest combat pilots failed them.

The "Crew Selection Profile" began with two days of psychiatric and psychological tests, aimed at measuring such things as: does the candidate really *want* the job? Will he be cool in a critical situation? Does he have resourcefulness and initiative?

Then came a test to determine whether he could tolerate solitude and inaction for hours on end: the "Anechoic Chamber," which simulates a spacecraft's complete isolation in heavens devoid of light and sound. Here he had 48 hours to himself—if he could stick it that long!

Suppose you are a candidate facing this ordeal. You enter a windowless, boxlike structure 14 feet long and seven feet wide. It has a thick, meat-locker-type door, and from walls and ceiling protrude big fibre-glass wedges that deaden all sound. A naked electric light bulb reveals a bed, table, pilot's chair, chemical toilet and an unlighted refrigerator stocked with sandwiches and liquids identifiable by Braille markings that you memorize beforehand.

Once the door shuts, the light goes out, and you are alone in a totally

dark and soundproof cell, cut off from the world except for wires trailing from electrodes on your ankles. You have no matches, no clock, no radio—nothing to do for two days and nights.

Outside, a team of doctors, on round-the-clock duty, measures your skin voltage and temperature from the ankle electrodes and finds out if you are sweating, breathing hard or otherwise showing signs of tension or anxiety. "If you have claustrophobia, or can't stand the 'lost' feeling or the disruption of your familiar day-and-night routine," psychiatrist Dr. George Ruff explained to me, "you are free to push the door-release knob and come out before the 48 hours are up."

Sampling the test, I was plunged into darkness so absolute that my retinas conveyed non-existent light images to my brain. I was overwhelmed by silence so profound that I could hear my heart beat. It was easy to understand why half the "quiet-roomers" failed to take this isolation in their stride.

Many lost all interest in food, did not go near the refrigerator. One man became so frightened that he made his exit in a single hour. A number built up deep resentment towards the testers within as little as four hours' confinement.

Survivors of the Anechoic Chamber went to the reaction-to-weightlessness test. There you get a flight in the "Padded Cell"—a two-engined aircraft which has a chairless

area lined with foam rubber. By flying a series of big-dipper ups and downs, the plane puts passengers into a gravity-free state for up to 15 seconds. Investigators are strapped in, but the candidate floats through the air with the greatest of ease—if he isn't sick.

Weightlessness produces strange sensations. When the aircraft swoops up into a parabolic arc and suspends you between floor and ceiling, you feel exhilarated. You're told to "play about," but as soon as you rotate, twist or somersault your body, nausea can strike so suddenly that you scarcely have time to clap a paper bag to your mouth. You become confused, disorientated. But Aero Med doctors say that relaxation and repeated exposure can reduce the disagreeable effects, and they put candidates through gravity-free runs in later training.

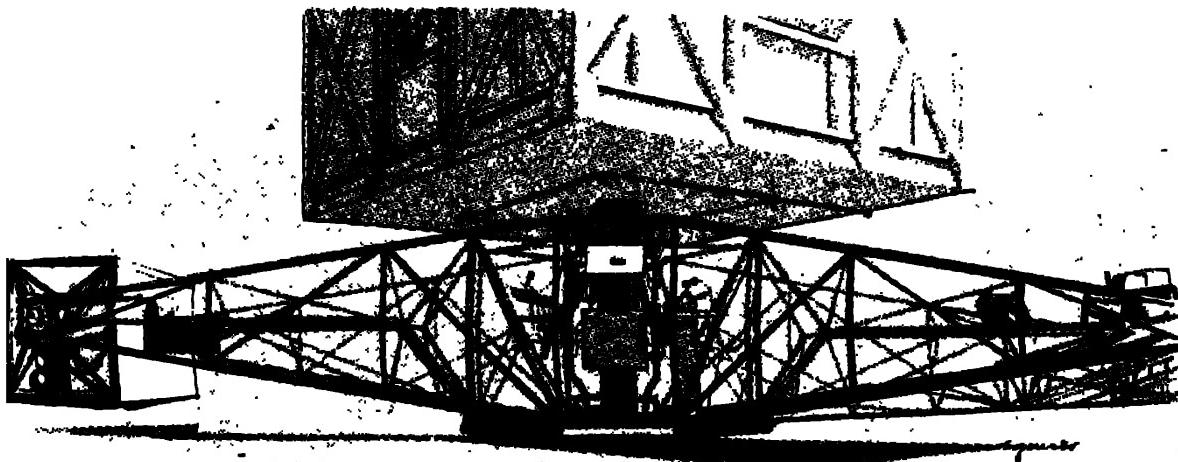
Before the body-racking tests that followed next, candidates spent two

days at the base hospital where they received the most thoroughgoing physical-fitness examination that medical science has devised. Then on to a ride on "The Wheel." Officially called a "Human Centrifuge," this is a long metal boom that whirls a candidate round a horizontal circle 40 feet in diameter. Strapped into a cab at one end of the boom, the occupant revolves at speeds that simulate the prolonged accelerations of rocket blast-off.

I watched Captain Charles Wilson, a slim, boyish-looking, pilot-doctor, take his first trip on the centrifuge. Wilson was wired to an electrocardiograph, mouth-tubed to a respiration recorder, and fastened flat on his back with legs elevated to knee height—a position that increases body tolerance for the violent outward pull of this space-age merry-go-round. A button under his thumb controlled an overhead light.

"To test his concentration, he

*The "Human Centrifuge" simulates the G forces to which a man would be subjected if he were a passenger in a rocket during take-off*



"must extinguish that bulb every time it flashes on," explained supervisor Neville Clarke. "Once we get him really going on the wheel, centrifugal force will make his blood as heavy as lead; he'll be breathing as though a sack of cement lay on his chest, and his arms will weigh six times more than normal."

"How do you know the ride won't injure him?" I asked.

"We've learnt from previous tests exactly how much a physically fit person can take without damage," Dr. Clarke replied. "And if he fails to turn out the light, he either wants us to stop the wheel or has blacked out."

My eyes could scarcely follow the dizzying blur of Wilson as he whooshed round and round for ten stressful minutes, the maximum safe time limit for the 6G force oppressing him. During that time, without deteriorating drastically in his light-extinguishing job, he sustained the protracted thrust necessary to reach a velocity of 60,000 m.p.h., or three times the speed that would get him to the moon.

I volunteered for a less strenuous excursion on Aero Med's "Rock 'n' Roller," a shiny red chair that simulates the violent buffeting of a capsule during passage through atmosphere. With its "control stick" between my legs, I was told to keep myself in level flight while pistons pitched the chair crazily.

"With your eyes open, your equilibrium is pretty good," said the

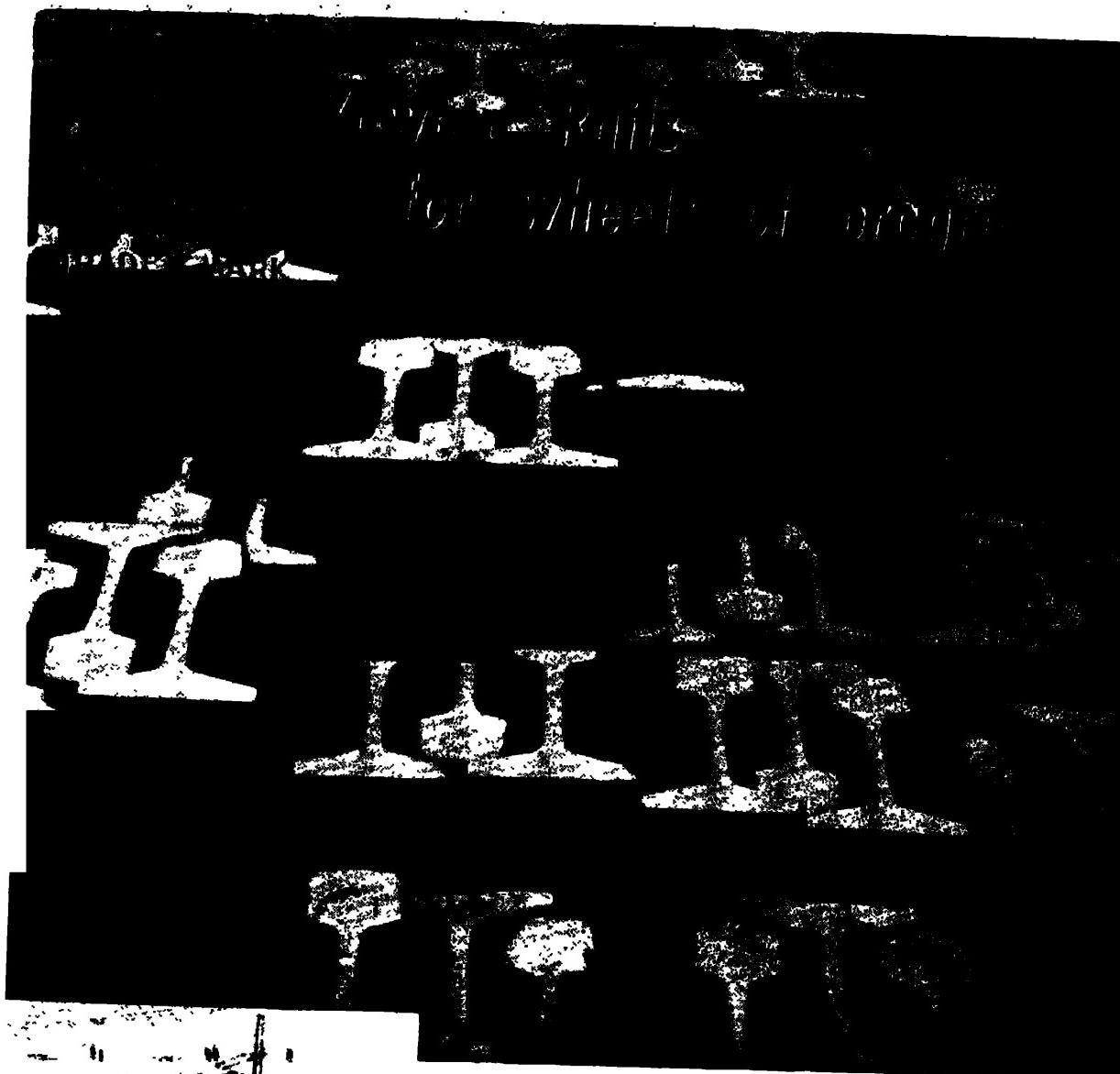
supervisor, Dr. Rolf Coermann. "Now close your eyes, and we'll see how you manage when you have no visual orientation with earth." When I opened my eyes a few minutes later, it was obvious I wasn't the Mercury type. I was as upside down as the chair would go!

"Now," said Dr. Coermann, when I had pulled myself together, "let me show you the 'Vertical Accelerator,' our newest research tool."

He took me to a weird, towering rig that can jolt a man up and down through a 16-foot stroke. Dr. Coermann's assistant was strapped into the pilot's seat and took a "soft" ride for my benefit. Hair flying, the young doctor bounced like a yo-yo for five minutes—seven feet up and seven feet down every second. All the while he kept his bobbing head bent over a small instrument-box.

"Even at that slow speed," said Dr. Coermann, "we get valuable information on the amount of instrument control we can expect from a space man under severe jolting."

Since space travellers will pass through torrid heat on re-entering earth's atmosphere, candidates' temperature tolerance is tested in the "Hot Box." This is a compartment which resembles a walk-in refrigerator with window and intercom. For this test—two hours at a sizzling 54° C.—I watched Captain Wilson put on a "thermistor" underwear garment, equipped with 17 thermo-couples connected to automatic recording graphs outside,



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where Dr. Joseph Gold kept vigil.

While the lightly clad Wilson sweated away in a state of obvious alertness, I stayed alongside—for 40 minutes. After the strength-sapping heat worked through my civilian clothes and into my 52-year-old skin, I became so light-headed that the observant Dr. Gold ordered me out. But 30-year-old, fit-as-a-fiddle Wilson endured two hours, lost three pounds and reported no ill effects.

"I got fidgety, though," he said. "And towards the end I couldn't have worked out the square root of 64—so we know that a space vehicle will need plenty of insulation."

How well can an astronaut perform during the earsplitting roar of a rocket's launching? Aero Med scientists find out in the "Reverberant Chamber." Captain Wilson and I sat at a table, looked at a metal cone that jutted from the wall behind us.

But for our headphone-like muffs, our ears would have been damaged by the sudden, overpowering blast of the sound machine. A high, piercing whine rose to the 145-decibel high-energy noise of a jet engine at maximum thrust.

While Wilson worked on a concentration test—adding up columns of figures—Dr. Hansen motioned me to place my hand before the shrieking cone. The atmosphere was completely still, yet I felt pure sound hit my palm like a spurt of air. Then, imitating Hansen, I touched my hair. It was almost hot!

"What you felt on your palm was

your skin vibrating in tune with sound pulsations," the doctor said later. "Your warm hair? Acoustical energy absorbed by hair or fur turns into heat. Small animals completely covered with fur can be killed by the heat generated by noise."

Interrogated by psychiatrist Dr. Jack Steel after the test had ended, Captain Wilson declared, "I had to fight the tendency to jot down sums without caring if they were right or wrong."

To an onlooker, perhaps the most dramatic test scene is that in the "Tin Can," the high-altitude chamber that duplicates the vacuum men will penetrate in space voyages. Preparatory to entering the glassed-in altitude chamber, Captain Wilson inhaled 100 per cent oxygen for two hours, to denitrogenize his system and protect himself against the "bends." Then he donned skin-tight, olive-drab pneumatic overalls, pulled on laced pressure gloves and an insulated helmet containing earphones, a tiny microphone and a transparent plastic face-piece. Then he was strapped into the pilot's seat, a tall beaker of water was placed on the floor "as a warning" and the safe-like chamber door was closed. "Now," Dr. Myron Zinn, medical monitor, said to Wilson over the intercom, "let's go up."

A battery of vacuum pumps sucked air from the cubicle to simulate a rapid climb into increasingly rarefied atmosphere. When the altitude needle rose about 40,000 feet,



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indicating a near-vacuum, I saw Wilson's suit contract, binding arms, legs and trunk to compensate for reduced air pressure.

"Take your glove off, Charlie," Dr. Zinn said, "and we'll go up farther." To me he added, "Look what happens to his hand."

At 70,000 feet it began to puff out as if from an adder bite. "Gas is forming under the skin," Zinn said. "In another few minutes the hand would get bigger than a grapefruit, and prolonged exposure would make it permanently useless."

At 75,000 feet the water in the beaker bubbled. "That, Charlie," Zinn said cheerfully, "is what your blood would do if you didn't have the pressure suit on."

"Descending" to 25,000 feet, Wilson replaced the glove on his hand, which had resumed normal shape. "Now," announced Zinn, "we'll blast him rapidly into the almost-pure vacuum of 100,000 feet, just as if something pierced his ship and exposed him to decompression."

With an explosive bang, atmosphere rushed from the chamber. Wilson jerked under the sudden contraction of his pressure suit, triggered by a built-in barometric device. Instantly the compartment's temperature dropped, creating a fog that gave him the appearance of a ghostly visitor from another planet. Dimly I saw water boiling furiously in the beaker, reminder of a space man's excruciating fate without pressure suit protection.

With the help of tests like these, Project Mercury candidates were narrowed down to the required seven, all of whom are married. These *élite* semi-finalists will train in mock-up space capsules. They will then be sent on to specialized centres for the development of technical aptitudes in space navigation and communications.

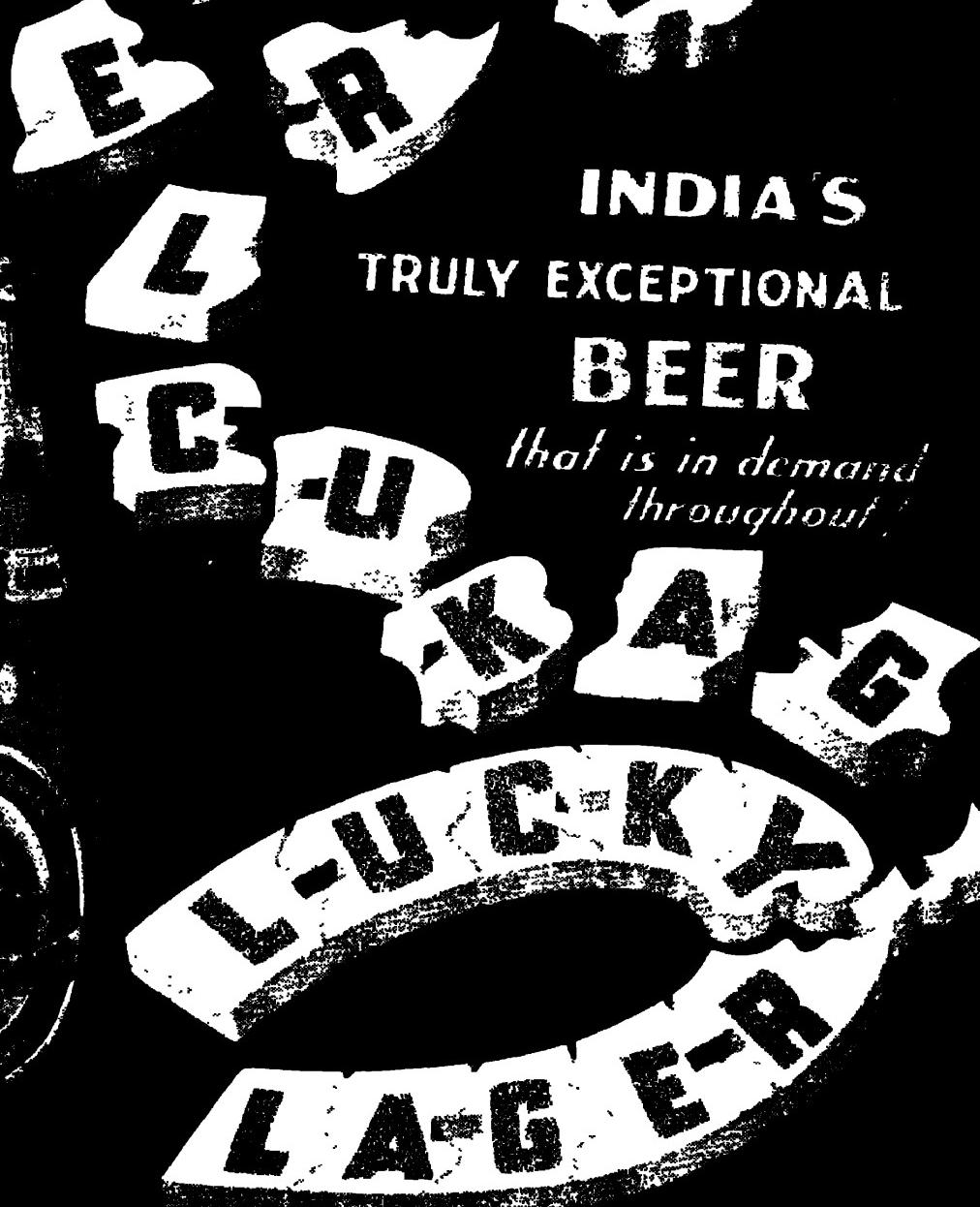
When will *the* flight come off? Estimates vary from an optimistic 18 months to several years. Currently, N.A.S.A. plans a circling of the earth at a 100- to 150-mile altitude for up to 24 hours.

How will the space pilot get back to earth? Retro-rockets will be activated to return him to earth's atmosphere, where parachutes will take over to land the cushioned, buoyant capsule.

Will the Russians be the first to do it? There is a 50-50 chance that they will, say top Washington officials.

Meanwhile, the tremendous problems of space travel are forcing deeper probes into the body and mind than ever before. Says Brigadier-General Don Flickinger, overall head of Air Force Aero Med activities: "The data we gather from these exhaustive tests of human tolerance may well point the way to means of defending ourselves against some of the stresses and strains of everyday life. It's a wonderful paradox that the search for men to leave our planet will further the well-being of millions of us who will never get into space."

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## Personal Glimpses

FRENCH COMPOSER Claude Debussy was a painstaking artist who spent endless hours polishing and repolishing his compositions. With the success of his opera *Pelléas et Mélisande*, Debussy for the first time found his music in demand. Gatti-Casazza, then general manager of the New York Metropolitan Opera, went to Paris to obtain the rights to the composer's next opera. Debussy informed him that it was only in the planning stage.

"I can wait two or three months," Gatti assured him.

"Two or three months!" gasped Debussy. "It takes me that long to decide between two chords!" —E. E. Edgar

THE LATE Nigel Bruce, suave British actor, ascribed his first trip to America to an unusual circumstance. Weekending at a smart English country house, he decided to start Saturday off by taking a brisk walk before breakfast. His eyes fell on a peach freshly ripened on a tree bordering the lane. It was the lushest peach he had ever seen, so he plucked and ate it. Then he went inside for coffee.

His hostess was holding forth when he entered. "We can hardly wait to face the judges at the garden show this afternoon," she gurgled. "For 20 years we've been telling those sceptics that it is possible to grow an absolutely perfect peach in this climate, and now, glory be, we've got one!"

Bruce waited to hear no more. He packed his bag, stole out of a side door, and sailed the next day for America.

—Bennett Cerf

ONE DAY a painter in Montparnasse came to sell me one of Picasso's canvases. When I took it to Picasso, whom I knew well, and asked him to verify it, he said crossly, "It's a fake."

"But I'm sure it's a genuine Picasso," my visitor protested to me the following day.

Since I had some doubts myself, I took one of my own Picassos for the artist to pass judgement on. Again he stated flatly, "It's a fake."

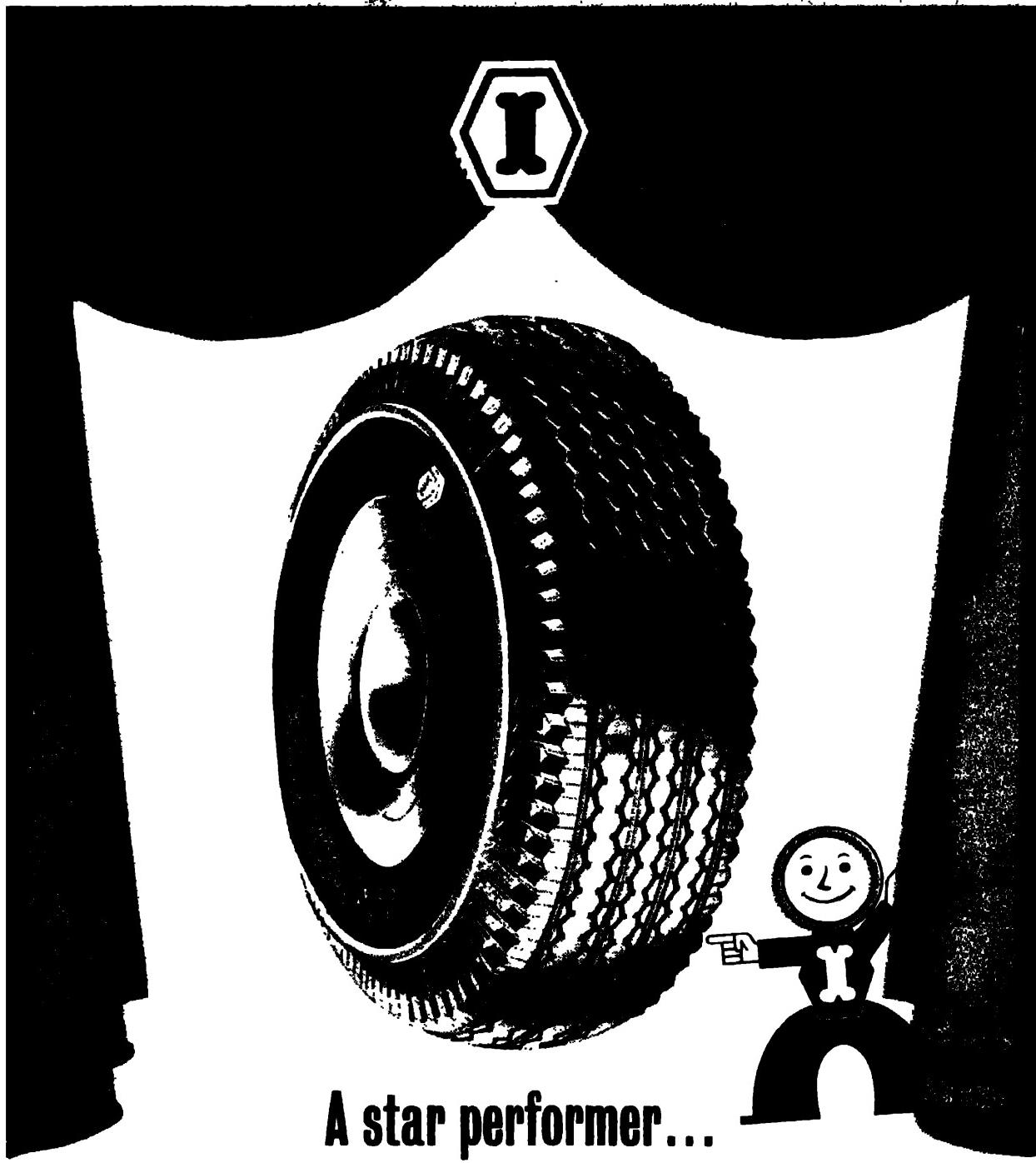
That was too much. I exclaimed, "But I *saw* you do this canvas!"

"Oh, well," he said with a shrug. "I sometimes do fake Picasso myself."

—Michel Georges-Michel, *From Renoir to Picasso*

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, 84, is said to turn off his hearing aid during speeches in the House of Commons so that he can doze or contemplate other matters. But he had it on full power while two other members were discussing him behind his back. "The old man seems to be getting a bit past it, these days," one said.

Sir Winston turned, cast an icy eye on the talkers, and rumbled: "Yes, they say he's getting a bit hard of hearing." —N.W.



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# *A Curious Love Story*

Who do *you* think was to blame?

*By John Fischer*

RECENTLY some friends asked me to dinner to meet a visiting doctor, a plump, comfortable man of about 60 who was in town for a meeting of a psychiatric association. Afterwards, over coffee, he said he would like to tell us a rather curious love story—to find out what we thought of it.

"A long time ago," he said, "there was only one bridge across the river near my home. Not far from one end of the bridge lived a lovely woman who was married to an elderly manufacturer of machine tools. Discovering after a few years that her husband was more interested in turret lathes than in her, she began to look about for solace.

"Eventually she found it, in the person of a handsome young sportsman who bred and trained race

horses. She paid him frequent afternoon visits—always taking care to get home before her husband returned from the office.

"One spring afternoon, as she started her drive home, she found that the river was in flood. Foamy brown water was swirling over the floor planking of the bridge, and the pilings were shaking as if they might give way at any moment.

"The only other way to cross the river was by ferry about a mile downstream. She hurried there and found, to her immense relief, that the boat was still running. When she looked in her purse for the fare, however, she saw that she had no money. Surely, though, the ferryman would trust her till tomorrow.

"He wouldn't. He explained that he would be glad to let her travel

free if the decision were his own, but the ferry-owner had given him strict instructions not to give credit to *anybody*. If he broke this rule, he would be sacked. Sorry . . .

"The woman drove rapidly back to her lover's house and asked him for the fare. To her astonishment, he too refused.

"Don't you see," he said, "that if the question of money should ever enter into our relationship everything would be changed? I love you far too much for that. You may think me ridiculously idealistic, but if you insist on demanding money from me I can never see you again."

"Once more she drove towards the river, this time trembling with rage—a rage of fury at her lover and of fear for the wrath of her husband. She determined to force her way across the bridge.

"The car was washed away, of course. Her body was never found."

The doctor paused for a sip of coffee, then asked, "Who do you think was responsible for the girl's death?"

THE FIRST of our group to answer was a woman who wore her hair combed in a tight bun. "What a silly question!" she said. "Obviously the girl had no one to blame but herself. She was morally responsible for her own acts, and she had to expect the consequences."

With some diffidence, our host disagreed. We all recognized, didn't we, that some women—present

company excepted—are not fully responsible creatures? Some get emotional, even hysterical, on occasion. The ferryman, on the other hand, was presumably a level-headed male, and there could be no excuse for his behaviour. Instead of facing up to a decision in a moment of crisis, he had shoved the responsibility on to his absent employer. A clear case of moral cowardice . . .

Another guest argued that the ferryman had merely done his duty. He had made a promise to the boat-owner, and had stuck by it. But the girl's lover had behaved like a prig. In effect, he had sentenced her to death for the sake of his selfish, romantic notion about their affair. He seemed to be one of those doctrinaires who will sacrifice anything to their own fanatic concept of what is right.

"You're talking just like a man," our hostess said. "Any woman can see that it was all the husband's fault. If he hadn't been so awful, the poor girl never would have fallen in love with anybody else. And if he hadn't made her so scared of him, she wouldn't have tried to drive across that bridge. He was a hypocritical, authoritarian beast!"

A pretty blonde, curled up in a sofa corner, granted that husbands were often pretty beastly, all right. But couldn't the girl have phoned her husband to say that she would be staying overnight with an aunt? Or borrowed the money somewhere else? Or coaxed her lover out of his

silly notions? And how old was that ferryman, anyhow? A girl can always find some way to wriggle out of almost any fix, so why did everybody keep talking about those tiresome moral decisions?

The argument went on until someone asked the doctor, "Well, what is the answer to your riddle?"

"I'm not sure," the doctor said. "Perhaps everybody was partly to blame. That point doesn't interest me very much. You see, I often tell this story to patients at the beginning of a consultation. Their answers nearly always tell me something significant about their characters—as you may have observed."



### *Housewife's Lament*

You can hardly open a magazine these days without finding an article telling you how to cut housework in half. These pieces generally begin with a man observing pleasantly to his wife, "If I ran my business as inefficiently as you run your home, I'd be bankrupt."

I'm getting a little touchy about this crusade to make me a better housekeeper. Occasionally I try to reform. Following the advice of one efficiency engineer to "Save time by dusting with both hands at once," I succeeded only in knocking an ash-tray off the table top with my left hand, while my right hand was busy pushing off the magazines on the shelf below. When I consider the mental strain of directing two dusters simultaneously, I lose interest. What could be duller than having to think about dusting while dusting?

Maxim No. 1 in kitchen-planning circles is to store food and utensils at "point of first use." Flour, sugar and spices should be near the mixing centre, potatoes near the sink, etc. I agree with that up to the point where they want me to hang pots and pans over the stove. I have some Audubon prints under glass over the stove; it's not the peak of efficiency, but they are very pretty birds.

If you want to be really efficient, these articles say, sit down and plan your day, listing how long each task will take, then stick to the schedule.

Now, there's a nice dream. I plan to spend ten minutes making the beds. Danny comes crying, "Mother, make Susie stop calling me names." As I settle that, Susie appears. "Mother, can't you stop Jane making fish-paste-peanut-butter sandwiches?"

Then the phone rings. While I'm talking, Jane adds jelly to her sandwich and drops the whole mess on the floor.

I'm not against efficiency for others. It's just that I'm not a high-type housekeeper. When I get the vacuum cleaner out, the children ask, "Who's coming, Mum?"

—Dorothy Pope

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The remarkable story of how 18 young students sang their way into thousands of Soviet hearts

## To Russia, With Music

By Charles Neff  
as told to Enno Hobbing

ON OUR LAST NIGHT in Leningrad the 18 of us gathered in the rain before the monument to Catherine the Great for one more session of song. As always, a host of appreciative students, workers and housewives pressed round us to listen. When we announced that we were leaving for Kiev, the Russians began to nudge each other and whisper. As we sang on, we noticed that they were unobtrusively making a collection. Then one of them disappeared from the crowd. Minutes later, we had a beautiful bouquet thrust upon us. It was a genuine token of human understanding between plain Russians and plain Americans, and we were too moved to say much. Instead, we sang a chant from the heart, the profoundly powerful "*Ay Ukhnem*" ("Volga Boatman"). Then we and



the Russians went our respective ways—ways that could never be wholly separate again.

That Leningrad leave-taking was only one of the poignant episodes in a Soviet tour last August and September during which my 17 friends and I, comprising the Yale University Russian Chorus, felt that we sang our way into many Soviet hearts. We visited the country not as professional singers but as students. We had no concerts scheduled; only those we chose to put on as the musical mood struck us—in public squares, museums, on boats, beaches and under the walls of the Kremlin itself.

The Yale Russian Chorus dates back to 1954, when the Yale Russian Language Club invited Denis Mickiewicz, a Latvian studying at the university, to talk on Russian folklore. Denis encouraged the club members to sing Russian folk-songs and became the club's musical director. To make the trip, we raised money from our own work, from our parents and from Yale graduates.

Our first stop was Leningrad. Knowing the Russian language and a good bit about Russian culture, we were determined to get more than the routine tourist go-round. We thought of singing to break the ice with the Russians, but we were afraid that Soviet authorities might charge us with "hooliganism" and send us home. However, on our second evening in Leningrad, a crowd,

full of Russian longing to learn about the outside world, gathered around us at the Europa Hotel, and we decided to take a chance.

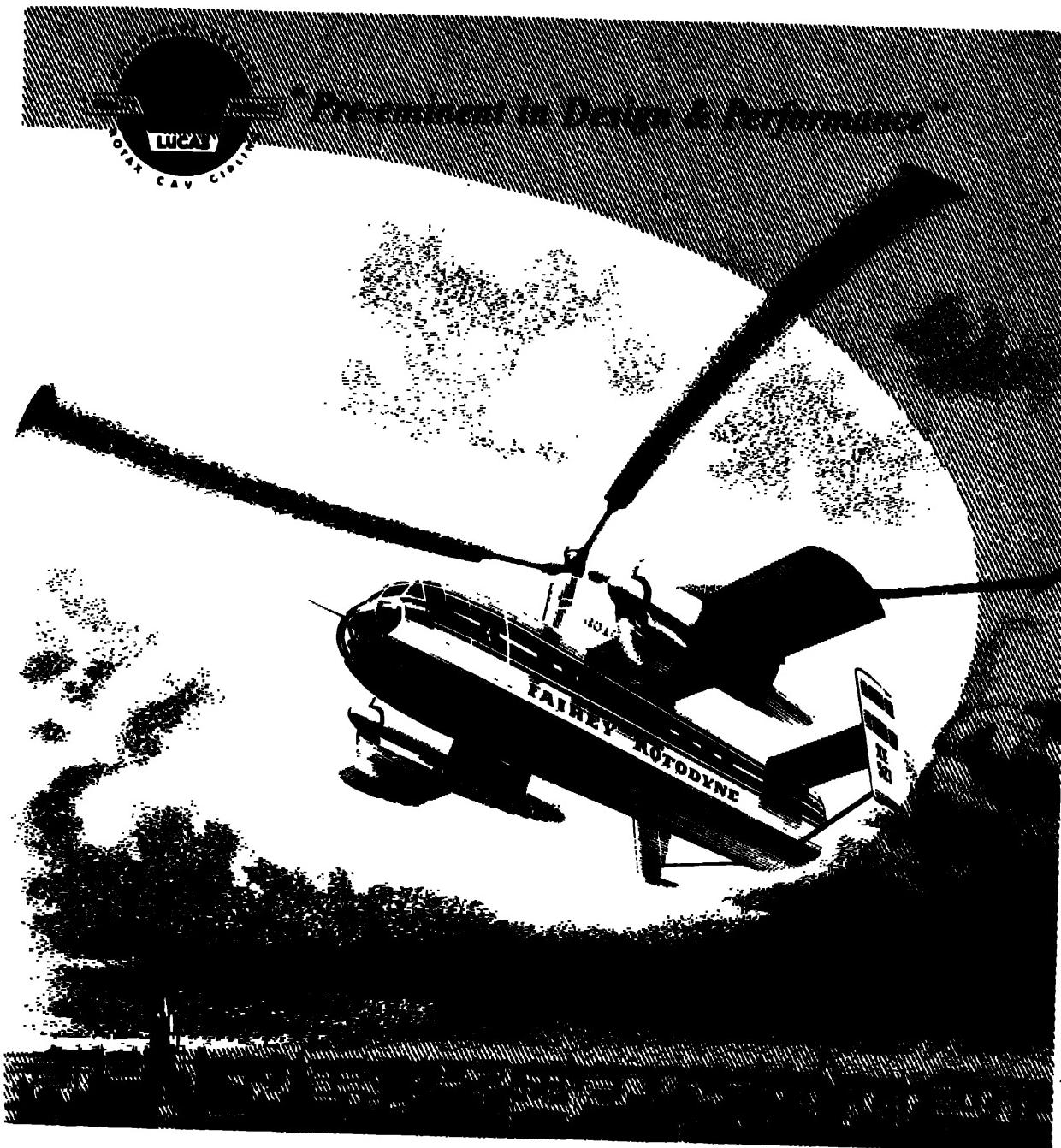
We felt that the authorities would hardly forbid us to sing our own songs, so we started with some Negro spirituals. The Russians listened raptly. When we finished they looked at us expectantly. I suggested that now we might dare a Russian tune as an encore, and we broke into the rousing, shouting Cossack "*Oi Na Gore*" ("On That Hill"). The Russians stamped their boots and laughed with joy. Some wrinkled, kerchiefed old women were overcome with emotion at hearing a beloved old tune that had been almost buried by Communism. Older people started to sing with us. We were a success.

Before we knew it, music turned towards politics. When we started to break up and move out into the crowd, the Russians descended on us individually, until there were 18 tightly packed circles. The discussions went like drumfire. We were unprepared for many of the questions and arguments, but that night, in the hard give-and-take, we began to work out the replies that we used to good effect on later occasions.

The first thing that both men and women dinned into me was that they wanted peace.

"Who doesn't?" I shot back.

"No, no, you don't understand," a careworn elderly man said. "Leningrad stayed under siege for



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17 months. There are still cripples on our streets who don't have artificial limbs or even crutches. You don't know what war is like!"

"That may be," I said, "but the West is afraid that your government may start a war anyway."

Almost all the people around me cried, "No, no, the Russian people don't want war."

I was confused. The talk about "peace" and about "the Russian people" seemed so much like the standard Communist line; yet these Russians seemed to be talking as individuals with wants and emotions that were independent of the dictates of their regime. Were they implying that they might stand up against the Kremlin if it tried to send them into battle? Later on we were to meet a few Russians who declared that this was precisely what they would do.

In Jim Guyot's circle, meanwhile, an ageing factory worker threw the Communist Party line at him: "If you don't have a war, your business will collapse." This gave Jim a good opening. He explained how large a proportion of the American economy was engaged in satisfying peaceful consumer demand, how relatively little was committed to arms production, how well American workers lived. When Jim finished, the factory worker conceded, "Yes, if your workers have cars, there isn't much danger that they will starve."

We ranged over dozens of topics

that night, and the last of us did not get to bed until 5 a.m. Much of the talk was calm, rational, fair exchange. The fact that we had a free and varied Press at home interested the Russians intensely. Asked whether I could get Soviet newspapers in the United States, I told them I could—and proved it by citing what I had read.

The next morning, Sunday, three of our party got a startling insight into religion in Russia. They went to a Leningrad Greek Orthodox Cathedral. Mass was over, and to their amazement they saw at least 200 babies being brought in for baptism. Young parents, dressed in their Sunday best, had trekked in from near-by provincial towns that had no churches. This seemed to us to refute the Soviet claim that only old people still cling to Christianity.

Another scene touched the three visitors to the quick. As the congregation started to go, it was halted by an emaciated-looking man in a strange, worn uniform. He implored repeatedly, "Help me! I have been in exile in Siberia for 18 years." The people fell deathly silent, then surged forward in a flood of compassion, pressing their last rubles on the man and touching him with loving hands as if to make him feel that he was home again.

Our experiences in Leningrad set the pattern for our whole tour, which included Kiev, Odessa, Yalta, Sochi, Tiflis, Kharkov and Moscow. Nearly every night we sang first

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and then we all talked until the small hours. Our music smoothed the way for us to get to know Russians better than we ever could have otherwise—and also smoothed the way for our free ideas to sink into many Soviet minds. Various episodes stand out in retrospect.

At the end of a Kiev evening, John Wolf was followed back to our hotel by a group of self-assured workers. As they stood in the street, talking animatedly and loudly, a policeman tried to disperse them. At that one of the workers said, with marvellous irony, "What! Do you want the foreigner to think that there is no freedom in the Soviet Union?" The policeman gave up.

In Odessa we saw the difference between the official and unofficial Russian attitudes. One evening we had unknowingly posted ourselves for singing right next to a Communist Party headquarters. We found it out as one man after another, much more stony-faced than our other listeners, filed out of the building and came over to us. These officials talked loudly and cocksurely, in contrast to the rather muffled voices of the plain people, and fired aggressive arguments at us between our songs.

We didn't convince any of these well-schooled "activists," but we did score against them with the rest of the crowd. When the activists kept repeating the Party-line slogans, ordinary citizens got bored and shouted, "Oh, come on, we've

heard that before." We, on the other hand, did not all stick to the official line. Where some of us took exception to Western policy, we said so. This use of our own ideas rather than official patter seemed to make an excellent impression.

Under the southern skies of Yalta we drew especially warm applause. Here too, however, we ran into tough grilling from apparently important Communists on holiday. One bull-voiced young official gave us a hard time. Finally, the girl with him grew impatient, winked at us and said, "Don't mind him. He's just showing off to me."

We were impressed by the evidence that Russians have not lost their capacity for independent thought. An outspoken student at Yalta told Ernie Schoen-Rene that they all despised Communism. A friend of his, he confided, had been jailed because he had criticized the regime in a diary that fell into the wrong hands. Denis met another student who attacked Marxism on the same grounds on which it is criticized in the West, though he had never read a line of Western anti-Marxist literature.

We had saved Moscow for last. At the Moscow railway station we burst out with "*Borodino*," an old Czarist army song recalling the bloody 1812 battle against Napoleon. A group of smart young infantrymen set up a great cheer and joined in. Although they were supposed to be boarding a train for



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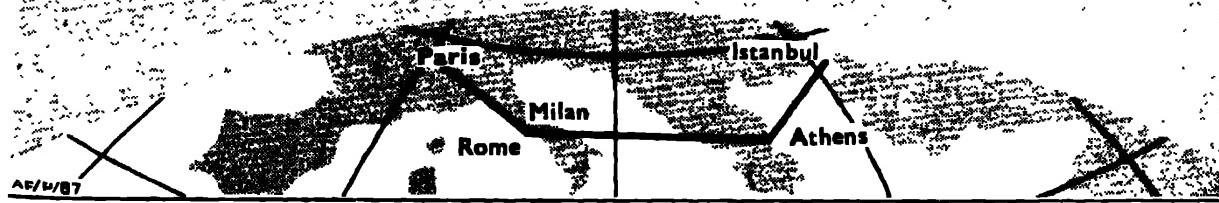
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camp, they slapped our backs and shouted, "To hell with the train!"

When we sang old Russian songs in Mayakovsky Square, tears came into people's eyes. "It has been 40 years since we heard these songs," elderly men and women said to us.

In one of our most memorable Moscow nights, we sang from eight to ten and then answered questions until 4 a.m. The high point came when a Russian skilfully used us to voice to the crowd anti-Soviet sentiments he could not directly utter himself. He started out by asking which Russian literature we preferred, the pre-revolutionary or the Soviet. I opted for the old literature and said, "Soviet literature is declining." I had given the man his chance for a sarcastic punch-line: "Let literature decline. We are building socialism." The men and women around him caught his meaning.

He switched subjects. What did the West think of the state monopoly of information in the U.S.S.R.? Jim Guyot answered that he felt it was better to have a variety of news sources in order to get at the truth. The Russian shouted, "But we don't want the truth!" Honest, hardy faces before us were twisted with sadness at this exchange.

As we broke up that night, five middle-aged, drably dressed workers attached themselves to us. Their spokesman declared that they were all pacifists. We asked him to explain. He said with an awful intensity: "I killed 32 Germans

for this system. I will never kill a man again. If there is another war, I won't shoot." He paused. "Yes, I will. I will shoot the officer who tells me to shoot."

We didn't conclude from this encounter, or from any criticisms we heard of the Soviet system, that the Soviet people are about to revolt. We did note, however, that the Soviet dictatorship is telling less than the truth when it talks of the complete unity of rulers and ruled.

We had eight rewarding days in Moscow. In Red Square we caught Soviet tourists from all over the country as they came out of the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum, and thus, perhaps, spread some of our ideas to far corners of the U.S.S.R. And we could not resist singing "And the Walls Came Tumbling Down" right by the ramparts of the Kremlin.

When our 31 days in Russia were up, we had a farewell sing in Mayakovsky Square. Many of the Moscow friends we had made were there. They told us how welcome we had been and how much they yearned for a better understanding between our peoples. We thanked them for their gracious hospitality. We told them that we didn't mind a bit if Soviet plans to catch up with the West came true, if only the people also caught up with the West in the enjoyment of freedom.

One more full-throated chorus of "*Borodino*" and we were off for home—leaving a part of our hearts with the Russian people.

# ENSURE

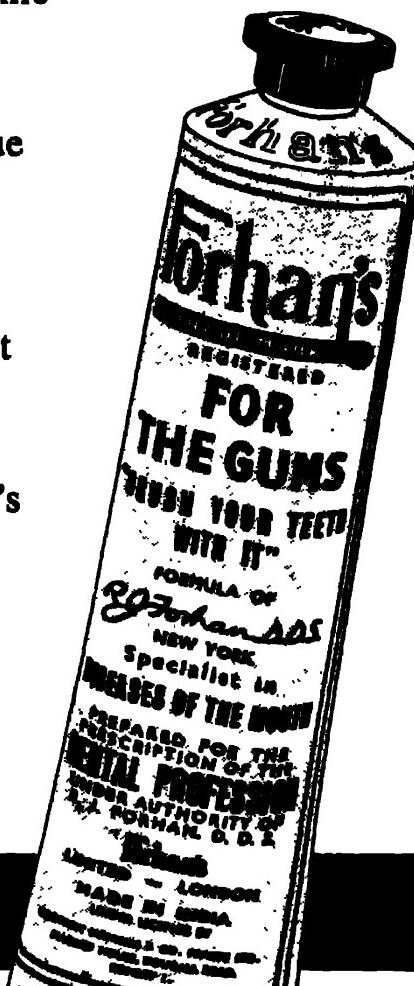
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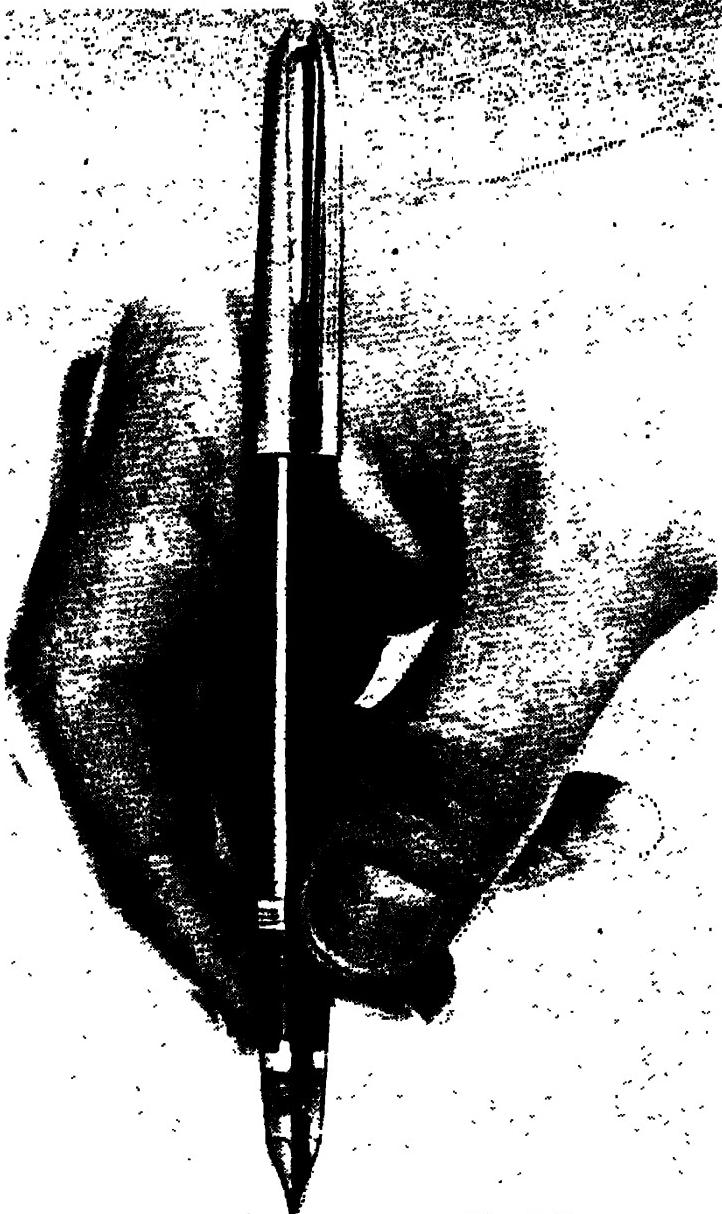
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*A voyage that ended with a bang this family will never forget*

# AMAZON ADVENTURE

*By David Dodge* Author of "The Poor Man's Guide to Europe," "To Catch a Thief," and other books

SOME YEARS ago my wife and I, with our nine-year-old daughter, made a trip down the Amazon. We were then living in Peru, not far from the headwaters of the Amazon River system. Holiday time had come, and we decided that a journey through the great South American jungle by boat would be a novel trip.

In late June we took a plane to Iquitos, a town on the upper Amazon in the eastern Peruvian bush, and there booked passages on the river steamer *Morey* for Belém, Brazil, 2,100 miles downstream at the mouth of the river.

The ship's captain, a courteous, cordial Peruvian, was relieved to find that we spoke intelligible Spanish. "My English is very weak," he explained. "I have never carried *norteamericanos* as passengers before."

As we were soon to learn, most people who travel in that part of the world go by plane if they can afford it. Only the attraction of the *Morey's*

low fare (about Rs. 135 per person for the ten-day voyage) compensated for the ship's primitive accommodation. She was a wood-burner, old and shaky. The two dozen other passengers shared public wash-basins and not-quite-so-public showers, which drew tepid, muddy water from the river whenever the ship's pumps were working. A tap with a filter provided drinking water from the same source.

Meals consisted of beans, fried bananas and dried fish, three times a day, supplemented by fruit and nuts that could be bought at the places where the vessel stopped for fuel. The ancient lighting system worked only sporadically. Amenities such as ice, hot water and mosquito nets did not exist, and the weather was too hot for the privacy of closed doors. But, despite these drawbacks, the voyage down to Belém was a rare and enjoyable experience.

My daughter Kendal took an immediate liking to the captain's two officers—the purser, a fat, jolly man

nicknamed Frog, and the *práctico*, or pilot. Frog let her wear his officer's cap, and the *práctico* had a pet dwarf monkey that liked to leap to her shoulder and snuggle against her ear. There were other pet monkeys aboard, several parrots, and a tame boa-constrictor.

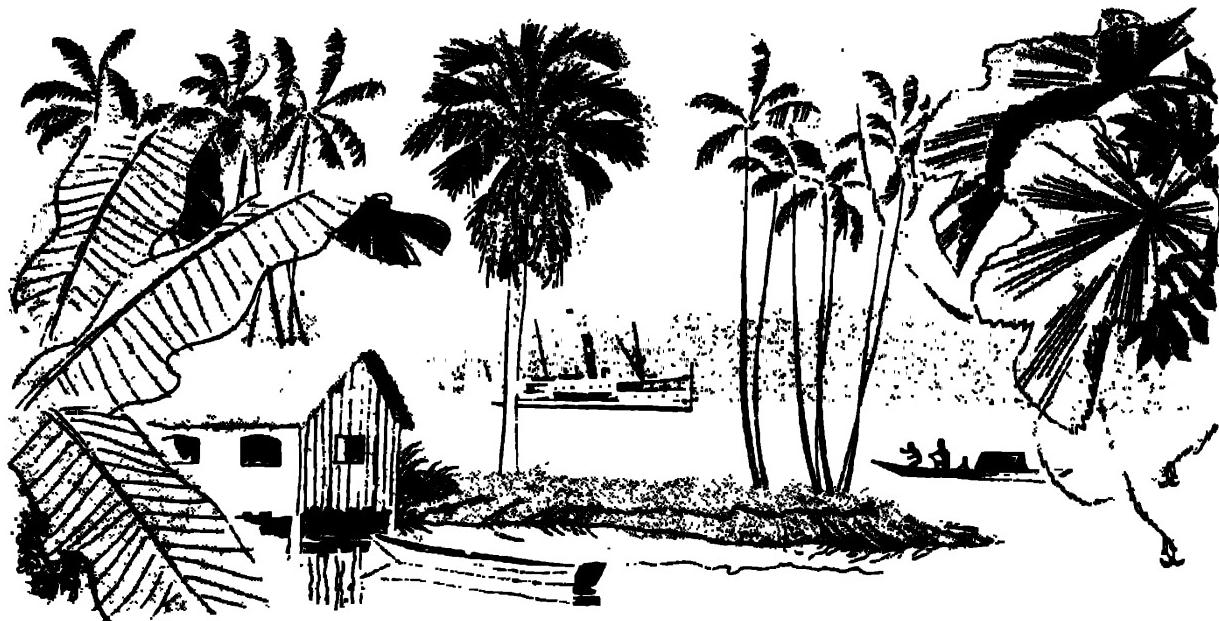
Our fellow passengers were Peruvians, Brazilians, an Argentine couple, an old Jamaican woman, a Colombian family, a Bolivian priest, an uncommunicative German, and a political deportee whose nationality was a matter of argument. He had been thrown out of his native land and told not to return unless he wanted to be promptly buried there. All these had a common bond in slim purses.

It is generally believed in South America that *norteamericanos* are millionaires or at least well-to-do. Since we had brought with us expensive supplies of bottled water

and beer, we could not be an exception to the rule. Why, then, were we submitting ourselves to a humid ten-day river journey when we could have flown from Iquitos to Belém in a matter of hours?

The question was put to Kendal by the old Jamaican woman. Kendal was playing with the monkey and enjoying the voyage tremendously in spite of monkey fleas, mosquitoes and the awful heat. She answered, "For fun. My papa and mamma like to do things they haven't done before." The old woman hurried away to spread the news that the *norteamericanos* were making a pleasure cruise.

This raised the morale of the whole ship, from the sweating wood-passers in the stokehold up to the passenger deck and the captain's cabin. The reasoning seemed to be that if we, wealthy as we surely were and able to travel in such style as we



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chose, had deliberately decided to take the *Morey*, there must be something about the ship that they had overlooked. Our presence, it seemed, lent the voyage a peculiar distinction and the trip became, all at once, an excursion instead of a torment.

Because of this we were instantly immensely popular. Formalities were abandoned; we were addressed with, and invited to use, the familiar Spanish "thee" and "thou" by passengers and crew. Our best friends were Skinny, a fat, swarthy man who had been manager of a remote plantation on the Upper Ucayali and was on his way to Belém to look for a job nearer civilization; two pretty Brazilian sisters; the Argentine couple; and a dentist and his wife who were going back to the Argentine for a new start.

We were drawn together because we all liked to sing. Skinny played the guitar magnificently and had a fine tenor voice. The Brazilian girls crooned lovely close harmony in the middle register, the dentist was proud of his baritone, and the rest of us could carry a tune.

The *Morey's* lights were too dim for reading or card playing after nightfall, so we passed the evenings on the fore-deck, singing songs in Spanish, Portuguese or English. Skinny could play any tune that someone would whistle for him first, and those of us who didn't know the words would hum along until we learnt them. In time all the passenger and as many of the crew

as were not otherwise occupied joined the evening concerts, to listen if not to sing. In this manifestation of harmony and international goodwill we *norteamericanos* basked in popularity, the acknowledged king, queen and princess of the ship.

Then came a drastic change. One evening Skinny suddenly stopped playing although the hour was early and the night too warm for sleep.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Too much guitar. My fingers hurt. I'll have to rest them."

This was mysterious, for the tips of his fingers were so heavily calloused from years of playing that he could have had no feeling in them. I suggested that, in any event, this would not interfere with his singing. He replied evasively that he had other matters to occupy his time, and left the fore-deck. Several other passengers followed him. A few of us kept the concert going for a while, but there was a feeling of constraint and that night the singing ended earlier than usual.

The next evening there was no singing at all. Skinny failed to show up on the fore-deck. So did the Brazilian sisters and all the regulars except the three *norteamericanos*. But there was some kind of activity on the after-deck, with much serious, low-voiced talk and furtive head-turnings in our direction. Since the fore-deck was the only spot on the ship where a regular breeze could be hoped for, the fact that everyone was avoiding it as long as

we were there made us feel like pariahs. What had we done to incur their displeasure?

"They are talking about us, I'm sure," my wife said.

"What have we done to get talked about?" I asked.

"I can't imagine. But we've certainly done something."

We could not find out what it was that had united Peru, Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Jamaica, Germany and the man without a country so solidly against the United States. I approached the captain in a roundabout way and, although I could not ask him point-blank what had happened to change us into persons to be shunned, I hinted that if we had violated some obscure South American taboo it had been inadvertent. We wished to apologize.

"I don't know what you are talking about, señor," he answered formally.

The ship's lights weren't working that night, but gleams of candle-light showed from the cracks of several cabin doors. The mutter of conspiratorial voices inside the cabins was a final blow. Only an overwhelming fear of contagion could have persuaded our fellow passengers to close their doors in that humid jungle climate. We went dismaly to bed.

The next morning began with six revolver shots fired just outside our cabin door. My immediate reaction was that the people gathered on deck had come to lynch us. Then we

were seized, embraced in South American bear hugs, and congratulated on a happy anniversary. The captain, still holding a smoking revolver, and Skinny, Frog and the *práctico* led the embracing squads, all grinning in huge delight at our surprise.

"What anniversary are we celebrating?" I said.

"Why, that of the independence of your United States of America! *El Cuatro de Julio, hombre.* Look there!"

"There" was a hand-drawn, hand-coloured paper flag, not quite according to regulation in the number of its stars or the arrangement of its stripes but easily recognizable as Old Glory, fastened to our cabin door. The date, which we had entirely forgotten, was the Fourth of July.

This, then, was the explanation of the mystery—the secrecy, the closed doors, interrupted conversations: for 30 hours the entire ship, planning a surprise party, had closed ranks to hide the preparations from us. The Independence Day of any South American country is an occasion for a great *fiesta*, and we were being honoured by their observance of our own Independence Day. Because we were the only *norteamericanos* on a thousand-mile stretch of the river, it became in effect our private birthday party.

Kendal was presented with a gunny sack full of Brazil nuts, another of cacao pods, an enormous stem

of bananas and a parakeet. All had been bought at one of the ship's fuel stops and smuggled aboard. The canopy over the dining table on the deck was decorated with wild orchids and palm fronds laboriously gathered from the jungle, and the ship's cook had been up most of the night trying to concoct something special out of his supply of beans, bananas and dried fish.

Under the circumstances I felt that I should contribute to the celebration what remained of my warm beer, along with a bottle of something stronger I had kept in reserve.

Skinny tuned up his guitar, the singers all wet their whistles with a toast to the glorious U.S.A., and the *Morey* went chugging on down the Amazon to the ragged but enthusiastic strains of a song which three *norteamericanos*, far from home, taught that day to a most unlikely group of Fourth of July celebrants: Peruvians, Brazilians, Colombians, Argentines, Bolivians, an old lady from Jamaica, a misplaced German and a man without a country of his own. The song began:

*Oh say, can you see  
By the dawn's early light . . .*

### *"What Was the Happiest Thing . . .?"*

"*You forgot something,*" said my six-year-old urgently as I bent to kiss him good night. "*You forgot to ask me what was the happiest thing that happened today.*"

"I'm sorry. So I did." I sat down on the edge of the bed. At last came the whisper: "*Catching my first fish.*" He snuggled into the pillow. "*'Night, Dad.*"

When and how it started I do not know, but this prayer-like ritual has been my own private blessing since beyond memory. There is a moment of complete loneliness that comes to everyone every day. When the last good night has been murmured and the head is on the pillow, the soul is utterly alone with its thoughts. It is then that I ask myself, "*What was the happiest thing that happened today?*" The waking hours may have been filled with stress and even distress. But no matter what kind of day it has been, there is always a "*happiest*" thing.

It's rarely a big thing. Mostly it's a fleeting loveliness. Waking to the honk of wild geese on a crisp autumn morning . . . an unexpected letter from a friend . . . a cool swim on a broiling day.

There's always something, and as a result I have never had a sleeping pill. I doubt if my son will ever need one either—if he, too, remembers that happiness is not a goal dependent on some future event. It is with us every day if we only make the effort to recognize it. —J. Harvey Howell

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## **TALCUM POWDER**

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# "Dear Abby"



*Condensed from the book*  
By Abigail Van Buren

**D**EAR ABBY" (Mrs. Abigail Van Buren of California) has captured the imagination of newspaper readers across America with her pithy answers to letters from problem-beset correspondents. A collection of letters and answers from her syndicated columns, recently published, has been a best-seller. Here are some excerpts:

DEAR ABBY: I know that boys will be boys, but my "boy" is 60 years old and he's still chasing women. Have you any suggestions? —Clara

DEAR CLARA: Don't worry. My dog has been chasing cars for years, but if he ever caught one he wouldn't know what to do with it.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ABBY: I'm forced to admit that I am one guy who has everything. Women are always flocking round me and telling me how good-looking I am

and what a marvellous personality I have. I'm beginning to find this extremely tiring. How can I dissuade these hopeful females? —C. W.

DEAR C. W.: Keep talking.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ABBY: I am 44 years old and would like to meet a man my age with no bad habits. —Rose

DEAR ROSE: So would I.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ABBY: I am married and have seven children under 12 years of age. Recently I started to work in a hospital and my job brings me close to X-ray equipment. I have heard that this will sterilize me. Is this true? —Sylvia

DEAR SYLVIA: I wouldn't count on it.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ABBY: My father came home and caught me in one of his new white shirts playing ping-pong and he turned me over his knee and spanked me good and hard with a ping-pong bat. I didn't know it was one of his best shirts. I am 15 years old. Do you think this was right? —Still Smarting

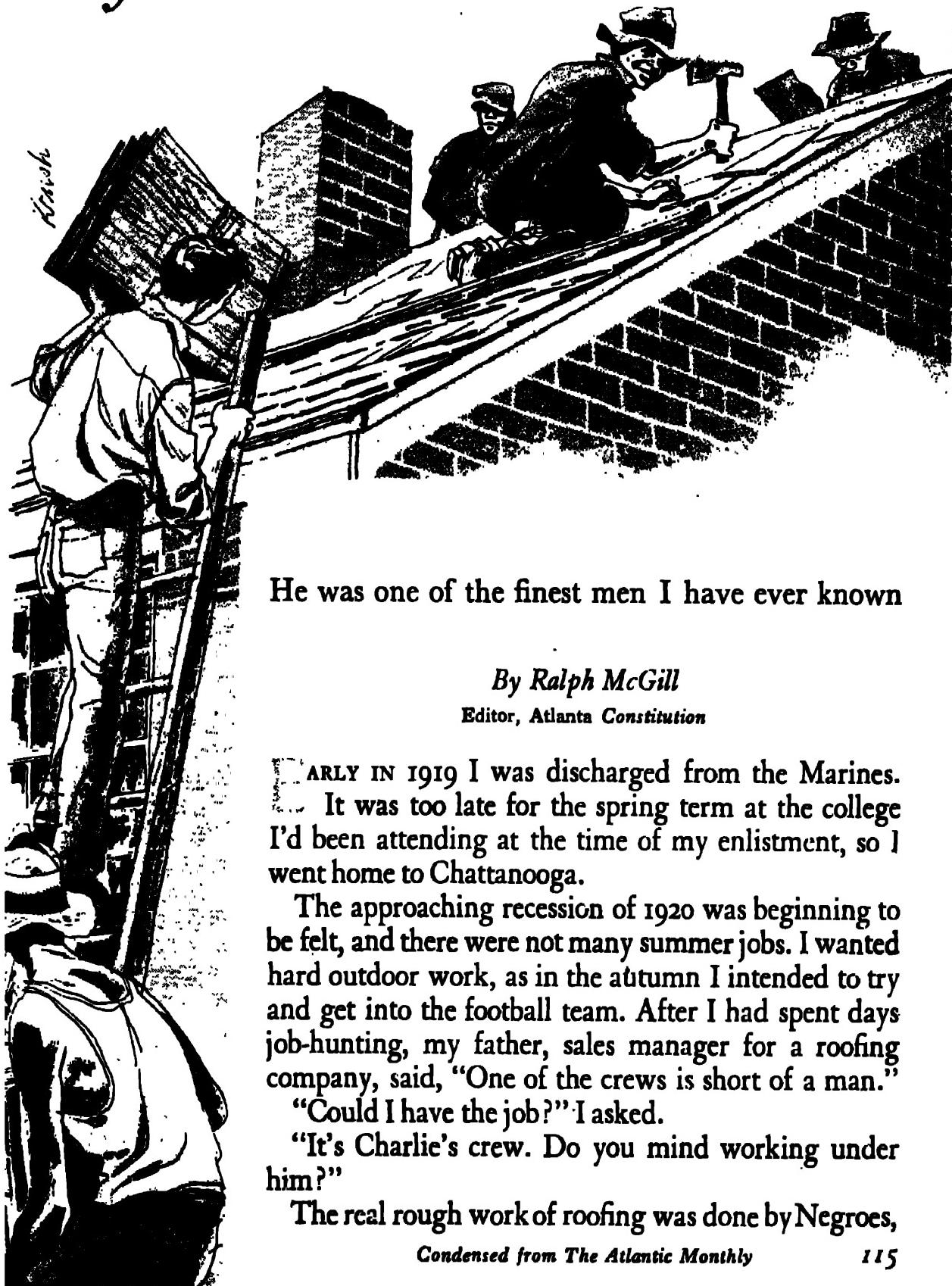
DEAR SMARTING: You were lucky you weren't playing baseball.

★ ★ ★

DEAR ABBY: What do you think of a man who keeps you on a string for six years? I've taken four blood tests and we've had the marriage licence for so long I'm not even sure if it's still good. Now he wants me to take another blood test and I don't know what to tell him. —Bevs

DEAR BEVS: I'd give my blood to the Red Cross and find another fellow.

# *My First Boss*



He was one of the finest men I have ever known

*By Ralph McGill  
Editor, Atlanta Constitution*

EARLY IN 1919 I was discharged from the Marines. It was too late for the spring term at the college I'd been attending at the time of my enlistment, so I went home to Chattanooga.

The approaching recession of 1920 was beginning to be felt, and there were not many summer jobs. I wanted hard outdoor work, as in the autumn I intended to try and get into the football team. After I had spent days job-hunting, my father, sales manager for a roofing company, said, "One of the crews is short of a man."

"Could I have the job?" I asked.

"It's Charlie's crew. Do you mind working under him?"

The real rough work of roofing was done by Negroes,

with white sheet-metal workers doing flashing, gutter and ventilating jobs. I knew Charlie well. He was a hump-backed Negro in his 60's with a deeply lined face and bright, quizzical eyes that gave him an almost elfin look.

"No," I said. "Charlie's fine."

It didn't bother me that I'd be the only white member of the crew or that the foreman was a Negro. My parents and I were strict Presbyterians, with prayers at meals and Bible reading at night. I'd never acquired any prejudice against Negroes, since that was not according to the Scriptures. I knew, of course, that many boys at school thought otherwise, but somehow it always seemed some problem of their own.

When I went to work that first morning, Charlie and three Negro men, all older than I, were waiting by an old lorry loaded with roofing materials. Charlie teased me a bit, saying he doubted whether a college boy could do the work without "white-eyeing," a phrase used to describe being overcome by the heat. (When a person collapsed, the eyes rolled back until only the whites showed.) I told him that I knew about heat, but I wanted to get my legs and back in shape for football. He chuckled and said, "Imagine that!" I guess, in retrospect, that he had a right to be amused.

The first job was on a new single-storey house. Charlie and two of the men put up ladders, tied on their carpenters' aprons and went up. The

third Negro and I were to carry up the baled wooden shingles as they were needed. It looked simple: one balanced a bundle on a shoulder and, holding it lightly, climbed up. But for me, it was difficult. The bundle bit into my shoulder, its rough edges chafed my neck and cheek. On the first trip up I almost fell backwards. But I persevered. I knew that the others, and especially Charlie, were watching me.

Late that day he said to me, as I started to climb, "This sorta thing will help yo' legs." I looked at him, but his face was impassive. That night, when we came in, Charlie walked over to my father. "This young man," he said, "he is goin' to be a good helper."

I began to look forward to my ride out to the jobs beside Charlie. We talked endlessly. At noon we ate our lunch together. He talked about the trade of roofing as if he believed that I would follow it. He had a strong pride in his work because he was expert at it.

Tar and gravel roofs were the worst. Doing them meant pulling up buckets of gravel and pitch with block and tackle. The "cooker," a dirty monster coated with tar from past jobs, had to be set up, fired and filled with chunks of tar.

The roof first had to be covered with a felt-like composition material that came in rolls. Once down, the whole thing was covered with hot pitch, spread with mops. In old work shoes, our feet wrapped in



Uttar Pradesh has seen four thousand years of historic culture, which reached its peak in the great Indo-Aryan civilization. Later, with the establishment of the mighty Moghul empire, another new tradition in art and culture was created. The pomp and glory of the Moghul court was immortalised in architecture, painting and music of the period. The perfect harmony of massive conception and intricate detail in Moghul architecture still inspires wonder in visitors from all parts of the world.



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sacking, we toiled like demons in the smoke and heat, spreading the hot pitch. There could be no delay. Nor could the pitch be too thin or too thick. Gravel had to be spread into the first coating of tar while it was still soft. Then came another pouring and spreading of tar. Charlie, a hunched, black Mephistopheles with his own tarred and sticky mop, was everywhere, directing here, giving a needed touch there. It was back-breaking work. But none of us "white-eyed," even when the thermometer was 35° C. in the shade.

In these last few years of tensions I have tried to recollect any rationalization I may have gone through about working as the only white member of a Negro roofing crew. I have been unable to recall any.

Now and then, in the weeks that followed my going on the job, the head of the company, a smug sort of man, stopped me and said, "How are you and Charlie getting on?" "Fine," I'd say. I recall that he had a questioning look on his face. It never occurred to me that he was probing for some answer about how it felt to be working under a Negro.

By midsummer I had become very fond of Charlie and he of me. When we were too late getting in from a job to go to the shop, Charlie took me to his house. His wife was a large, motherly woman who always had a pitcher of iced tea and biscuits waiting. We'd sit on Charlie's little veranda and drink the tea, grateful for the end of the day.

There were houses crowded close on either side, and their occupants, too, were on the verandas. It always seemed to me that Charlie talked louder than usual, to be sure that they would hear. He never failed to brag about me, declaring that I was the best helper a man could have.

In my last week on the job we began to talk sadly of my leaving to go off to college. He knew that I would have to have a job there and he worried, as I did, that I hadn't saved more out of my pay.

The express train came through at about midnight, and Charlie told me that he'd take me and my trunk down to the station in the old lorry. He came about 10.30. My parents and I were sitting on the veranda. Charlie was wearing a neat, dark suit. He spoke to my mother with old-fashioned courtesy and then he and I carried the trunk to the lorry. He waited while I went back and bade my parents good-bye.

I climbed into the front seat, with its old familiar smell of tar, and we drove to the station, saying little. We put the trunk out and then stood outside talking, since the waiting-rooms were segregated. The train came and we walked over to the barrier. Suddenly he put his arms round me and I put mine about him, feeling, with a sort of shock, the hard thrust of the hump on his back.

"Don't forget me," he said.

"I'll never forget you, Charlie," I told him. "You are one of the finest men I've ever known."

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He reached in his pocket and took out an envelope. "Don't you open this till you get on the train," he said.

We shook hands, with bystanders looking on curiously, and I turned so that he wouldn't see my eyes and hurried into my compartment.

When the train was out of the station I opened the envelope. There was a five-dollar bill and a scrawled note: "For my helper to spend at college," it read. It was then I wept.

I wrote to Charlie and thanked him. Later I wrote to say that I had

been chosen for the football team.

During the Christmas holidays I went to see him. I learned that he had been down with pneumonia but was now back at work. He was bright and gay and pleased with the present I brought. His wife had baked a chocolate cake for me.

In January I had a letter from my father. Charlie had died of a second attack of pneumonia. I sat remembering him with his arms tight about me at the station and hearing him say, "Don't forget me."

### *Wonder Drug*

"EVERYBODY I meet is so irritating," a tense, nervous patient complained to her doctor. He prescribed a tranquilizer and told her to come back in a week and let him know how she was feeling.

"Have you noticed any change in your mental attitude?" he asked on her next visit.

"None at all," she replied. "I feel just the same—but I've noticed that other people are behaving a lot better."

—Contributed by M. H.

### *All the News . . .*

From the *Southport Visiter*: "The Ideal Four will be playing the part of pirates as well as presenting their own act. They had plenty of training in this field when they first started in business in Scotland."

From the Springer, New Mexico, *Tribune*: "Mr. and Mrs. Dennis have purchased a home adjacent to the Springer cemetery, where they plan to make their future home."

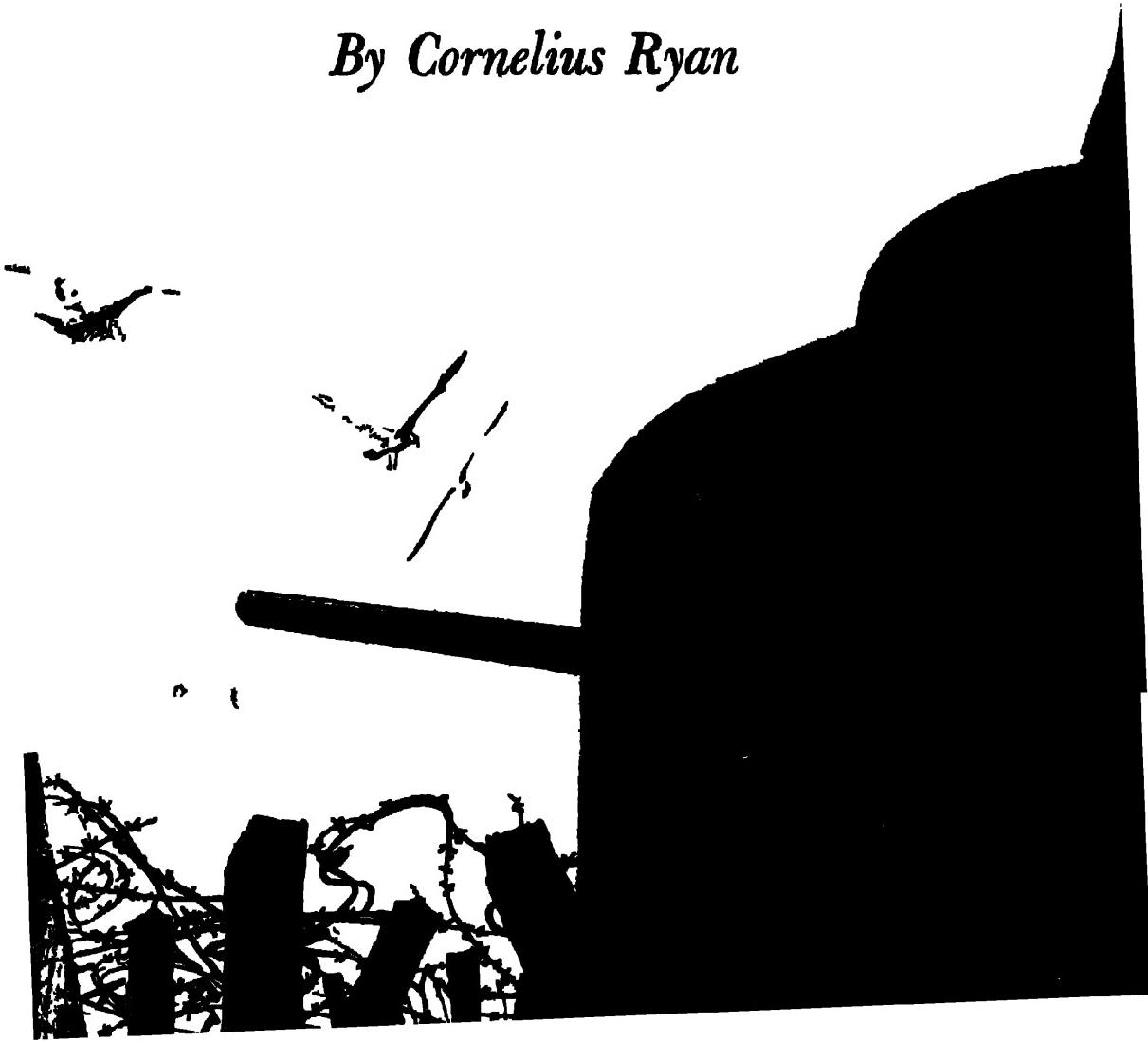
From the Johannesburg, South Africa, *Rand Daily Mail*: "Most terrifying of the adventures on their trip was the three days spent trapped on board ship while a 150-mile-an-hour typhoon raged. Mrs. Corry's 85-year-old mother—an inveterate traveller—also survived this nightmare, but they still feel their trip was worth it."

From the Davenport, Iowa, *Catholic Messenger*: "Protests by the Santa Fé Archdiocesan Councils of Catholic Men and Women were apparently effective. Sponsors of bathing beauty contests in Albuquerque and Santa Fé decided to have the contests without bathing suits."

Exclusive Feature Supplement

**THE  
LONGEST  
DAY**

*By Cornelius Ryan*



### *For the First Time: Both Sides of the D-Day Story*

"What were you doing on June 6, 1944?" is the question Cornelius Ryan asked more than 700 people in five countries. He asked it of senior generals—British, American and German. He asked it of British troops, GIs and German foot-soldiers; of peasants in Normandy, of members of the French Resistance.

From their answers has come this gripping, authoritative reconstruction of one of the momentous events of modern times—the Allied invasion of Europe, that massive assault which brought about the final collapse of Hitler's dream of world conquest.

By probing deeply into hitherto untapped sources, Ryan has uncovered many significant and arresting facts which have never before been revealed.

More than military history, *The Longest Day* is the spellbinding tale of a glorious and tragic drama, of men and nations in mortal conflict. This is the first of two long instalments.

## *The Longest Day*



THE VILLAGE was silent in the damp June morning. Its name was La Roche-Guyon and it had sat undisturbed for nearly 12 centuries in a great lazy loop of the Seine roughly half-way between Paris and Normandy. For years it had been just a place that people passed through on their way to somewhere else. Its only distinction had been its castle, the seat of the Dukes of Rochefoucauld.

But now the village had attained a distinction of another kind. For behind its pastoral front La Roche-Guyon was really a prison—the most occupied village in all occupied France. For every one of the

543 villagers there were more than three German soldiers. One of these soldiers was Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel, commander-in-chief of Army Group B, the most powerful force in the German West. His headquarters was in the castle. From here in this crucial fifth year of the Second World War, Rommel was preparing to fight the most desperate battle of his career.

Although Rommel did not know it, that battle—against the Allied invasion—would begin in 48 hours. For this was Sunday, June 4, 1944.

Under Rommel's command more than half a million troops manned defences along a tremendous length

of coastline—stretching almost 800 miles, from the dikes of Holland to the Atlantic-washed shores of the Brittany peninsula. His main strength, the 15th Army, was concentrated about the Pas-de-Calais, at the narrowest point of the Channel between France and England.

Night after night, Allied bombs hit this area. Bomb-weary veterans of the 15th Army joked bitterly that the place for a rest cure was in the Seventh Army area in Normandy. Hardly a bomb had fallen there.

For months, behind a fantastic jungle of beach obstacles and mine-fields, Rommel's troops had waited. But the blue-grey Channel had remained empty of ships. Nothing had happened. From La Roche-Guyon, on this gloomy and peaceful Sunday morning, there was still no sign of the Allied invasion.

**O**N THE ground-floor room he used as an office Rommel was alone, working by the light of a single desk lamp. Although he looked older than his 51 years, he remained as tireless as ever. This morning, as usual, he had been up since before four. Now he waited impatiently

CORNELIUS RYAN is 38 and was born and educated in Dublin. He became a Fleet Street journalist first with Reuter's and then with the London *Daily Telegraph*. As a war correspondent he flew on 14 bombing raids, covered the D-Day landings and the subsequent drive across France and Germany. In April 1945 he was sent to the Far East where he saw the end of hostilities, and later he covered the Bikini atom bomb tests. *The Longest Day* is his sixth book.

for six o'clock. At that time he would breakfast with his staff and then depart for Germany—his first leave at home for months.

He was looking forward to the trip, but the decision to go had not been easy to make. On Rommel's shoulders lay the enormous responsibility for repulsing the Allied assault the moment it began. Hitler's Third Reich was reeling from one disaster after another. Day and night thousands of Allied bombers pounded Germany. Russia's massive forces had driven into Poland. Allied troops were at the gates of Rome. Everywhere the Wehrmacht was being driven back and destroyed. Germany was still far from beaten, but the Allied invasion would be the decisive battle—and no one knew it better than Rommel.

Yet this morning Rommel was going home. For months he had hoped to spend a few days in Germany during early June. Also, he wanted to see Hitler. There were many reasons why he now believed he could leave and, although he would never have admitted it, he desperately needed rest.

Only one person really knew the strain that Rommel was under. To his wife, Lucie-Maria, he confided everything. In less than four months he had written her more than 40 letters and in almost every other letter he had made a new prediction about the Allied assault.

On April 6 he wrote: "Here the tension is growing from day to day

. . . It will probably be only weeks that separate us from the decisive events . . ."

On May 6: "Still no signs of the British and Americans . . . Every day, every week . . . we get stronger

. . . I am looking forward to the battle with confidence . . . Perhaps it will come on May 15, perhaps at the end of the month."

On May 15: "I can't take many more big (inspection) trips . . . because one never knows when the invasion will begin."

On May 19: "I am wondering if I can spare a few days in June to get away from here. At the moment there isn't a chance."

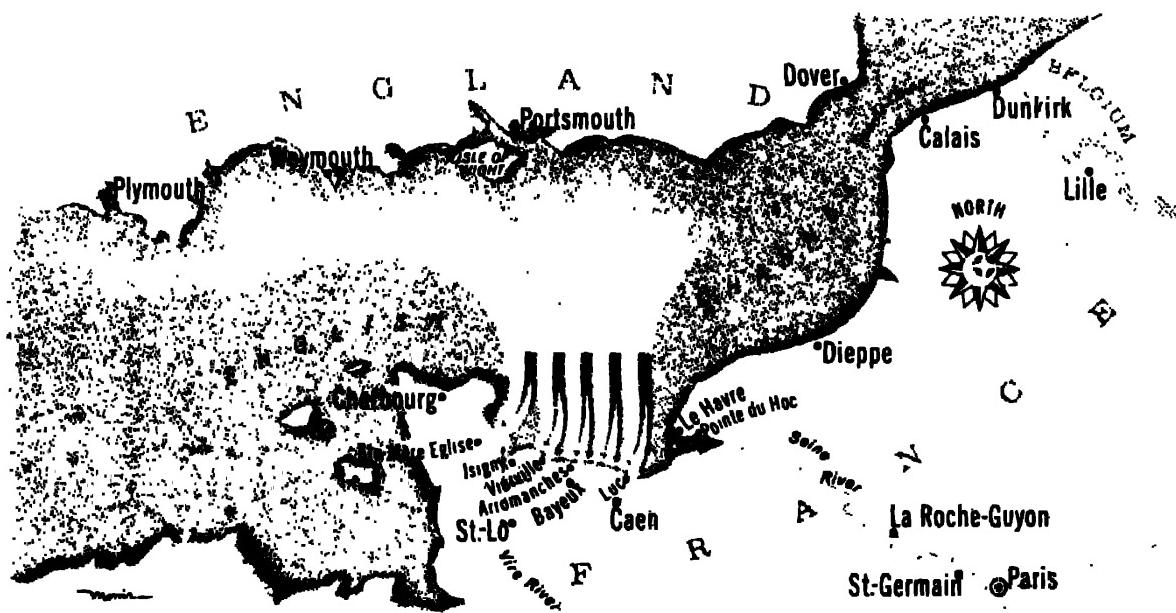
But there was a chance after all. One of the reasons for Rommel's decision to leave at this time was his own estimate of the Allies' intentions. Before him now on the desk was Army Group B's weekly report—due to be sent the following

day to Field-Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt's headquarters at St.-Germain, outside Paris—and from there to Hitler's headquarters, OKW (*Oberkommando der Wehrmacht*).

Rommel's estimate read in part that the Allies had reached a "high degree of readiness" and that there was an "increased volume of messages going to the French Resistance." But it went on, "According to past experience this is not indicative that an invasion is imminent . . ."

Rommel had guessed wrong again.

Now that May had passed—and it had been a month of perfect weather for the Allied attack—Rommel had reached the conclusion that the invasion would not come for several more weeks. He now reasoned—as did Hitler and the German High Command—that the



invasion would take place either simultaneously with the Red Army's summer offensive, or shortly thereafter. The Russian attack, they knew, could not begin until after the late thaw in Poland, and therefore they did not think that the offensive could be mounted until the latter part of June.

In the west the weather had been bad for several days, and it promised to be even worse. The 5 a.m. report for June 4, prepared by Colonel Professor Walter Stöbe, the Luftwaffe's chief meteorologist in Paris, predicted increasing cloudiness, high winds and rain. Even now, a 20-to-30-m.p.h. wind was blowing in the Channel. To Rommel, it seemed hardly likely that the Allies would dare launch their attack during the next few days. He opened the door of his office and went down to have breakfast with his staff.

Outside in the village of La Roche-Guyon the bell in the church of St.-Samson sounded the Angelus. Each note fought for its existence against the wind. It was 6 a.m.

**R**OMMEL had been in France since November 1943. To the humiliation of von Rundstedt, the aristocratic 68-year-old Commander-in-Chief, West, responsible for the defence of all of western Europe, Rommel had arrived with a *Gummibefehl*, an "elastic directive," ordering him to inspect the coastal fortifications—Hitler's much publicized "Atlantic Wall"—and then to report directly

back to the Führer's headquarters.

The Atlantic Wall was one of Hitler's relatively new obsessions. Up to 1941 victory had seemed so certain to the Führer and his strutting Nazis that there was no need for coastal fortifications. After the collapse of France Hitler had expected the British to sue for peace. They didn't; and as time passed the situation rapidly changed. With U.S. help Britain began staging a slow but sure recovery.

Hitler, by now deeply involved in Russia—he attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941—saw that the coast of France was no longer an offensive springboard. It was now a soft spot in his defences. And in December 1941, after America had entered the war, the Führer ranted to the world that "a belt of strong-points and gigantic fortifications runs from Kirkenes (on the Norwegian-Finnish frontier) to the Pyrenees (on the Franco-Spanish border)... and it is my unshakeable decision to make this front impregnable against every enemy." It was a wild, impossible boast. Discounting the indentations, this coastline stretches for over 3,000 miles.

General Franz Halder, then Chief of the German High Command, well remembers the first time Hitler outlined his fantastic scheme. Halder, who would never forgive Hitler for refusing to invade England, was cool to the whole idea. He ventured the opinion that fortifications "if they were needed" should

constructed "behind the coast-line, out of range of naval guns"; otherwise troops might be pinned down. Hitler dashed across the room to a table on which there was a large map and for a full five minutes threw an unforgettable tantrum. Pounding the map with his clenched fist, he screamed, "Bombs and shells will fall here . . . here . . . here . . . and here . . . in front of the wall, behind it and on it . . . but the troops will be safe in the wall! Then they'll come out and fight!"

Halder said nothing, but he knew, as did the other generals in the High Command, that despite all the Reich's intoxicating victories the Führer already feared a second front—an invasion.

Still, little work was done on the fortifications. In 1942, as the tide of war began to swing against the Germans, Commandos began raiding the impregnable fortress of Europe. Then came the bloodiest raid of the war, when more than 5,000 heroic Canadians landed at the heavily defended port of Dieppe. The raid shocked Hitler. He thundered at his generals that the wall must be completed at top speed. Construction was to be rushed "fanatically."

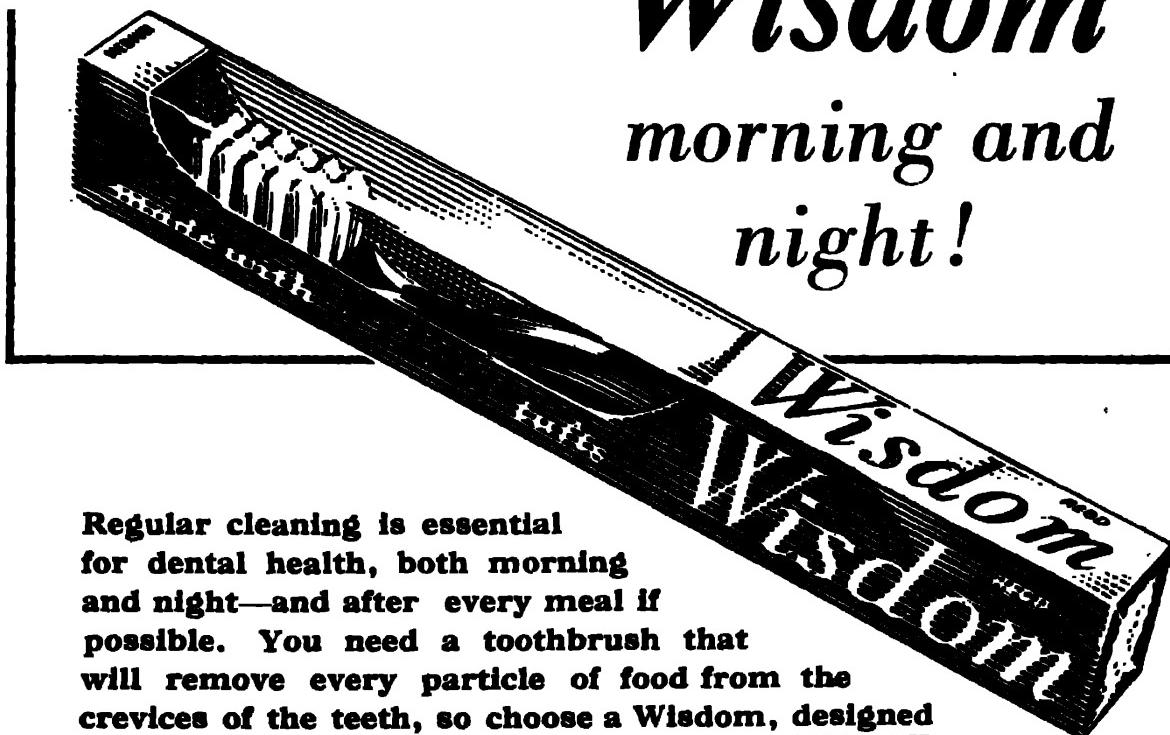
It was. Thousands of slave labourers worked night and day to build the fortifications. Millions of tons of concrete were poured—so much that all over Hitler's Europe it became impossible to get concrete for anything else. Staggering amounts

of steel were ordered, but this commodity was in such short supply that the engineers were often forced to do without it. So great was the demand for materials and equipment that parts of the old French Maginot Line and Germany's frontier fortifications (the Siegfried Line) were cannibalized. By the end of 1943, although over half a million men were working on it, the wall was far from finished.

Hitler knew that invasion was inevitable, and now he was faced with another great problem: finding the divisions to man his growing defences. In Russia, division after division was being chewed up. In Italy, knocked out of the war after the invasion of Sicily, thousands of troops were still pinned down. So, by 1944, Hitler was forced to bolster his garrisons in the west with a strange conglomeration of replacements—old men and young boys, the remnants of divisions shattered on the Russian front, impressed "volunteers" from occupied countries. Questionable as these troops might prove to be in battle, they filled the gaps. Also, Hitler still had a hard core of seasoned troops and Panzers. By D-Day German strength in the west would total a formidable 58 divisions. Not all these divisions would be up to full strength, but Hitler was still relying on his Atlantic Wall—that would make the difference.

What Rommel saw when he inspected the wall in November 1943 appalled him. In only a few places

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**THE LONG-LASTING  
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and in some places work had not even begun. True, even in its present state, the Atlantic Wall was a formidable barrier. Where it was finished, it fairly bristled with heavy guns.

But there were not enough to suit Rommel. There was not enough of anything to stop the onslaught that Rommel—always remembering his crushing defeat at the hands of Montgomery in North Africa—knew must surely come. To his critical eye the Atlantic Wall was a farce. He denounced it as a “figment of Hitler’s *Wolkenkuckucksheim* (cloud cuckoo-land).”

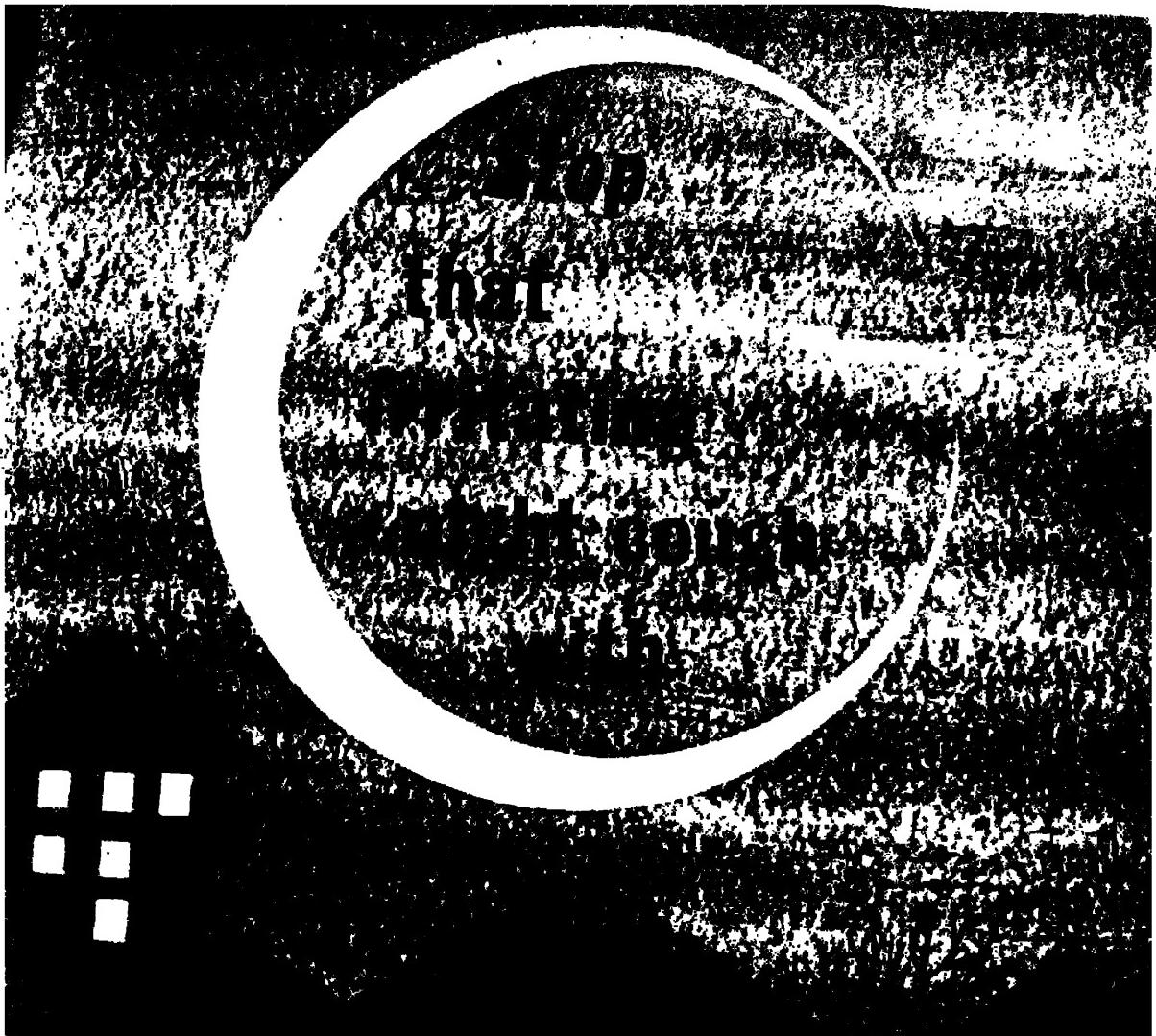
Von Rundstedt heartily concurred with Rommel’s scathing denunciation. (It was probably the only time that he completely agreed with Rommel on anything.) The wise old von Rundstedt had never believed in fixed defences. He had masterminded the attack outflanking the Maginot Line in 1940 that had led to the collapse of France. To him the Atlantic Wall was an “enormous

people than for the enemy. It would “temporarily obstruct” the Allied attack, but it would not stop it. Nothing, von Rundstedt was convinced, could prevent the initial landings from being successful. His plan to defeat the invasion was to hold the great mass of his troops back from the coast and to attack *after* the Allied troops had landed.

With this theory Rommel disagreed completely. He was positive that there was only one way to smash the attack: meet it head-on. There would be no time to bring up reinforcements. He was certain that they would be destroyed by air attacks or naval or artillery bombardment. Everything, in his view, from troops to Panzer divisions, had to be held ready at the coast or just behind it.

Captain Hellmuth Lang, his 36-year-old *aide*, well remembers a day when Rommel summed up his strategy. They had stood on a deserted beach and Rommel, a short, stocky figure in a heavy greatcoat





Alcmbic

# GLYCODIN

## TERP-VASAKA

*If the cough persists, consult  
your doctor.*

with an old muffler around his throat, stalked up and down waving his "informal" marshal's baton, a two-foot-long, silver-topped black stick with a red, black and white tassel. He pointed to the sands and said, "The war will be won or lost on the beaches. We'll have only one chance to stop the enemy and that's while he's in the water, struggling to get ashore. Reserves will never get up to the point of attack and it's foolish even to consider them. The *Hauptkampflinie* (main line of resistance) will be here . . . Everything we have must be on the coast. Believe me, Lang, the first 24 hours of the invasion will be decisive . . . For the Allies, as well as Germany, it will be the longest day."

Hitler had approved Rommel's plan in general, and from then on von Rundstedt became merely a figure-head. In a few short months Rommel's ruthless drive changed the whole picture. On every beach where he considered a landing possible he ordered crude anti-invasion obstacles to be erected. These obstacles—jagged triangles of steel, saw-toothed, gatelike structures of iron, metal-tipped wooden stakes and concrete cones—were planted just below high-and low-tide watermarks. Strapped to each one were explosives.

Rommel's strange inventions (he had designed most of them himself) were both simple and deadly. Their object was to impale and destroy troop-filled landing craft or to

obstruct them long enough for shore batteries to zero in. More than half a million of these lethal underwater obstacles now stretched along the coastline.

Still Rommel, the perfectionist, was not satisfied. In the sand, in bluffs, in gullies and pathways leading off the beaches, he ordered mines to be laid—all varieties, from the large pancake type, capable of blowing off a tank's tracks, to the small S-mine which, when stepped on, bounded into the air and exploded level with a man's midriff. Over five million of these mines now infested the coast. Before the attack came, Rommel hoped to have another six million planted along one beach alone. He aimed for a total of 50 million.

Overlooking the coastline, behind this jungle of mines and obstacles, Rommel's troops waited in pill-boxes, concrete bunkers and communication trenches, all surrounded by layers of barbed wire. From these positions every piece of artillery that the Field-Marshall had been able to lay hands on looked down on sands and sea, already sighted in to give overlapping fields of fire.

Rommel took advantage of every new technique or development. Where he was short of guns, he positioned batteries of rocket launchers or multiple mortar throwers. At one place he even had miniature robot tanks called "Goliaths." These devices, capable of carrying more than half a ton of explosives, could be

guided by remote control from the fortifications down on to the beaches and detonated among troops or landing craft.

Never before in the history of warfare had a more deadly array of defences been prepared for an invading force. Yet Rommel was not content. He wanted more pillboxes . . . more beach obstacles . . . more mines . . . more guns and troops. Most of all he wanted the massive Panzer divisions which were lying in reserve far from the coast. But now, at this crucial moment, the Führer insisted on holding these armoured formations under his personal authority. Rommel needed at least five Panzer divisions at the coast. There was only one way to get them: he would see Hitler. Rommel had often told Lang, "The last man who sees Hitler wins the game." On this leaden morning in La Roche-Guyon, as he prepared to leave for Germany and the long drive home, Rommel was more determined than ever to win the game.

At 15th Army headquarters near the Belgian border, 125 miles away from La Roche-Guyon, one man was glad to see the morning of June 4 arrive. Lieutenant-Colonel Hellmuth Meyer sat in his office, haggard and bleary-eyed. He had not had a really good night's sleep since June 1. But the night that had just passed had been the worst yet; he would never forget it.

Meyer's job was a frustrating,

nerve-racking one. He headed the only counter-intelligence team on the invasion front. The heart of his set-up was a 30-man radio-interception crew whose job was to listen, nothing more. But each man was an expert who spoke three languages fluently and there was hardly a word, hardly a single stutter of Morse code whispering through the ether from Allied sources that they did not hear. Meyer's men were so experienced and their equipment so sensitive that they were even able to pick up calls from radio transmitters in Military Police jeeps in Britain, more than 100 miles away. This had been a great help to Meyer. British MP's directing troop convoys had helped him to compile a list of the various divisions stationed in Britain.

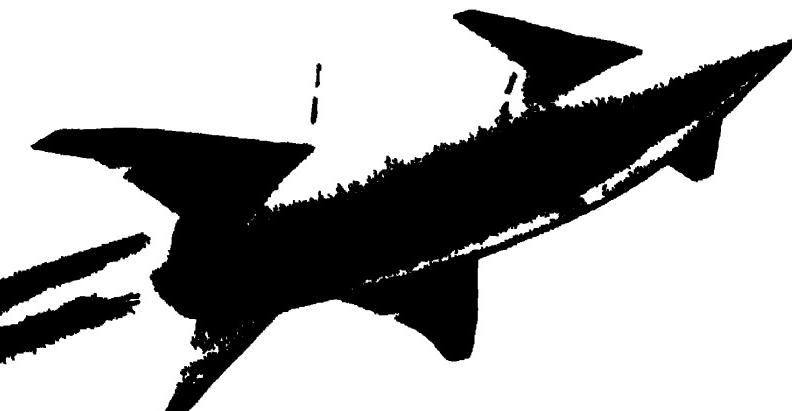
Meyer was good at his job. Several times a day he sifted through sheaves of monitored reports, always searching for the suspicious, the unusual—even the unbelievable.

During the night his men had picked up the unbelievable. The message, a high-speed Associated Press cable, had been monitored just after dark. It read: URGENT PRESS ASSOCIATED NYK FLASH EISENHOWER'S HQ ANNOUNCES' ALLIED LANDINGS IN FRANCE.

Meyer was dumbfounded. His first impulse was to alert headquarters. But he paused and calmed down: because Meyer knew the message had to be wrong.

There were two reasons why.

# In Search of the



"Don't fire until you see the 'whites of their eyes'", a famous American general told his men at the Battle of Bunker Hill. That may have been sound tactics in 1775, but is hardly applicable today when the enemy himself cannot even be seen. To help in the defence against the Unseen Enemy, Hawker Siddeley has a stake in three types of Missiles and Rockets: Sealslug, 'Stand-Off' Bomb and Black Knight. What is their purpose? *Sealslug*, produced and developed by Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, is designed to protect navies at sea from high-flying bombers. The Avro 'Stand-Off' Bomb gives extra flexibility in attack to V-bombers, on which much of the deterrent strength of the West is based. It enables a remote, unseen target to be destroyed by the air-launched bomb without the aircraft having to penetrate the enemy's outer ring of defences. Guided by inertial navigation, the weapon cannot be jammed and thus makes counter-measures very difficult if not impossible. On its first launching, *Black Knight*, a single-stage rocket powered by a Bristol-Siddeley 'Gamma' rocket engine, reached 'Sputnik' height. *Black Knight* is being used in a research programme which includes re-entry problems. In the quest to seek out the unseen, Hawker Siddeley's Aviation Division is helping to provide the eyes and shield of the Free World.

**HAWKER SIDDELEY  
AVIATION**

# UNSEEN



First, there was a complete absence of any activity along the invasion front. (He would have known immediately if there had been an attack.) Second, in January Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, then chief of German intelligence, had given Meyer the details of a two-part signal which he said the Allies would use to alert the underground prior to the invasion.

Canaris had warned him that the Allies would broadcast hundreds of messages to the underground in the months preceding the attack. Only a few of these would actually relate to D-Day; the remainder would be fake, deliberately designed to mislead and confuse. Canaris had been explicit: Meyer was to monitor all messages in order not to miss the important one.

At first Meyer had been sceptical. It had seemed madness to him to depend entirely on only one message. But on the night of June 1 his men had intercepted the first part of the Allied message—exactly as described by Canaris. It was not unlike the hundreds of other coded sentences that were read out to the underground after the regular BBC news broadcasts. Most of the messages—given in French, Dutch, Danish and Norwegian—were meaningless: “*The Trojan War will not be held.*” “*Molasses tomorrow will spurt forth cognac.*” “*John has a long moustache.*”

But the message that followed the 9 o'clock BBC news on the night of

June 1 was one that Meyer understood only too well. “Kindly listen now to a few personal messages,” said the voice in French. Instantly Sergeant Walter Reichling switched on a wire recorder. There was a pause, and then “*Les sanglots longs des violons de l'automne*” (“The long sobs of the violins of autumn”).

Reichling rushed out of the bunker to Meyer's quarters. The sergeant burst into Meyer's office and excitedly said, “Sir, the first part of the message—it's here!”

Together they returned to the radio bunker where Meyer listened to the recording. There it was—the message that Canaris had warned them to expect. It was the first phrase of “*Chanson d'Automne*” (“Song of Autumn”) by the 19th-century French poet Paul Verlaine. According to Canaris' information, this line from Verlaine was to be transmitted on the “first or 15th of a month . . . and will represent the first half of a message announcing the Anglo-American invasion.”

The last half of the message would be the following phrase of the Verlaine poem, “*Blessent mon coeur d'une langueur monotone*” (“Wound my heart with a monotonous languor”). When this was broadcast it would mean, according to Canaris, that “the invasion will begin within 48 hours . . . the count starting at midnight on the day of transmission.”

Immediately on hearing the wire

recording of the first phrase from Verlaine, Meyer informed the 15th Army's chief of staff, Brigadier-General Wilhelm Hofmann. "The first message has come," he told Hofmann. "Now something is going to happen."

Hofmann immediately gave the alarm to alert the 15th Army.

Meyer meanwhile sent the message by teleprinter to Hitler's headquarters (OKW). Next he telephoned von Rundstedt's headquarters (OB West) and Rommel's headquarters (Army Group B).

At OKW the message was delivered to General Alfred Jodl, chief of operations. The message remained on Jodl's desk. He did not order an alert. He assumed von Rundstedt had done so; but von Rundstedt thought Rommel's headquarters had issued the order. (Rommel must have known about the message; but from his own estimate of Allied intentions it is obvious that he must have discounted it.)

Along the invasion coast only one army was placed at readiness: the 15th. The Seventh Army, holding the coast of Normandy, heard nothing about the message and was not alerted.

On the nights of the second and third of June the first part of the message was again broadcast. Within the hour after the message was repeated on the night of June 3, the Associated Press message regarding the Allied landings was picked up. If the Canaris warning was right,

Meyer knew that the AP flash must be wrong. The flash turned out to be the weirdest kind of security leak. During the night an AP teleprinter operator in England had been practising on an idle machine in an effort to improve her speed. Through an error the perforated tape carrying her practice "flash" somehow preceded the usual nightly Russian communiqué. It was corrected after only 30 seconds, but the word was out.

After his first moment of panic, Meyer had bet on Canaris. Now he was weary, but elated. The coming of the dawn and the continued peacefulness along the front more than proved him right. Now there was nothing to do but wait for the last half of the vital alert, which might come at any moment.

**A**s MEYER settled down to wait, the commander of Army Group B, 125 miles away, was preparing to leave for Germany. At 7 a.m. the Field-Marshal's car, with Rommel in the seat beside the chauffeur, drove through the village and turned left on to the main Paris road.

Leaving La Roche-Guyon on this particular dismal Sunday morning of June 4 suited Rommel. The timing of the trip could not have been better. Beside him on the seat was a cardboard box containing a pair of hand-made grey suède shoes, size five and a half, for his wife. There was a special and very human reason why he wanted to be with

her on Tuesday, June 6. It was her birthday.\*

**O**N BRITAIN it was 8 a.m. (there was one hour's difference between British Double Summer Time and German Central Time). In a caravan in a rain-washed wood near Portsmouth, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, the Allied Supreme Commander, was sound asleep after having been up nearly all night.

Although he could have moved into the more comfortable quarters of the naval headquarters at big, sprawling Southwick House two miles away, Eisenhower had decided against it. He wanted to be as close as possible to the ports where his troops were loading.

Eisenhower's long, low 3½-ton caravan had three small, sparsely furnished compartments serving as a bedroom, living-room and study. From this trailer he commanded almost three million Allied troops. More than half of his immense command was American. British and Canadian forces together totalled

\* Since the war, many of Rommel's senior officers have stood shoulder to shoulder in an effort to alibi the circumstances surrounding Rommel's absence from the front on June 4, 5 and for the best part of D-Day itself. In books, articles and interviews they have stated that Rommel left for Germany on June 5. This is not true. They also claim that Hitler ordered him to Germany. This is not true. The only person at Hitler's headquarters who knew of Rommel's intended visit was the Führer's adjutant, Rudolf Schmundt. General Walter Warlimont, deputy chief of operations at OKW at that time, has told me that neither Jodl, nor Keitel nor he himself was aware that Rommel was in Germany. Even on D-Day Warlimont thought that Rommel was at his headquarters conducting the battle. The date of Rommel's departure from Normandy was June 4: the incontrovertible proof lies in the meticulously recorded Army Group B War Diary, which gives the exact time.—C. R.

around one million, and in addition there were Free French, Polish, Czech, Belgian, Norwegian and Dutch contingents.

Four months before, in the directive appointing him Supreme Commander, the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington had worded his assignment in one precise paragraph. It read: "You will enter the continent of Europe and, in conjunction with the other United Nations, undertake operations aimed at the heart of Germany and the destruction of her armed forces . . ."

Intensive military planning for the invasion had been going on for some time, but men had been thinking about the assault almost from the time of Dunkirk. Months before anyone knew that Eisenhower would be named Supreme Commander, a small Anglo-American group of officers under Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan had been laying the groundwork for the assault. Ultimately their studies, enlarged and modified into the final plan (code-named Overlord) after Eisenhower took over, called for more men, ships, planes and materials than had ever before been assembled for a single military operation.

Even before the plan reached its final form an unprecedented flow of men and supplies began pouring into Britain. Soon there were so many Americans in the towns and villages that the English people left in them were often outnumbered

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and by May all southern England looked like a huge arsenal. Hidden in the woods were mountainous piles of ammunition. Stretching across the countryside, bumper-to-bumper, were tanks, half-tracks, armoured cars, trucks, jeeps and ambulances - more than 50,000 of them. In the fields were long lines of howitzers and anti-aircraft guns, great quantities of prefabricated materials, from Nissen huts to airstrips. The most staggering sights of all were the valleys filled with long lines of railway rolling stock : almost 1,000 brand new locomotives and nearly 20,000 tankers and goods wagons, which would be used to replace shattered French equipment after the beach-head had been established.

There were also strange new devices of war. There were tanks that could swim and others equipped with great chain flails that beat the ground in front of them to explode mines. Perhaps strangest of all were two man-made harbours that were to be towed across to the Normandy beaches. The harbours, called "Mulberries," consisted, first, of an outer breakwater made up of great steel floats. Next came 145 huge concrete caissons in various sizes which were to be sunk butt-to-butt to make an inner breakwater. The largest of these caissons had crew quarters and anti-aircraft guns and, when it was being towed, looked like a five-storey office block lying on its side. Within these man-made harbours

freighters as large as Liberty ships could unload. Smaller ships, like coasters or landing craft, could dump their cargoes at massive steel pierheads where waiting lorries would run them to shore over floating pontoon-supported piers. Beyond the "Mulberries" a line of 60 concrete blockships was to be sunk as an additional breakwater. In position off the invasion beaches of Normandy, each harbour would be the size of the port of Dover.

All through May, men and supplies moved down to the ports and the loading areas. In cities of Nissen huts and tents men slept in bunks piled three and four deep. Mess queues were sometimes a quarter of a mile long. In the last week of May, troops and supplies began loading on to the transports and the landing ships. The time had finally come.

**E**ISENHOWER and his commanders had done everything to ensure that the invasion would have every possible chance of success for the lowest cost in lives. But now, after all the years of military and political planning, Operation Overlord lay at the mercy of the elements. The weather was bad. Eisenhower was helpless. All he could do was to wait and hope that conditions would improve. But now, on Sunday, June 4, no matter what happened, he would be forced to make a momentous decision by the end of the day : to go—or to postpone the assault. The success or failure of Operation

Overlord might depend on that decision. And nobody could make it for him. The responsibility would be his, and his alone.

Eisenhower was faced with a dreadful dilemma. On May 17 he had decided that D-Day would have to be one of three days in June—the 5th, 6th or 7th. Meteorological studies had shown that two of the vital weather requirements for the invasion could be expected for Normandy on those days: a late-rising moon and, shortly after dawn, a low tide.

The paratroopers and gliderborne infantry who would launch the assault—some 22,000 men of the British Sixth Airborne Division and the U.S. 101st and 82nd Divisions—needed some moonlight. But their surprise attack depended on darkness up to the time they arrived over the dropping zones. Thus their demand was for a late-rising moon.

The seaborne landings had to take place when the tide was low enough to expose Rommel's beach obstacles. On this tide the timing of the whole invasion would depend. And to complete the meteorological calculations further, follow-up troops landing much later in the day would also need a low tide—and it had to come before darkness set in.

These two critical factors of moonlight and tide shackled Eisenhower. Tide alone reduced the number of days for the attack in any one month to six—and three of those days would be moonless.

But that was not all. There were

many other factors. First, all the services wanted long hours of daylight and good visibility. They wanted light to be able to identify the beaches; for the navy and air force to spot their targets; and to reduce the hazard of collision when the mass of ships began manoeuvring almost side by side in the Bay of the Seine. Second, a calm sea was required. Apart from the havoc a rough sea might cause to the fleet, sea-sickness could leave the troops helpless long before they even set foot on the beaches. Third, low winds, blowing inshore, were needed to clear the beaches of smoke so that targets would not be obscured. And, finally, the Allies would require three more quiet days after D-Day for the quick build-up of men and supplies.

Nobody at Supreme Headquarters expected perfect conditions on D-Day, least of all Eisenhower. In countless dry runs with his meteorological staff he had schooled himself to recognize and weigh all the factors which would give him the minimum acceptable conditions for the attack. But, according to his meteorologists, the chances were about ten to one against Normandy's having, on any one day in June, weather which would meet even the minimal requirements.

Of the three possible days for the invasion Eisenhower had chosen the 5th, so that if there was a postponement he could launch the assault on the 6th. But if he ordered the landings for the 6th and then had to

cancel them again, the problem of refuelling the returning convoys might prevent him from attacking on the 7th. There would then be two alternatives. He could postpone D-Day until the next period when the tides were right—June 19. But June 19 was moonless: the airborne armies would be forced to attack in darkness. The other alternative was to wait until July—and that long a postponement, as he was later to recall, "was too bitter to contemplate."

So terrifying was the thought of long postponement that many of Eisenhower's most cautious commanders were prepared to risk attack instead on the 8th or 9th. They did not see how a quarter of a million men—more than half of them already briefed—could be kept isolated and bottled-up for weeks on ships, in embarkation areas and on airfields without letting the secret of the invasion leak out. For everybody the prospect of a postponement was grim. But it was Eisenhower who would have to make the decision. On Sunday, June 4, at 5 a.m.—about the time that Rommel got up at La Roche-Guyon—Eisenhower made a fateful decision: because of unfavourable weather conditions the Allied invasion would be postponed 24 hours. If conditions improved, D-Day would be Tuesday, June 6.

**A**T DAWN on Sunday, June 4, Commander George Hoffmann, 33-year-old skipper of the destroyer U.S.S.

Corry, looked through his binoculars. A long column of ships was ploughing steadily across the English Channel behind him. They were on course and exactly on time. France lay ahead, now only 40 miles away.

The young commander was immensely proud to be leading this magnificent convoy. But as he looked at it through his glasses he knew it was a sitting duck for the enemy.

Ahead were the minesweepers—six small ships spread out in a diagonal formation like one side of an inverted V. Behind the minesweepers came the lean, sleek shapes of the "shepherds," the escorting destroyers. And behind them, stretching as far as the eye could see, came a great procession of lumbering, unwieldy landing ships carrying thousands of troops, tanks, guns, vehicles and ammunition. To Hoffmann it was quite a sight. Estimating the distance separating one ship from the next and knowing the total number of vessels, he reckoned that the tail end of this fantastic parade must still be back in Plymouth harbour.

And this was only *one* convoy. Hoffmann knew that dozens of others had been due to sail when he did, or would leave England during the day. That night all of them would converge on the Bay of the Seine. By the morning of June 5, according to plan, an immense fleet of 2,700 ships would stand off the invasion beaches of Normandy.

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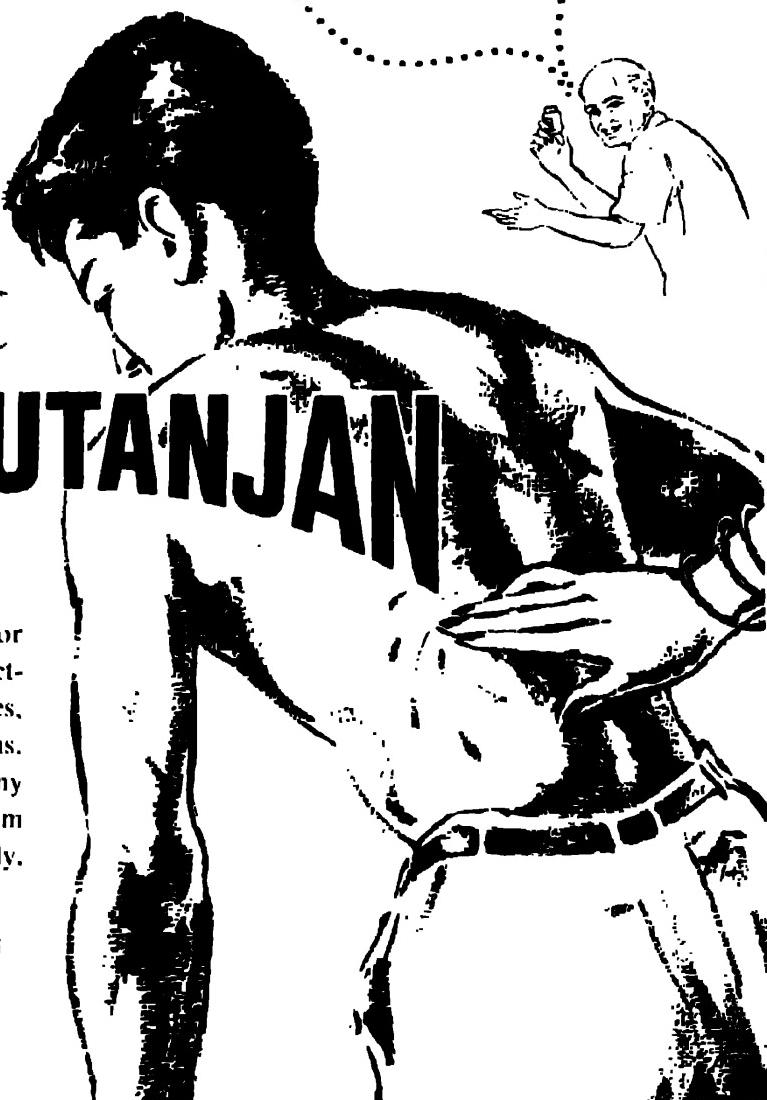
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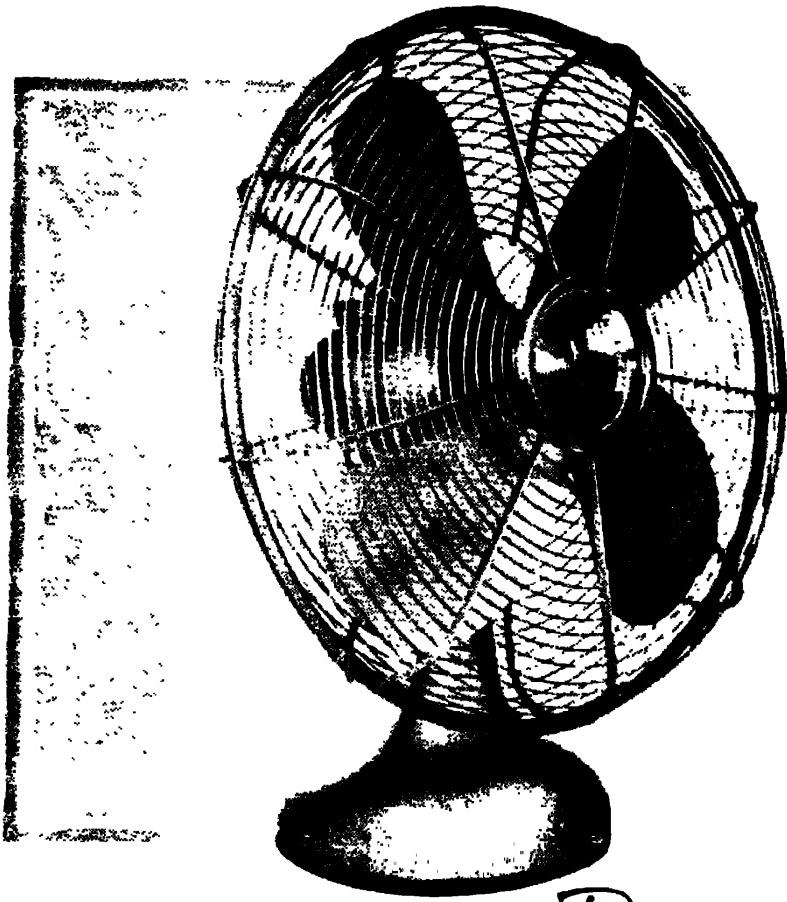
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Suddenly the *Corry's* bridge telephone buzzed. Hoffmann picked up the receiver. "Bridge," he said. "This is the captain." He listened for a moment. "Are you quite sure?" he asked. "Has the message been repeated?" Hoffmann listened a moment longer; then he replaced the receiver on its cradle. It was unbelievable: the whole convoy had been ordered back to England. What could have happened? Had the invasion been postponed? No reason had been given.

Hoffmann's job and that of the other destroyers now was to wheel this monstrous convoy round—and quickly. Because he was in the lead, his immediate concern was the flotilla of minesweepers several miles ahead. He could not contact them by radio because a strict radio silence had been imposed—and they had to be swung round first.

"All engines ahead full speed," Hoffmann ordered. "Close up on the minesweepers. Signalman on the light."

As the *Corry* raced forward, Hoffmann looked back and saw the destroyers behind him wheel and swing round the flanks of the convoy. Now, with signal lights blinking, they began the tremendous job of turning the convoy round.



**O**N THE HUGE Operations Centre at Allied Naval Headquarters in Southwick House, they waited for the ships to come back. The long, high room with its white-and-gold wallpaper was the scene of intense activity. One entire wall was covered by a gigantic chart of the English Channel. Every few minutes two Wrens, working from a moving step-ladder, plotted the new positions of each returning convoy. Staff officers from each of the Allied services watched in silence as each new report came in. Outwardly they appeared calm, but there was no disguising the strain that everybody felt. Not only must the convoys wheel about, almost under the very noses of the enemy, and return to England along specific, mine-swept tracks; they were now faced with the threat of another enemy—a storm at sea. Already the wind in the Channel was blowing up to 30 miles an hour, with waves up to five feet—and the weather was due to get worse.

As the minutes passed, the face of the chart reflected the orderly pattern of the recall. There were streams of markers back-tracking up the Irish Sea, clustered in the vicinity of the Isle of Wight and huddled together in various ports and anchorages along the south-west coast of England. It would take some of the convoys nearly all day to put back to port, but there was hope that they would make it.

The location of each convoy and

that of nearly every other ship of the Allied Fleet could be seen at a glance on the board. But two vessels were not shown—a pair of midget submarines. They seemed to have disappeared completely off the chart.

In an office near by, a pretty 24-year-old Wren officer wondered how soon her husband would get back to his home port. Naomi Honour was a bit anxious but not unduly worried yet—even though her friends in "Ops" seemed to know nothing about the whereabouts of her husband, Lieutenant George Honour, and his 57-foot-long midget submarine, the X23.

One mile off the coast of France a periscope broke the surface of the water. Thirty feet below, crouching in the cramped control room of the X23, George Honour pushed his cap back. "Well, gentlemen," he recalls saying, "let's take a look-see."

Cushioning one eye against the rubber-cupped eyepiece, he slowly pivoted the periscope round and, as the distorting shimmer of water disappeared from the lens, the blurred image before him straightened out and became the sleepy resort town of Ouistreham at the mouth of the Orne. They were so close in and his view was so magnified that Honour could see smoke rising from chimneys and, in the far distance, a plane that had just taken off from Carpiquet airfield near Caen. He could also see the enemy. Fascinated, he watched German troops calmly



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working among the anti-invasion obstacles on the sandy beaches that stretched away on either side.

It was a great moment for the 26-year-old R.N.R. lieutenant. Standing back from the periscope, he said to Lieutenant Lionel Lyne, the navigational expert in charge of the operation, "Take a look, 'Thin'—we're almost bang on the target."

In a way the invasion had already begun. The first craft and the first men of the Allied Forces were in position off the beaches of Normandy. Directly ahead of the X23 lay the British-Canadian assault sector. Lieutenant Honour and his crew were not unaware of the significance of this particular date. On another June 4, four years earlier, at a place less than 200 miles away, the last of 338,000 British troops had been evacuated from Dunkirk. On the X23 it was a tense, proud moment for the five specially chosen Britons. They were the British vanguard: the men of the X23 were leading the way back to France for the thousands of their fellow countrymen who would soon follow.

These five men, crouching in the tiny all-purpose cabin of the X23, did not look like Englishmen. Every precaution had been taken to hide their identities and their mission. They wore the rough clothing of fishermen and they carried ingeniously falsified papers that would have passed the scrutiny of the most suspicious German sentry.

The X23 had a very hazardous

mission. Twenty minutes before H-Hour, the midget sub and her sister ship, the X20—some 20 miles farther down the coast opposite the little village of Hamel—would boldly come to the surface to act as navigational markers, clearly defining the extreme limits of the British-Canadian assault zone: three beaches that had been given the code names Sword, Juno and Gold.

The plan they were to follow was involved and elaborate. An automatic radio beacon capable of sending out a continuous signal was to be switched on the moment they surfaced. At the same time sonar apparatus would automatically broadcast sound waves through the water which could be picked up by underwater listening devices. The fleet carrying British and Canadian troops would home in on either one or both of the signals.

Each midget also carried an 18-foot telescopic mast to which was attached a small but powerful searchlight that could send out a flashing beam capable of being seen more than five miles away. If the light showed green, it would mean that the subs were on target; if not, the light would be red.

As additional navigation aids, the plan called for each midget to launch a moored rubber dinghy with a man in it and allow it to drift a certain distance towards the shore. The dinghies had been fitted with searchlights which would be operated by their crewmen. By taking

bearings on the lights of the midgets and their drifting dinghies, approaching ships would be able to pinpoint the exact positions of the three assault beaches.

At the periscope Lyne took a series of bearings. He quickly identified several landmarks: the Ouistreham lighthouse, the town church and the spires of two others in the villages of Langrune and St. Aubin a few miles away. Honour had been right. They were almost "bang on the target"—barely three-quarters of a mile from their plotted position.

Honour was relieved to be as close as this. It had been a long, harrowing trip. They had covered the 90 miles from Portsmouth in a little under two days and much of that time they had travelled through minefields. Now they would get into position, and then drop to the bottom. "Operation Gambit" was off to a good start.

Honour took one last look through the periscope at the Germans working on the beaches. All hell would break loose on those beaches by this time tomorrow, he thought. "Down periscope," he ordered. Submerged, and out of radio communication with their base, Honour and the crew of the X23 did not know that the invasion had been postponed.

At one a.m. on June 5, the X23 slowly came to the surface. Lieutenant Honour quickly undid the hatch. Climbing up into the little

conning tower he and another member of the crew erected the antennae. Below, Lieutenant James Hodges flicked the dial on the radio to 1,850 kilocycles and cupped his earphones with his hands. He hadn't long to wait. Very faintly he picked up their call sign . . . PADFOOT . . . PADFOOT . . . PADFOOT. As he heard the one-word message that followed, he looked up in disbelief. Pressing his hands more firmly over the earphones he listened again. But there was no mistake. He told the others. Nobody said anything. Glumly they looked at one another: ahead of them lay another full day under water.

And now, as the hours slipped by and the weather steadily worsened, the greatest airborne and amphibious force ever assembled waited for General Eisenhower's decision. Would he confirm June 6 as D-Day? Or would he be compelled because of Channel weather—the worst for 20 years—to postpone the invasion once again?

In the fading light of the afternoon the Supreme Commander occasionally came to the door of his caravan and gazed up through the wind-swept treetops at the blanket of clouds that covered the sky—a solitary figure, shoulders slightly hunched, hands rammed deep into his pockets.

Shortly before 9.30 that night of June 4, Eisenhower's senior commanders and their chiefs of staff gathered in the library of Southwick

House. Standing about in little groups, the staff officers talked quietly. Near the fireplace Eisenhower's chief of staff, Lieutenant-General Walter Bedell Smith, conversed with the pipe-smoking Deputy Supreme Commander, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder.

Seated to one side was the fiery Allied Naval Commander, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, and, close by, the Allied Air Commander, Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory. Only one officer was dressed informally, General Smith recalls. General Montgomery, who would be in charge of the D-Day assault, wore his usual corduroy slacks and roll-neck sweater. These were the men who would translate the order for the attack when Eisenhower gave the word. Now, they and their chiefs of staff—altogether there were 12 senior officers in the room—waited for the arrival of the Supreme Commander and the decisive conference due to begin at 9.30. At that time they would hear the latest forecasts of the meteorologists.

At exactly 9.30 the door opened and Eisenhower, neat in his dark green battledress, strode in. There was just the faintest flicker of the Eisenhower grin as he greeted his old friends, but the cloud of worry quickly returned to his face as he opened the conference. There was no need for a preamble: everybody knew the seriousness of the decision that had to be made. Almost immediately the three senior Overlord

meteorologists, led by their chief, Group Captain J. N. Stagg of the R.A.F., came into the room.

There was a hushed silence as Stagg opened the briefing. Quickly he sketched the weather picture of the previous 24 hours and then he said quietly, "Gentlemen, there have been some rapid and unexpected developments in the situation . . ." All eyes were on Stagg now, as he presented the anxious-faced Eisenhower and his commanders with a slender ray of hope.

A new weather front had been spotted which, he said, would move up the Channel within the next few hours and cause a gradual clearing over the assault areas. These improving conditions would last throughout the next day and continue up to the morning of June 6. After that the weather would begin to deteriorate again. During this promised period of improved weather, the winds would drop appreciably and the skies would clear—enough at least for bombers to operate on the night of the 5th and throughout the morning of the 6th. By noon the cloud layer would thicken and the skies would become overcast again. In short, what Eisenhower was being told was that a barely tolerable period of fair conditions, far below the minimal requirements, would prevail *for just a little more than 24 hours.*

For the next 15 minutes Eisenhower and his commanders deliberated. The urgency of making a

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decision was stressed by Admiral Ramsay. The American task force for the beaches code-named Omaha and Utah, under the command of Rear-Admiral A. G. Kirk, would have to get the order within half an hour if Overlord was to take place on Tuesday.

Eisenhower now polled his commanders one by one. General Smith thought that the attack should go in on the 6th—it was a gamble, but one that should be taken. Tedder and Leigh-Mallory were both fearful that even the predicted cloud cover would prove too much for the air forces to operate effectively. It might mean that the assault would take place without adequate air support. They thought it was going to be "chancy." Montgomery stuck to the decision that he had made the night before when the June 5 D-Day had been postponed. "I would say—go," he said.

It was up to Eisenhower. The moment had come when only he could make the decision. There was a long silence as he weighed up all the possibilities. As General Smith watched he was struck by the "isolation and loneliness" of the Supreme Commander as he sat, hands clasped before him, looking down at the table. The minutes ticked by. Some say two minutes passed, others as long as five. Then Eisenhower, his face strained, looked up and announced his decision. Slowly he said, "I am quite positive we must give the order . . . I don't like it, but

there it is . . . I don't see how we can do anything else."

Eisenhower stood up. He looked tired, but some of the tension had left his face. Tuesday, June 6, would be D-Day.

As the night closed in, the invasion forces all over England continued to wait. Keyed up by months of training, they were ready to go, and the postponement had made them jittery. It was now about 18 hours since the stand-down, and each hour had taken its toll of the patience and readiness of the troops. They did not know that D-Day was now barely 26 hours away; it was still much too early for the news to filter down. And so, on this stormy Sunday night, men waited—in loneliness, anxiety and secret fear—for something, anything, to happen.

They did precisely what the world expects men to do under such circumstances: they thought of their families, their wives, their children, their sweethearts. And everybody talked about the fighting that lay ahead. What would the beaches really be like? Would the landings be as rough as everybody seemed to think? Nobody could visualize D-Day, but each man prepared for it in his own way.

A few men, nerveless and cool, slept soundly. At a British 50th Division embarkation area one such man was Company Sergeant-Major Stanley Hollis. The coming attack didn't worry Hollis too much; he



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ZURICH, FRANKFURT,  
LONDON, MONTREAL,  
NEW YORK and  
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had a good idea what to expect. He had been evacuated from Dunkirk, had fought with the Eighth Army in North Africa and had landed on the beaches of Sicily. Now he was looking forward to the invasion : he wanted to get back to France to kill some more Germans.

It was a personal matter with Hollis. He'd been a dispatch rider at the time of Dunkirk, and in the town of Lille during the retreat he had seen a sight which he'd never forgotten. Cut off from his unit, Hollis had taken a wrong turning in a part of the town that the Germans had apparently just passed through. He found himself in a cul-de-sac filled with the still-warm bodies of over 100 French men, women and children. They had been machine-gunned. Embedded in the wall behind the bodies and littering the ground were hundreds of spent bullets. From that moment Stan Hollis had become a superb hunter of the enemy. His score was now 90. At D-Day's end, he would notch his Sten gun with his 102nd kill.

The troops who suffered most during the waiting period were the men in the recalled convoys. All day they had ridden out the storm in the Channel. Now, waterlogged and weary, they glumly lined the rails as the last of the straggling convoys dropped their anchors. By 11 p.m. all the ships were back.

Outside Plymouth harbour, Commander Hoffman of the *Corry* stood on his bridge looking at the long

lines of dark shadows, blacked-out landing ships of every size and description. It was cold and Hoffman was weary. On their return to port, they had learnt for the first time the reason for the postponement. Now they had been warned to stand to once again.

Below decks the news spread quickly. Radioman Third Class Bennie Glisson heard it as he prepared to go on watch. He made his way to the mess, and when he got there he found more than a dozen men having dinner—tonight it was turkey with all the trimmings. Everybody seemed depressed. "You guys," he said, "act like you're eating your last meal." Bennie was nearly right. At least half of those present would go down with the *Corry* a few minutes before H-Hour on D-Day.

At midnight, cutters and naval destroyers began the huge job of reassembling the convoys. This time there would be no turning back.

**M**ONDAY, June 5, 1944: in the early morning light the beaches of Normandy were shrouded in mist. The intermittent rain of the previous day had become a steady drizzle.

For four years the people of Normandy had lived with the Germans on their soil. This bondage had meant different thing to different people. In the three major cities—Le Havre, Cherbourg and Caen—the Occupation was a harsh and constant fact of life. Here were the

headquarters of the Gestapo and the S.S. Here were the reminders of war—the nightly round-ups of hostages, the never-ending reprisals against the underground, the welcome but fearful Allied bombing attacks.

Beyond the cities—particularly between Caen and Cherbourg—lay the hedgerow country: the little fields bordered by great mounds of earth, each topped with thick bushes and saplings that had been used as natural fortifications since the days of the Romans. Here and there stood little towns and villages like miniature citadels. To most of the world their names were unknown—Vierville . . . Colleville . . . La Madeleine . . . Ste.-Mère-Eglise . . . Chef-du-Pont . . . Ste. Marie-du-Mont . . . Arromanches . . . Luc—and all the others.

Here, in the sparsely populated countryside, the Occupation had a different meaning than in the big cities. Caught up in a kind of pastoral backwash of the war, there was nothing for the Norman peasants to do but adjust themselves to the situation. They lived from day to day, hating the Nazis with typical Norman tenaciousness, and stoically watching and waiting for the day of liberation.

In his mother's house on a hill overlooking the sleepy village of Vierville, a 31-year-old lawyer, Michel Hardelay, stood at the living-room windows, his binoculars focused on a German soldier riding a large farm horse down the

road to the seafront. On either side of his saddle hung several tin cans. Michel Hardelay knew it was exactly 6.15 a.m. Every morning it was the same. The German was never late: he always brought the morning coffee down to the Vierville exit at this time. The day had begun for the gun crews in the cliffside pill-boxes and camouflaged bunkers at this end of the beach—a peaceful-looking, gentle curving strip of sand that within 24 hours would be known to the world as Omaha Beach.

Hardelay had watched the ritual many times before. Every morning the trooper rode three kilometres, and it always struck him as amusing that the much vaunted technical know-how of the Germans fell apart when it came to a simple job like supplying men in the field with morning coffee.

But Hardelay's was a bitter amusement. For some months he had watched German troops and conscripted labour battalions digging, burrowing and tunnelling all along the bluffs. He had watched as, with methodical thoroughness, they had demolished the line of pretty pink, white and red summer cottages and villas below the bluffs along the seafront. Now, out of 90 buildings, only seven remained. The others had been destroyed not only to give the gunners clear arcs of fire, but because the Germans wanted the wood to panel their bunkers. Of the seven houses still standing, one

of them, the largest—an all-the-year-round house built of stone—belonged to Hardelay. A few days before, he had been officially told by the local commandant that his house would be destroyed. The Germans had decided they needed the bricks and stone.

Hardelay wondered if perhaps somebody, somewhere, wouldn't countermand the decision. In some matters, the Germans were often unpredictable. He'd know for certain within 24 hours: he had been told the house would come down tomorrow—Tuesday, June 6.

Farther down the beach, near the Colleville exit, 40-year-old Fernand Broeckx was doing what he did every morning: he sat in his dripping barn, spectacles askew, head tucked down beside the udders of a cow, directing a thin stream of milk into a pail. His farm, lying next to a narrow dirt road, topped a slight rise barely half a mile from the sea. He hadn't been down that road or on to the beach for a long time—not since the Germans closed it off.

He had been farming in Normandy for five years. In the First World War, Broeckx, a Belgian, had seen his home destroyed. He had never forgotten it. In 1939, when the Second World War began, he promptly gave up his job in an office and moved his wife and daughter to Normandy, where they would be safe.

Fifteen miles away in the cathedral town of Bayeux his pretty

19-year-old daughter, Anne-Marie, prepared to set out for the kindergarten school where she taught. She was looking forward to the end of the day, for then the summer holidays began. She planned to spend her holidays on the farm, and intended to cycle home tomorrow. There was no way for her to know that tomorrow a tall, lean American from Rhode Island whom she had never met would land on the beach almost in line with her father's farm. Nor was there any way for her to know that one day she would marry him.

All along the Normandy coast people went about their usual daily chores. In the little hamlet of La Madeleine, behind the dunes and the wide expanse of sand that would soon be known as Utah Beach, Paul Gazengel opened up his tiny shop and café as usual, although there was almost no business.

There had been a time when Gazengel had made a fair living. But now the entire coastal area was sealed off. The families living just behind the seashore and all along this side of the Cherbourg peninsula had been moved out. Only those who owned farms had been permitted to remain. The café owner's livelihood now depended on seven families that remained in La Madeleine and a few German troops in the vicinity whom he was forced to serve. Gazengel would have liked to move away. As he sat in his café waiting for the first customer, he did

# A word to parents ...



In your hands rests the future of your children. Being loving and fond parents you would naturally like to give the best you can afford to your children. At the same time you do not want to be carried away by empty boasts and false claims. You want to judge and verify the assertions made for food products—especially cooking-mediums. That's because you know the health of your family depends upon good food—and good food can be ruined by a cooking-medium which may be faulty. It can be rancid, adulterated or of low quality which may affect the health adversely. It is always wise to buy a well-known branded product—RATH vanaspati, for instance. But, you may say, just the popularity (which RATH enjoys immensely) is not enough to convince. We list below the salient features of RATH which, we are sure, will go a long way to assure you why RATH is an ideal cooking-medium.

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not know that within 24 hours he would be making a trip. He and all the other men in the village would be sent to England for questioning.

**T**HE DAY was quiet and uneventful for the Germans, too. Nothing was happening and nothing was expected to happen: the weather was so bad that in Paris, at the Luftwaffe's headquarters in the Luxembourg Palace, Colonel Professor Walter Stöbe, the chief meteorologist, told staff officers that they could relax. He doubted whether Allied planes would even be operational that day. Anti-aircraft crews were promptly ordered to stand down.

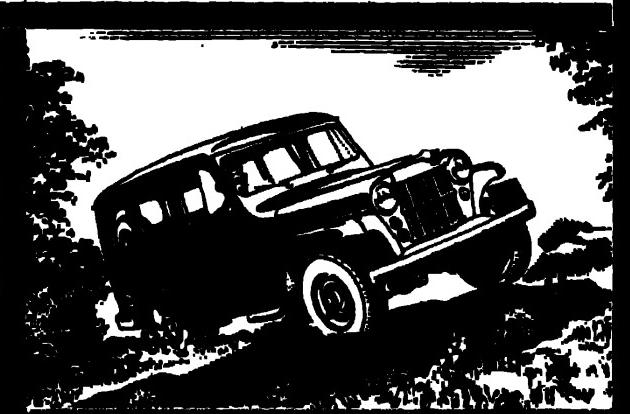
Next, Stöbe telephoned von Rundstedt's headquarters in St.-Germain. Von Rundstedt slept late that day as usual, and it was almost noon before he conferred with his chief of staff and approved OB West's "Estimate of Allied Intentions" so that it could be forwarded to Hitler's headquarters, OKW. The estimate was another typical wrong guess. It read: "The systematic and distinct increase of air attacks indicates that the enemy has reached a high degree of readiness. The probable invasion front still remains the sector from the Schelde (in Holland) to Normandy . . . and it is not impossible that the north front of Brittany might be included . . . (but) . . . it is still not clear where the enemy will invade within this total area. Concentrated air attacks on the coast defences between

Dunkirk and Dieppe may mean that the main Allied invasion effort will be made there . . . (but) . . . imminence of invasion is not recognizable . . ."

With this vague estimate out of the way—an estimate that covered almost 800 miles of the invasion coast—von Rundstedt and his son, a young lieutenant, set out for the Field-Marshal's favourite restaurant, the *Coq Hardi* at Bougival near by. It was a little after one o'clock; D-Day was 12 hours away.

All along the chain of German command the continuing bad weather acted soothingly. The various headquarters were quite confident that there would be no attack in the immediate future. Their reasoning was based on carefully assessed weather evaluations that had been made of the Allied landings in North Africa, Italy and Sicily. In each case conditions had varied, but meteorologists had noted that the Allies never attempted a landing unless the prospects of favourable weather were almost certain—particularly for the covering air operations. To the methodical German mind there was no deviation from this rule: the weather had to be just right or the Allies wouldn't attack. And the weather wasn't just right.

At Army Group B headquarters in La Roche-Guyon the work went on as though Rommel were still there; but the chief of staff, Major-General Dr. Hans Speidel, thought



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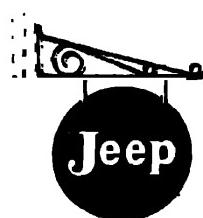
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it was quiet enough to plan a little dinner party. He had invited several guests, among them Ernst Juenger, the philosopher and author. The intellectual Speidel was looking forward to the dinner. He hoped that they'd discuss his favourite subject: French literature. There was something else to be discussed: a 20-page manuscript that Juenger had drafted and secretly passed on to Rommel and Speidel. Both of them fervently believed in the document: it outlined a plan for bringing about peace—after Hitler had been either tried by a German court or assassinated. "We can really have a night discussing things," Speidel had told Juenger.

In St.-Lô, at the headquarters of the 84th Corps, Major Friedreich Hayn, the intelligence officer, was making arrangements for a party for the Corps Commander, General Erich Marcks. His birthday was on June 6.

They were holding the surprise birthday party at midnight because Marcks had to leave for Rennes in Brittany at daybreak. He and all the other senior commanders in Normandy were to take part in a big map exercise that was to begin early on Tuesday morning. Everyone thought the *Kriegsspiel* would be interesting: it dealt with a theoretical "invasion" which was supposed to take place in Normandy.

The *Kriegsspiel* worried the Seventh Army's chief of staff, Brigadier-General Max Pemsel. It was bad

enough that his senior commanders in Normandy and the Cherbourg peninsula would be away from their commands all at the same time. But it might be dangerous if they were away overnight. Rennes was a long way off for most of them, and Pemsel was afraid that some might be planning to leave the front before dawn. He believed that if an invasion ever came in Normandy the attack would be launched at first light. He decided to warn all those due to participate in the exercise. The order he sent out by teleprinter read: "Commanding generals and others scheduled to attend the *Kriegsspiel* are reminded not to leave for Rennes before dawn on June 6." But it was too late. Some had already left.

One by one, senior officers had left the front on the very eve of the battle. All of them had reasons, but it was almost as though a capricious fate had manipulated their departure. Rommel was in Germany. So was Army Group B's operations officer, Colonel Hans George von Tempelhoff. Major-General Heinz Hellmich, commanding the 243rd Division, holding one side of the Cherbourg peninsula, departed for Rennes. So did Major-General Karl von Schlieben of the 709th Division. Brigadier-General Wilhelm Falley, of the tough 91st Air Landing Division that had just moved into Normandy, prepared to go. Colonel Wilhelm Meyer-Detring, von Rundstedt's intelligence officer, was on leave. The chief of staff of one

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division was off hunting with his French mistress and could not be reached.\*

At this point, with the officers in charge of beach-head defences dispersed all over Europe, the German High Command decided to transfer the Luftwaffe's last remaining fighter squadrons in France far out of range of the Normandy beaches. The pilots were aghast.

The principal reason for the withdrawal was that the squadrons were needed for the defence of the Reich, which for months had been coming under increasingly heavy round-the-clock Allied bombing attack. Under the circumstances it just did not seem reasonable to the High Command to leave these vital planes on exposed airfields in France where they were being destroyed by Allied fighters and bombers. Hitler had promised his generals that 1,000 Luftwaffe planes would hit the beaches on the day of invasion. Now that was patently impossible. On June 4 there were only 183 day

\* After D-Day the coincidence of these multiple departures from the invasion front struck the Germans so forcibly that there was actually talk of an investigation to see whether the British secret service could possibly have had anything to do with it!

The fact is that Hitler himself was no better prepared for the great day than were his generals. The Führer was at his Berchtesgaden retreat in Bavaria. His naval aide, Admiral Karl Jesko von Puttkamer, remembers that Hitler got up late, held his usual military conference at noon and then had lunch at 4 p.m. Besides his mistress, Eva Braun, there were a number of Nazi dignitaries and their wives. After lunch the group adjourned to the garden, where the Führer sipped lime-blossom tea. He took a nap between six and seven, held another military conference at 11 p.m.; then, a little before midnight, the ladies were called back. To the best of Puttkamer's recollection the group then had to listen to a couple of hours of Wagner, Lehár and Strauss.

fighter planes in the whole of France; about 160 were considered serviceable. Of the 160, one wing of 124—the 26th Fighter Wing—was being moved back from the coast that very afternoon.

At the headquarters of the 26th at Lille, in the zone of the 15th Army, Colonel Josef "Pips" Priller, one of the Luftwaffe's top aces (he had shot down 96 planes) stood on the airfield and fumed. Priller had a reputation for telling off generals, and now he telephoned his group commander. "This is mad!" Priller yelled. "If we're expecting an invasion, the squadrons should be moved up, not back! And what happens if the attack comes during the transfer? My supplies can't reach the new bases until tomorrow or maybe the day after. You're all crazy!"

"Listen, Priller," said the group commander. "The invasion is out of the question. The weather is much too bad." Priller slammed down the receiver. He walked back out on to the airfield. There were only two planes left—his and one belonging to Sergeant Heinz Wodarczyk, his wingman. "What can we do?" he said to Wodarczyk. "If the invasion comes, they'll probably expect us to hold it off all by ourselves. So we might as well start getting drunk now."

 OF ALL THE millions who watched and waited throughout France, less than a dozen men and women actually knew that the invasion was

imminent. They went about their affairs calmly and casually as usual. Being calm and casual was part of their business: they were the leaders of the French underground.

This great secret Resistance army of men and women had been fighting a silent war for more than four years—a war that was often unspectacular, but always hazardous. Thousands had been executed. thousands more had died in concentration camps. But now, although the rank and file didn't know it yet, the day for which they'd been fighting was close at hand.

In the previous days the underground's high command had picked up hundreds of coded messages which had been broadcast by the BBC. A few of these had been alerts warning that the invasion might come at any moment. One of these messages had been the first phrase of the Verlaine poem, "*Chanson d'Automne*"—the same alert that Lieutenant-Colonel Meyer's men at the German 15th Army headquarters had intercepted on June 1. Canaris had been right.

Now, like Meyer, but much more excited, the underground leaders waited for the second phrase of the poem. For the underground at large, however, the real tip-off would come when the Allies ordered the prearranged sabotage plans to go into effect. Two messages would set off the attacks. One, "*It is hot in Suez*," would put into effect the "Green Plan"—the sabotaging of

railway tracks and equipment. The other, "*The dice are on the table*," would call for the "Red Plan"—the cutting of telephone lines and cables. All regional, area and sector leaders had been warned to listen for those two messages.

On this Monday evening, the eve of D-Day, one message was broadcast by the BBC at 6.30 p.m. The announcer said, "*The dice are on the table . . . Napoleon's hat is in the ring . . . The arrow will not pass.*" The other came soon after.

Everywhere now, Resistance groups were quietly told the news by their immediate leaders. Each unit had its own plan and knew exactly what had to be done. Albert Augé, the station-master at Caen, and his men were to destroy water pumps in the yards, smash the steam injectors on locomotives. André Farine, a café owner from Lieu Fontaine near Isigny, had the job of strangling Normandy's communications: his 40-man team would cut the massive telephone cable feeding out of Cherbourg. Yves Gresselin, a Cherbourg grocer, had one of the toughest jobs of all: his men were to dynamite a network of railway lines between Cherbourg, St.-Lô and Paris. Everywhere along the invasion coast, from Brittany to the Belgian border, men prepared.

In the seaside resort town of Grandcamp near the mouth of the Vire, and almost midway between Omaha and Utah Beaches, sector chief Jean Marion had some vital

information to pass to London. He wondered how he'd get it there—and if he still had time.

Early in the afternoon his men had reported the arrival of a new anti-aircraft battery group in the area. Marion had casually cycled over to see the guns. Even if he was stopped he knew he'd get through: among the many fake identification cards he had for such occasions was one stating that he was a construction worker on the Atlantic Wall.

Although Marion did not know it, the guns covered the precise route the planes and gliders of the 82nd and 101st paratroopers would take within a few hours.

**O**FF THE French coast a little before 9 p.m. a dozen small ships appeared. They moved quietly along the horizon, so close that their crews could clearly see the houses of Normandy. The ships went unnoticed. They finished their job and then moved back. They were British minesweepers—the vanguard of the mightiest fleet ever assembled.

For now, back in the Channel, ploughing through the choppy grey waters, a phalanx of ships bore down on Hitler's Europe—the might and fury of the Free World unleashed at last. They came, rank after relentless rank, ten lanes wide, 20 miles across, 2,727 ships of every description. There were fast new attack transports, slow rust-scared freighters, small ocean liners, Channel steamers, hospital ships, coasters,

weather-beaten tankers and swarms of fussing tugs. There were endless columns of shallow-draught landing ships—great wallowing vessels, some of them almost 350 feet long. Many of these and the other heavier transports carried smaller landing craft for the actual beach assault: more than 2,500 of them. Ahead of the convoys were processions of minesweepers, cutters, buoy layers and motor-launches. Barrage balloons flew above the ships. Squadrons of fighter planes weaved below the clouds. And surrounding this fantastic cavalcade of ships packed with men, guns, tanks, motor vehicles and supplies was a formidable array of more than 700 warships.

There was the heavy cruiser U.S.S. *Augusta*, Rear-Admiral Kirk's flagship, leading the American task force—21 convoys bound for Omaha and Utah Beaches. Near by, steaming majestically, with all their battle flags flying, were the battleships: H.M.S. *Ramillies* and *Warspite*; U.S.S. *Texas*, *Arkansas* and *Nevada*.

Leading the 38 British and Canadian convoys bound for Sword, Juno and Gold Beaches was the cruiser H.M.S. *Scylla*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Philip Vian, who had helped to track down the great German battleship *Bismarck*. And close by was one of Britain's most famous cruisers—H.M.S. *Ajax*, one of a trio which had hounded the *Graf Spee* to her doom in Montevideo harbour. There were many famous cruisers:

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H.M.S. *Enterprise* and *Black Prince*, the U.S.S. *Tuscaloosa* and *Quincy*, France's *Georges Leygues*—22 in all.

In lines, along the edges of the convoys, were a variety of ships: sloops, corvettes, powerful gunboats—like the Dutch *Soemba*—anti-submarine craft, fast patrol boats and everywhere sleek destroyers. Besides the scores of British and American destroyer units there were Canada's *Qu'appelle*, *Saskatchewan* and *Restigouche*; Free Norway's *Svenner*; and even a contribution from the Free Polish forces—the *Piorun*.

Slowly, ponderously, this great armada moved across the Channel. It followed a staggered minute-by-minute traffic pattern of a kind never attempted before. Ships poured out of British ports and, moving down the coasts in two-convoy lanes, converged on the assembly area south of the Isle of Wight. There they sorted themselves out and joined with the forces heading for one of the five beaches to which they had been assigned. Out of the assembly area, which was promptly nicknamed "Piccadilly Circus," the convoys headed for France along buoy-marked lanes.

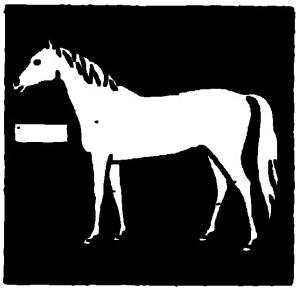
For the troops it was good to be on the way at last—despite the discomforts and the dangers ahead. Men were still tense, but some of the strain had lifted. Now, everybody simply wanted to get the job over and done with. On the landing ships

and transports men wrote last-minute letters, played cards and saw their padres.

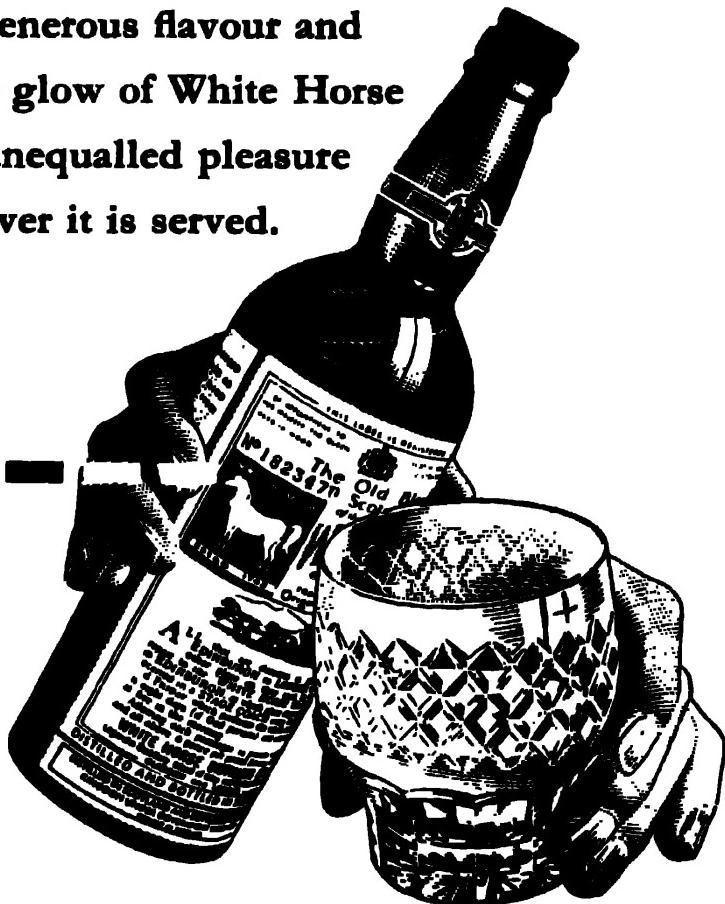
Before they had been in the Channel very long, many men who had spent hours worrying about their chances of survival couldn't wait to reach the beaches. Sea-sickness had struck through the 59 convoys like a plague, especially in the rolling and heaving landing craft. Each man had been supplied with anti-sea-sickness pills, also an article of equipment which was listed in the loading sheets with typical army thoroughness as "Bag, Vomit, One."

This was army efficiency at its best—but it still wasn't enough. One sergeant recalls, "The puke bags were full, tin hats were full; the fire buckets were emptied of sand and filled."

Some men tried to read—books that were odd and curious, books which, for the most part, had nothing to do with the situation that these men now found themselves in. U.S. Chaplain Lawrence Deery on the transport H.M.S. *Empire Anvil* was amazed to see a British naval officer reading Horace's *Odes* in Latin. Deery himself, who would land on Omaha Beach in the first wave with the 16th Infantry Regiment, spent the evening reading Symonds' *Life of Michelangelo*. Near by on a landing craft Captain James Douglas Gillan, a Canadian, opened a volume which made sense to everybody that night. To quiet his own nerves and those of a brother



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# **WHITE HORSE** **Scotch Whisky**

officer, he read aloud, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want . . ."

**I**T WAS A little after 10.15 p.m. when Lieutenant-Colonel Meyer, counter-intelligence chief of the German 15th Army, rushed out of his office. In his hand was probably the most important message the Germans had intercepted throughout the whole of the war. Meyer now knew that the invasion would take place within 48 hours. With this information the Allies could be thrown back into the sea. The message picked up from a BBC broadcast to the French underground was the second phrase of the Verlaine poem: "*Blessent mon coeur d'une langueur monotone.*"

Meyer burst into the dining-room where General Hans von Salmuth was playing bridge with his chief of staff and two others. "General!" Meyer said breathlessly. "The message, the second part . . . it's here!" Von Salmuth thought a moment, then gave the order to put the 15th Army on full alert.

All over England the Allied airborne armies boarded their planes and gliders. The pathfinder planes had already left. Over at the 101st Airborne Division's headquarters at Newbury, General Eisenhower, with a small group of officers and four correspondents, watched the first planes get into position for

take-off. He had spent more than an hour talking to the men. He was more worried about the airborne operation than any other phase of the assault. Some of his commanders were convinced that the airborne assault might result in more than 75 per cent casualties.

Eisenhower stood watching now as the planes trundled down the runways and lifted slowly into the air. One by one they followed each other into the darkness. Above the field they circled as they assembled into formation. Eisenhower, his hands deep in his pockets, gazed up into the night sky. As the huge formation of planes roared once more over the field and headed towards France, a war correspondent looked at the Supreme Commander. Eisenhower's eyes were filled with tears.

Minutes later, over the Channel, the men of the invasion fleet heard the roar of the planes, too. It grew louder by the second as wave after wave passed overhead. The formations took more than an hour to pass. Then the thunder of their engines began to fade. On the decks of the ships the men gazed up into the darkness. Nobody could say a word. And then, as the last formation flew over, an amber light blinked down through the clouds on to the fleet below. Slowly it flashed out in Morse code three dots and a dash: V for Victory.

*The concluding instalment of "The Longest Day" tells the heroic story of the Normandy landings*



## Reminiscences of a Well-dressed Lady—*Namita Sinha*

"Italians are vivacious and impulsive, with strong artistic sensibilities. Therefore I was not altogether surprised when, on the Rialto in Venice, the Italian Count who accompanied me said breathlessly, "Che bellezza! In your lovely saree you bring the magnificence of the Orient to this perfect setting." I remember at the time I was wearing one of my Binny's silk sarees."



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## Picasso and the Bo'sun

*By Ronald Hope, O.B.E., M.A., D.Phil., Director of the Seafarers' Education Service and College of the Sea*

**O**NE OF the most inspiring aspects of seafaring today is the way the men of our Merchant Navy are using their leisure to develop their talents, study for their careers and enrich their experience.

At this moment, a greaser in the Persian Gulf is learning the principles of logic; a ship's cook in the Coral Sea is taking a course on dietetics; a bo'sun in the South Atlantic is studying modern art, beginning with Picasso. The enthusiasm of these men and hundreds like them is the more remarkable when you consider the loneliness of their self-imposed toil.

It is my job at the Seafarers' Education Service to provide all possible facilities to help them, and we have 700 tutors guiding these sailors' specialized studies. For wider reading, we supply a library for each voyage—and your magazine.

A copy of *The Reader's Digest* goes into every crate of books that we put aboard a British merchantman. With its varied contents, your magazine is one that seamen turn to readily for study as well as relaxation. We know that this is so, because a phrase that occurs often in the letters received at our London HQ is: "Thanks for the Digest."

Nor is the impact one-sided. We in the College of the Sea also value your magazine. Recently a tutor instructing the Master of a merchant ship in a course of English wrote to him, "The first step is to get some *Reader's Digests*, both old and new. They contain most excellent articles on every subject under the sun, condensed versions of books in first-class English, and a highly valuable feature entitled 'It Pays to Increase Your Word Power.'"

Perhaps the highest praise must be the comment made to me by a seaman aboard a ship in mid-Atlantic: "So many of the interesting things that anyone could talk about are found in *The Reader's Digest*."





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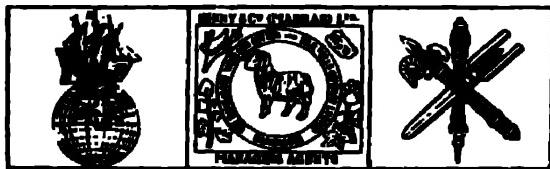
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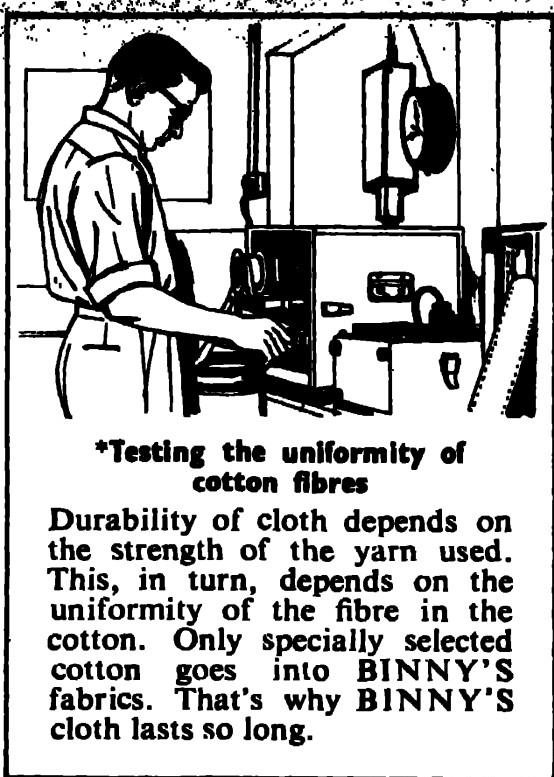
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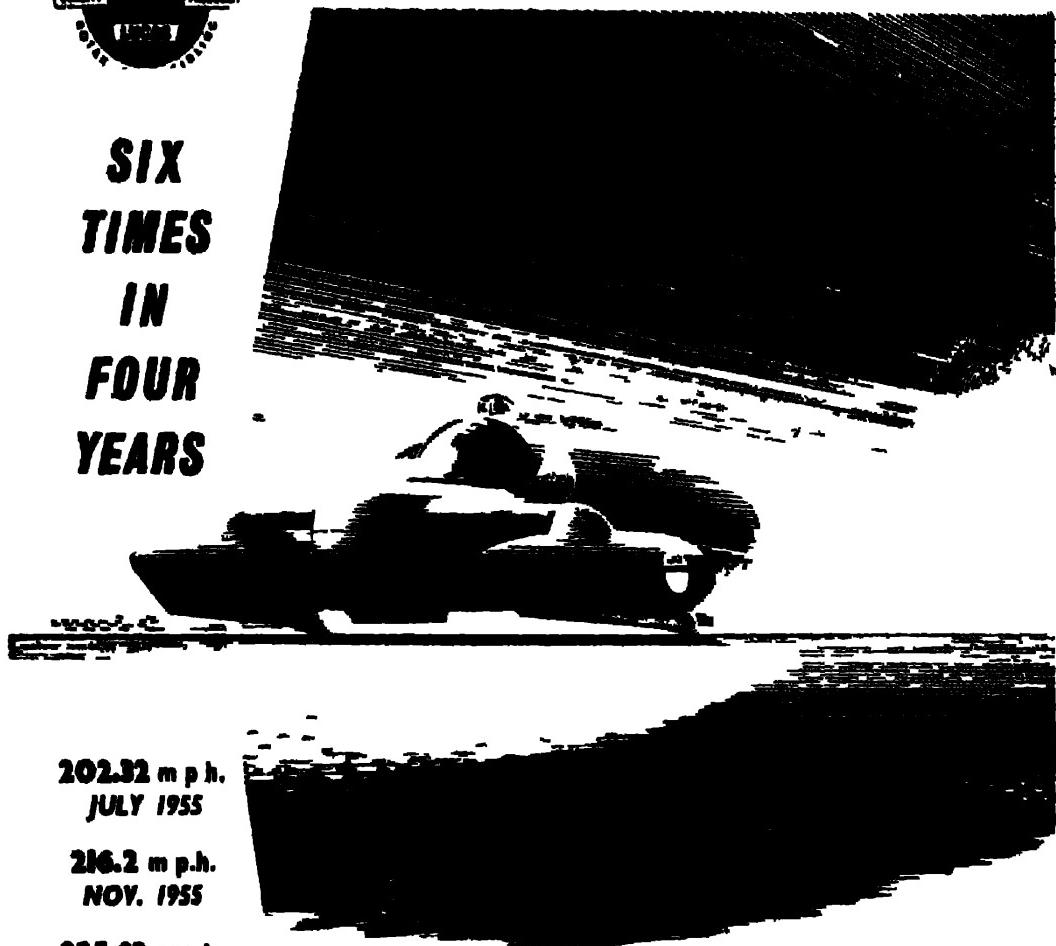


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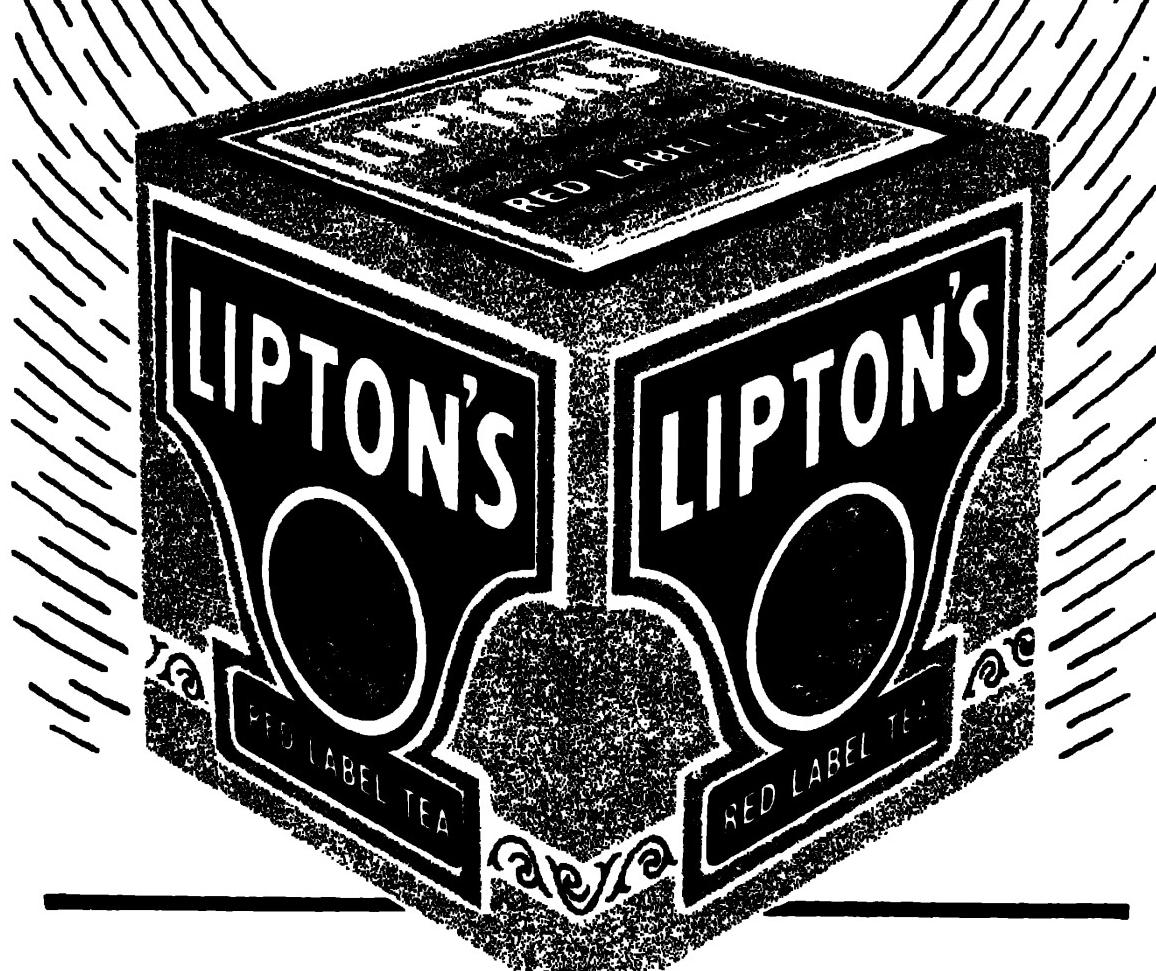
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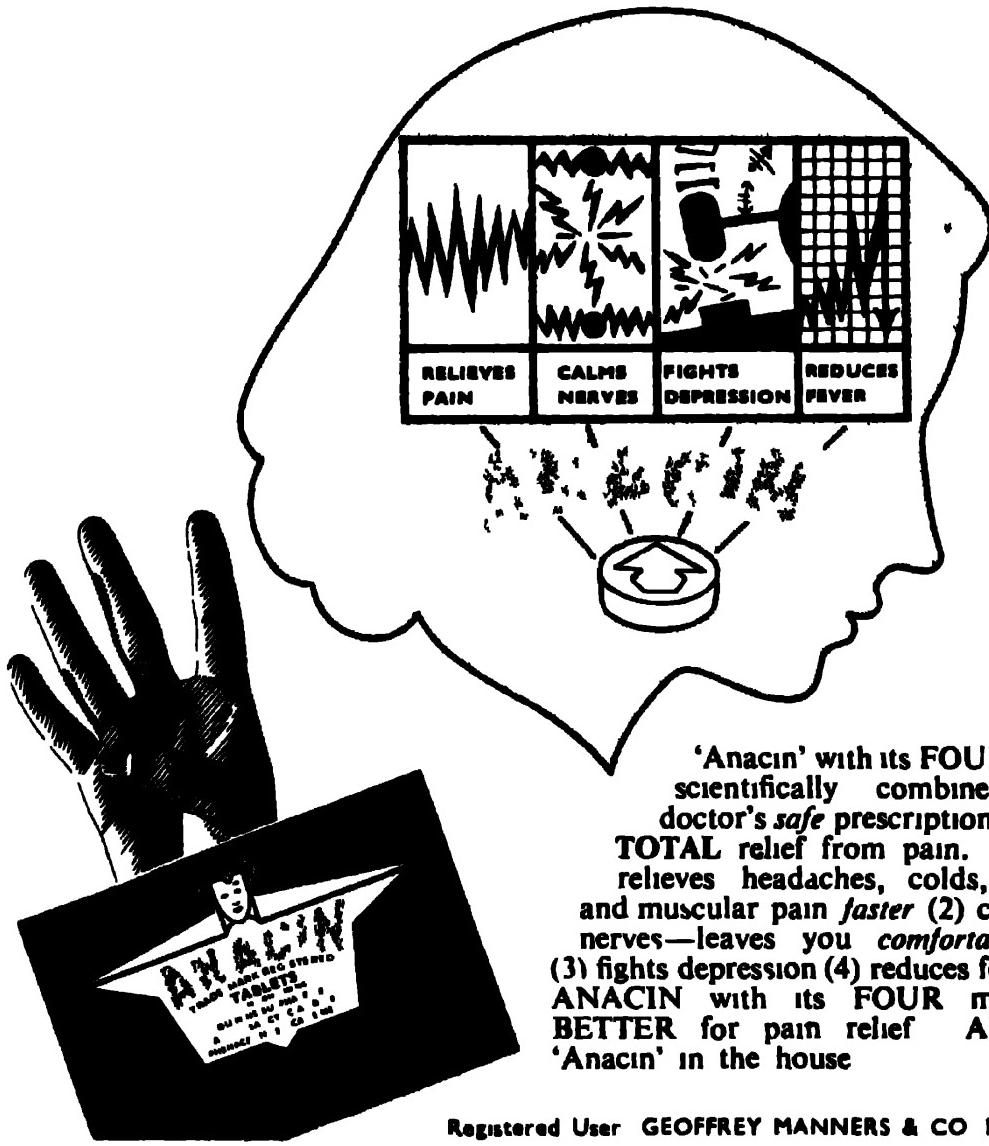
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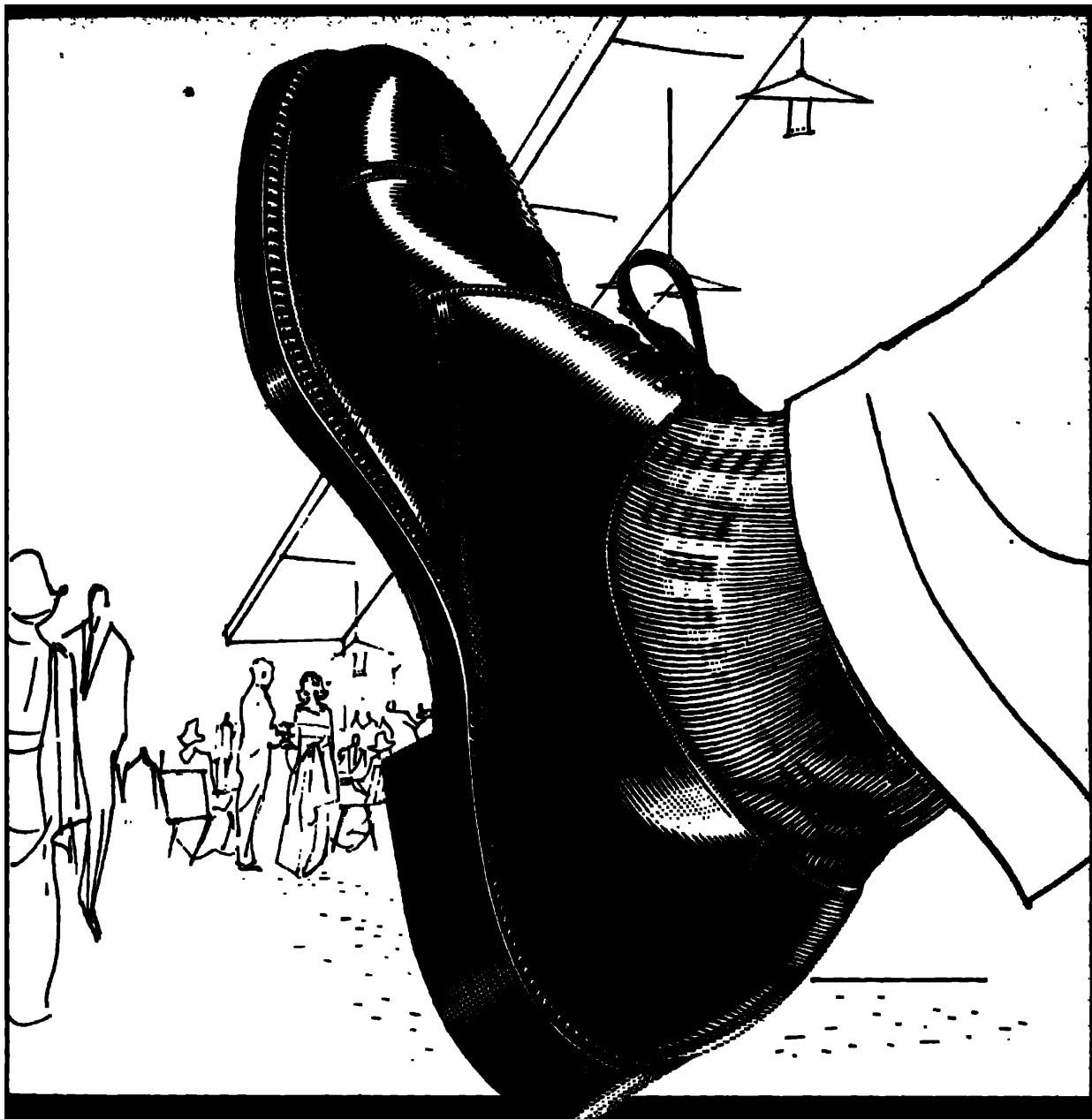


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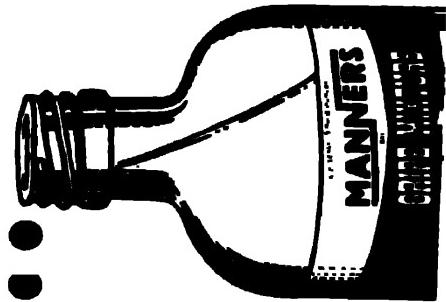
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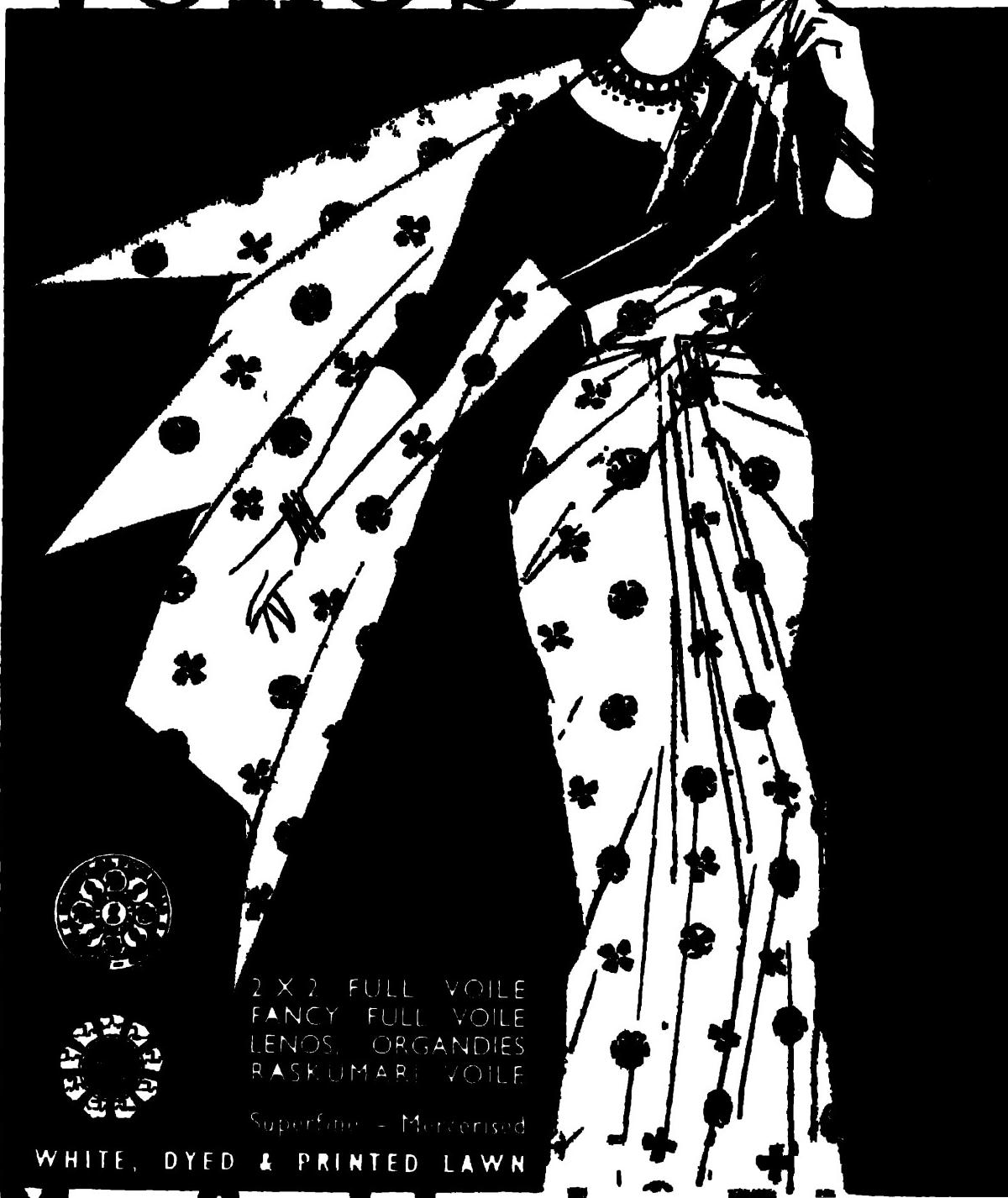


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*The*  
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AUGUST 1959

*A series of "accidents"  
have made the Russian-Turkish border region  
a black spot in the sky—and the evidence  
suggests a sinister explanation*

## **FLIGHT PATH—TO MURDER?**

*By Allen Rankin*

AT 10.21 A.M. on September 2, 1958, a four-engined C-130 U.S. Air Force transport plane lumbered into the air from the U.S. base at Adana, Turkey, and disappeared above the overcast. The plane, piloted by Captain Paul Duncan, was unarmed. On board were four other officers and 12 men. Their mission was to make a routine check of the behaviour of radio beams and frequencies by which aircraft navigate over Turkey. For its job, the C-130 carried special electronic equipment.

At 11.42 Captain Duncan's plane was due over Trabzon—100 miles from the Russian border. It was

at 25,500 feet but was invisible from the ground because of heavy clouds. Duncan had filed a flight plan saying he would fly to Trabzon, then make a right-hand turn and proceed parallel to the Russian frontier—but never closer to it than 100 miles—to the Turkish city of Van. Duncan's plane reported its position to the radio operators at Trabzon, and received a report on weather conditions.

"Roger," came the acknowledgement.

That was the last word the Free World has heard from any of the transport's crew of 17.

After ten days of silence about the

vanished plane, Soviet diplomats replied to U.S. inquiries. They finally announced that "the intruder" had "crashed" on Alagoz Mountain, 25 miles inside the border of wild and rugged Soviet Armenia. A formal Kremlin note said that the remains of bodies were found, "from which it is possible to assume that six members of the crew perished." There was no explanation of how the plane had crashed, or why. Despite repeated U.S. requests, not a word was forthcoming about the fate of the remaining 11 airmen.

Presumably Soviet authorities considered the matter closed when, on September 24, they deposited six crude coffins on the little bridge crossing the border-forming Araks River near Leninakan. The bodies were so shattered and torn from the crash that only four could be positively identified.

From the start, the U.S. Air Force doubted that this tragedy was an accident. True, a jet stream of wind had moved unexpectedly across Captain Duncan's course, and murky flying weather had offered few glimpses of the ground. But neither should have thrown an excellent instrument pilot such as Duncan far off course—certainly not the 120 miles off course where his plane came to grief.

Then, too, the event that had befallen Major L. W. Lyles and eight fellow American airmen scarcely two months earlier still made lively speculation. Lyles' C-118 transport

had disappeared mysteriously on June 27 while making an ordinary cargo run on about the same course as Duncan's. Questioned the following day as to what they knew about this, the Soviets answered vaguely: Russian fighter planes had "forced the trespasser aircraft to land" near Lake Sevan, in Soviet Armenia; it had "burned"; the nine Americans were "detained."

Ten days later the nine U.S. airmen were released, and told their own story. Major Lyles, somewhere between Adana and Trabzon, had been trying to get out of turbulent thunderstorms when suddenly he was fired on by two MIG fighters. He lowered his landing-gear "in an attempt to indicate clearly that we were on a non-provocative flight." The Soviet fighters replied by sending Lyles' plane down in such a wrapper of flames that he and three others couldn't parachute out with the rest. Still, he managed to set the plane down on a half-finished runway—which turned out to be Russian—and the last four men jumped clear just before the craft exploded.

Officers aboard Lyles' aircraft suspected that something other than storms had brought them too close to the border. When they had come out of the thunderheads, the navigation beams seemed to be askew. Had Captain Duncan and his crew met with a similar experience?

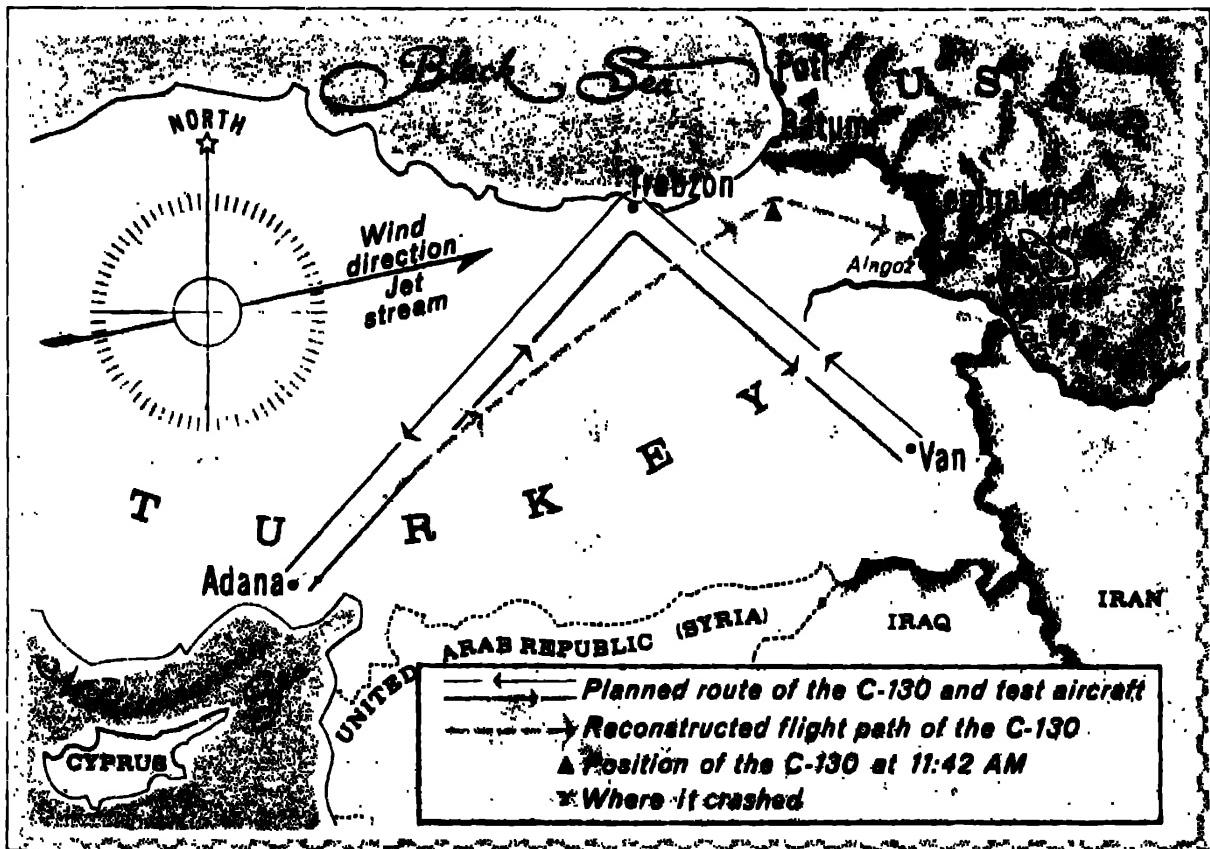
On September 8 a specially-equipped U.S. test plane was sent over the exact route the lost C-130

had embarked on six days earlier. Its aim was to find out just why Captain Duncan had wandered so far off course.

As the craft approached Trabzon, the crew noticed something strange. The Morse Code identification signal coming from Trabzon tower, sounding "TZ . . . TZ . . . TZ . . ." in their earphones, was supposed to grow louder and stronger. Instead, it grew weaker, and a stronger signal from somewhere else began. There was Trabzon tower now, directly beneath them (they had been careful to choose a day with good visibility, so that they could see ground points clearly), but what sounded like its signal was beckoning them on towards Russia!

The test airmen smiled grimly. As they left Trabzon behind, the quivering needle of their radio direction finder (RDF) did not swing round and point back towards the Trabzon beacon, on which it was supposed to be homing. Instead, it kept pointing north-east, along the curving coast of the Black Sea, towards Russia. If this test crew had been flying "on instruments," as Captain Duncan had been, they might have headed right across the Soviet border! And into a Soviet trap?

Investigating further, the special crew flew as far as permitted up the coast of the Black Sea, to a point within sight of the border. With the help of sensitive instruments



they determined that the intruding beams were coming from the vicinity of Batumi and Poti, Russian Black Sea cities. Both places are almost directly in line with the Turkish flight lane extending from Adana to Trabzon, and the radio signals blanketing Trabzon were only one kilocycle removed from the Trabzon frequency.

The air force team continued the test. Returning to Trabzon, they then "homed" their radio direction finder on the Turkish city of Van, which had been the intended destination of Captain Duncan's transport. Now even more powerful signals pulled their RDF needle towards Yerevan in Soviet Armenia, the area where Captain Duncan's plane was later found to have crashed. It was not until they came very close to Van that its friendly call—15 kilocycles different from Yerevan's but not nearly so powerful—could be heard clearly.

On November 13, the Deputy U.S. Under-Secretary of State, Robert Murphy, invited Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov and Soviet Air Attaché Major-General Mikhail Kostiouk to his State Department office. Once again he asked for "the facts" on the 11 missing airmen. Receiving no information, he went on to *provide* some. He told them it appeared likely that the plane's pilot had crossed the border unintentionally "as the result of signals transmitted by radio beacons" in the U.S.S.R. He charged that the

transport had been deliberately shot down "as though it were an enemy aircraft" and "without regard for the rules of civilized international practice."

Menshikov questioned this. Whereupon Murphy offered to play a certain tape recording that he thought might interest his guests. It was a record of a conversation between Soviet pilots in what appeared to have been a rather one-sided battle. Ambassador Menshikov refused to listen to the recording. "I am not competent to assess it from a technical point of view," he said.

"That is the reason General Kostiouk has been invited to accompany the Ambassador on his call," said Murphy.

Menshikov declined again.

Had he listened, he would have heard the sounds of murder being committed in Soviet Armenian skies on September 2. For the back-and-forth talk and bursts of gunfire that accompanied the shooting down of the American transport had been monitored and recorded. Here are significant extracts:

First Russian pilot: "I see the target to the right."

Another: "I see the target, a large one . . ."

A third, identifying himself by plane number. "I am 201. I see the target. Attack! I am 201. I am attacking the target."

"Attack, attack. 218, attack!"

Jubilant voices, high-keyed with excitement. Over a period of 20

minutes they are heard, as at least five fighters form up and then batter their unarmed victim. Further snatches complete the story:

"The target is a transport, four-engined."

"Target speed is 300 [300 kilometres, about 180 m.p.h.]. I am going along with it. It is turning towards the fence [the border]."

"There's a hit!"

"The target is burning, 582."

"Open fire!"

"218, are you attacking?"

"Yes, yes, I . . ."

"The tail assembly is falling off the target."

"Look at him. He will not get away. He is already falling . . ."

Then the shout of final victory: "Yes, he is falling. I will finish him off, boys. I will finish him off on the run."

Why wasn't the public told immediately about the recording that Murphy offered to play for the Soviet Ambassador? The reason was simple. The State Department wanted to give the U.S.S.R. every opportunity to free the 11 missing airmen—if they were still alive—

### The Record To Date . . .

*Since April 8, 1950, aircraft of the Soviet Union have, deliberately and without provocation, shot down eight American planes in locations ranging from Yuri Island, off Japan, to the Baltic Sea. They have forced two planes, under threat of destruction, to land in Russia and Hungary, and have attacked but failed to shoot down three other planes. At the moment 35 American airmen, some or all of whom may have survived, are missing; many may be in Soviet prisons--although the Kremlin denies it.*

before diminishing this possibility by revealing the Soviet crime. Knowing that Anastas Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Premier, would be

visiting the United States last January, U.S. officials delayed in revealing the tape until they could make a final appeal to Russia's No. 2 man to say what had become of the C-130 airmen. The delay proved futile.

THERE is nothing new—to certain flyers—about Soviet "decoy" radio signals. A U.S. Air Force pilot has told me: "As early as 1956, when I flew through Turkey, there was a notice, 'Beware of confusing radio signals'; we all knew whose signals were meant. Today every pilot who flies through the part of the world where the C-130 went astray is warned to watch his step, his dead reckoning and his radar."

"There's a name for this kind of thing in military parlance," an executive in the electronic industry informs me. "It's called 'spoofing.' "

The mildest thing that can be said about this kind of "spoofing" is that it's illegal. In every civilized

country, specific radio frequencies are assigned by law to specific stations. To operate them in such a way as to interfere with one's neighbouring country is a direct violation of the International Telecommunication Convention of 1952, which Soviet Russia signed.

At best, interfering radio signals are criminally dangerous entanglements capable of tripping the most skilful pilots in bad weather. At worst, the Soviet kind amounts to cold-blooded murder—a calculated terrorism aimed at harassing airmen who fly Free-World air routes near Soviet territory.

What can be done about "incidents" that end with coffins or with the total disappearance of airmen?

For one thing, we can modernize Free-World radio beacons in spots

where they are being washed out by stronger Soviet transmissions. For another, we can urge the United Nations to insist upon international air navigation laws with the teeth of enforcement in them. The laws of the sea, nearly as old as mankind, demand that one not only refrain from attacking his fellow mariner but assist any sailor he finds in distress. Maritime law is strictly enforced all over the globe; aviation law, less than 56 years old, has yet to enforce these civilities.

The greatest hope, however, is that the Soviets can somehow be convinced that as long as the U.S.S.R. extends one hand in apparent friendship and commits murder with the other, the devoutly wished-for "thaw" in the cold war is absolutely out of the question.

### *Children's Hour*

My FRIEND must have noticed my incredulous look as she handed me a birthday card from her young son, obviously teacher-inspired and adorned with pink rosebuds. "Don't worry," she reassured me. "You'll recognize Stevie on the inside." And I did as I read:

Thanks for breakfast, lunch and dinner  
If it weren't for you, I'd be much thinner.

—Contributed by C. W. A.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD walked into his house one day carrying a worm. "What," demanded his mother, "are you doing with that worm?"

"We were playing outside," replied the boy, "and I thought I'd show him my room." —D. G.

AT THE lemonade stall set up by a neighbour's small daughter, orange or lemon drinks were 25 n.p.; plain water, 10 n.p. I settled for water and was given a cup, which I drained in one swallow. When I was able to get my voice back, I asked where she got the water.

"In our refrigerator," she replied.

I must say it was the cheapest martini I've ever had. —Contributed by P. D.



*The famous humorist shows how easy it is for a man to handle things in a wifeless kitchen*

By James Thurber

## Lady in a Trap

SOMETIMES those little fillers you see in newspapers are more fascinating and provocative than the major news stories, and one of this kind turned up not long ago: "When a female mole is caught in a trap, the male often worries so much that he starves to death." My wife read this item aloud to me in a reproachful tone, clearly implying that the male of any species, including mine, would be awkwardly helpless and just go to pieces if he came upon his mate caught in a trap, or bound and gagged and locked in the linen cupboard.

"Devoted little fellow, the mole," I said. "Note that he does not seize this golden opportunity to run away with the female squirrel that lives in the oak tree. No, he stands loyally by, thinking of Mamma and grieving over her fate."

"In a tomcat's eye he does," said my wife. "The item does not say 'grieves,' it says 'worries.' All he's thinking about is where his next meal is coming from. That isn't his loved one he sees in the trap, it is his cook. The male knows that as soon as he finishes the biscuits and milk

*Condensed from "Thurber Country," © 1953 by James Thurber, published by Hamish Hamilton, London, England.  
This material originally appeared in The Bermudian.*

—and the whisky—and is faced with the problem of cooking something, he is a condemned male. He will starve to death out of ignorance, and not out of sorrow. You surely remember the time that you——”

“I don’t want to go through that again,” I said crisply, knowing full well what she was thinking about: the time I poured some dry breakfast cereal in the top of a double boiler, filled the bottom part with water and set the boiler on a gas jet, getting not cereal for breakfast, but only evaporation.

A few days later, when my wife had driven over to the hairdresser’s, I decided to make a secret exploration of our pantry and kitchen, so that I could show an easy familiarity with them the next time she said, “A man never knows where anything is.”

I decided to proceed on the assumption that Mamma was caught in a trap and that I had to prepare a meal for myself without help from any female. The experiment proved, to my dismay, that the average husband would be lost in his own kitchen. Let us take not me but a hypothetical husband named John, whose wife is caught in a trap.

He wanders into the pantry and sees a lot of drawers and cupboard doors. The first door he pulls open reveals nothing to eat, but only several shelves containing enough glasses of all kinds, it seems to him, for a family of 15. The next door opens up to reveal 200 plates,

amongst them the Spode set and green glass ones for salad.

He decides he is up too high and he opens a couple of cupboard doors flush with the floor, and gets tangled up with the things you make onion soup and baked eggs in, and a lot of iron, copper and aluminium objects, in a recess that becomes deeper and darker, at the end of which he unearths a toaster. He hastily closes these doors and begins pulling out drawers filled with knives and spoons.

At this point he realizes that he should probably find the refrigerator, which he finally does, peering helplessly inside, getting his forefinger into something cold and sticky, and at length removing a head of lettuce and two eggs. He sets these on the kitchen table, but the eggs begin to roll, so he puts them in his pocket.

Coffee is now the thing that comes to mind, but all he can find at first is a shelf holding raisins, corn flakes, noodles, rice, gelatine, flour, porridge and baking-powder. Not far from these he finds vanilla, spices, tomato sauce and a bottle of Worcester sauce. He now feels that he is losing ground rapidly.

Ten minutes later he finds the coffee in a tin marked “Coffee,” puts it on the kitchen table, takes off the lid and finds himself, to his astonishment, placing the two eggs in the coffee tin where they will not roll. This, it occurs to him, is somehow wrong, and he remembers

Christopher Columbus's solution of the problem of how to keep an egg from rolling. He takes out one of the eggs, strikes one end of it smartly on top of the table, and produces a small pool of yolk and white. The egg does not stand on end, as it should. It leaks. He leaves the other egg in the coffee tin and begins to hunt for a percolator. This takes him back to the dark recess with the toaster and the other metal objects. There is no percolator, and he realizes why when he sees the new-fangled coffee-maker and remembers that the old-fashioned percolator is gone for ever.

He knows he cannot work the new one, so he gives up the idea of making coffee and thinks of opening a tin of peaches. Before he can find a tin of peaches, he has placed 17 tins of other things on the floor. Now comes the problem of opening the peaches, and he goes through the drawers looking for a tin-opener. He can't find one. He is suddenly no longer hungry.

The project of cooking something is completely abandoned, for he is faced with a much more urgent task: how to get rid of the mess he has created with the egg and prevent his wife from finding out about it. He looks around for a cloth, and spots one neatly folded over the back of a kitchen chair. On this he wipes his eggy hands and, as the cloth falls open, he sees that what he has hold of is an apron. Panic seizes him now, and he wipes up the remains

of the broken egg with the apron.

The dilemma now is what to do with the apron. The wild idea crosses his mind that he can hide it in the dustbin, but a misty sense of the fitness of things restrains his hand. He hurries into the living-room and stuffs the apron in the waste-paper basket, but even as he does so the dreadful compulsion is forming at the back of his mind to wash out the evidence of his guilt. He takes the apron from the waste basket, goes upstairs, runs a bath of hot water and douses the apron.

What he has now is something so wet it cannot possibly be dried before his wife gets home. Every husband must work out this quandary in his own way. The more timid men may try to hide the wet apron inside an overcoat hanging in a wardrobe, or under the clean pyjamas in a drawer. The bolder ones, like me, will spread the thing over a radiator or hang it on the towel rail.

My own experience has taught me that nothing can be successfully hidden from a woman unless she hides it from herself. The normal housewife knows the whereabouts of everything small, but she has a tendency to mislay toasters and the like, and the one you found in that dark recess may cheer her up so that she will forgive the apron incident.

I would get those 17 tins off the floor, though, and take that remaining egg out of the coffee and put it back in the refrigerator.

*How old is the universe? How old is the earth?  
When did man first appear? Radioactivity  
is providing scientists with new and accurate  
answers to these and a host of other questions*

# The Time Machine Reveals History's Oldest Secrets

*By Lyman Briggs and Kenneth Weaver*

**T**ICK . . . tick . . . tick . . . *tock!* Watch in hand, we timed the slow clicking of the electronic counter: soft ticks at irregular intervals of three or four seconds and a louder click every minute or so. In imagination we pictured a mighty grandfather clock, its leisurely tick-tock echoing down the corridors of time. And indeed the bank of instruments before us did contain a kind of clock: a clock of atoms.

This atomic timekeeper is a tiny amount of radioactive carbon in a fragment of charcoal. Long ago it blazed in a cave fire that warmed a

Stone-Age family in northern Iraq. Through the centuries this carbon had been radioactively disintegrating, its atoms exploding one by one. Each year it had given off fewer explosions, like a clock whose spring is running down. Now, as a counter recorded those explosions, we waited with mounting excitement while the scientist with us made a quick calculation.

"There it is," he said, pointing to his pad. The figures showed that the embers of that prehistoric campfire had burnt out *more than 30,000 years ago!* The people who sat round that campfire a thousand

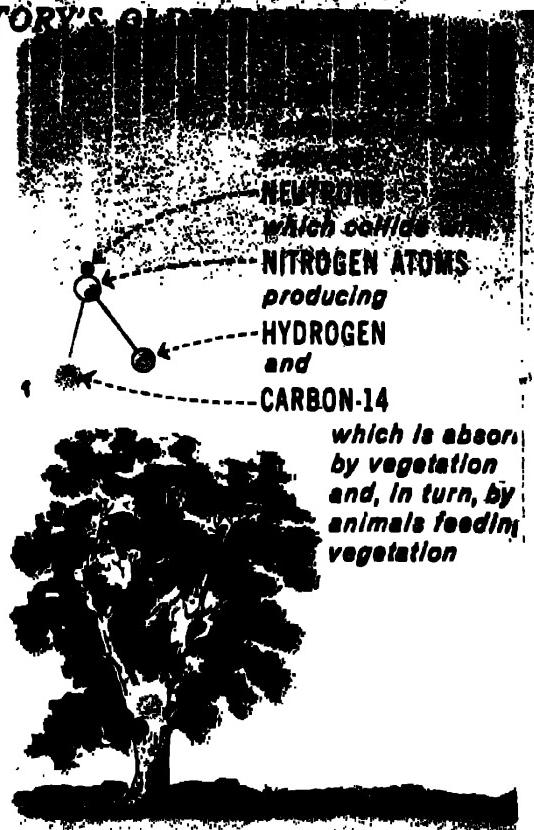
## THE TIME MACHINE REVEALS HISTORY'S OLD AGE

generations ago could not write, had no calendar and left no records; yet with radiocarbon, which can give a birth certificate to a very ancient object, we can now begin to read their secrets in the charcoal of their hearths.

The riddle of age has always fascinated civilized man: how old is the universe? How old is the earth? When did man first appear? When did the glaciers last retreat? Remarkable new dating methods, of which radiocarbon is the most spectacular, are beginning to give some intriguing answers.

It was carbon dating that authenticated the now famous Dead Sea Scrolls, which have since proved of such incalculable worth to Biblical scholars; linen wrappings from some of the scrolls proved to be more than 1,900 years old. Radiocarbon showed lotus seeds, found 20 feet below ground near Tokyo in 1948 and still capable of sprouting, to be more than 3,000 years old. Charcoal from a ritual pit at Stonehenge, England, indicated that the stately circle of columns must have been laid out 1,800 years before Julius Caesar's legions invaded Britain in 55 B.C.

The man who first worked out a way to use radiocarbon as a means of dating the past is Dr. Willard Libby, the American nuclear chemist. Dr. Libby reasoned that the cosmic-ray bombardment of the upper atmosphere with rays of thousand-million-volt energy must result in the transmutation of some of the abundant nitrogen atoms into radiocarbon (often known as carbon-14). He reasoned further that radiocarbon joins with oxygen to form carbon dioxide, which all



When living material dies,  
carbon-14 begins to disintegrate

An illustration of a dead tree trunk lying on the ground, representing a sample of living material that has died and is now decaying.

After 5568 years  
½ of carbon-14 remains

An illustration of a tree trunk with a significant portion removed, representing the remaining half-life of carbon-14 after 5568 years.

After 11,136 years  
¼ of carbon-14 remains

An illustration of a tree trunk with a smaller portion removed, representing the remaining quarter-life of carbon-14 after 11,136 years.

After 16,704 years  
⅛ of carbon-14 remains

An illustration of a tree trunk with a very small portion removed, representing the remaining eighth-life of carbon-14 after 16,704 years.

After 70,000 years  
virtually no carbon-14 remains

An illustration of a tree trunk almost entirely removed, representing that virtually no carbon-14 remains after 70,000 years.

*plants absorb by the process of photosynthesis. Plants in turn are eaten by animals and human beings, who thus acquire radiocarbon in all their tissues. Death halts the intake of radiocarbon, but what is already in the tissues continues to break down, throwing out negatively charged electrons until it becomes nitrogen again.*

This radioactive discharge, Dr. Libby knew, could be detected with an ultra-sensitive Geiger counter. Radiocarbon has a "half life" of approximately 5,600 years: in that period half the radiocarbon in any sample disappears. Half of what is left disintegrates in the next 5,600 years, leaving a quarter of the original—and so on, indefinitely. Dr. Libby reasoned that by determining the amount of radioactivity left at any point, and by measuring that amount against a calibrated scale based on the radioactivity of modern carbon, the scientist could tell the age of organic substances. And so carbon dating was born.

Dr. Libby began using his discovery in earnest in 1949, testing the major archaeological treasures of the last 25,000 years. Carbon dating is now so advanced that the technique itself offers few difficulties. Any organic material—wood, flesh, bone, horn, dung, peat, grain, beeswax—will reveal its age so long as we can measure the faint pulses of carbon atoms. At present more than a score of laboratories in Britain,

*the United States and elsewhere are doing radiocarbon work—some of them at the rate of a sample a day.*

Radiocarbon has produced the first reliable chronology of the Ice Age. Estimates had placed the date when ice last covered Scotland and much of England at about 22,000 B.C. However, radiocarbon tests of peat strata from an ancient bog at Scaleby Moss, near Carlisle, show that this date is much too early; the ice did not retreat until about 8300 B.C. On the other hand, plant debris from Ponders End, north of London, has proved to be more than 20,000 years old—the plants flourished before the last Ice Age.

A second major contribution of the new dating techniques has been the extension of our knowledge of the beginning of agriculture. Dr. Robert Braidwood, of Chicago University's Oriental Institute, has excavated the earliest known agricultural village, in the Kurdish hills of northern Iraq. Its name is Jarmo, and its radiocarbon age, determined a few months ago, is about 9,000 years.

"Some 4,000 years before historic times, Jarmo's people grew barley and two kinds of wheat," says Dr. Braidwood. "They made flint sickles with which to reap their grain, milling stones on which to crack it and ovens in which to parch it. We are sure they had the domesticated goat, and possibly also sheep, pigs, dogs, cattle and horses.

*They left behind an astounding variety of bracelets, magnificent stone bowls and figurines."*

Why is this forgotten mud town important to us? Because civilization was not possible until man gave up hunting and learned the skills of agriculture. Scientists regard the time when man first became a farmer as a truly crucial period in history, even greater in its impact than the industrial revolution.

A third outstanding contribution is the light that radiocarbon throws on the history of man in North America.

The first creatures who could be called human presumably lived in Africa or south-eastern Asia. There we find a few crude stone tools and fossil remains estimated to be roughly half a million years old. Apparently it took a very long time for Early Man to discover the bridge between Asia and the Americas and to cross the Bering Strait.

Skeletal remains of ancient men in the Americas are so rare that it used to be a common notion that the Red Indians had been in the New World only a few centuries before Columbus. Radiocarbon says, however, that men armed with stone-tipped spears were hunting in Arizona by 10,000 B.C., and one carbon date, still controversial, suggests that man may have been in Texas as long ago as 35,000 B.C. The dim beginnings of agriculture in the New World seem to go back beyond 4000 B.C., for primitive maize appears in

New Mexico's Bat Cave together with charcoal of that age.

How old is America's copper industry? Few would guess the answer: nearly 4,000 years. That long ago, charred wood tells us, aborigines worked thousands of pits on Isle Royale, in Lake Superior. For at least a millennium these prehistoric miners, who threw water on heated rock to crack loose the pure metal, traded their product as far south as Florida.

The practical limit for radiocarbon dating is about 70,000 years. Fortunately, however, where carbon leaves off, a variety of other radioactive substances—such as uranium, radio-rubidium and radio-potassium—enable scientists to date rocks and the earth itself.

How old is the earth? "The poor world is almost 6,000 years old," wrote Shakespeare in *As You Like It*. This figure apparently had ecclesiastical support in those days, for in the middle of the 17th century Anglican Archbishop Ussher proclaimed that the earth was created in 4004 B.C.

With the growth of scientific knowledge, man found that he must raise his sights regarding geologic time. Studies of the rocks suggested that they might be millions of years old. Then, about A.D. 1900, an Irish scientist named Joly calculated an age for the earth by measuring the salt in the oceans. He reckoned that it must have taken nearly 100 million years for rivers and streams

to pour that much salt into the seas.

*For a quarter of a century, people generally accepted Joly's estimate of 100 million years. But by 1930 new discoveries in geology and radioactivity persuaded geologists to increase this figure 20 times, and an age of two thousand million years for the earth became fashionable.*

Quite recently scientists have more than doubled this figure. New calculations, based on measurements of the decay of radioactive materials in rocks, show an age of about 4.5 thousand million years for our solar system, including the earth. "Now," in the words of the distinguished geologist Adolph Knopf, "the end of the enormous lengthening of time appears to be in sight."

With our new knowledge of the age of rocks, we know something

about the age of life on earth, for we find fossil algae in the oldest rocks yet dated. Actually, such ultra-primitive fossils are about all we do find in the rocks for 90 per cent of the earth's history. Only in the great geologic era known as the Palaeozoic, beginning about 500 million years ago, do usable fossil records appear of a type more advanced than the ultra-primitive. And man himself did not come on the scene until about the last half-million years—within the last few moments of geologic time.

When man contemplates his own insignificance in the face of such incomprehensible age, he can but recall the words of the Psalmist: "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

### Cartoon Quips

FATHER, pacing the floor with wailing baby as wife lies snug in bed: "Nobody ever asks me how I manage to combine marriage and a career!"

—M. B.

ONE YOUNG thing to another: "She's very dull . . . never contributes anything to a conversation even after she leaves the room." —J. F.

FRENCH waiter to American couple: "Monsieur, we have an American-tourist special--ten per cent off if you don't try to order in French"

—C. S.

SMALL boy to father laden down with tennis rackets, fishing-rods, bats: "But I've already got lots of pals—can't you just be my father?"

—Wilkinson

WIFE to grim-faced husband at breakfast: "Say something, Fred—no—on second thoughts, never mind."

—R. H.

ESCORT to girl friend studying restaurant menu: "Filet mignon? It's pickled goat's liver. Why?"

—B. H.

*One of the great entertainers of our time reveals the words that enabled him to overcome defeat and learn to live again*

## **MAURICE CHEVALIER: "The Best Advice I Ever Had"**



LIFE WAS just about perfect, I told myself, feeling immensely thankful that fate had been so good to me. Truly I was sitting on top of the world. I had been the star of a hit musical revue on the Paris stage for a year. I'd been signed to make four films at an important studio. Best of all, I had scores of good friends whom I saw often.

That was in 1922. I did not know then how soon all my good luck was to end.

Looking back later on what happened at *Les Bouffes Parisiens* that evening, I realized that there had been warning signs. For months I had been working too hard, sleeping too little, and exhaustion occasionally caught up with me—a terrible heaviness of spirit, a draining of morale. I had ignored it, however. "Momentary fatigue," I would say, and move out before the footlights, forcing the gaiety which the audience awaited.

This night, however, was to be different. At a long lunch with

friends, I'd foolishly indulged in too much rich food and too many wines. I had taken a nap, expecting to be myself again before curtain time. But at the theatre my brain still seemed to be on fire. I had never felt this strange dizziness before, and I tried to dismiss it as I waited for my opening cue. When the cue came, though, the words seemed to reach me from far away. I responded with my customary lines—or so I thought. But something had obviously gone wrong. I could see it in my fellow actor's eyes.

When I answered his second speech, I saw surprise turn to alarm, and I realized with horror that I had replied to both his cues with lines not from the *first* act but the *third!* Desperately I tried to get back on the track, but my mind was now suddenly a jumble. I was hopelessly lost.

The actor with whom I played the scene covered up for me beautifully, whispering the opening words of each of my lines, as did others in subsequent scenes. Somehow the evening came to an end with only those back-stage the wiser.

The rest of the cast laughed off the episode as a temporary upset. I

MAURICE CHEVALIER was a star of the Paris stage by the time he was 20. With the coming of talkies he went on the screen and became one of the highest-paid entertainers in the world. Recently, he has won millions of new fans by singing engagements round the world, and by the films *Gigi* and *Love in the Afternoon*. He recently finished a new film, *Count Your Blessings*.

wanted to believe them, but I was badly shaken. What if tonight were only the beginning? An actor who couldn't remember his lines—this could mean the end of a career which had brought me from rundown Montmartre cafés where I had sung for food to the finest theatres in Paris and a salary of thousands of francs a week.

Next day I went over and over my lines, rehearsing speeches and songs I had known perfectly for a year. But that night the panic returned, and with it a nightmare existence I was destined to suffer for months. On-stage I found myself unable to concentrate on the lines I must say at the moment; instead, my mind would race to those which lay far ahead, trying to ready itself in advance. I hesitated, stammered; the debonair ease which had been my trademark as an entertainer was gone. And then came attacks of vertigo, when the floor would whirl up to meet me in a dizzying spin. I was afraid I might actually fall in the middle of a scene.

I visited one specialist after another. Nervous exhaustion, they said, and tried injections, electric massage, special diet. Nothing worked. People began to gossip openly that my performances were slipping. I tried to avoid my friends, certain that they must be aware that something was wrong.

With such pressure building up inside me, a nervous breakdown seemed inevitable. It came. And

with it came a conviction that I was really finished.

The doctor ordered me to a rest-home in Saujon, a tiny village in south-west France. The world of Maurice Chevalier had crumbled, I told myself, and nowhere would the pieces ever be put together again. But I reckoned without the wisdom and gentle patience of the greying, intelligent doctor who was awaiting me in Saujon. With my dossier before him, Dr. Robert Dubois outlined a simple treatment of rest and relaxation.

"It will do no good," I said wearily. "I'm beaten."

But in the weeks that followed I took the long, solitary walks on country roads that Dr. Dubois suggested, and I found a certain peace in the beauty of nature which has never left me. There came finally a day when Dr. Dubois assured me that the damage to my nervous system had been repaired. I wanted to believe him, but I found that I could not. The inner turmoil did seem to be gone, but I still had no confidence in myself.

Then one afternoon the doctor asked me to entertain a small group at a celebration in the village. At the thought of facing an audience—any audience—I felt the blood drain from my head. I refused abruptly.

"I know you can do it, Maurice," he said, "but you must prove it to yourself. This is a good place to start."

I was terrified. What guarantee

would there be that my mind would not go blank again?

"There are no guarantees," Dr. Dubois said slowly. And then he went on with words which I can hear as clearly today as 37 years ago: "*Don't be afraid to be afraid.*"

I was not sure what he meant until he explained.

"You are afraid to step on to a stage again, so you tell yourself you're finished. But fear is never a reason for giving up; it's only an excuse. When a brave man encounters fear, he admits it—and goes on despite it."

He paused, waiting for my reply. There was a long moment before it came. I would try.

I returned to my room trembling at what lay ahead. I spent hours of torture during the next few days going over the words of the songs I would sing. Then came the final trial: when I stood in the wings of the tiny auditorium, waiting to go on.

For an instant, as panic mounted in me, I was tempted to turn and run. But the doctor's words echoed in my ears: *Don't be afraid to be afraid.* And then suddenly the amateur orchestra was playing my cue, and I moved on to the stage and began to sing.

Each word I sang and spoke that evening was anguish. But not once did my memory play me tricks. When I walked off-stage to the sound of enthusiastic applause I felt a triumphant joy welling up inside.

Tonight I had not conquered fear; I had simply admitted it and gone on despite it. And the scheme had worked.

There was a road back after all. Probably I would never quite regain my old assurance, I told myself, for what had happened once could always happen again. But I could live with myself now, and I was determined to prove it.

The path to Paris was not easy. I chose to begin it in Melun, only a few miles from the French capital. I selected a small cinema, found the startled manager and offered to sing for a sum so low he thought I was joking. When I convinced him that he was helping me towards my come-back, he agreed, and I began a pattern which was to take me to city after city for many weeks. Each performance was an agonizing strain.

"So you are afraid," I would whisper to myself every time. "So what?"

I said that same thing when, at last, I waited for my cue in a magnificent new theatre in Paris, ready

finally to face the challenge of a Parisian appearance. The curtain fell that night on the beginning of a new world for me. Applause shook the theatre. I answered calls for encores until I could physically do no more. Success, which I had once had and lost, was mine again.

Since that night, for almost four decades, I have gone on doing the work I love, playing for audiences everywhere. There have been many moments of fear, for the gentle doctor of Saujon was right: there are no guarantees. But being frightened has never again made me want to give up.

How often has fear been the barricade at which we have all halted in our tracks! We can see what we want beyond, but rather than admit that we are afraid and go ahead none the less, we so frequently invent excuses and turn back in defeat.

But my own experience has taught me this: if we wait for that perfect moment when all is safe and assured, it may never arrive. Mountains may not be climbed, races won, or lasting happiness achieved.

### *Child Psychologist*

I sometimes think that books on how to bring up children should be written by children. Queueing at an ice-cream stall, I noticed two boys, about seven and three. The elder was holding tightly to his little brother, who was announcing emphatically to all the world, "I want vanilla, I want vanilla."

Unfortunately the stall had run out of vanilla. Knowing how my own three-year-old would react to a crisis like that, I wondered how the elder boy would handle the situation. Without flinching, he ordered two strawberry cones and handed one to his little brother. "Here you are," he said cheerfully. "Pink vanilla!"

—Mrs. R. C.

# ANTWERP'S STREET OF DIAMONDS

*... where fabulous beauty and immense fortunes are  
lost and won in every day's work*

By J. D. Ratcliff



ANTWERP's Pelican Street looks like the slightly shabby business streets found in all cities—noisy, bustling, nondescript. But appearances can be misleading. Pelican Street could provide raw material for dozens of cloak-and-dagger thrillers. It's a place where fortunes are made and lost in a fraction of a second. For it is the centre of the most glamorous and most disaster-laden of all businesses—the diamond trade.

Without the flicker of an eye, dealers in Antwerp's glitter street can fulfil an order for Rs. 50 lakhs worth of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -carat stones; or oblige an Indian potentate willing to spend Rs. 20 lakhs on two pear-shaped diamonds of 30 carats each.

Diamonds, the earth's most precious commodity, have captured men's minds since the days of ancient Greece. They have always been associated with intrigue and violence. In fact, the modern industry sprang from a background of terror.

In the religious persecutions of the Middle Ages and Renaissance many Jews were harried, maltreated and driven from country to country. Some of them settled in hospitable Belgium and Holland. With them they took one of the few trades in which they were permitted to engage—gem cutting. Until the First World War, Amsterdam was the world diamond centre. Gradually the trade shifted to Antwerp, which today has about as many cutters as the rest of the world put together.

Current diamond production is approximately 28 million carats a year—a little more than six tons. Nearly five of the six tons are murky, colourless stones, valueless to jewellers but used in industry to cut, polish and drill. At the dentist's they bite through the hardest tooth enamel, and in oilfields through the hardest rock. They sharpen the super-tough tungsten carbide tools, on which industry depends. They provide the dies through which virtually all wire is drawn.

Until the 18th century, when small Brazilian deposits were discovered, almost all the world's diamonds came from India. Then, in the 1860's, the great African fields were opened; today these fields account for 98 per cent of world production. Some idea of diamond scarcity is given by the fact that 250 tons of ore must be processed to produce a single carat of gem stone.

From mine to jeweller's shop, diamonds follow a tortuous but fascinating path. Over 80 per cent of all roughs enter world trade channels via London. There, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., maintains two marketing organizations: the Diamond Trading Company, Ltd., for gem stones, and Industrial Distributors, Ltd., for industrial diamonds. Together, they market about Rs. 95 crores worth of stones a year, feeding them out at rates which keep the price level stable—and profitable.

In an atmosphere as hushed as that of a library reading room, gem stones are sold at monthly "sights." Selected buyers are invited to attend. Parcels are made up for them, each with a price tag of perhaps Rs. 24 lakhs. They may contain almost anything—from 20- or 30-carat stones down to "chips." Dealers may spend days examining the contents of their packages, but little haggling is permitted on price. They either buy or don't buy, and the matter is closed.

Antwerp is the next stop for many

of the diamonds sold at London sights. The rough gems that arrive there look something like dull chips of glass ground by sand on a beach. They come in all shapes and colours: green, violet, yellow, pink. The flawless blue-white is the most prized.

Smaller stones present no great cutting problems. Rubbed one against another, they are first given a rounded, top-like shape. Then they are fastened in a blob of solder to a device much like a gramophone pick-up. The arm presses the gem against a revolving iron disc which has been moistened by a mixture of olive oil and diamond dust. As each facet is completed, the diamond is turned to make another. Today's most popular cut is the "brilliant," with 33 facets on top and 25 on the cone-shaped lower part. The function of the facets is to break white light up into rainbow hues, and bring the stone alive by bouncing light back and forth between the surfaces.

Large stones—which are an owner's delight—are the headache of the business. Each is examined by a master craftsman. Through a jeweller's *loupe* he looks for cleavage lines and interior imperfections. Since rough diamonds are usually irregularly shaped, they must be sawn or cleaved to produce the biggest, most perfect gem stones. With the master craftsman rests the decision as to whether a stone shall be cleaved or sawn. If no clear cleavage line is

apparent, sawing is the answer. A paper-thin bronze blade, impregnated with diamond dust and revolving at 6,000 r.p.m., does the job. It may take a week to cut through a large stone.

Cleaving is a quicker but more hazardous method. A groove is scratched in the rough stone with a diamond-tipped chisel. Then a cleaving knife is fitted into this groove and whacked with a steel rod.

This can be spine-chilling work when large stones are involved. Says P. N. Ferstenberg, a plump, smiling little man who is one of Antwerp's busiest cutters, "We live with calamity and must be philosophical about losses. With the most expert knowledge we indicate a fault line. Then a stone falls apart along other lines, costing us a small fortune."

The most nerve-racking cleaving job of all time was presented by the fist-sized Cullinan diamond, the largest ever found. Weighing 3,106 carats, it was found in the Transvaal in 1905, presented to Edward VII by the Transvaal Government in 1907. For cleaving and polishing, it was sent to Asscher's Diamond Works in Amsterdam.

After craftsmen had spent months of study, the great stone was ready. Joseph Asscher gave the knife a sharp whack with a steel rod. The knife broke! Steeling his nerves, Asscher inserted another, struck a second blow. The great stone fell apart exactly as calculated. Asscher took one look—and went home to

celebrate. The largest Cullinan chunk, 530.2 carats, is in the Royal Sceptre; a 317.4-carat piece is in the Imperial State Crown. Both are on display in the Tower of London.

"There are other times when we live with disaster," says Ferstenberg. "Occasionally gas under tremendous pressure is trapped in a pocket in a diamond. When these pockets are struck a valuable stone may explode into dust. Several months ago

#### STEPS IN DIAMOND CUTTING

(Fig. 1) Initially, the diamond is rubbed down to an eight-sided shape resembling a top



Fig. 1

(Fig. 2) The rough stone is sawn or cleaved in two (Fig. 3) The facets are made by grinding away the corners

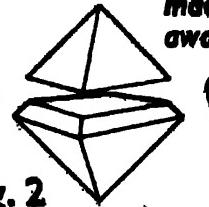


Fig. 2

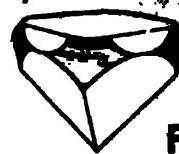
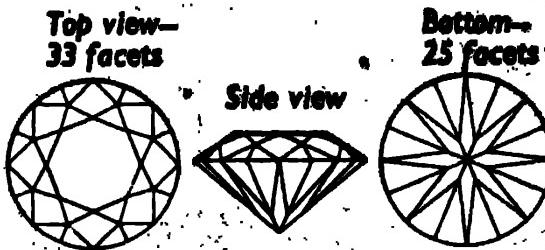


Fig. 3



For the standard brilliant cut 58 facets are polished on rounded stone

I had a  $5\frac{1}{2}$ -carat diamond worth £4,000. There was a minute imperfection at the edge of one of the facets. A purchaser wanted it polished away. The stone had barely touched the cutting wheel when it shattered into a thousand pieces.

"Yet we don't have bad luck all the time. Several years ago I bought a 35-carat brown diamond. It looked virtually worthless but I hoped some small fragments might be of gem quality. I marked a cleavage line and cut away a seven-carat piece. To my amazement—there was no way of knowing this in advance—all the brown discoloration was concentrated in that piece. The remainder was flawless blue-white of highest quality. It polished out into a beautiful  $12\frac{1}{2}$ -carat stone. A diamond which had cost me £10 a carat was now worth £200 a carat."

After being cut and polished, Antwerp's diamonds are ready for the world's jewellery markets. Most trading is done in the city's four diamond clubs, or exchanges—cavernous halls with long, bare tables.

Buyers from all parts of the world sit on one side of the tables, sellers on the other. Like chess players they may sit facing each other for hours, deep in concentration. The potential buyer minutely examines glistening stones dumped on a sheet of white paper. When an offer is made, the trading begins, patiently and cautiously. Finally a deal is struck and the two shake hands. No matter what nationality the traders may

be, a traditional greeting goes with the handshake: "*Mazal u' Brakha*"—Hebrew for "good luck and prosperity." Disputes are handled by a club arbitration board, finally and without appeal. A member who fails to abide by such decisions is barred from trading in any of the world's 14 diamond exchanges.

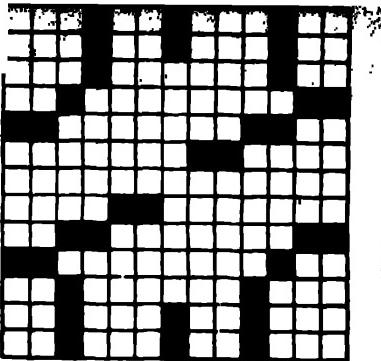
From the diamond exchanges, gems flow outward to the world's jewellers. Almost all shipments go by air mail. Insurance premiums—usually about half of one per cent of value—indicate that most legal shipments go through without a hitch.

Distribution of diamonds in the illegal trade is almost as highly organized as in the legal trade. Rough stones originate mainly in Sierra Leone, Ghana, Guinea and the Ivory Coast. Some are mined illegally, some are stolen. Almost all pass through Liberia. Although it is not a large producer, Liberia is the world's fourth largest exporter of rough diamonds, mainly because of the country's low export tax, which makes it feasible to send the stones out of the country by legal channels. Many are also smuggled out.

Diamonds have been called "a girl's best friend," but actually their role is more serious. They play a major part in keeping industry's wheels turning.

More important, most gem diamonds are sold in engagement rings, thereby acting as a tangible symbol of man's love for woman.

**IT PAYS  
TO INCREASE YOUR  
WORD POWER**



*By Wilfred Funk*

**O**NE-SYLLABLE words are among the clearest and most effective in the English language, but some of them can be deceptively simple. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **mull**—A: to offend. B: flatten. C: ponder. D: pout.
- (2) **mill**—A: to construct. B: bend. C: balance. D: move in confusion.
- (3) **mall**—A: shaded walk. B: fight. C: valley. D: row of houses.
- (4) **rile**—A: to heat to a high temperature. B: irritate. C: amuse. D: throw into disorder.
- (5) **hale**—A: honest. B: cordial. C: healthy. D: sincere.
- (6) **rail**—A: to argue. B: denounce. C: weep. D: laugh at.
- (7) **lull**—A: to fool. B: bore. C: rock. D: quiet.
- (8) **lout**—A: ill-bred boor. B: professional clown. C: idler. D: criminal.
- (9) **pale**—A: doorstep. B: boundary. C: gate. D: receptacle.
- (10) **dolt**—A: stubborn person. B: selfish fellow. C: stupid person. D: physically awkward person.
- (11) **dour** (dōōr)—A: angry. B: strong. C: dark. D: sullen.
- (12) **hoax** (hōks)—A: persuasion by flattery. B: practical joke. C: old age. D: ugliness.
- (13) **cant**—A: vanity. B: impudence. C: slanting position. D: song.
- (14) **cope**—A: to deal successfully. B: cover up. C: copy. D: seize.
- (15) **toll** (tōl)—A: total amount. B: weakness. C: penance. D: something paid, lost or suffered.
- (16) **bilk**—A: to spring a leak. B: cheat. C: to be sick. D: bail out a boat.
- (17) **maze**—A: fog. B: axe. C: sceptre. D: baffling network.
- (18) **sate**—A: to make wise. B: nauseate. C: satisfy. D: be cruel.
- (19) **reek**—A: to get revenge. B: smell offensively. C: be soaking wet. D: cry out.
- (20) **flag**—A: to fail in vigour. B: flap. C: punish. D: fold.

*Answers to*

**"IT PAYS TO INCREASE  
YOUR WORD POWER"**

- (1) **mull**—C: To ponder; think about; as, to *mull* over an idea. Middle English *mullen*, “to pulverize.”
- (2) **mill**—D: To move in confusion or in a circle; as, “The crowd began to *mill* around.” Latin *mola*, “millstone.”
- (3) **mall**—A: Level shaded walk, usually public; as, to promenade on the *mall*. Italian *palla-maglio*, “a ball-and-mallet game,” whence Pall Mall in London, a place where the game was played.
- (4) **rile**—B: To irritate; anger; vex; as, to *rile* an opponent. Old French *rouil*, “rust, mud.”
- (5) **hale**—C: Healthy; sound and vigorous; robust; as, a *hale* and hearty person. Old English *bāl*, “whole and sound.”
- (6) **rail**—B: To denounce; use scornful, abusive language; as, to *rail* against injustice. French *railler*, “to revile.”
- (7) **lull**—D: To quiet; soothe to rest; as, to *lull* a child to sleep. Middle English and German *lullen*, “to sing as a lullaby.”
- (8) **lout**—A: Clumsy, awkward, ill-bred boor. Old Norse *lita*, “bent over.”
- (9) **pale**—B: A boundary or limit, or that which is enclosed within bounds; now used figuratively, as, beyond the *pale* of civilized society. Latin *palus*, “stake.”
- (10) **dolt**—C: A stupid person; blockhead; dunce. Middle English *dold*, “dulled, stupid.”
- (11) **dour**—D: Sullen; sour; as, a *dour* look. Latin *durus*, “hard.”
- (12) **hoax**—B: A practical joke; deceptive trick or story; mischievous deception. Probably from *hocus-pocus*.
- (13) **cant**—C: A slanting or tilted position; as, the *cants* of a yacht. Latin *cantus*, “corner.”
- (14) **cope**—A: Contend or deal with successfully; as, to *cope* with a problem. French *couper*, “to cut off.”
- (15) **toll**—D: Something paid, lost or suffered; as, a heavy *toll* of lives.
- (16) **bilk**—B: To cheat; swindle; take advantage of; as, to *bilk* a customer.
- (17) **maze**—D: A baffling or confusing network, as of paths or passages; labyrinth; as, to be lost in a *maze* of conflicting regulations.
- (18) **sate**—C: To satisfy fully any appetite or desire; to surfeit; as, to *sate* with rich foods. Latin *satiare*, “to satisfy, satiate.”
- (19) **reek**—B: To smell offensively; give out a strong, unpleasant odour; as, to *reek* with chemical fumes. Old English *rēc*, “to smoke.”
- (20) **flag**—A: To fail in vigour; weaken; decline; sag; as, “Audience interest began to *flag*.” Latin *flaccere*, “to be faint, weak.”

**Vocabulary Ratings**

20 correct .....	excellent
19–17 correct.....	good
16–14 correct.....	fair



# *What It Means to Be a Woman*



If both partners in a marriage know and accept the true meaning of femininity, it can make the difference between happiness and discontent

*By John Kord Lagemann*

**H**OW LIKE a woman," a husband may say. The comment, made jokingly or in anger, frequently expresses honest bewilderment. He knows his wife responds differently and behaves differently from him in many situations, but why she does often baffles both of them. Many marriages might profit if both partners had a fuller understanding of the special nature of women.

More than anything else, men and women must realize that the greater part of a woman's life is ruled by her biological role. The eternal female is no myth. All during her reproductive years there is never a moment when her feelings are not influenced by the periodic chemical changes that prepare her for motherhood.

The ceaseless ebb and flow of hormones give rise, too, to unpredictable changes in mood, outlook on life and, of course, sexual desire.

In assigning different reproductive roles to men and women, nature gave each sex its own special kind of vulnerability. To ensure procreation she provided man with insistent and easily aroused desires for a mate. Since he can play his part only when he is ready, he is required to take the initiative. His vulnerability is the possibility that his readiness may fail him.

A woman's biological role, on the other hand, appears much easier. It seems to consist merely of being receptive to her partner, and since that can be accomplished simply by doing nothing to stop him, she does

*not have to worry about her own readiness. But she does have to worry about her power to attract and interest her mate. Without his interest she cannot fulfil her creative role.*

Woman's receptive role makes her vulnerable in another way, too. Unlike her husband, mere physical expression of love is seldom enough to give her a sense of completion. Fulfilment demands the outpouring of her entire being, spiritual and physical, in a fusing of identity with the one man in the world upon whom she is willing to bestow the gift of herself.

Few men realize how much courage it takes for a woman to accept the feminine role in sex and achieve the complete surrender required for mutual fulfilment. They have never experienced the risks that women have lived with since childhood. Long before a girl is old enough to marry, she has learnt from observation and from hearsay, of the penalties of ill-advised intimacy with men. From their earliest years, women build up emotional defences to guard them against premature, harmful or unwelcome intrusion. These defences, often appearing to be "feminine modesty," are based on fear. Until a woman is mature enough to manage her own life, these fears serve a useful purpose.

It would be wonderful if she could drop these defences immediately on falling in love and getting married, and proceed at once to find complete

*expression of her feminine impulses and emotions in marital relations. But marriage cannot transform her sexual attitude and behaviour overnight. Many of her defences remain.*

The conscious ones are the first to go. Fear of pregnancy, for example, may be replaced by a desire for children; or, for some, it may be relieved by consulting a reputable doctor on a safe means of contraception. The ordinary feelings of shame, shyness and false modesty carried over from girlhood usually yield to experience or to information acquired in talking to a doctor or a marriage guidance expert.

One of the most important things the young wife learns is that relatively few women achieve a climax in the early months of marriage and that at no time is failure a dire emergency. It reflects a way of life and a set of attitudes which have to be modified gradually.

They learn, too, that for a woman a climax is an individual matter and that no woman experiences it with the same frequency or intensity as another woman. Some women are constitutionally more emotional or sensual than others, and are deeply stirred not only by sex but by everything that matters to them. Naturally such women react more passionately than others. The wife whose climax evokes no more than a contented sigh may be just as fulfilled and therefore just as sexually "adequate" as the wife for whom it is an earth-shaking experience.

Underlying all these individual variations is the fact that virtually all women have the potential for sexual arousal and satisfaction. A noted gynaecologist told me how he gets this point of view across to his patients. In a leisurely pre-examination chat he draws on his best anecdotes. When his patient laughs, he tells her, "If you can find release in laughter, you can find another kind of release in marital relations."

As this doctor points out, a woman's ability to achieve sexual fulfilment has much in common with her sense of humour. Both must be shared to be enjoyed. Neither can be brought about by force, technique or sheer determination. A certain blend of spontaneity and thoughtfulness is essential. Neither is located in any particular part of the body. Both involve a woman's total personality.

In most cases, one of the first things young couples learn when they consult a doctor is that a wife's inability to achieve satisfaction is not due to any specific defect or deficiency. The most thorough physical examination seldom reveals any malformation, glandular imbalance or other physical symptom.

But questioning by the doctor may show that the wife has troubles in some other areas of her life besides her relations with her husband.

Careful study of interviews with several hundred mothers of newborn babies revealed that women who dreaded either menstruation or pregnancy rarely found satisfaction

in marital relations. On the other hand, women who accepted menstruation as a matter of course and those who looked on childbirth as a rewarding experience, usually reported a good sex adjustment. In other words, how much satisfaction a woman gets out of marital relations—and how much satisfaction she gives her husband—are closely bound up with her feelings about all her reproductive functions.

There is one difficulty that may be universal in women with whom failure to achieve satisfaction is a long-continuing problem. They need help in accepting their role as women. When a woman rejects her femininity, it is because she fears being passive\* and dependent. Instead of looking on marital union as a way of actively *giving* herself to her loved one, she sees it as a challenge to resist the danger of *giving in*.

Frigidity, then, is merely a defence against her own feminine nature. It cannot be translated as absence of sexual desire. There is no case where desire has not begun. To think of it as "coldness" is highly misleading. As an eminent gynaecologist has pointed out, it takes just as much passion for a woman to fight against her own deepest impulses as to express them fully.

"There is an urge, found in every organism, to express all its capacities," says the psychologist Dr. Carl Rogers. "It exists in everyone and awaits only the proper conditions to

be released. These conditions are warmth, understanding, unconditional acceptance by another human being."

If anyone can provide these conditions for the full release of a wife's feminine capacities, it is her husband. This may not be easy for him. When his wife fails to respond to him, he is likely to think of it as a challenge to his masculinity. His reaction to the challenge may only make it harder for his wife to respond to him.

No doctor or marriage guidance adviser will be able to make out a prescription and say, "Follow this and everything will be fine." But at the very beginning he can suggest a way of being together which will get the couple off to a good start in working out their own solution. Dr. Rogers describes it in this way:

When hidden fears prevent a wife from achieving sexual completion, her husband's problem is to create a "safety zone" in which she feels free to experience feelings which she usually hides behind a mask. This means that he doesn't judge, criticize, threaten, diagnose or prescribe, or come to her with ready-made notions of the kind of person he expects her to be. Instead, he permits her complete freedom of thought and feeling, and trusts some deep life-urge in her to overcome all obstacles to the expression of all her capacities—sexuality included.

Does this sound familiar? It is Dr. Rogers's way of summing up what he has found most useful in helping his patients to solve their emotional puzzles.

Most people would say that it was also a good definition of love.

### *Shoppers' Specials*

DURING a sale of electric toasters, my neighbour fought her way to the bargain table and managed to grab the last one. As she was carrying her prize to the cashier's desk, a well-dressed young man stepped forward and smilingly stretched out his hands. Gratefully, my friend relinquished the heavy toaster and followed him to the cashier. While she was getting her money out, and before she realized what was happening, the man paid for the toaster and walked out of the door, leaving her empty-handed.

—Contributed by M. K.

IN A delivery of books from a department store, I was charged for one that I did not receive. I telephoned the store and was promised that my account would be credited with the amount of the missing book. But the next day a delivery-man came to pick up the book. Again I phoned the store. I explained in detail that I had been charged for a book I did not receive and that now a driver had come to pick up the book.

"Did you give it to him?" asked the assistant. —Contributed by M. Miller

## DO NOT ANNOY THE OCTOPUS

*By Captain John Craig*  
Deep-sea diver and underwater cameraman

IT WAS from Japanese divers off the lower coast of Mexico that, in pre-war days, I learned how to treat an octopus. The Japs were "sargasso farmers." They had their fields on the bottom of the ocean, and actually went down there and cultivated the sea floor. Their "crop" was sargasso, a sea plant used in making various medicines.

The divers took terrible chances. The last time I passed Cedros Island I counted 22 graves in the little Japanese cemetery. There were only nine when we first went there.

"Don't move when an octopus gets hold of you," they told me. "It will get excited and attack if you struggle. But if you remain perfectly still the chances are that it will merely touch you here and there with a tentacle to satisfy its curiosity and then will move away." Those warnings saved me dozens of times from a horrible death. An octopus with tentacles eight or

*Condensed from Popular Mechanics Magazine*



nine feet long is tremendously powerful. One that size can strip all the flesh from a man in some 15 to 25 minutes.

Octopuses frequent dark, and rocky places on the ocean bottom. The female lays about 40,000 to 50,000 eggs near the mouth of some cave in subterranean reefs, where she remains during the 50-day hatching period. When hatched, the baby octopuses are about the size of a garden pea. Usually they rise immediately to the warmer sunlit surfaces, where birds and fish devour them by the thousand.

Within a year the survivors have grown to four or five feet in breadth. When moving about they walk on their eight arms or swim backwards by expelling water through a locomotor tube just under the head. A large octopus can dart about in this manner with surprising speed. Each tentacle is armed with vacuum cups which exert pressures as high as 19 pounds per square inch. When attacking prey, the octopus retains a firm hold on the sea-bed with three or four tentacles and grapples its adversary with the others. Its principal weapon is the parrot-like beak concealed in the centre of its many-armed hood. With that beak a large octopus can easily rip open a deep-sea diving suit.

I have had only one actual battle with an octopus. Off the Mexican coast, looking for a place to film some underwater pictures, I went

down to have a look at the bottom, hoping that we might find a picturesque wreck. I found a deep, black hole, and decided to explore it. Cautiously I descended about 20 feet, finally securing a footing on a shelf of rock. Standing on this ledge I peered downwards and spotted two large octopuses. They seemed to swarm over the entire bottom of that hole. My first impulse was to get away, but I decided the safer thing was to stand still.

The larger of the two octopuses extended a tentacle and touched my leg. I remained motionless, scared stiff, with my arms folded so that my bare hands were hidden in my armpits. After a long minute or two the octopus moved away to join its mate, while I hooked the toes of my lead shoes under some rocks and inflated my suit in preparation for a quick ascent. When I started for the surface, I realized that it was a dangerous move. Apparently the octopus hadn't satisfied its curiosity, for before I could get out of reach it whipped out a long arm and fastened on to my ankle. Luckily it must have been on loose gravel, for it was jerked from the bottom as I shot upwards. By the time I reached the surface it was swarming all over me, and to release me from those crushing tentacles my attendants had to hack off several with axes.

I have preserved one of those tentacles. It measures eight feet in length, so the octopus must have spanned at least 16 feet.



## The Two Lives of José Mojica

A dazzling success as a singer and film star, he suddenly vanished into another, quieter world. Why?

By Virginia Scully

EIGHTEEN YEARS ago a man disappeared. Tall, darkly handsome, he was at the peak of a brilliant career. As a concert singer he had received world-wide acclaim. In opera he had been Galli-Curci's opposite in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Mary Garden's in *Thaïs*. And with the coming of sound films in the late 1920's he had scored repeated film successes in both the English-speaking and the Spanish-speaking world. Then, suddenly, came the announcement: "José Mojica has retired."

The music and film worlds were stunned. Mojica was only 45. His vibrant tenor voice was as strong as

ever. He was getting 1,000 dollars a concert, 900 dollars for each thrice-weekly opera appearance, plus a 1,200 dollar-a-week salary. What could have impelled him to abandon so much?

ON A STREET corner in Arequipa, a town high in the Peruvian Andes, a brown-habited Franciscan friar stood quietly, waiting for his cue. Hundreds lined the cobblestone way along which the Good Friday marchers would pass. As the priest lifted his magnificent tenor voice in Schubert's "Ave Maria," the people stilled. They were prepared, as the

torchlit procession came into view, to take to themselves the meaning of the figure on the high-borne cross.

The priest was José Mojica. Since his ordination 12 years ago, he has sung to more thousands than ever heard him in concerts or opera, and his voice has enriched far more lives. How did he bridge the gap between his two callings? Why did the operatic idol choose to become a humble friar? The answers lie in his past.

José Mojica was born with roots deep in Mexico, his heritage a love of the land and the Roman Catholic faith. But before he was grown up, all that was wiped out. His father, owner of a small ranch, died when José was six. Eight years later Francisco Madero launched the Revolution of 1910, an idealistic political crusade which greed and demagogism turned into a reign of chaos. Along with lives and property, faith and ideals were lost in years of mounting violence. The boy, caught in the rising anti-clerical tide, rejected his Church.

He had no interest in his studies. He tried painting, then changed to music when a noted singing teacher heard him sing and offered his help. José was only 20 when, in a featured role in *The Barber of Seville*, his talents first received acclaim. "Then I knew the world was waiting for me," Friar Mojica now says wryly.

Through these years his mother, a pure-blooded Red Indian, had managed to keep her only son housed and fed by taking in sewing.

The going was grim at times, but Virginia Mojica would smile reassuringly and say, "God will show the way."

Now she gave her reluctant consent for José to go to New York. There he secured a job with an opera group being formed for a season in Mexico. Though his parts were small, his authentic gift plus his eagerness won the attention of a number of stars. In 1919 Enrico Caruso recommended him to the Chicago Opera Company.

Mojica was 23 when he arrived in Chicago with a modest contract to sing "secondary tenor." Quick to learn, he drove himself relentlessly—voice and drama coaching, language lessons (Italian, French, German, English), strict physical exercise. Within a year he was co-starring with the great. Society admitted him into its coterie, and the Press applauded his voice, his magnetic stage presence, his "amazing versatility."

Dazzled by sky-rocketing success, the introspective youth of former days gave place to a man engulfed by the world. But after a few years Mojica began to feel the first stirrings of dissatisfaction. He saw himself a prisoner to his contracts. His efforts to find peace through reading and meditation were unfruitful. In his own words, "I was like a ship without a rudder." *He had everything—and nothing.*

This was his mood when a friend invited him to visit his island estate

off the Maine coast. There, in his wanderings through the pine forest, the 27-year-old singer rediscovered nature. And with this came a corollary conviction: he was not born for the life he was leading. His temperament, his racial inheritance were in violent opposition to the materialism that surrounded him.

Then one morning, standing on a bluff overlooking a deep-cut cove, he was suddenly overwhelmed by the beauty of the scene. Raising his arms, he burst into the Spanish song, "I sing to the opening flower, to the birds of early morn . . ."

Hearing him, the estate manager exclaimed, "St. Francis of Assisi! You are like him!"

José began to think about the saint who had been "king of the revelers" in early youth, who had left a wealthy home to work among the destitute, who loved animals and preached to the birds. But he did not as yet find himself in the man of Assisi. Once again he plunged into his remorseless schedule.

Besides the opera, in the next few years Mojica appeared in 309 concerts all over the world. And there were the films: by the end of 1933 he had played in 12.

Hollywood's exaggerated way of life brought Mojica's struggle between his two selves into sharper focus. There was the Mojica of the film colony who fell in and out of love, and whose role in *King of the Gipsies* in 1932 brought him huge acclaim as "a second Valentino."

And there was the Mojica who, at a benefit at an Illinois university, had his first encounter with Franciscans. He found them "rich in interests and understanding." The Church he remembered from his youth was a sombre place with austere priests who seemed to say that life must be doleful. Had he rebelled against a faith, or only against men who lacked the warm qualities vital to leadership in a faith? Soon after that, Mojica began to pray again.

He had seen little of his mother during these years. Now he brought her to his home in Hollywood and devoted himself to her welfare. He returned to the Church, and Virginia Mojica's happiness was complete when, in 1933, her son became a Franciscan tertiary—a layman who, without vows, obligates himself to a disciplined life. All his newfound joy he poured into his finest picture, *The Cross and the Sword*. Made in 1937, it told of Franciscan friar Junípero Serra and the founding of the California missions.

When Virginia Mojica died in 1940, José's grief magnified his inner struggle. He was painfully oppressed by his own possessions. "Why the luxury of my big house . . . my soft bed . . . swimming in the pool? I thought of the millions of poor people with nothing in their lives, nothing in their spirits."

Thus had Francis of Assisi thought and spoken. Now, for José Mojica, there was but one step. After completing a concert tour of

South America, he took a year's novitiate in Lima, then entered a Franciscan monastery to be trained for the priesthood. In July 1947, in Lima, he was ordained.

*Now he had nothing—and everything.*

As a novice, Mojica had been shocked to learn of the shortage of priests in South America, of the fact that some 40,000 parishes lacked pastors. Now he was commissioned to make a study of the situation.

The recommendation that stemmed from his study: a seminary was needed at Arequipa to train Latin-American young men. It would cost a considerable amount. José Mojica, singer, had given away everything. Friar José Mojica, follower of Francis, was penniless. No matter; God would show the way.

It was now that his voice made its contribution. He had hoped this might happen. "St. Francis," he had written when he left the world, "was both an artist and a man of religion. I want to be both, too."

The next two years brought the most demanding schedule of his career: appearances in seven countries with at least three concerts a week, plus frequent broadcasts, charity benefits and preaching assignments. During one 14-month tour 800,000 people heard him. His voice was at perfection, and his performance in Cuba in 1951 was hailed by the Press as his "greatest moment." Then in 1953 he returned to the screen when, by direct order of the late Pope Pius

XII, he went to Spain to play the role of a singing priest in a film depicting the pilgrimage of a Mexican boys' choir to the shrine of Santiago de Compostela. For this he received some 540,000 pesos (about Rs. 2 lakhs), enough to finish his *Colegio Seráfico de San Francisco*.

The seminary was the fulfilment of what Friar Mojica had worked for, the tangible tribute to his philosophy of the happy, useful life. Then, in February 1958, the seminary was nearly destroyed by earthquake.

Could it possibly be rebuilt? Of course, said the man of faith—and within months the way to do so was shown him. Film rights to his autobiography—*Yo, Pecador (I, Sinner)*—were acquired by Mexican producers, and filming has begun with Friar Mojica playing his second life.

But Friar Mojica will sing in public no more. The end came suddenly one night when he stepped to the front of the stage with the piano behind him and missed his accompanist's introductory phrases. He half turned, caught the sounds of his friend's repetition of the passage. The concert continued. But José Mojica knew that, with deafness begun, his singing career was over.

He is ageing now, and the deafness is increasing rapidly. But he is a man at peace with himself.

To others who ask the route to inner peace, Friar Mojica flashes a wholly confident smile. "If a man honestly and earnestly seeks Him," he says, "God will show the way."

# Laughter the best medicine

THE OTHER DAY the prettiest girl in our typing pool announced that she'd found a new job and would be leaving in a few days. I expressed regret and said I presumed that she'd be making more money.

"No," she said, "I'll be making less."

"Then why on earth are you leaving?" I asked.

"Well," she said, pointing to the room where she worked, with its exclusively female occupants, "I suppose I'm just getting she-sick."

—Contributed by James Litsey

THE WORKERS in a large factory in Derby, England, were making secret plans to stage a big office party for the 80-year-old charwoman who had spent the better part of her life with the company. Somehow the secret leaked out and the old woman got wind of it. Much disturbed, she rushed to the office manager.

"Please, sir," she cried. "Don't let them do it! Don't let them do it!"

"Oh, come now, Mrs. MacIntosh. You mustn't be so modest. After all, they simply want to show the great esteem in which you're held."

"Esteem, me eye!" exclaimed the woman. "I'm not cleaning up after a big mess like that!" —E. E. K.

TWO CAVEMEN were huddled close to their fire. Outside it was raining and sleetting, thundering and lightning. One of the prehistoric fellows turned to the other. "You know," he grumbled, "we never had this kind of terrible weather before we started using bows and arrows." —P. T.

A TEACHER tells us she was a little startled by this note she received from the mother of one of her pupils: "Dear teacher. Please excuse Paul for being. It was his father's fault."

—Contributed by William Hodges

WE'VE JUST received a new cookery book from deepest Africa. It's called: *How to Serve Your Fellow Men*.

—E. E. K.

CINDY, the young daughter of a friend of mine, has recently acquired a boy friend who comes to see her quite often. At least he says that he comes to see her. Actually, he seems primarily interested in the free food and when he's at her house he spends all his time eating. The other day Cindy was feeling pretty depressed about the situation. "I'm trying to think of some way to get Bobby to pay attention to me," she told her mother. "Is there a perfume that smells like peanut butter?" —Jack Sterling

In Florida, the land of the rocket and the count-down, missile-men are busy conquering new worlds by strange methods. Every time a flight fails, they move a step nearer to success

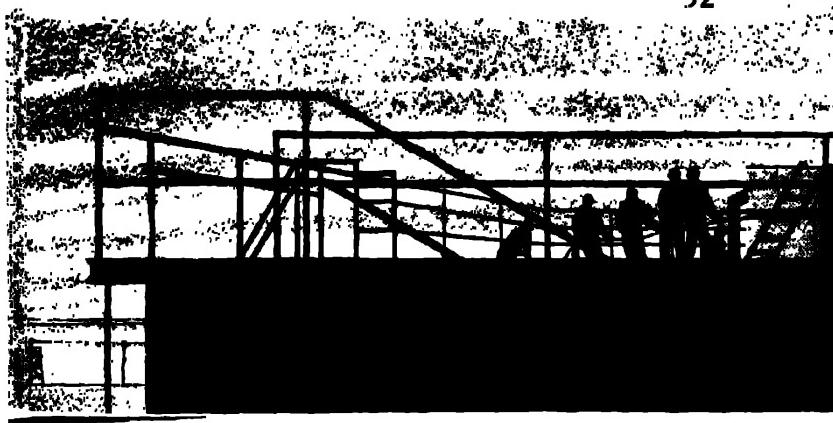
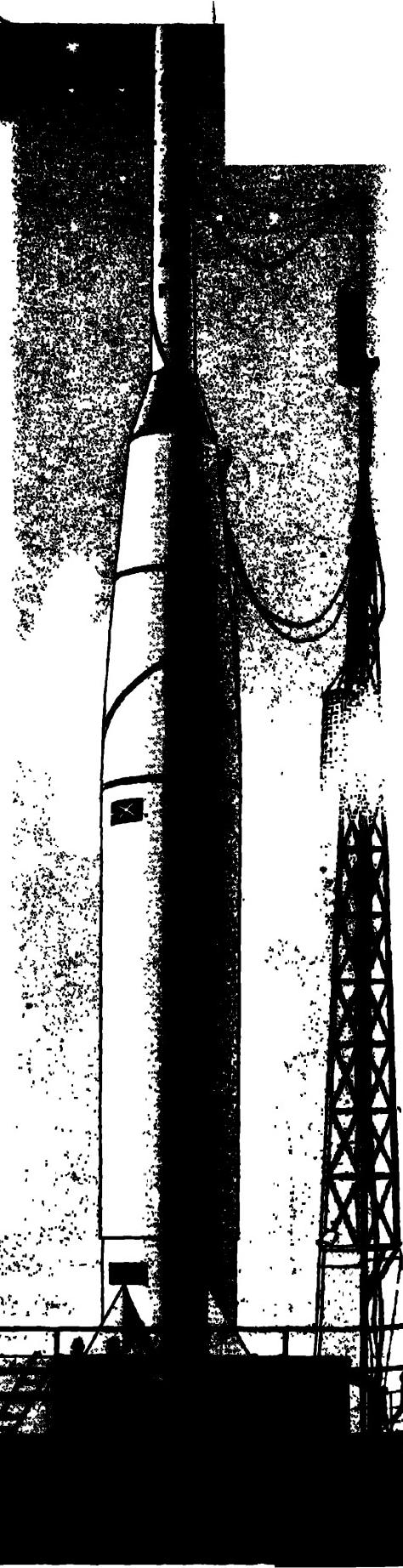
## Canaveral— Stepping-stone to the Stars

By Wolfgang Langewiesche

CAPET CANAVERAL, Florida, is the place where the space age is starting. It is on the narrow "barrier beach" that—separated from the mainland by bays, lagoons and tidal marshes—forms most of America's Atlantic coast.

To reach the Cape from the mainland, you drive on causeways across a lagoon, an island, another lagoon, for about a mile.

Long before you get there you see a dozen or so steel-structured towers. Through the sea haze it looks as if a bunch of lighthouses



were standing about having an interminable talk. These are the "gantries" which raise the big rockets up to a standing position and surround them with scaffolding so that men can work on them.

Here live machines of awesome possibilities. One thinks of the rocket mostly as a sort of long-distance artillery, but essentially the same machine can work as a satellite, a space probe, a moon-ship, a space platform, a mail transporter and even, in the far distant future, as a super-high-speed airliner.

The Cape is the focal point of the effort to make this new machine work; to make it work better than the Russians' machine. Canaveral is *not* where missiles are designed or built. That is done in the aircraft factories, or in the army's arsenals. Canaveral is where they bring the rockets to test-fly them over the range.

The "Atlantic Missile Range" extends from here 5,000 miles southeastward to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic, half-way to Africa. Arching over open seas, high above altitudes at which aircraft travel, the missiles' route goes past a whole string of islands and countries; from these, radar observatories look slantwise up at the flying missile and measure its exact course. There are also a dozen radar ships. The observatories are tied together by radio into one gigantic observation tool of great precision. All these activities are directed from the Cape and all

the observations flood back there.

The missile range is civilian operated, but is under U.S. Air Force supervision. Pan American World Airways, as contractor, runs the stations, hires and fires the men, owns and runs the ships, fuels the rockets, runs the liquid oxygen plant and, with the Radio Corporation of America as subcontractor, runs the radar and communications system. It is a very large operation. Merely to operate *one* of those distant radar observatories takes about 200 men, with skills ranging from electronics to cooking.

Canaveral is not a town. There is no post office of that name. Nobody lives on the Cape except a lighthouse keeper. People only work there—some 5,000 of them.

Some 20 miles away from Canaveral, also on the beach, is Patrick air force base. This is administrative headquarters for Canaveral and it does have a sort of town attached to it, composed of the usual dreary government-personnel housing and, strung out along the coast road, a line of glamorous, high-priced motels with names like "The Satellite" and "The Vanguard."

The unofficial community centre is the Starlite Motel. In its bar, underneath murals of moon scenes and space flights, you hear the special jargon of the missile-men. "Lox" is liquid oxygen. A missile is a "bird," a launching is a "shoot." The "beat-beat" and "azuza" are radar-like devices for tracking the missile. "Joe

went down-range to try and recover the data can." "Down-range" is the blue island world towards the south-east. A "data can" is a small container, heavily insulated and crash-proofed, which rides in the nose cone of the missile and brings home additional information. "We had to destruct." If a missile goes out of control and heads for inhabited land, the safety officer pushes a button and the missile blows itself up.

For all the juicy talk, however, you get no information—because you're not supposed to. Security is strict; and, more than that, few people at Canaveral are really in the know. The rocket art is already far beyond the understanding of most people, even the engineers. Most are supporters of supporters of the effort. But I did get some answers to questions that bother people.

*Why are there so many failures?* These missiles never seem to go right. They blow up on the launching pad. They go astray and have to be "destructed." They burn up in the air. They fall short of their supposed range. There's a whole new class of humour, the point of which is that the thing won't go. Some of the jokes are quite funny but they miss the real point.

The real point is that this is a test operation. Canaveral's product is not rockets, not even successful rocket flights, but simply *information*. They don't care whether the rocket goes or blows up. They want to know exactly *how* it blows up.

The failure rate is bound to be terrific for three reasons:

1. Once a missile works properly, they no longer fly it at Canaveral—they give it to the troops. Or, more probably, it is becoming obsolete by that time and they start testing a new design, again full of problems.

2. Testing missiles is different from testing aircraft. With an aircraft, you can bring the machine back and correct some trouble. With a missile, every test run ends in destruction, and every slight trouble means a faulty run. You may know what the trouble was, but to put it right you have to work on a new machine; and on the new machine, some *other* part, something that worked properly on the first one, may give trouble. Result? Another batch of jokes.

3. The complications of a big rocket are monstrous. Inside its deceptively simple shape it is full of the fiercest machinery yet devised by man. To get the lox and the fuel into the combustion chambers, for example, it has fuel pumps of fantastic capacity; they could empty a standard petrol tanker in five seconds. The flame that drives the rocket would melt any ordinary metal. The little gyros of the rocket's guidance system spin at 40,000 r.p.m.; the electrical system has perhaps 100,000 soldered connexions, and so on. To get a good flight, all these have to work perfectly at the same time. It is almost a certainty that the first flight will go wrong.

*Why don't they do more testing on the ground?* They can't. The "environment" in which the missile must work cannot be duplicated on earth—the emptiness of space, the intense cold, the weightlessness of free flight, the terrific acceleration while the rocket is blasting. For example, the flame that spews out from the rocket's tail-nozzle takes one shape when you run the rocket motor on the test stand, a different shape when the rocket flies fast through air, still another shape in empty space. Will it burn part of the rocket? There is literally no way on earth to find out. You have to shoot it off and see what happens.

The same goes for vibrations caused by the rocket's internal machinery. You can run vibration tests on the ground; but then the clamps that hold the rocket down also damp the vibrations. So does the thick air around it. To find out what the vibrations will be like in free flight in empty space, there is only one way: free flight in empty space.

The Germans saw more than 3,000 V-2's go wrong before they ever got one to go right. Compared to that, the Canaveral tests are economical. Failures are down from thousands to dozens.

To the Canaveral mind, these failures are not failures. They are *discoveries*. The way some people talk there, a successful flight would bore them. You learn nothing from *that*. It's the unexpected that's interesting! Sometimes this sounds like

"double-think": "Failure is success."

I looked into this and found much truth in it. A flight of only a few seconds can produce valuable information. The missile is not only observed from the ground by radar, beat-beat, azuza, etc.; it also reports, by radio, its own internal condition. This is a new art—telemetry, or measurement-at-a-distance.

The famous "beeps" of the Sputnik are an example. Each beep probably contained hundreds of separate messages, each message a figure. When a missile takes off from Cape Canaveral it carries perhaps 200 instruments which measure a temperature, a pressure, an angle, an r.p.m., a weight, a voltage. From each, a reading is transmitted several times per second back to the ground and is recorded on magnetic tape. The principal product of Canaveral is really miles and miles of tape.

Sometimes, when something has gone wrong, the engineers make a "quick-look-analysis" of the tape and find the trouble right then and there. More normally the tape goes back to the missile's home factory, and a minute of flight may supply the grist for months of engineering analysis: just what went wrong? It's from the failures that the new art is learnt.

For example, one of the first Atlas missiles went out of control in full view of everybody. It slewed round to the right, then fish-tailed to the left, flying crosswise through the air.

Then it burned up in full view of most of the Florida east coast.

The failure was spectacular. It was also productive. The Atlas is a daring design. To keep the dead weight small, the superstructure is built of light sheet metal, held in shape by its own internal pressures, not by heavy framing. The powerful-looking shape is little more than a blimp! The fact that this Atlas nevertheless held together while flying crosswise, showed that it was still stronger than necessary, hence heavier. So the makers shaved several hundred more pounds off the Atlas. The effect was the same as if they had increased the rocket thrust by many thousands of pounds! "Success from failure."

*Why do the Russians still do every space stunt first?* People say, "Their Germans are better than America's Germans." But the Russians' only secret formula is a five-year start. They are ahead simply because they started pushing rocket development at the end of the war, while the United States attempted little for five years. In recent years, Americans have done much work on fundamentals and the results are now beginning to show up. But what it takes is systematic research, not spectacular stunts.

Most people judge the missile picture by three standards: how far you can shoot, how big a weight you can lift and how many missiles you've got. In case of war, these would be very important, and in

these the Russians seem to be ahead. But other things are equally important:—

*Guidance:* If your enemy needs nine shots, on the average, to hit a target, while you can hit yours with three, then one of your missiles equals three of his.

*Miniaturization:* It takes thousands of pounds of rocket to carry one pound of warhead or equipment. To lift bigger weights, you can make rockets with more thrust. Or, you can do more work with less rocket—by making your missile's internal equipment ultra-small and light. The first American satellite was much ridiculed because it was so small. Actually, this demonstrated advanced miniaturization.

*Simplicity:* Solid-fuel rockets, simpler and faster to fire, are now coming up. They have no fuel pump. Mechanically, they are almost as simple as the original skyrocket: just a hollow shape, filled with a fiercely burning jelly that shoots a flame out backwards through a nozzle. They are lighter, more reliable and more easily handled by the troops.

ALL MY time at Canaveral I was in a negative mood. Missiles are interesting, but you can't gloss over the dirty reality. They are machines for possible large-scale killing. I thought: leadership of the world will go to the people with the most ideas. We are all of us engaged in a contest of killing power.

The space-travel possibilities are more appealing, of course, but it has been rightly said, "Why go to outer space when so much inner space remains to be explored?"

'One can, however, change one's mind. I was on the Cape the night that the first moon-ship went up. It never made it. It fell back to earth after 33 hours and burned up in the air. But that didn't matter. I thought: someone has said that the leading obsession of our Western civilization has been the idea of infinity, the conquest of infinity. What goes on here at the Cape is simply following the main line of a thousand years of Western effort. We've been across the oceans and the Poles. The air is conquered. Now for space.

Only VIP's may see the launching from the "blockhouse." This is a concrete bunker, shaped like a turtle, a thousand feet or so from the launching site. It is blast-proof, in case the rocket blows up, and looks out on the missile only through periscopes, or by television. During the last few minutes of the count-down, the firing-crew ducks into the blockhouse. It is inside the control room there that the last valves are turned and the firing-button pushed. The room is full of instruments: in them, the experts read the action. It is real, yet abstract—as in the cockpit of an aircraft flying blind.

Ordinary people are better off. The closest that outsiders get is a grandstand for the Press about three

miles from the launching pad. At that distance the rocket looks very small in size and shape, but you *can* see it with the naked eye. Floodlit, it is a white pillar in the night. The gantry has been rolled away on tracks, leaving the rocket standing alone, upright, destined for the stars. Near by, a red light flashes once a second; it is a warning light for aircraft. It also shows time ticking away as the count-down proceeds.

The count-down is really a check list and time-table of all operations which have to be performed before the rocket can go. For this shot it has been in progress for 48 hours—not only here at the firing site, but all over the Atlantic Missile Range, perhaps all over America. Special aircraft fly distant patrols to see that it is safe to shoot—no ships or aircraft will be hit. Other planes fly a high patrol to listen for possible radio interference. Circuits are tested, men alerted, radar warmed up, generators and stand-by power plants started.

Some of these tasks must be performed days ahead; others can be performed only in the last hours and minutes. The liquid oxygen, for example, starts boiling away as soon as it goes into the rocket tanks.

The Press-stand has a loudspeaker which keeps you informed of the progress of the count-down:

"T minus 38 minutes and counting."

"T minus 20 minutes, a short technical hold." A brief break,

then: "We are resuming the count at T minus 20."

In the last seconds, the people on the Press stand count out loud in a chorus, led by the red flasher. Just before the deadline, at T minus five seconds, a puff of smoke appears at the foot of the rocket and blanks out everything.

Then—5-4-3-2-1—nothing! You think it didn't go. It's burning up on the launching pad.

But then, slowly, it pokes its head above the smoke. Slowly it rises—spectacularly slow. The rocket is so burdened with fuel that it just hangs there, spewing flame. You think, "It's not making it—it will fall back!" You also think, "Why doesn't it fall over?" It is astounding how the auto-pilot keeps it standing straight up in the air during the first few seconds. Its sword-shaped flame flutters violently. It struggles.

But gradually the space-ship gathers speed. It is burning fuel at the rate of perhaps half a ton per second, and getting lighter every instant. Ten seconds after the first flash, it

definitely gets going. The search-light beams follow it, keep it white.

Now, after 15 seconds, comes the sound: an amazing voice, half distress, half defiance, as from a living thing. The flame that drives the rocket is intensely bright. At 1,000 feet it lights up the sea and the beaches for miles around, and also the underside of the clouds. You expect that in another few seconds the rocket will be swallowed by the clouds and the show will be over. Far from it. The rocket goes through the clouds, now lights them up from above. Then the sound fades and the flame gradually becomes just a point of light and goes out.

As I watched, I thought of what a Canaveral engineer said, one jubilant night, when his rocket had gone farther away from earth than any man-made thing had ever been before. He didn't mention either killing power or national prestige, or rivalries between the army and the air force. He said, "We've gained a little on infinity."

### *Deft Definitions*

**Family swimming pool:** A small body of water completely surrounded by other people's children.

—G. N. C.

**Bachelor:** A man who leans towards women, but not far enough to altar his stance.

—A. S.

**Overweight:** Just desserts.

—I.N.

**Small girl's definition of relatives:** People who come to dinner who aren't friends.

—A. M. T.

A distinguished philosopher urges  
that Soviet imperialism, crimes and oppression  
of the people should be relentlessly exposed

# THE COOL WAY TO FIGHT THE COLD WAR

By Lin Yutang

*Author of "The Importance of Living"; "My Country  
and My People"; "Moment in Peking," etc.*

**T**HIS is the eleventh hour. The sentry posts are drowsy. It is comfortable to believe that there is no war going on. Peering into the night, many believe that there appears in the dim darkness the enemy's white flag; that he is getting reasonable and desires peace. What is the war about? Hardly anyone seems to remember. Of course, if there is a war, it is only a cold one, and who cares about a cold war?

The cold war is a war of ideas, a battle for the minds of Asia, especially young Asia. If the cold war is lost, and the populations and resources of two-thirds of the world

are given up to the Soviet Union, a hot war is inevitable.

Through neglect, the West has let the Soviet score triumph after triumph in the cold war. When one recognizes that fact, one realizes that a thorough examination of the world conflict of ideas is of the first importance.

The foreign-aid programme of the United States, as an instrument for checking Communist onslaughts, is futile. The Communist threat is immediate; foreign aid cannot raise the standard of living of Asia in less than 30 to 50 years. Most dangerous of all, foreign aid creates

the delusion that friendship can be bought with money. It is easier to give away money than to try to understand what the other man is thinking, but poverty must be solved by continuous efforts over decades by the Asian countries themselves—not by some nation throwing around vast sums of money.

Is it not much more effective to show the uncertain countries that, for the protection of their poor and their working masses, they must fight Russia? Poverty is the best breeding ground for theoretical Communism; poverty is also the best ground on which to fight the battle with Russia, for Russia after 40 years has done nothing for the poor and has degraded and dragged down the working class. The case of poverty is, I believe, ready-made for Free World propaganda. Yet today, with all Asia and Africa seething, the democracies are tongue-tied.

Communist propaganda has followed a line carefully thought out by the Comintern decades ago. It has made propaganda into a science, subtly playing on the psychology of the people it wishes to convert, first, as a champion of the masses against an oppressing class and, second, as a champion of national independence against oppressing foreign countries. This Communist arsenal in the cold war of propaganda is often terribly effective, for it arouses the idealism and revolutionary ardour of young students and intellectuals.

Communism calls for action and

sacrifice, adventure in the face of danger. In contrast, the Western appeal is of prosperity, of lying in comfort on an interior-sprung mattress. Western propaganda is an invitation to see on the cinema screen a swimming-pool in Hollywood. Such propaganda leaves the Asians cold because it is so remote and unreal. But if Western propaganda tells the story of a ragged urchin who gets a chance to go to school, the Asians understand and like it.

Consistently, Soviet Russia is on the attack; consistently, the democracies try to "explain" themselves. We want to live in peace with Russia, they say. We will let them live in peace if they will allow us to live in peace. We are for justice, freedom, democracy and the equality of all nations . . . The world cannot believe a man who is all the time protesting his innocence. Nor can one fight the Communist call for revolution and sacrifice with timid ideas.

The aim of Communist propaganda has always been to embarrass the West at a timely moment; Russia could be woefully embarrassed, too, if the West so chose. The fact that the West has refrained from doing so creates the impression that Soviet Russia is ever-confident, ever-progressive, and free from moral or political blemishes.

What is needed now is a willingness to call things by their right names. An anti-Communist international united policy, created

among the Free-World nations, must lay down the grand plan for revealing to the world the essential weaknesses of the enemy.

(A) Such a policy must take a firm stand on the *liberation of nations* subject to Russian imperialism, both in Eastern Europe and in Central Asia. Today, Russia is the world's No. 1 imperialist. Russia has set up by fraudulent elections and supported, by brute power about 20 colonial or semi-colonial puppet governments. She has an enormous appetite, devouring almost every neighbour on her periphery.

The West should protest, for instance, that the Polish Government is not independent but obeys the bests of Russia. Russia will deny it, and the West will insist that the Poles have a puppet government. That generates an issue. That is the whole point of psychological warfare. Again, Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania are entitled to free elections and so are Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan. Russia will say angrily that free elections have been held, and the West will say that they have not. That brings out another issue.

The Western democracies have consistently missed this opportunity. They will not talk about national liberation of these countries unless, they say, they are prepared to go to war with Russia. They have forgotten that national independence is a vital principle: that we are for Polish national independence as a matter of principle, not for our

benefit but for that of the Poles. Only then can the outside world respect Western leadership.

(B) An anti-Communist international policy must include exposure of *oppression of the masses*, which in Russia is carried out with every form of beastliness and degradation of human nature.

Russia has condemned children of 12 to capital punishment, sent women to work underground in coal-mines, used medieval tortures to extract "confessions." These methods have been carried to extremes beyond those of the Tsars, and they show that a perpetual civil war exists between the government and the people. The West should call upon Soviet Russia to stop the inhuman enslavement of labour and to encourage the freedom of opinion which her constitution promises.

(C) The anti-Communist campaign must educate the people about *Soviet subversive tactics*. It must be pointed out that Communists are most dangerous when they are conciliatory. Conciliation, in the form of "peaceful coexistence" or "peaceful evolution" has only one aim: to disarm opposition. The Soviet Union has broken every treaty signed with other nations. She believes that every means—murder of comrades, framing of witnesses, tortures, perjury, abduction of opposition leaders—is justifiable by the Holy Cause. She believes in force, compassion; hatred, not goodness; ruthlessness, not mercy.

Subversion, by its very nature, is stealthy and conspiratorial. Russia hates, above all, exposure of her double-faced tactics. Her technique of indirect aggression in European countries must be exposed until every schoolchild knows it.

(D) Above all, it must be shown that the Russian Soviet rule is *decadent, reactionary, anti-Marx and anti-labour*. Labour has no right to strike; all labour is compulsory. There is job-freezing; there is periodic raising of work quotas without raising pay. Penalties include dismissal for lateness of 20 minutes or for tardy return to work after lunch. Dismissal from jobs means the forfeiture of food rations and eviction from homes.

The Soviets have done nothing for the poor. The living standard of the common man, in spite of great

industrial advance, is on a par with that of Tsarist days. Beautiful sanatoriums and new flats are available to the new bourgeoisie only, not to workers. Some luxurious "Workers' Clubs" can be reached only by owners of cars. And there is much evidence that the Party hierarchy regards suffering with complete indifference.

Russia has revealed herself as an enemy of the working class. At every international conference she should be made to defend herself against this charge.

The core of the cold war is not capitalist versus socialist, but the question: who is the oppressor of the masses? Whoever believes that the common people have as many rights as the *élite*, and is willing to fight injustices and indignities to secure these rights, will win in the end.



**R**ODIN HAD just finished an imposing statue of Victor Hugo; the poet was standing upright on the crest of a rock with Muses and Ocean deities circling about him. One morning the sculptor brought a crowd of journalists to his studio to contemplate the new work. Unfortunately he had left the window open the evening before and, as a terrible storm had broken out during the night, a stream of water had reduced the huge group to formless pulp. Victor Hugo had flopped down into a sea of mud.

Rodin opened the door and allowed his guests to go in first. Suddenly he beheld the disaster. He all but tore his beard with despair. But the chorus of praise had already begun:

"Wonderful! Marvellous! Victor Hugo rising from this bed of slime; what a symbol! Master, it is a stroke of genius! You have tried to represent the ignominy of an epoch in which the inspiration of the bard alone survived, noble and pure. How beautiful!"

"Do you think so?" Rodin asked timidly.

"Of course! It is the masterpiece of masterpieces!"

—Anatole France

*Creativity is not the exclusive possession of genius. All of us have the capacity and can use it, if we will, to deepen and enrich our lives*

## OF COURSE YOU'RE CREATIVE!

*By Michael Drury*

OR MANY of us the word "creativity" has a wall round it, and we are on the outside. We protest that we have no gift, that creativity is for geniuses.

But creativity is *not* the special gift of a favoured few, a burst of light you've either got or you haven't. One of the most creative people I ever knew was an old woman who lived on a remote sheep farm. As a girl of 16, she had married a sea-captain from a far-off land, moved to his country and learned his language. On that lonely, fog-swept coast she made a home, a life, an empire both spiritual and commercial.

She bought and sold land, delivered babies, and cooked for 30 men at shearing time. She knew how to use a rifle, dress venison and pickle

eggs. She bore five children, and taught them to read and write and ride and to be as much at home in the ocean as a seal. It made your blood sing to watch her, when she was nearly 90, climb the hill behind her house and face the sun as it went down in the sea.

She was a woman with little education except what she had taught herself, out of need and love and high courage. But by living up to herself and always a little beyond, she had found out what she was and used it freely for herself and others—and that's creativity, though I doubt if she ever heard the word.

It is false to imagine that creativity just happens. The *capacity* to be creative is inherent in human beings, but the using of that capacity is hard work. It is not hobbies or

"taking courses" or "keeping busy." Creativity is work that goes somewhere; it is sustained effort towards an ideal.

When Sir William Herschel, the father of modern astronomy, set out to make the finest telescope the world had ever seen, he first had to learn to grind and polish mirrors. After months of work his first mirror turned out to be imperfect. He made 200 attempts before he produced a telescope that satisfied him. It took Brahms almost 20 years to compose his "First Symphony." Flaubert spent ten agonizing years writing *Madame Bovary*.

We may not be endowed to build a bridge or write a poem or find a new star, but if we want to live our lives deeply and creatively we must work and go on working to show our own view of what it means to be alive. The work itself may be modest, but if it calls forth delight, curiosity, inventiveness, we are using the same forces that genius uses.

For creativity is not so much an aptitude as an attitude, a turn of mind, and therefore applicable anywhere, from making a lemon meringue pie to building a moon rocket. Those people we call talented know this by instinct and may never take time to spell it out. The rest of us have to learn it.

The exact process is not known, but perhaps most often creativity begins in response to things greater than ourselves. The wonder of the sunrise, when for an instant you feel

the slow, majestic roll of earth; the awe that flickers through you when you accomplish, after all, the task that was too hard; the glimpse into infinity when whole landscapes are mirrored in a puddle no deeper than a saucer—these are the stirrings of creativity. Beyond them comes reflection, an awareness of awareness, taking notice of our own thought.

In the film version of William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy*, a little boy keeps asking what it is to be afraid. Then, at a carnival, a man in a mask frightens him and after a moment of terror the boy exclaims with delight, "I'm afraid! I know what afraid is!" In a similar way the creative person says to himself, "This is what I know. This I have seen and felt."

On the heels of awareness is the impulse to do something with what we feel and know. Here, sadly, is where many of us go awry. Making and doing turn out to be so difficult that we abandon the attempt. Because an idea or a plan doesn't readily take shape, we conclude that it is no good, that we aren't creative anyway—when, in fact, it takes an enlightened stubbornness to produce anything. Even Mozart, who could conceive whole movements of a symphony in one lightning flash, had to transcribe that flash one note at a time.

Some people insist that they have no ideas at all, when what they mean is that they don't have big or revolutionary ideas. But good ideas

bombard us everyday—from people, travel, reading. Anyone can have more ideas by being hospitable to those he has—using them, trying them out, not discarding them before he has given them a chance.

Other people sprout ideas like mushrooms but let the vision drift away because they are impatient with small beginnings. If they can't start impressively, they choose not to start at all. This is deadly to creativity. Helen Keller, the blind and deaf author, wrote: "When we let a resolution or a fine emotion dissipate without results, it means more than lost opportunity; it actually retards the fulfilment of future purposes."

Beyond the longing to do or make something to give our feeling form and substance, comes the rough work of discipline—a word we don't care much for these days. And yet it is more truly in the small, daily, moment-by-moment discipline that creativity can be seen than in the crowning triumph. A woman once rushed up to Fritz Kreisler after a concert and cried, "I'd give my life to play as you do!" And the violinist answered soberly, "I did."

So must we, if we would be creative. Giving one's life means choosing from the multitude of possibilities a reason to care and then working patiently towards it, even when we are tired or puzzled or

afraid. It means loving what we do, not just its high points but its day-in-day-out effort. It means sticking to one's own purpose through a thousand storms and fires, from within as well as from without, and experimenting, failing, trying again until both the purpose and oneself are refined and ready.

I know an actor in his 70's who all his life has had only minor roles. One day I asked him about it.

"When I was getting on towards 50," he said, "I admitted to myself that I was never going to be a really big star. There was no other work I'd rather be doing, so I made up my mind to give my best to every job I got, even a walk-on. That way, I've made my own place, and I've had satisfaction that nothing can take away from me." He had realized the deep inner rewards of the creative attitude, quite different from the desire for applause.

Too often we say in effect, "Tell me how to be creative." The very request is a denial of creativity. The great and transforming truth is that being creative is a discovery—of ourselves, of our own way of responding to life. And discovery implies what no one has known before.

It is something one does alone, like being born or dying, and to recognize and accept that, and stop asking how, is to take the first long step in our own creativity.

SOME SPEAKERS who don't know what to do with their hands should try clamping them over their mouths.

—G. N. Collie



## Humour in Uniform

OUR CAMP commander had been receiving complaints about the behaviour of the children on the school bus. One morning he boarded the bus when it came to a stop outside the school. Silence fell over the youngsters as he reprimanded them. "Children, there have been complaints about your rowdy behaviour while travelling on this bus. If this sort of thing keeps on, I'll be forced to bring it to the attention of your parents. Now, you wouldn't like me to do that, would you?" From the rear of the hushed bus came the meek reply, "No, Daddy."

—STEPHEN HARVEY

MY FIRST week of basic training was about 48 hours old when I was herded along with 20 other recruits into a long wooden building. "Roll up your sleeves," said a little blonde nurse. We

66

did, and one by one we were called into an adjoining room.

Finally it was my turn. I started in cautiously but executed a snappy "eyes right" when I caught sight of a huge picture of a scantily clad beauty on the wall. For a moment I enjoyed the view, wondering what a picture like that was doing in a place so drably military.

I was still wondering when I felt two quick jabs in my left arm. I whirled in surprise to see the nurse holding two hypodermic needles.

"In the army," she said smiling, "we call it diversionary tactics."

—T. E. L.

I WAS ONE of a group chosen during the Second World War for training in intelligence work. We were pretty smug at the prospect of joining such a crack unit as Intelligence.

Disillusionment came quickly, however. On the first day of training, the instructor began his lecture by saying, "Gentlemen, the encyclopedia lists intelligence under three headings —human, animal and military." After a short pause he added, "In that order."

—R. H. MATHERS

SERVICE reports, as any military officer can tell you, can make or break an officer's career. As a result, faults in an otherwise good officer are often camouflaged under a pile of dialectics. One report praised its subject in glowing terms. Adjectives flowed like wine at an Italian wedding. But the final sentence read, "He has a tendency to become confused when giving conflicting orders."

—ALAN EASTON

AN ORDERLY-ROOM sergeant was admitted to the camp hospital for possible surgery. He received a get-well card from the quartermaster-sergeant. Inside was the message: "If they take anything out, make them sign for it."

—D. D. NICHOLSON

SHORTLY after the liberation of Norway a party was held at Fornebu Aerodrome in Oslo to celebrate Midsummer-night. Officers from several Allied nations were present.

The weather was warm and clear—just what one could wish for on this, the brightest night of the year. Everyone had a good time. The food, the drinks, the big bonfire and the fireworks were a great success. But one young lieutenant, who had been walking in the near-by park with an attractive Norwegian girl, returned looking disappointed. "Doesn't it ever get *dark* in this country?" he asked.

—ARNE NICOLASSEN (*Oslo*)

A YOUNG seaman who had lied about his age to get into the navy, had second thoughts after a few days at sea. His homesickness became almost unbearable. Seeking out the chaplain, the distraught sailor poured forth his story. Finally, in a burst of emotion, tears welling in his eyes, he blurted out, "Sir, I'm only 16 years old!"

"Don't worry, son," the chaplain replied. "You'll get over that."

—THE REV. JOHN ARMFIELD

WHEN WE were stationed in Japan in 1948, my wife set about cultivating a garden. We were supplied with an elderly Japanese gardener who spoke no English. Using the houseboy as interpreter, my wife painstakingly

explained and demonstrated how she wanted the various items planted, fertilized, cultivated, pruned, tied up, sprayed and pampered.

In typical Japanese manner he listened intently, maintained a polite bearing and followed the instructions—to a degree. The garden emerged as the finest in the neighbourhood, and my wife felt a great sense of pride.

One day the gardener announced apologetically that he would have to leave; he was returning to his old job. After expressing her regrets and praising him for helping her to make a garden, my wife asked, out of politeness, what his old job was.

His answer: "Professor of horticulture at the University of Tokyo."

—ROBERT JONES

A STUDENT pilot reported for his final test in the Link trainer, which without leaving the ground simulates the feel of an aeroplane in flight.

He entered the trainer and "took off." His flight seemed to be going smoothly when suddenly his fuel warning light came on. Calmly he asked the instructor to turn the switch to fill the tank, but to his surprise the request was refused. "You should have thought of that before you took off," the instructor retorted.

Soon his fuel tank registered empty. The instruments started spinning crazily. A crash was inevitable.

Laughing, the instructor asked, "Now what are you going to do?"

The canopy slid back and the student stepped out.

"Just where do you think you're going?" the instructor snapped.

"I've just baled out, sir," was the reply.

—D. N.

*At home on the dizziest heights,  
these fabled Mohawk Indians  
help to build towering bridges  
and the tallest skyscrapers*

## BRAVES ON THE HIGH STEEL

*By Lawrence Elliott*

HERE IS a tradition that anywhere a bird will land, a Mohawk Indian will climb. Actually, Mohawks have happily settled in roosts where no bird would be caught with wings folded—in the skeletal reaches of the 1,472-foot Empire State Building, for instance, as well as in numerous other skyscrapers throughout America.

How did they get there? By *building* their way up, steel beam by steel beam. For these are the fabled Mohawk ironworkers, a close-knit cluster of a few thousand in an

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and The Sun*



85,000-man trade, whose catlike audacity on great heights has become legendary. No group has climbed higher or, man for man, slung hot rivets into more buildings and bridges than this little band, most of whom came originally from Caughnawaga, Canada, and now live in Brooklyn.

"Ironworkers"—members of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Ironworkers—are the men who put up the steel framework of a building or bridge. Contrary to popular assumption, neither safety belts nor nets are ordinarily used in high steel work. Often only a man's non-slip soles and his own deftness stand between him and death. It takes two or three weeks before the average apprentice gains enough confidence to do much more than hang on. Not so a Mohawk: from the first a built-in sense of balance seems to make him as much at home upstairs as down.

Take working on the Empire State Building—the tallest structure ever raised. The ironworkers built their way skyward until, a quarter of a mile above Fifth Avenue, the landscape below sprawled like a giant contour map. On some days clouds and winter haze obscured the planked platform from which they'd started up, and they hung suspended in milky emptiness. The planking, several storeys below, inevitably became the subject of good-humoured ghouliness.

Said one of the Mohawk riveters,

"With that wind up there, trying to land on the planks if you let go would be like trying to drop a bomb in a barrel." And laconically, "Not that it would matter, except maybe to folks below."

To get the feel of high steel work, I went aloft myself. One sunny morning recently I met my guide outside a skyscraper-in-the-making. "We'll go up the quick way," he said as he passed me a steel helmet. I followed him on to the platform of a "hot hoist," a lift shaft walled with chicken wire and set on the exterior of the building to speed materials aloft.

He rang a bell, and my knees buckled as the platform shot upwards like a rocket. Only when we lurched to a stop at the 29th floor did my man casually report that insurance regulations forbade personnel to use the "hot hoist." "It's a blind operation, and it works by signals, see? The operator isn't anywhere near the shaft."

"Do you use it often?" I gasped.

He laughed and said, "We call it the Mohawk Express."

This was a chaotic, clattering world 350 feet above the street. Lethal loads of swinging steel rode by on the derrick hook. Fitting-up gangs pivoted and hammered the beams. Far below I watched the derrick cable being secured to a girder. At a quick gesture from the street, the signal-man beside me punched his bell, signalling the engineer of the derrick. Up and up came the

two-ton beam, neatly balanced at its midpoint. Above me men jockeyed it into position and rammed home temporary bolts.

Now the riveting gang, the *élite* of the ironworkers' guild, was ready to take over. For this I crawled up a wooden ladder three levels higher and, huddled on a girder, I watched, hypnotized. The gang consisted of four Mohawks, all specialists.

Perched on a triangular platform made by crossing two corner girders with some wood planks, one man, called the heater, bends over a coal-burning forge in which lie a dozen five-inch rivets. The other three men are busy hanging a rope-and-wood sling from the girder to be riveted. They drop down to the sling and casually stroll its length. Now the heater plucks a white-hot rivet from the forge with a pair of tongs, expertly tosses it to the sticker-in, who catches it in a funnel-shaped bucket, fishes it out with his own tongs and jams it into the lined-up holes between girder and column. As the riveter brings his pneumatic hammer into action, a shattering riot of sound, almost unbearable, fills the air. The rivet is set, capped, and the three men move to the next one. Elapsed time: about ten seconds.

Not a word is spoken as the men work; none could be heard above the jarring clamour of the riveting guns. But, using only an occasional hand-signal, the gang maintains a perfect liaison and a 400-to-600-rivets-a-day pace. Speed is very

important, for if the ironworkers slow down, the concrete men and cement finishers who follow them will be held up.

Despite the nonchalance of the Mohawks, ironwork is dangerous, and the men's lunch-hour conversation is studded with reminiscences of disasters. A job that doesn't claim at least one victim is rare. Bridge work, to which they are perversely partial, is the most dangerous. Twenty-four men, including three Mohawks, died during construction of San Francisco's Transbay Bridge; 12 were killed before New York's Triborough Bridge was completed. Yet these Red Indians will travel a thousand miles on the strength of some idle gossip about this or that contractor signing up men for a new bridge.

"Jack Rafferty got it on the Triborough Bridge," recalled Joe Jocks, a white-haired, ramrod-straight, 53-year-old Mohawk. "One minute he's hanging a sling right next to me; next minute he's gone. That night they fished him out of the river. He must have looked up."

A man's steel helmet will protect him against a tool or a hot rivet dropped from above, but not if he looks up. Unconscious lapses such as looking up, or reaching too far for a line or a tossed rivet, cause many accidents. "The thing to remember is, if you've got to reach for it, the hell with it," Jocks said.

High steel's fascination for the Mohawks began 72 years ago, when

the Dominion Bridge Company put up a bridge for the Canadian Pacific Railway across the St. Lawrence River near Montreal. Since the bridge abutted on the Mohawks' land, Dominion agreed to hire them as labourers wherever possible—presumably for menial tasks.

From the start, however, it was impossible to keep the Mohawks on the ground. Riveters high up on a narrow beam would turn to find a cluster of Mohawks peering curiously over their shoulders, at ease and unafraid. Finally the company gave in and chose 12 braves for instruction in ironworking. These taught others, and by the time the bridge was finished 70 Mohawks were adept in high steel work. Dominion men laughingly referred to their bridge as the Red Indian Ironworking College.

After that, moving from job to job, the Mohawks followed the high steel, taking sons, brothers and cousins with them. Youngsters went up into the heights as soon as they were of age, or even a bit before. During the building boom of the 1920's they all drifted down to New York

City to work on skyscrapers and bridges. They settled in the heart of Brooklyn, an area which is still a sort of Mohawk encampment. Though one rarely hears the Mohawk language there, and only the elders remain conscious of tribal traditions, all expect to head north after retirement. Most, like Joe Jocks, own homes on the reservation, where their families spend the summer.

Today, ironwork is changing: the rivet is gradually yielding to the high-tensile bolt. Instead of the four-man gang there are two bolters who secure the girders and columns with a wrench. The clatter of the riveting gun is eliminated—and so, too, is some of the romance.

Yet probably there will always be Mohawks in ironwork. The pay is 176 dollars for a 40-hour week, though many hours are lost because of high winds and other hazards. And the tradition of the Mohawks in high steel is not lightly taken.

"It's like inheriting some kind of family treasure," Joe Jocks says. "What better trade can a man hand on to his son?"

### *Down Beat*

THE NEW music teacher at a boys' school had just organized a band, and the headmaster decided that the band should make its début before the music teacher felt it was ready. So, on the big day, he tapped the music stand for attention and nervously hissed at his musicians, "If you don't feel sure of your part, just pretend to play."

Then he brought his baton down with a magnificent flourish—and the entire band gave forth with a crashing silence.

—M.M.

# My Most Unforgettable Character

*In his quest for the incredible, Bob ("Believe it or Not") Ripley lived dangerously—and had a wonderful time*

By Douglas Storer

I FIRST saw Bob Ripley, the creator of "Believe It or Not," on a December evening some 25 years ago. I was the brash young director-producer of a new radio programme, scheduled to go on the air in exactly 78 minutes. We'd wanted an original and striking feature for the broadcasts and had hired Ripley, sight unseen.

During the rehearsal-time bedlam I was handing out scripts, barking orders, yelling for quiet, when a large man, grinning like an embarrassed schoolboy, edged timidly through the studio door. He wore an ensemble straight from an outfitter's nightmare: pale blue shirt, bow tie of flaming orange, plaid horse-blanket jacket, fawn-coloured slacks and gleaming black and white shoes.

He gave a nervous little bow. "You're Bob Ripley?" I asked,

blinking. He blushed and nodded. Speechless, I handed him the script.

All he had to do was read a 30-second introduction to a dramatized "Believe It or Not" story, and then at the end authenticate the story and say good night. It sounds sweet and simple, but by the time we went off the air that memorable night I was a tottering wreck and Ripley was even worse. Mike fright? It was fantastic. His script rustled like a palm-tree in a hurricane. Four times he dropped it, bent down to pick it up and each time nearly knocked over the microphone stand. He mumbled his lines, but he kept on to the bitter' end. When it was over, he reeled to the control room. "H-h-how'd I do?" he stammered.

His flushed face held an expression so boyish and appealing—so earnest and honest—that my professional outrage melted. I stuck out

my hand. "You need a little practice. Apart from that, you were fine."

The show stumbled along. In fact, the public *liked* Ripley's awkward manner. We became friends, and before long Ripley asked me to be his personal representative. From then until his death in 1949 I travelled and worked with him, arranging his lectures, radio and television shows, and helping with his films.

As I look back on it now, Ripley was probably the biggest yokel ever to succeed in show business or gain world renown as a newspaper cartoonist. He had no polish. He was shyer than a rabbit, painfully conscious of his buck-teeth and his lack of education. But he threw himself heart and soul into all he did, blundered through and, win or lose, he had a wonderful time.

Once the script called for Ripley to go down into a big salt-water aquarium in a diver's suit, hand-feed a school of sharks and describe the experience to the radio audience through a microphone in his helmet. "Terrific!" he said. "Where's the helmet?"

I looked at him, amazed. "Have you ever been in a diver's suit?"

"Heck, no," he said. "I can't even swim." But down he went.

He did a hundred other crazy and sometimes dangerous things (once he made a broadcast from a pit full of live rattlesnakes). No matter what things he tackled, he plunged into them with the tremendous zest that turned them into adventures.

Ripley came from California. When his father died, Bob left school to go to work. All he had in the world was a knack with a pencil—and a fabulous curiosity. In his teens he knocked around as a sports cartoonist on a San Francisco paper, then—sacked for asking for a rise—headed for New York and landed a job on the old *New York Globe*.

One dull day in 1918, he filled a hole in the sports page with drawings of a sprinter who ran the 100-yards sprint backwards in 14 seconds. He added several other sporting-world oddities, labelled them "Champs—and Chumps," and tossed them on to the copy desk. The copy editor thought the heading was weak. Ripley crossed it out and wrote, "Believe It or Not—"

"That's better," the editor said, and sent it to the composing room. "Believe It or Not" caught on. The *Globe* began running it twice a week, then daily, and Ripley cast about for oddities outside the field of sports. His mail increased. He accumulated a staff—two secretaries and a researcher. In 1923 he moved over to the *New York Post*.

Rip always said that out of his tens of thousands of cartoons he owed his fame and success primarily to three. The first was "The Marching Chinese." One night, after a multi-course Chinese dinner, he was kept awake for hours by a nightmarish fantasy of endless Chinese tramping across his stomach. He rose the next morning groggily



Bob Ripley

determined to find out just how many Chinese there really were.

The result was a dramatic cartoon which showed a column of Chinese marching four abreast across the world and trailing back into infinity. "If all the Chinese in the world were to march—four abreast—past a given point," the caption read, "they would never finish passing, though they marched for ever."

The next day's mail swamped Ripley's office. "For the first time," Ripley recalled happily, "people began calling me a damned liar."

In a cordial reply, mimeographed by the thousands, Ripley explained: there were roughly 600 million Chinese. Marching four abreast, 15 miles a day, they would pass a given point at the rate of about 26 million

a year. Meanwhile, however, 60 million more Chinese were being born each year. So, not only would the marching Chinese file past for ever, but the column would grow longer!

The second cartoon caused an even greater furore. In 1927, a few weeks after Lindbergh's flight to Paris, Ripley ran in "Believe It or Not" a drawing of the *Spirit of St. Louis* winging across the sea. Underneath was the caption: "Lindbergh was the 67th man to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean." The day the cartoon appeared, the *Post* switchboard sizzled for hours. Ripley received more than 200,000 telegrams and letters, every one a scream of protest.

He was in his seventh heaven. He pointed out that before Lindbergh, the Atlantic had been crossed by two Englishmen in a heavier-than-air craft, by 31 others in a British dirigible and by 33 Germans in a German dirigible.

Then in 1929 "Believe It or Not" made the astounding announcement that the United States had no national anthem; what Americans sang instead was in reality an old English drinking song. How come? Francis Scott Key wrote the words to "The Star-Spangled Banner," then put them to the music of a rousing tavern ballad which he discovered in a song-book of the time.

More than five million indignant letters funnelled into Washington from every state in the Union. In 1931 the U.S. Congress rectified the

oversight, and formally declared "The Star-Spangled Banner"—words *and* music—to be the U.S. national anthem.

When William Randolph Hearst saw the first book of "Believe It or Not" cartoons he sent a two-word wire to his King Features Syndicate: "Hire Ripley." Overnight, Ripley's income soared from 200 dollars a week to 100,000 dollars—(about Rs. 3 lakhs)—a year. Suddenly he was the highest-paid, most widely-read cartoonist in the world. He bought a rambling 29-room house on an island in Long Island Sound and had the time of his life cramming it with Aztec masks, the shells of man-eating clams and numerous other exotic curios. But he never sat back and played lord of the manor. He was the hardest worker I ever knew. By 6.30 every morning of the year, he was up working at his drawing-board. Even though he never paid for an item, people from all over the world sent him suggestions. In addition he employed a full-time assistant to dig up historical oddities. Ripley himself did the drawings and wrote the captions. He was a fanatic on accuracy. Every item had to be verified, witnessed and documented.

Much of his material he gathered first-hand. Mention some distant curiosity of person or place, and his eyes would light up. He'd take a deep breath, as though he could already sniff the trade winds, and

start packing. He'd toss his drawing materials into one suitcase, travelling gear into another, and take off for the ends of the earth.

Once he heard about a mountain-top monastery in Greece that one could reach only by being hauled up the face of a thousand-foot cliff in a wicker basket. So he went to see it for himself.

I remember when he heard about the Bell of the Maiden, outside the Tartar Gate in Peking. It was supposed to be the largest hanging bell in the world. The legend was that in order to satisfy the emperor's wish for the sweetest-sounding bell in China, the bellmaker's daughter threw herself to her death in the molten bronze, just before the bell was cast. Ripley travelled all the way to China to see the bell and sketch it.

Another time he heard a fantastic story about some German scientists who had frozen to death in the middle of Africa. Soon he was on his way to the Belgian Congo. Sure enough, he found that the story was true. In 1908 an expedition of 20 men had died of exposure at 60° below zero on the glacial slopes of Mount Karisimbi, a volcano only 100 miles from the Equator. He hired a plane and flew over the site of the death camp.

The years swirled by for Rip in a montage of trips, radio shows, lecture tours, television programmes—and very little rest. One night at a party at his house just after the

Second World War he and I were sitting to one side, talking. He looked tired. He was in his 50's and some of the snap was gone from his lively brown eyes. "Rip," I said, "why don't you retire and take it easy?"

Thoughtfully, he picked up a Cantonese ivory ball—one of those hollow, filigreed balls within balls—that had taken a Chinese craftsman a lifetime to carve. He turned it over in his hand.

"It's impossible, isn't it, for anyone to have done this? Yet there it is. A hundred years ago a man sat down and devoted his life to making this ball. It's things like this that keep me going. Proving that the impossible can happen—that it happens all around us every day. Trying to make people see that they too can achieve the impossible if they try hard enough." He grinned, and added, as if to take the edge off being so serious, "Believe it or not."

Ripley never did quit, even though hypertension had caught up with him. On Tuesday, May 24,

1949, he appeared as usual on the weekly "Believe It or Not" TV show from New York. Three days later, he was dead.

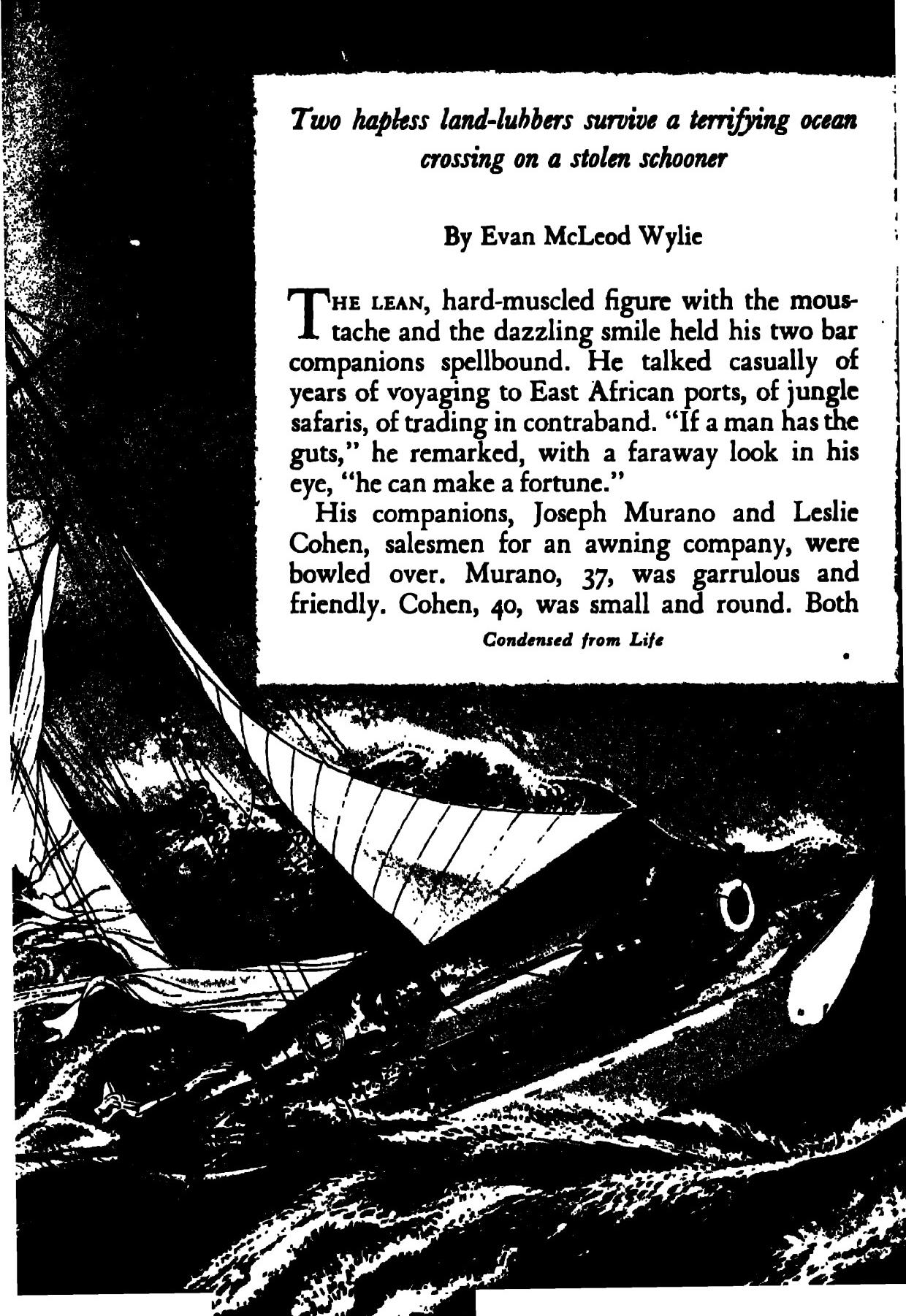
"Believe It or Not" cartoons, drawn by others, still appear in hundreds of newspapers every day. I think of him every time I see them—also, every time I look out of the window. On our front lawn in New Rochelle there is a big hand-carved Alaskan totem pole. Rip sent it to me 22 years ago as a house-warming present. When I protested about what my neighbours might say, he only chuckled, "Who cares? The kids'll love it."

Today Rip's totem pole is a local institution. Each autumn and spring new classes of schoolchildren come to see it. Strangers stop to inspect it. It's a landmark. And it's Ripley. To me, looking at it is just like hearing Ripley's voice again, with the old familiar ring in it, saying that the world is filled with romance and there are lots of places he's got to visit, and lots of things he's got to see.

### *The Old Master*

AT THE Paris ceremony when General de Gaulle presented Sir Winston Churchill with France's rarest honour, the Medal of Liberation, Churchill opened his remarks by saying, "I am going to speak English today. I have often made speeches in French, but that was the wartime, and I do not wish to subject you to the ordeals of darker days." —L.E.

ASKED what he thought of Field-Marshal Montgomery's memoirs, whose sales have already exceeded £175,000 (about Rs. 24 lakhs), Sir Winston Churchill replied, "The Field-Marshal acted in the best tradition of the British army—he sold his life dearly." —L.E.P.



*Two hapless land-lubbers survive a terrifying ocean crossing on a stolen schooner*

By Evan McLeod Wylie

THE LEAN, hard-muscled figure with the moustache and the dazzling smile held his two bar companions spellbound. He talked casually of years of voyaging to East African ports, of jungle safaris, of trading in contraband. "If a man has the guts," he remarked, with a faraway look in his eye, "he can make a fortune."

His companions, Joseph Murano and Leslie Cohen, salesmen for an awning company, were bowled over. Murano, 37, was garrulous and friendly. Cohen, 40, was small and round. Both

*Condensed from Life*

led casual lives. Neither had domestic ties. Now, in June 1957, as they listened to this adventurer who said his name was Joseph Schmitz, he seemed "the most fascinating guy we were ever going to meet."

Schmitz held a master mariner's ticket, he said, and was planning a cruise to Africa. All along the Dark Continent's coastline, from Zanzibar to the Limpopo River, were countless jungle coves and isolated native villages. With a small schooner one might rendezvous with Portuguese and Arab traders who handled contraband gems. These could be carried north to Cairo or Casablanca and sold at staggering profits. He had been corresponding with New York yacht brokers about a 52-foot boat named the *Serene* that fitted his specifications.

Murano and Cohen were beside themselves with excitement. "When are you leaving?" they asked.

The adventurer shrugged. "Not until next year. It will take me that long to save the money to buy my schooner."

"Next year!" cried Cohen. "Let's go now! We'll come in with you, as partners."

Schmitz appeared to deliberate for a moment. Then he stuck out his hand. "It's a deal," he said. "We'll sail in August."

Neither Murano nor Cohen had ever been in anything bigger than a canoe, but Schmitz was careful to reassure them. Steering a yacht, he said, was just like driving a car.

Cohen and Murano applied for passports and descended on sporting-goods shops to buy yachting caps and jungle equipment, including elephant guns. At Schmitz's suggestion they kept their plans secret, and early in August they drove to New York in Schmitz's car. (The two salesmen had sold theirs to help finance the expedition.) There Cohen and Murano got their first good look at a real yacht. It seemed "damned small" to them, but the *Serene* would have delighted any yachtsman. The stoutly constructed schooner had three suits of sails, and an auxiliary engine. Below decks was a spacious saloon furnished with beige carpets and easy chairs.

While Murano and Cohen waited anxiously on deck, Schmitz retired to the saloon with the owner, an advertising executive named Clayton Jaeger. A few minutes later Schmitz announced that he and Jaeger had reached an "agreement." It was not until months later that the two salesmen learned that the contract allowed only for a ten-day charter on Long Island Sound. The *Serene's* sails were in no way fit for ocean voyaging, Jaeger had warned. Under no circumstances should she be taken out on the high seas.

The following day the *Serene* slipped down New York's East River on a strong ebb-tide. That night, in a sheltered anchorage, the yacht's name and registration numbers were painted out. In the early

hours of August 14—in a season when hurricanes begin to build up in the South Atlantic—Schmitz and his hapless assistants set sail for Africa.

New York's skyline had scarcely slid below the horizon before Cohen and Murano, stumbling about the *Serene's* rolling deck, handling lines and setting sails, found that Schmitz's earlier assurances about yachtsmanship were not based on fact. "To turn one of these schooners round," Murano said later, "is a big operation—everybody jerking on the ropes and the captain talking yacht lingo and all the time a big boom flying round that is liable to whack your head off."

Murano and Cohen finally went below to nurse barked shins and blistered palms and refresh themselves with beer before stowing away the baggage and foodstuffs. Before long they became aware of an eerie whining in the rigging. Suddenly the floor of the saloon rose like a lift and then plummeted downwards with a corkscrew motion that sent both men sprawling. An explosion above served notice that a sail had blown out, and immediately everything about them was rolling, banging and crashing. Scrambling on deck, they beheld Schmitz fighting the wheel in a screeching squall.

As the squall developed into a fully-fledged storm, the *Serene* staggered through waves so mountainous that Schmitz, ordering his crew to stay below, lashed himself to the

wheel. One particularly high wave rolled the schooner nearly on her beam ends, whereupon a huge cake of ice, hauled aboard for sunset beer parties, burst like a bomb from the refrigerator and, with nine dozen smashed eggs, melted into a huge omelet of tomatoes, potatoes and corn flakes.

For three days of howling winds and torrential rain, Schmitz remained at the wheel. Murano and Cohen took turns creeping out to spoon-feed him from a tin of beans. On one such occasion Cohen yelled in his ear that water was bubbling up in the cabin. Schmitz told them to man the pumps. Unable to start the engine, they began the back-breaking job of pumping by hand. First to be pumped overboard, it was later discovered, was a hundred gallons of petrol. Thanks to fractured fuel lines, this had all leaked into the bilge.

At last the storm died down. Schmitz, as enthusiastic as ever despite his ordeal, directed a cleaning-up campaign. Groceries were retrieved and stored. The saloon's carpets were removed, dried and stowed away. The galley was scrubbed until every pot gleamed.

As the days progressed, Cohen and Murano gradually learned how to hoist canvas without becoming hopelessly entangled. But almost every morning began with a squall which reduced the sails to tatters. The rest of the day had to be spent patching them together.

Back in New York, Clayton Jaeger, at first only mildly provoked when the yacht did not return on schedule, was soon alarmed enough to notify the Coast Guard. Planes and cutters searched every inlet along the Atlantic coast; finally agents of the U.S. Customs, the Bureau of Narcotics and even the FBI joined in the hunt, but the *Serene* was far beyond their reach.

Schmitz, cheerfully consuming *sauerkraut* for breakfast and dried prunes and peanut butter for lunch, seemed to be having the time of his life. But his companions, unable to get used to such a diet and exhausted by their struggles with the wind-whipped canvas (52-foot schooners normally carry a crew of four or five at sea), were growing weaker and weaker.

Too small to be of much help with the heavy sails, Cohen was occasionally allowed to steer. The wake he left was often erratic. One night Schmitz appeared unexpectedly on deck and discovered that either by accident or blind homing instinct Cohen had let the *Serene* swing about 180°, so that its bow pointed directly back — towards home. Thereafter Cohen was given duties that kept him below most of the time. He spent so much time sitting around the saloon in wet shoes, dealing himself losing hands of solitaire, that his ankles and toes began to swell.

Murano also suffered from an odd ailment, one which caused his voice

to sound unusually high. He now believes that this condition was brought on by pure terror; he never could get used to the "waves as big as office blocks coming at you like express trains."

Presently a new phenomenon appeared: flat calms. Days passed as the *Serene* remained motionless under a broiling sun. "You'd go up on deck," Cohen recalls, "and see the same bean tin bobbing along with you in the same spot it had been when you tossed it overboard two days ago. I, for one, found this very demoralizing."

It was easy to see that the end, whatever it might be, was in sight. Drinking water was fast dwindling. The last tins of Spam were visible on the shelves. Water was rising in the bilges and Murano, down three and a half stone, and Cohen, down two, were becoming too weak to pump it out. A school of small sharks had begun to swim lackadaisically in the schooner's wake.

One morning Schmitz assembled the crew and pointed to a certificate he had tacked on the wall. It was a master mariner's ticket—and Murano and Cohen were stupefied to find it was made out to one Emanuel K. Bredel. From now on, they were told, they were to address their leader as Captain Bredel.

The next day Bredel announced that, according to his calculations, they were within 80 miles, or less than a day's sail, of Madeira. But his crew barely had time to digest this

wonderful news before the wind began to rise again. Soon the *Serene* was plunging through the most terrifying storm of the voyage, 1957's Hurricane Carrie which, only a few hundred miles away, sank the huge four-masted German barque *Pamir*, with a loss of 80 lives.

It was about this time that Cohen began inscribing a piteous document dealing with "The Last Days on Earth of Leslie Cohen." Excerpts:

*Constantly wet. Working 18 hours a day. If I ever come out of this alive, I'll never set foot on a boat again. Rolling from side to side. Winds 70-90 miles per hour. Going nowhere. Murano says let the damn ship sink and get it over with. Bredel says no, he will make it or go down with the ship.*

*Another day, another hurricane. This is the worst mistake two men ever made.*

Somehow or other they got through the storm. Finally the tattered, battered yacht lay becalmed in a heavy mist.

In his bunk one morning, semi-conscious and expecting the bilge waters to envelop him at any moment, Murano heard Bredel arguing with Cohen. "I tell you they're right here," the skipper insisted. "My calculations show we ought to see them any minute."

Wondering dimly who "they" were, Murano tottered up on deck,

prepared, he recalls, to see anything from Congo pygmies to a ferryboat full of Irishmen. Instead, up out of the mists loomed the peaks of a large green island. The *Serene*, blown far south of Madeira, had reached the Canaries, 100 miles off the African mainland. The date was October 2; they had been at sea 50 days.

Bredel, ordering shaves for all hands, broke out new yachting caps, hastened below to put the carpets back in the saloon and unfurled flags for the triumphant entrance into Santa Cruz harbour. "Five minutes after we dropped anchor," Murano remembers, "he was over on somebody else's boat chattering about yachts as if he'd just come back from a Sunday afternoon spin round the bay."

Bredel adapted himself enthusiastically to life in the islands, but he was soon preparing eagerly to get on with the voyage. Cohen rebelled. He told Murano that the time had come to make a crucial decision. Even if they did reach Africa, which he doubted, the prospect had lost its lustre. The thing to do was to pull out and use whatever funds might be left for passages back to the United States. Murano reluctantly agreed, and they formally submitted their resignation to Bredel.

Bredel, affable as ever, declared that he was genuinely sorry to hear of their decision, but he would not stand in their way. Much as he would like to give them back some cash, he said, the expedition's funds

were even more depleted than they thought. In fact, he would like to borrow five dollars.

Taken aback by this, the two salesmen deferred their final decision. Then one morning they were presented with a truly ghastly proposal. In the harbour was a tiny ketch bound for California. Its crew, two aircraft engineers, offered them a ride to the West Indies. The prospect of starting another ocean crossing in a craft a fraction the size of the *Serene* was horrifying, but it was the only solution. With the air of doomed men they boarded the ketch. As she cleared the harbour, a sudden squall blew out the spannaker, and Murano and Cohen settled down to the familiar routine of pitching decks, and gales springing up from all points of the compass.

Thirty days later, weather-beaten and wasted, they arrived at Barbados. Wobbling ashore, they were delighted to receive a packet of letters forwarded from the Canary Islands. But when they opened the first envelope they were shocked to read, "Why did you steal that yacht? The FBI is looking for you."

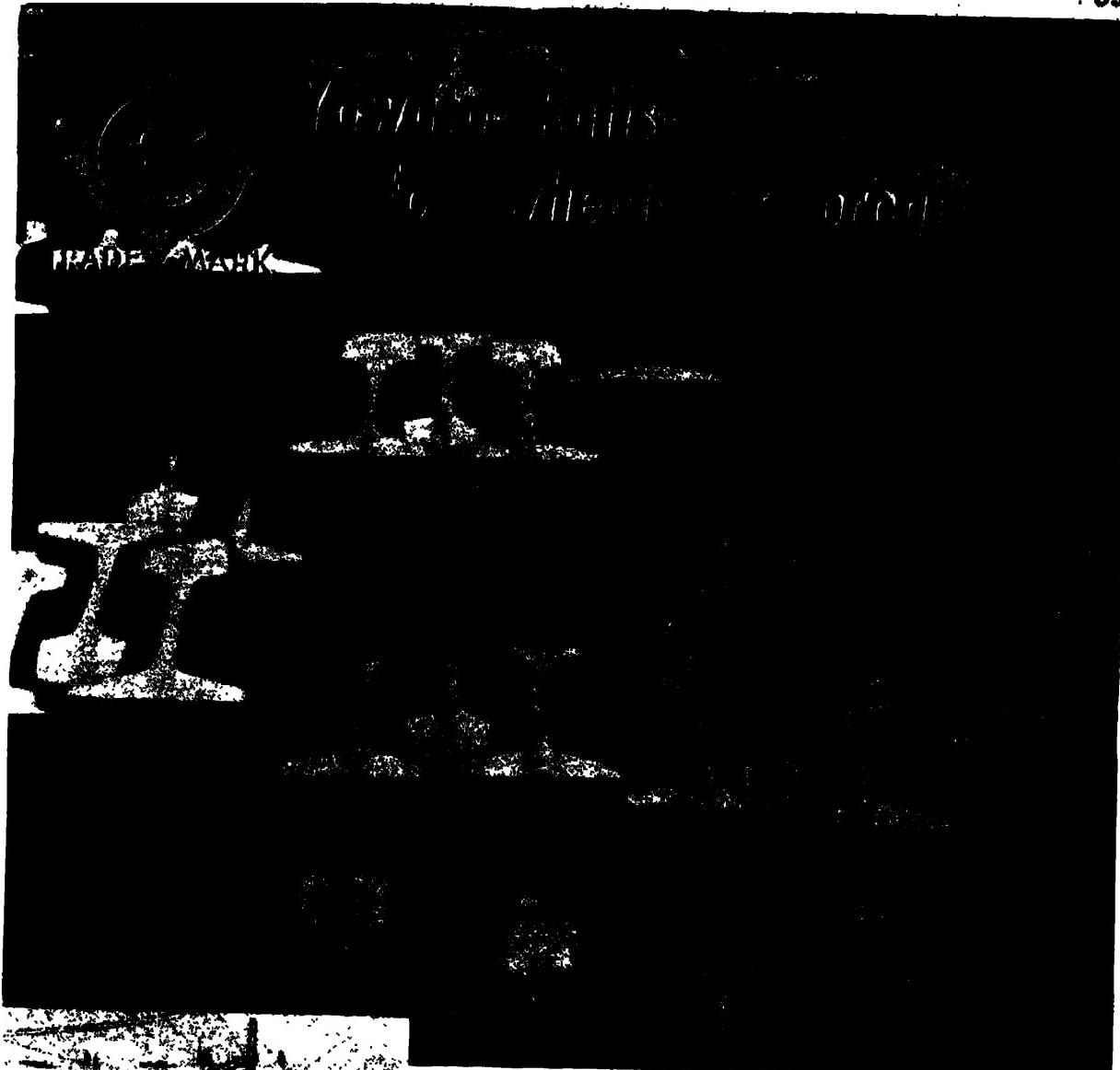
Joseph Schmitz, the FBI had learnt, was indeed a master mariner named Emanuel K. Bredel. The stories he had told about his seafaring career and his African adventures were substantially correct. But what he had neglected to mention was that he was on probation from a 20-year suspended sentence imposed by the state of Washington

for forging cheques. Murano and Cohen used their last dollars to fly back to Chicago, where they learned that the FBI would not bring any charges against them. It was interested only in Bredel.

Bredel, however, was an elusive quarry. He managed to sail from Santa Cruz, with a British schoolteacher as mate, and it was nearly a month before the law caught up with him. Brought back to New York for trial, Bredel impressed both the prosecuting lawyer and the judge. Although he was convicted of piratical violation of the U.S. code, he had evidently lost none of his charm. The judge cancelled the 10,000-dollar fine and sentenced him to only a year and a day in prison, adding, "I think he is a very brave man. If he had fought in the Navy, he might have got a medal."

In Chicago, where they are salesmen once again (though not for the awning company), Murano and Cohen feel much the same way. They bear Bredel no malice. "He was the greatest," says Murano.

And Murano has not forgotten that Bredel got him into the supreme romantic adventure of his life. Perched on a stool in the same bar where he first heard Bredel's tantalizing plans, he thinks back wistfully to those occasional starlit evenings at sea when the skipper would gaze up into the heavens and point out the constellation of Orion, which Murano picturesquely recalls as "O'Brien's Belt Buckle."



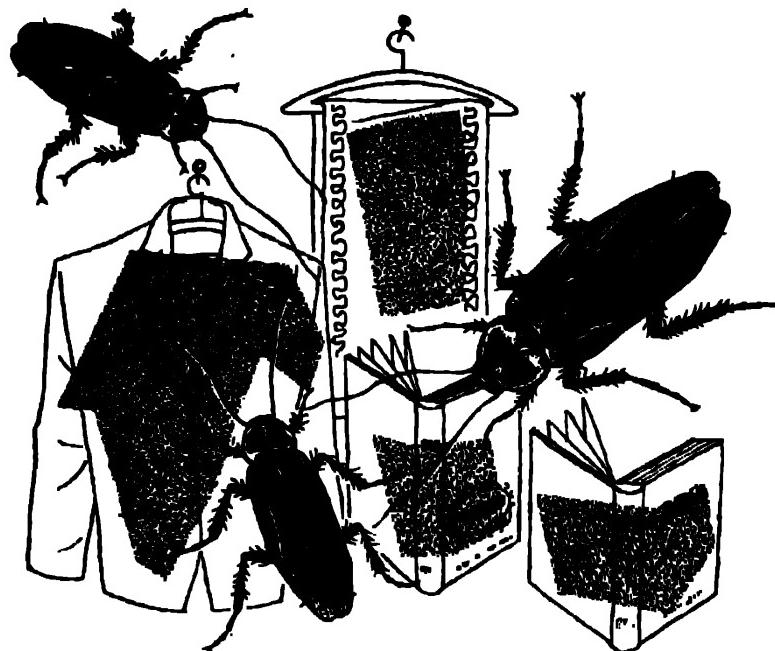
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# POINTS TO PONDER

**Robert Louis Stevenson** in *Virginibus Puerisque and Familiar Studies of Men and Books*:

If a wife is talented as a woman, it will not much matter if she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. It is more important that a person should talk pleasantly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels; for a while together by the fire happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner.

**Louis Pasteur:**

Never try to prove to the other person that you are right. It is human nature to object to anyone who insists he is right. Rather, always present your arguments in such a manner as to do your best to prove that you are wrong. If you follow this approach, especially when you are sure that you are right, the selfsame person you are trying to

convince will bring up strong evidence on behalf of your cause and prove to himself and to the world that your stand is correct.

**Clifton Fadiman:**

The great teacher is rarely "popular." He is interested in something more important than winning the affections of an unending procession of young people. No great teacher is democratic, in the sense that a successful politician must be.

My English Literature professor at university calmly assumed that the class was composed entirely of heavy thinkers. At first this was embarrassing, but after a while you got used to it, and quite soon you found yourself saying something practically publishable.

I can remember philosophy classes, presided over by another fine teacher, the late Irwin Edman, in which football heroes suddenly, if impermanently, became adults simply because the teacher refused to treat them as anything else.

Memorable is that quick look of panic mingled with amazed delight that would spread over their pleasant open faces at the realization that they had given birth to an idea. By this look you may know that education is in process.

**Margery Allingham:**

I write every paragraph four times: once to get my meaning down, once to put in everything I left out, once to take out everything that seems unnecessary, and once to make the whole thing sound as if I had only just thought of it.

**David Grayson:**

I wish some of the ardent advisers of the human race would read a certain passage in Thomas à Kempis:

"Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

**Marlene Dietrich:**

Every human being is in need of talking to somebody. Nowadays nobody has time. It seems that talking to a friend has gone out of style. Now you have to pay money to go to an analyst.

—Quoted in *Newsweek*

**Sir Compton Mackenzie:**

If I were a godfather wishing a gift on a child, it would be that he should always be more interested in other people than in himself. That's a *real* gift.

**Oren Arnold:**

You don't have to be highly educated or world-travelled or wealthy to become important. The most important individual in history lived for only 33 years, never travelled more than 100 miles from home, yet transformed civilization.

**George Bernard Shaw:**

The liar's punishment is not that he is not believed, but that he cannot believe anyone else.

**Agnes Elizabeth Benedict:**

Whenever someone speaks with prejudice against a group—Catholics, Jews, Italians, Negroes—someone else usually comes up with a classic line of

defence: "Look at Einstein!" "Look at Toscanini!" So, of course, Catholics (or Jews, or Italians or Negroes) must be all right.

They mean well, these defenders. But their approach is wrong. It is even bad. What a minority group wants is not the right to have geniuses among them but the right to have fools and scoundrels without being condemned as a group.

**George Jean Nathan:**

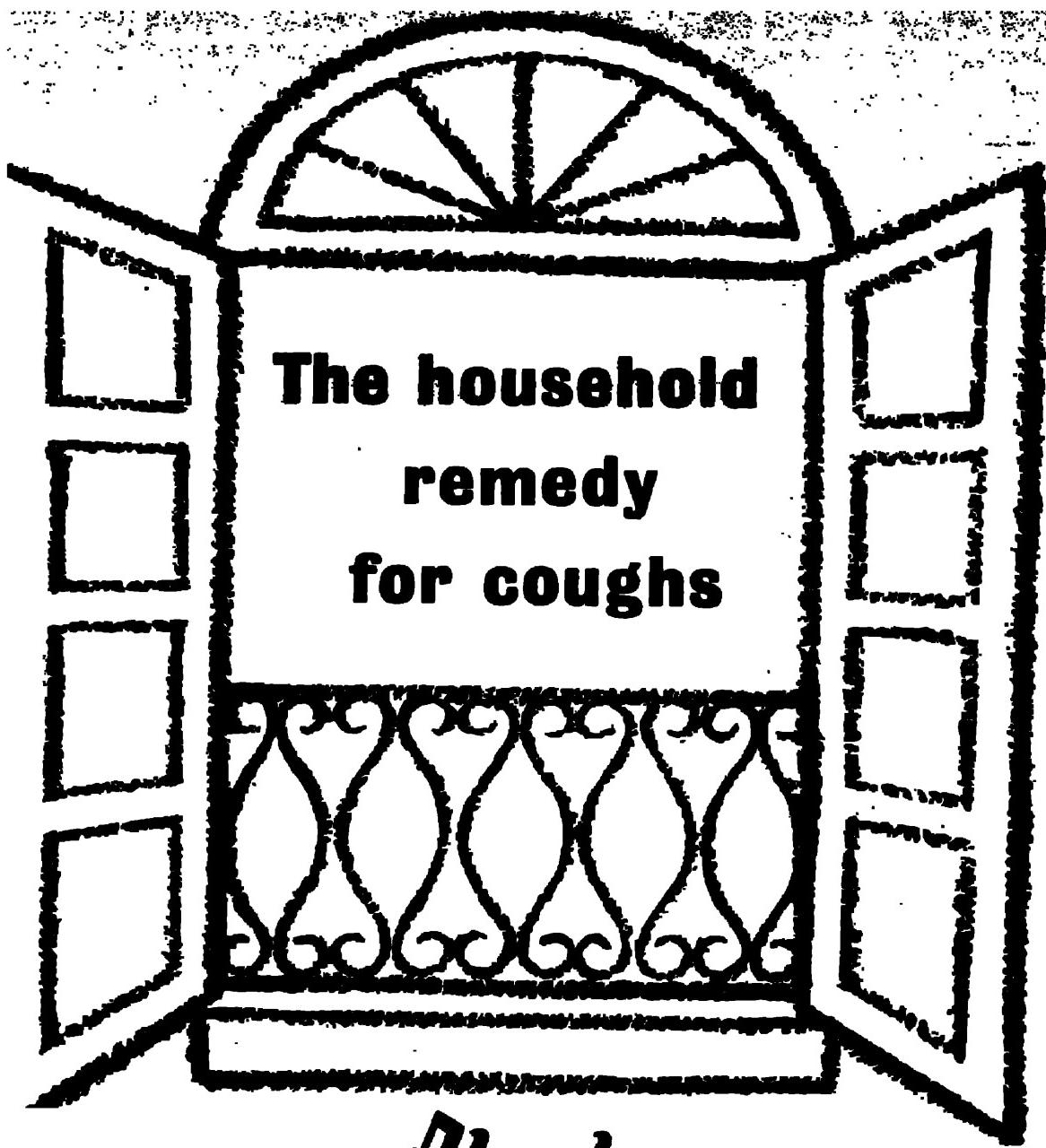
The clever woman desiring to ensnare a man realizes that the best way to get him is to throw away the traditional feminine weapons, and frankly and openly, yet charmingly, tell him she likes him. The man thus handled, all folklore to the contrary, is won—and absolutely.

**Ralph Waldo Emerson:**

A man dismisses without notice *his* thought, because it *is* his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within. Otherwise tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced with shame to take our own opinion from another.

**Jawaharlal Nehru:**

On the whole, I think we shall survive. The outlook is as bad as it has ever been, but thinking people realize that—and therein lies the hope of its getting better.



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*By Will Durant*

# YOUNG MAN— YOUR WORLD

**M**Y FIRST request to you gentlemen who are leaving school is—be healthy! Be healthy and you will be happy; be happy and you will be good. Let the vigour and cleanliness of your body be as precious to you as the integrity of your character and the clarity and strength of your mind.

Barring inherited or childhood ailments, sickness is a crime. It means that you have done something physiologically foolish, and that nature is being hard put to it to repair your mistake. Perhaps one of the cardinal errors of our time is that we continue in a sedentary life the diet that once served to provide necessary muscle and body heat for an active one. The hospitals are littered with people who have allowed an excess of imports over exports

to disturb their internal economy.

Take exercise! Nature intended thought to be a guide to action, not a substitute for it. Do some physical work for at least an hour every day. Cut the lawn, clean the car, go for a walk.

After hunger, sex is our strongest instinct and greatest problem. To ensure the continuation of the species, nature decorates the woman with beauty, and gives to us males such sensitivity to woman's charms that we can go quite mad in their pursuit.

Our ancestors played down this sexual impulse. We have stimulated it unwisely with advertisement and display, and have armed it with the doctrine that inhibition is dangerous. Yet inhibition is the first principle of civilization. Marriage was probably developed not only for

the better care of children and property, but to save us from the tyranny of sex. By submitting to marriage we can take our minds off sex, and become adult.

Marry as soon as you can keep the wolf from the door. You will be too young to choose wisely, but you won't be much wiser in these matters at 40. Don't, however, let your choice of a mate be determined by the accident of association at a time of physiological need. Let at least three months intervene between acquaintance and betrothal, between betrothal and marriage. Remember: husband and wife should be *help-mates*. Help your wife with her work and let her help you with yours. Marriage disintegrates when it is only a partnership in sex, play and conspicuous expense.

Character comes second only to health. The greatest task of our schools is to transform egos into gentlemen. A gentleman, by my wife's definition, is a person continually considerate. Kind words cost so little and are worth so much! To speak ill of others is a dishonest way of praising ourselves. If you can't say good and encouraging things, say nothing. Nothing is often a good thing to do, and always a clever thing to say.

Religion has been, along with

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DR. WILL DURANT is the author of many books, including *The Story of Philosophy*. He is now, at 73, completing the seventh volume of his monumental work, *The Story of Civilization*.

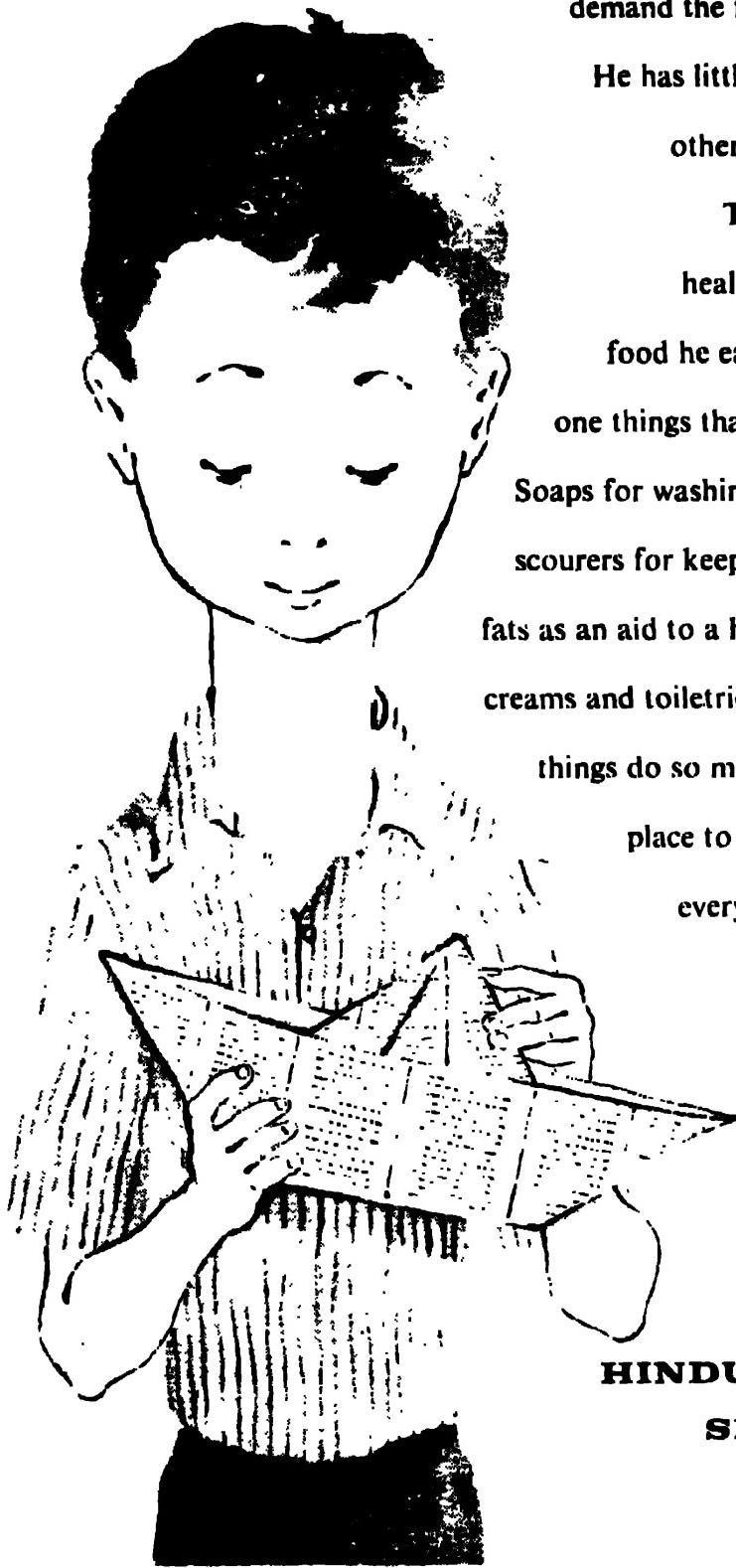
family and teacher, a tutor of character. For 50,000 or more years man lived as a hunter. He had to be greedy, pugnacious, easily stimulated to reproductive ecstasy in order to survive. Indeed, what are now, through excess, our major vices were then virtues.

When agriculture developed and social organization became the chief tool of survival, these powerful emotions had to be restrained by a moral code. Though against the grain of the flesh, the code was accepted partly through fear of parents and very much through the belief that it came from an all-seeing God who would reward virtue and punish vice. I am not sure that civilization could have come into being without such religious taboos.

Those of you who specialize in science will find it hard to understand religion unless you feel, as Voltaire did, that the harmony of the spheres reveals a cosmic mind, and unless you realize, as Rousseau did, that man does not live by intellect alone. We are such microscopic particles in so immense a universe that none of us is in a position to understand the world, much less to dogmatize about it. Let us be careful how we pit our pitiful generalizations against the infinite variety, scope and subtlety of the world.

Build an economic basis under your life, but don't get caught in the rat trap of money-making as a profession. That, like sex, can be a consuming fever, and it brings no

# Paper boats



demand the full attention of a small boy.

He has little or no time to worry about  
other things—but his parents do.

They are concerned about his  
health and cleanliness, about the  
food he eats, about all the million and  
one things that go to make a happy home.  
Soaps for washing children and their clothes,  
scourers for keeping the home clean, cooking  
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lasting happiness. Your wife will have the responsibility of stimulating you to develop all your creative capacities, but I hope she will not prod you into keeping up with all the Joneses in town. If you become an employer, your relations with your employees will count far more in your happiness than adding a nought to your wealth. Don't live in boastful luxury, taking more from the world than you give.

Some of you will now go to university, and the sharpened competition will force you into intellectual specialities. The stress on science today is so keen that many young people may gain only a passing acquaintance with literature, history, philosophy, music and art. But don't let yourselves be fragments. When your formal education is complete, give at least two hours a week to rounding yourselves out with these flowers of civilization.

Make friends with the great poets and writers—Sophocles, Dante and Shakespeare; the psalmists, Cicero, Swift, Voltaire. Acquaint yourselves with the world's supreme art—Indian, Egyptian and Greek;

Gothic cathedrals, Renaissance painting, music from Bach to Rachmaninov. Study the great statesmen, and follow man's odyssey with the great historians. Sit for a while at the feet of the great thinkers—Confucius, Socrates, Newton, Einstein—and walk humbly with the great spiritual leaders—Buddha, Jesus, Gandhi. I shall not consider you educated unless you make many such geniuses your friends. Cultivate them and you will be moulded by the company you keep.

These and the whole world of technology, morals, manners, government, art, literature and philosophy are your heritage. This is the patrimony that each of us inherits. It has grown incredibly through the centuries, and it is so rich that you will never be able to exhaust it.

Good health to you, good work, good fortune, good character, good children, good grandchildren! Drink the brimming cup of life to the full and to the end. Thank God and nature for life's bracing trials and challenges, its educative punishments and rewards, its priceless gifts of beauty, wisdom, labour and love.



### *Drawing the Line*

MILD consternation swept a group of amateur painters attending an art class when a model entered the classroom and posed nude for life studies. The daubers rallied, however, and fell to work. But the instructor, cruising amid the easels, blinked at the work of one older woman. "What's that?" he asked.

"I'm painting landscapes," she said firmly, "from memory!"

—M.T.

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*Nine English youths were each sent to prison for four years for starting a race riot in Notting Hill, London. In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Salmon said:*

**I**OU STAND convicted on your own confessions of a series of extremely grave and brutal crimes. You formed yourselves into a gang and set out on a cruel and vicious manhunt. You armed yourselves with iron bars and other weapons.

Your quarry was any man, providing there were not more than two of them together, whose skin happened to be a different colour from your own. Your object was to instil stark terror and inflict as much pain and grievous injury as you could.

During that night you savagely attacked five peaceful, law-abiding citizens without any shadow of an

**excuse. None of them had done you any harm. None of them had given you the slightest provocation. Indeed, you knew nothing about them, except that their skin happened to be of a colour of which you apparently did not approve.**

Two of them were lucky enough to escape from you before you were able to inflict other than comparatively minor injuries. The other three you left bleeding and senseless.

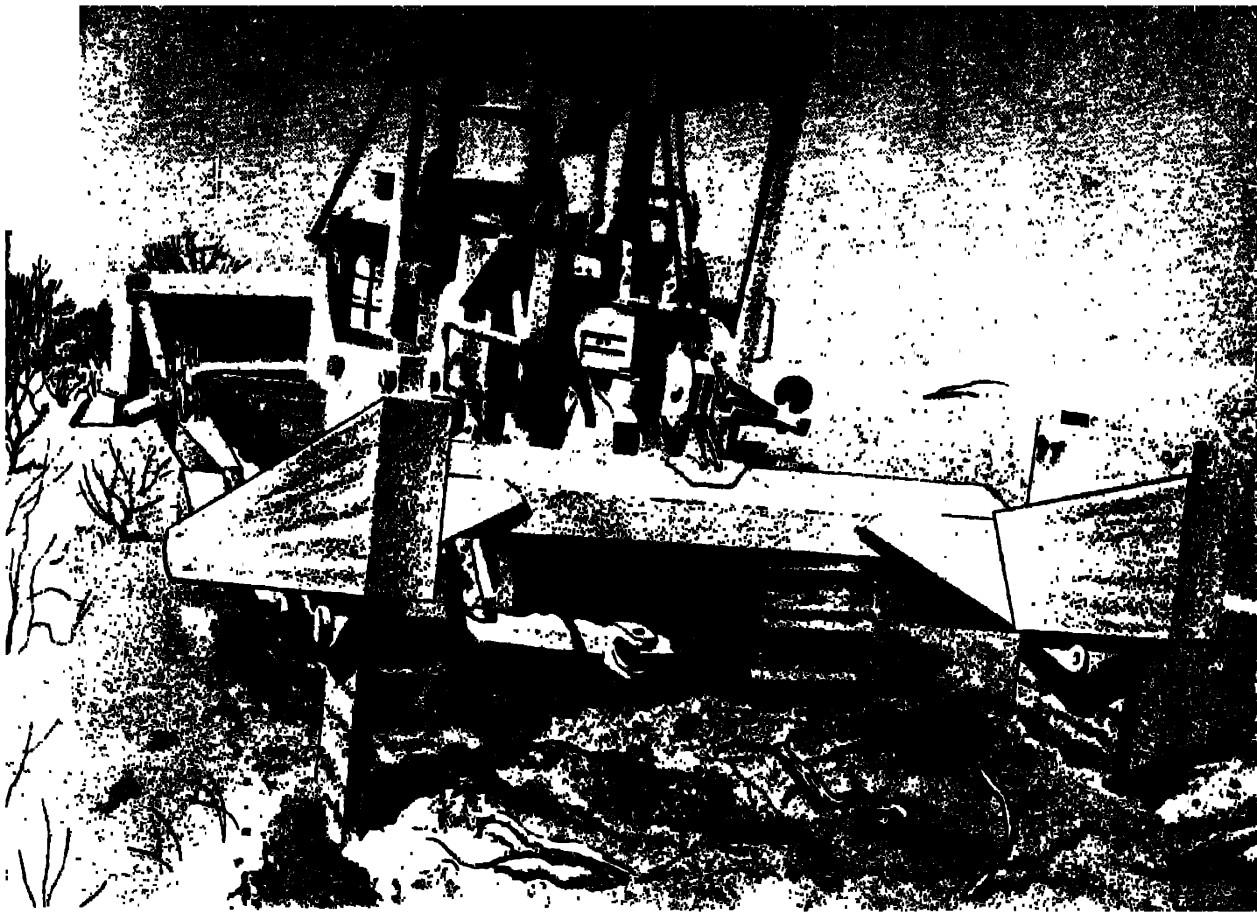
It was you men who started the whole of the violence in Notting Hill. You are a minute and insignificant section of the population who have brought shame upon the district in which you lived, and have filled the whole nation with horror, indignation, and disgust.

Everyone, irrespective of the colour of their skin, is entitled to walk through our streets in peace, with their heads erect, and free from fear.

As far as the law is concerned, you are entitled to think what you like, however foul your thoughts.

But once you translate your dark thoughts and brutal feelings into savage acts such as these, the law will be swift to punish you.

I am determined that you and anyone anywhere who may be tempted to follow your example shall clearly understand that crimes such as this will not be tolerated in this country, but will inevitably meet with the punishment which they so justly deserve.



The lush, wide-open spaces were turning into arid wasteland. Now  
a miracle is saving the heart of Texas

## *Green Pastures Are Here Again*

By John Bird

FOR MORE than half a century hard-pressed cattlemen in Texas have tried in vain to beat back a vicious, invading jungle of spiny trees and cactus that has engulfed millions of acres of grassland described in early days as "the best wild pastures in the world." This creeping blight has left soil as bare as an old stove lid and caused once-clear streams to wither into muddy channels. The brush, or *brasada*,

has bankrupted many a rancher.

No wonder that Tom DeVilbiss and hundreds of other brush-battered ranchers now believe that they are taking part in a miracle when they see the mesquite, huisache, black-brush and other invaders go down to defeat, and the green grass come back. For DeVilbiss, it was a last-minute rescue. In 1944 he bought 615 brushy acres along San Miguel Creek in Frio County. Two

*years later he and his family barely escaped when a sudden flood swept away the ranch buildings and most of the livestock. He started all over again on a higher location on his land, but the encroaching brush was destroying the little grass left. "I didn't have a dollar," he told me. "I raised goats—the only stock that could bring a livin' on this poor land."*

Four years ago DeVilbiss learned from the Frio Soil Conservation District about a new method called root-ploughing and re-seeding, in which a huge, specially designed plough rips the stubborn brush out of the land. In the same operation the land is seeded with new, drought-resistant grasses. The method was still experimental and expensive—about 12 dollars an acre—but the rancher tried it on 460 acres. A few months afterwards DeVilbiss had the finest pasture he had ever seen.

"The Lord has been with me," the 73-year-old rancher told me. "I prayed I would get back on my feet before my time ran out. Now I buy thin cattle and fatten 'em on this fine grass. Came out ahead even during the last drought—and that sure feels good."

That feeling of victory is common throughout South Texas these days. An army of crawler tractors as big as houses is crashing through the *brasada*, uprooting the pest plants at the rate of half a million acres a year. The giant blades, which cut a

swath ten feet wide, rip and tear through the soil at a depth of 16 inches, pulling up trees and brush. One machine can clear two or three acres in an hour.

On his ranch near Charlotte, Ernest Wehman drove me over the "grass garden" he developed from 600 acres of particularly stubborn brush. Cattle, sleek and fat, were grazing belly-deep in the sweet grass. "Before we found the way to beat the brush it took 30 acres to carry one cow," he told me. "Even then I had to buy supplemental feed during winter. Now I use these pastures only for winter feed; put six-month-old calves on the grass, one animal to two-and-a-half acres, and they come off butter fat in spring. I rest the grass in the summer, except to harvest a crop of grass seed."

The invasion these ranchers have turned back isn't confined to Texas. Scrub oak, sagebrush, mesquite, creosote bush, to name a few of the noxious plants, are threatening more than 300 million acres of range land throughout western states. The U.S. Soil Conservation Service is careful to point out that the root-ploughing and re-seeding method showing such spectacular results in the Rio Grande plains may not be as effective in other parts of Texas or other states, partly because the right kind of "recovery grasses" haven't been developed for other climates and soils. Still, ranchers everywhere are cheered by the news from along the Nueces River, where the brush has

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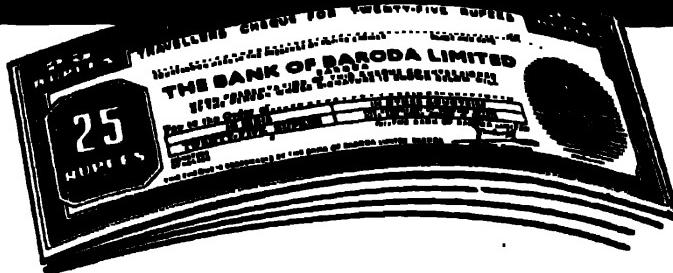
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long been the meanest and toughest.

Cattlemen who have been trying to run herds in this *brasada* say wryly, "Everything in it either stings, bites or scratches." A vengeful nature goes heavily armed. Mesquite, which grows here in twisted tree form, carries stilettos among its leaves. Under it sprawls the succulent but needle-covered prickly pear. The yucca, or Spanish dagger, displays beautiful, creamy blossoms above sharp spines. And on the baked earth coils the rattlesnake.

Yet in the early 1800's this Texas frontier was a rolling prairie, a stockman's paradise. "It costs to raise a cow about as much as it does to raise a chicken," bragged the *Texas Almanac* of 1858. Here a colourful breed of men built great cattle empires. Through the booming years the grasslands were ruthlessly overstocked, the vegetation eaten into the ground, the soil trampled into hard, impervious layers by millions of hoofs—and the brush silently crept on to the prairie. In 1898 a grass specialist of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, who undertook to lecture a convention of Texas cattlemen about the error of their ways, was rewarded by a motion, passed with a whoop and a cheer: "Resolved, that none of us knows anything about grasses . . . outside of the fact that for the present there are lots of them . . . and we are after getting the most out of them while they last."

However, this tune changed

where the mesquite marched. This invader is a remarkable work of nature; it can gear its growing habits to the climate. Where rainfall is ample it grows into large gnarled trees. Where the soil is a dry, heavy clay, the plant takes a low, creeping form. On its root-stem are wart-like buds, extending for a foot or more underground, which are triggered into sprouting by damage to the top growth. A rancher who chops down or burns a mesquite tree soon has a dozen mesquite bushes to take its place.

The King Ranch, with its 823,000-acre spread on the Gulf Coast, has long been experimenting with machines to eradicate brush. In the 1930's Robert Kleberg, now head of the ranch, developed large, horizontal blades which, when pulled under the surface, undercut the mesquite and smaller species. From this was to evolve the root-plough.

But there was another part to the problem. Once the brush was gone, the native grasses—trichloris, sea-coast bluestem, pappusgrass and tanglehead—did not always come back; they either lacked seed in the hard-packed soil or were hit by drought before they could recover. And when the grass didn't come back, the brush did.

The first hint of victory over this problem came in 1953 when the Dimmit Soil Conservation District made a successful test of seeding the land at the same time as the root-ploughing. The grass used was one

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of two promising fast-growing drought-resistant grasses: *Panicum antidotale*, affectionately called "blue panic," which had been recruited long ago from the arid plains of India, by way of Australia, by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. (The other newcomer was also an import, called buffelgrass, *Pennisetum cilare*, brought from South Africa 12 years ago.) The "blue panic" grass seeded in Texas rapidly grew to a fine stand. Then came an important refinement in planting technique.

In the spring of 1954 two SCS technicians, Meril Carter and Jack Fletcher, were trying to salvage some land on a ranch near Bigfoot. With them were Walter Page and J. A. Palmer, partners in the business of clearing brush, building ponds and other conservation contracting. Together they considered a problem: since the root-plough leaves the land a jumble of broken roots and ripped-up earth, no ordinary planting machine can operate there. In a moment of inspiration, they invented a sure method of seeding.

"One of us remarked," Carter recalls, "that nature's way was to let the wind drift the light, fuzzy seeds over the soil. So Jack and Walter ran a pipe from the tractor's exhaust through the seeder box to blow the seed out behind the plough." That innovation has since been refined into a commercially manufactured exhaust-driven seeder.

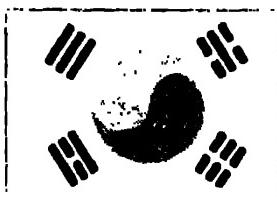
The best-known leader in the save-the-range campaign is Dolph Briscoe, a 35-year-old cattleman who is a prototype of the modern "conservation rancher." "My father built our ranching operation after the Depression," he told me. "He drilled into me that our livelihood—that of this whole country—depends on keeping our land in shape."

Briscoe showed me the contrast between the 60,000 acres he has restored to grass and the 40,000 still covered by mesquite. So far his brush fight has cost more than 400,000 dollars (about Rs. 20 lakhs). "But you know," he said, "I used to be frightened when I thought what this land would be like in 1970. Now I'm planning for the day when this whole 100,000 acres, covered with grass, will support a herd of 5,000 cattle."

This year about 500,000 acres of Texas brush are being eradicated. In South Texas alone there are at least 18 million more acres on which the SCS believes root-ploughing and reseeding can be effective. There's something of the spirit of the old cattle drives among the root-ploughing crews. The machines run day and night, seven days a week. But there are differences too. The ten-gallon hat has given way to the metal safety helmet, the chaps to oil-stained dungarees. And if these modern riders of the lone prairie sing mournful ballads as they jolt along, nobody can hear them above the roar of a huge diesel.

On the eleventh anniversary of Korea's independence, a soldier who fought to maintain that country's liberty recalls the facts—and the Free World's duty

## Lest We Forget— KOREA



By General James Van Fleet

*Commander of the U.N. Forces in Korea, 1951–53*

**I**N MID-MAY of 1951, while our forces were relentlessly pursuing a rapidly disintegrating Communist army, I was with a front-line unit when we came upon a burning village. It was empty, except for the bodies of Korean victims and one old man, dressed in the traditional white robe and the high hat of woven black horsehair which signified his venerable age and station in life.

Our line of jeeps, tanks and half-track vehicles clanked to a halt as the old man crossed the road completely oblivious of us. We watched silently as he walked, slowly and with great dignity, to a drainage ditch, filled a bucket with water, then carried it

carefully back across the road and poured the water on the flames. He knew that he could not save his burning home, *but he was trying to do something!*

This unforgettable scene seemed to me to symbolize the character of the Korean people. No matter what tragedies have occurred in his life—occupation by Japan, the Second World War, the Communist occupation of the northern half of his country, and finally the terrible war started by the North Korean invasion—the Korean has kept on working.

Not one of these tragedies was caused by Korea.

The Japanese occupation was the

result of the Great Powers' decision to give Korea to victorious Japan at the end of the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. For 40 years the Korean lived as a second-class citizen in his own country, restricted in his higher education, forbidden to study his own language or to wear his native dress, deprived of large holdings of land and property.

The Communist-Russian occupation derived from the fatal Allied blunder in the Second World War, permitting Soviet Russia to enter the war against Japan just in time to take the surrender of the Japanese armies in Manchuria and northern Korea. The United States took the surrender south of the 38th Parallel, with the clear-cut agreement that the Russians would withdraw from Korea as soon as a national government had been established. But Moscow refused to co-operate and so laid the foundation for the Korean War. The Republic of Korea was formed in 1948 under the auspices of the United Nations, of which Soviet Russia is a charter member. Yet, in 1950, Russia caused the invasion of the practically unarmed Republic, and completely devastated the country, at a time when the United States had withdrawn all its troops in keeping its part of the surrender agreement.

The war caused the death of more than a million Koreans, tens of thousands of soldiers from the 16 U.N. countries, and material destruction in excess of £1,700 million

(about Rs. 2,300 crores). This is the price paid in defence of freedom.

The entire Korean nation was involved in that war. Time and again during the fighting, President Rhee begged for more weapons for his soldiers. "We have our own boys who are willing to fight and die for our country, and we have our women. They, too, will fight!"

I once asked the charming and talented wife of Admiral Sohn, now the Korean minister to West Germany, why it was that during the height of the war, when we had many minefields in the battle zone, we would often see a Korean family moving across former rice fields with the wife in the lead and the man following in her exact footsteps. But when the war slowed down and we cleared up these old areas, the man was once again in the lead with the wife and children following.

Mrs. Sohn was quick to reply, very sweetly: "General Van Fleet, we did not lead our men through the minefields because they made us do it. It was our wish because we love them."

When the United Nations came to the rescue of Korea, the Kremlin persuaded Communist China to intervene. In the next six years, almost four million of the eight million North Koreans escaped to the free South. To make up this loss, almost a million Koreans were moved from their homes in Manchuria to provide troops and slave labour for the Communist half of Korea.

Dear Friend:

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May we suggest, therefore, that you take a look at the new

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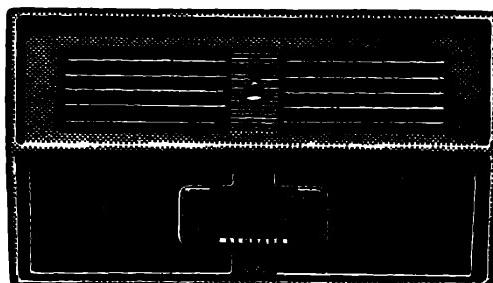


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South Korea is an agricultural area—the rice bowl of the country. With Korea divided, industries have had to be created, factories built; the four million refugees have had to be housed, fed and provided with work.

Yesterday Korea was the "Land of the Morning Calm," with a record of almost 500 years, from the 14th to the 20th century, under one dynasty: the Yi family, ancestors of their first and only president, Dr. Syngman Rhee. Today it is truncated, living under constant threat of renewed warfare.

Though Syngman Rhee is now 84 years old, he walks like a young man, and his brain is so alert that he grasps your thought before you have time to express it. His clear eyes need no glasses for normal seeing, and he uses no hearing aid. Though he is not tall, he seems to tower above you when you are with him. I feel humble in the knowledge of his great spirit.

Coming from a long line of scholars and statesmen, he was heir to the best of the old Korean culture and education. After studying with tutors he attended the Methodist missionary school, then went on to win degrees at three American universities. Few have a better grasp of the history of the Western World, as well as the history of Korea, China and Japan. With such a background and great wisdom, he is an important figure in the drama being enacted today in the Far East.

President Rhee does not agree in full with the present policy of his allies. He would rather unite Korea by force than wait for slow-moving international developments. But he will not endanger allied policy because Korea, as he often points out, has never been involved in an offensive war. He often impatiently demands unification at the earliest possible time, but he is committed to wait for "peaceful unification" through free elections supervised by the United Nations. His not-infrequent threats against the Communists in the North are a warning to Red leaders in Pyongyang, Peking and Moscow that another invasion will be met with a counter-invasion.

This is not an idle threat. The Republic of Korea has the world's fourth largest army. The 655,000-strong force is moulded into a powerful striking force of 21 divisions, with an air force of two combat wings, one of them equipped with jets, and a small but efficient coastal navy. This military machine of battle-tested young men is backed by modern equipment, including the atomic weapons of the United Nations' Command.

In terms of common Allied defence, this highly mobile force is readily available to fight against Communists in any part of Asia. As long as there is a Communist threat in Asia, or anywhere, it will not be the wish of the stout-hearted Koreans, nor should it be ours, that her military strength be reduced.

# have you heard...?

There's a big new factory along the road to make some new sort of plastic called 'Alkathene'.

*It isn't exactly a new plastic, in fact you probably have some things made of it in your home. You know, those polythene buckets and flexible water bottles.*

I know the stuff. Very useful around the house, too. It saves money to have things that don't break.

*Yes, and that factory is going to save the country a lot of foreign exchange, too. Thank I.C.I. for that.*

What, the importing firm?

*That's a poor description. Their subsidiary, the Alkali & Chemical Corporation of India, has been making chemicals here for years. Now they are making polythene instead of importing it.*

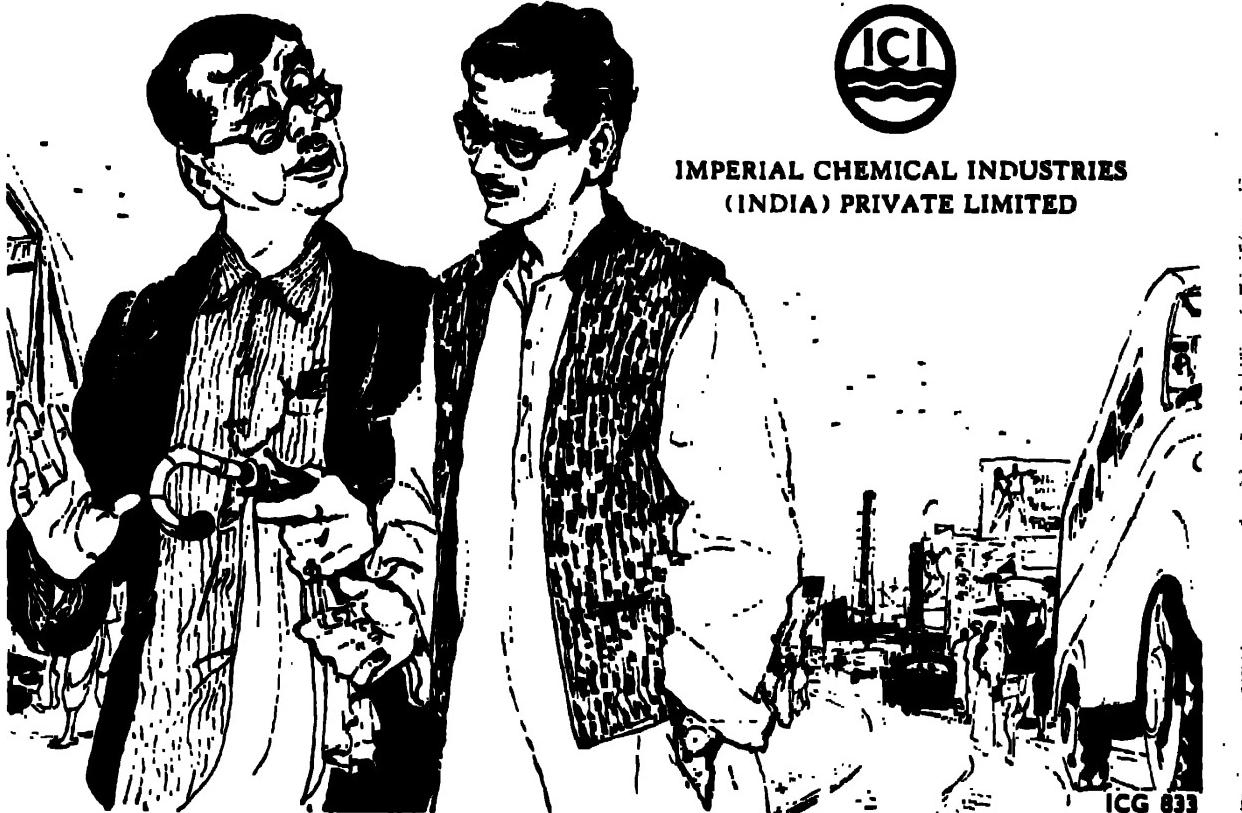
Good for them. From the size of the new plant it cost a deal of money.

*Plenty—about Rs. 4 crores.*

*It's expensive making plastics, and highly technical too. That plant represents years of experience in I.C.I. laboratories and factories in other countries.*

They've been making it a long time, then?

*Yes, polythene was discovered in an I.C.I. laboratory in 1933. So nobody knows more about it. I reckon it is a good thing I.C.I. is helping us to establish our own plastics industry here.*



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When General Eisenhower, as President-Elect, went to Korea, I took him to see the Capitol Republic of Korea Division, commanded by "Tiger" Song, a powerful man and one of the best generals of the war. He knew only a little English.

Tiger began his briefing, "Me, Song Yo Chan, commanding Capitol ROK Division. We are here (indicating with a pointer on the map) Capitol ROK Division. We want fight—we go!" and the pointer was thrust northward to the Yalu.

Today General Song is commanding the ROK First Army deployed along the 150-mile front.

Korea today is a new country, filled with hope and ambition. Schools and churches are being built. Dedicated Korean teachers kept alive the love of learning even while the fighting was going on. Now education is the Republic's chief industry. Schools have expanded five-fold, although classrooms are still lacking for additional thousands. Nor are the mute and disabled forgotten. For education is now the right of every Korean.

Homes are being built, factories are again producing textiles for Korean clothing and silks for export. Young women are studying science and medicine. Young men are learning the rudiments of engine maintenance, while dreaming of huge electric generators powering industries to pull their once primitive country into this century. Where mountain torrents once

rushed unchecked through bare valleys, hydro-electric plants are taking form. New industries, long-planned, are now springing up almost overnight. The "Made in Korea" trademark accompanies goods wagons loaded with cement, fertilizer, salt and soda-ash. Steel and pig-iron mills are rising as quickly as a burgeoning new plastics industry. Telecommunications link the nation.

The Koreans have a love of flowers and dancing, warm hospitality—and a love of liberty. Though they have always looked to China for their education and philosophy, their art and culture are distinctly Korean, showing great beauty in their early treasures and in their ancient buildings.

Barring conquest by the Communists, a continued democratic government in South Korea is assured. Koreans will accept no other rule. Their government will exchange no diplomats with any Communist regime. Koreans are convinced that almost any proposal from the Reds bodes ill. They are the world's most outspoken anti-Communists.

Korea tomorrow will be what President Rhee is able to pass on to its children today. He is giving them a Christian example of unselfish devotion to his country. His great hope is to leave his country fully independent, united in its natural boundaries, capable of supporting its people by their own labour as Korea did for so many hundreds of years before the tragedies of this century.



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P 3630

## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

To a passing-out parade at the RAF College at Cranwell, Air Marshal Sir Richard Atcherley, then head of RAF Flying Training Command, confided, "You are going to be passed out by a mountebank who never passed in." The Atcherley secret: on their first try for Cranwell, Sir Richard and his twin brother, David, failed their medicals, he for weak eyes, David for a tricky kidney. Two months later they tried again. "In a contingency of this sort," said the marshal, "there are obvious advantages in being twins. So when we returned, with very little subterfuge on our parts, the doctors got us completely mixed up. I passed in with flying colours on David's eyes, and he on the strength and quality of my more vulgar but none the less useful contribution." —*Time*

I WAS DINING at an expensive hotel with Harold Russell, the handless ex-serviceman who won recognition for his role in the film *The Best Years of Our Lives*, and who now devotes his life to the rehabilitation of the seriously handicapped. After dinner, our waiter inadvertently placed a finger bowl in front of Harold. Suddenly aware of his gaucherie, the waiter was visibly embarrassed: Harold saved the situation with a grin and his comment, "Sorry, son, I never touch the stuff."

—Contributed by Edward O'Leary

TELEVISION-ENTERTAINER Harvey Stone recalls that when he was in the Forces he was assigned to work with fellow GI Joe Louis. One day the two men were driving when a truck side-swiped them. The driver hopped out, stuck his face into Joe's and, obviously not recognizing the champion, bawled him out. After he had swaggered away, Harvey asked Joe why he just sat there smiling instead of knocking the driver flat.

"Well, Harv," Joe drawled, "when somebody insulted Caruso, did he sing an aria for him?" —Hy Gardner

COMEDIAN W. C. Fields had great respect for money and parted with it most reluctantly. A friend, asking for a loan, was put off with: "I'll see what my lawyer says—and if he says yes, I'll get another lawyer." —Bennett Cerf

WHEN Sigmund Romberg brought his famous orchestra to my home town, the audience was charmed by his music. They were equally charmed by the unusual beauty of his women soloists. As the last one, a ravishing blonde, appeared, there was a gasp of pleasure throughout the concert hall. Romberg turned to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I think you will agree with me that I know a fine voice when I see one."

—Contributed by Vernon Miller

THE WORLD'S foremost 'cellist, Pablo Casals, is 83. He was asked one day why he continued to practise four and five hours a day. Casals answered, "Because I think I am making progress."

—Leonard Lyons

*"Quality always tells"*

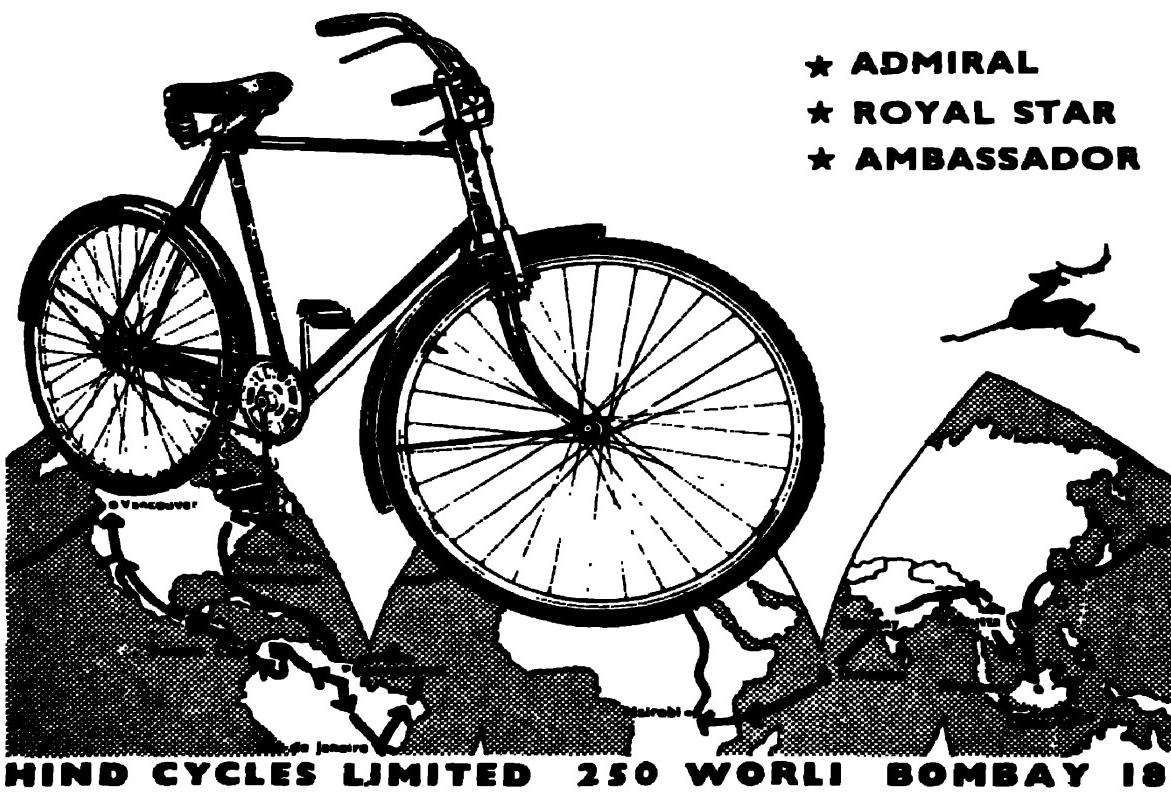
says world-cyclist Mishrilal Jaiswal



"Quality always tells," says Mishrilal Jaiswal, "and whether I was pedalling along a jungle track in Africa or coasting down an Alpine pass in Switzerland, I realised that quality counted in a Hind-built cycle. Take an ADMIRAL — or a ROYAL STAR or AMBASSADOR — and you are sure of the same exacting standards of sturdiness, smooth action and light running."

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First news of an extraordinary device developed in America; in time it will enable many of the helplessly crippled to enjoy useful, productive lives

## *Man-Made Muscle—for the Paralysed*

By Don Murray

OUT OF a father's anguish has come an invention of rare promise. It is expected to help hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have been crippled by infantile paralysis, strokes, arthritis, spinal injuries and a host of nerve and muscle disorders. The device, a man-made muscle, was developed by Joseph Laws McKibben, one of the most talented nuclear physicists of our time, who until now has perhaps been best-known for having directed the designing and building of the complex electrical timing devices which set off the first atomic bomb.

When Dr. McKibben's daughter, Karan, then eight years old, was stricken with paralytic polio seven years ago, he tried to use his scientific skills to create a liveable world for her. While she was still in an iron lung, he built a switch so that she could turn the respirator off and on with her chin—he wanted her to

be able to do *something* to get into the battle of her own rehabilitation. He created a workshop full of slings, hooks and exercising gadgets to help Karan's wasted arms. He designed a board on which she could be strapped and tilted, so that she could be wheeled easily round the house. Then, while visiting the Respiratory and Rehabilitation Centre at Rancho Los Amigos Hospital near Los Angeles, where Karan had been taken for treatment, he met Dr. Vernon Nickel, one of America's outstanding orthopaedic surgeons.

The most basic physical skill a human being uses to translate simple thoughts into action is a pinching movement of the thumb and the first two fingers. Without it, he can't pick up anything; he can't feed himself. Month after month Dr. Nickel's staff had tried ways of imitating the movement of a human muscle: electric motors, mechanical

arms, pistons, magnetic devices, hydraulic contraptions. None of them gave a person a delicate, dependable pinch.

McKibben returned to his Los Alamos home obsessed with the idea of creating an artificial muscle. Unlike most inventors, he did not go to a workbench surrounded with tools. He faced a blank piece of paper armed with *one* tool: a trained brain.

Mathematical formulae led him to believe that the best way to imitate the expansion and contraction of a human muscle was to experiment with a double helical weave, the criss-cross kind of pattern you see in a Chinese finger puzzle, which gets tighter the harder you try to pull it off a finger. He reasoned that, if you could make this weave expand and contract by means of some kind of gas, you could imitate the action and efficiency of a muscle.

McKibben next designed and built a loom, on which he used fishing line to weave the first artificial muscle. He ran a thin rubber hose through it and placed fasteners on both ends.

Now he took his invention to Dr. Nickel. The device didn't look like much—just a foot-long piece of woven hose. But when they filled it with compressed air, it bulged like a fighter's biceps. And when the air escaped from it, the artificial muscle went down in the same easy way that a natural muscle does.

Dr. Nickel instantly recognized

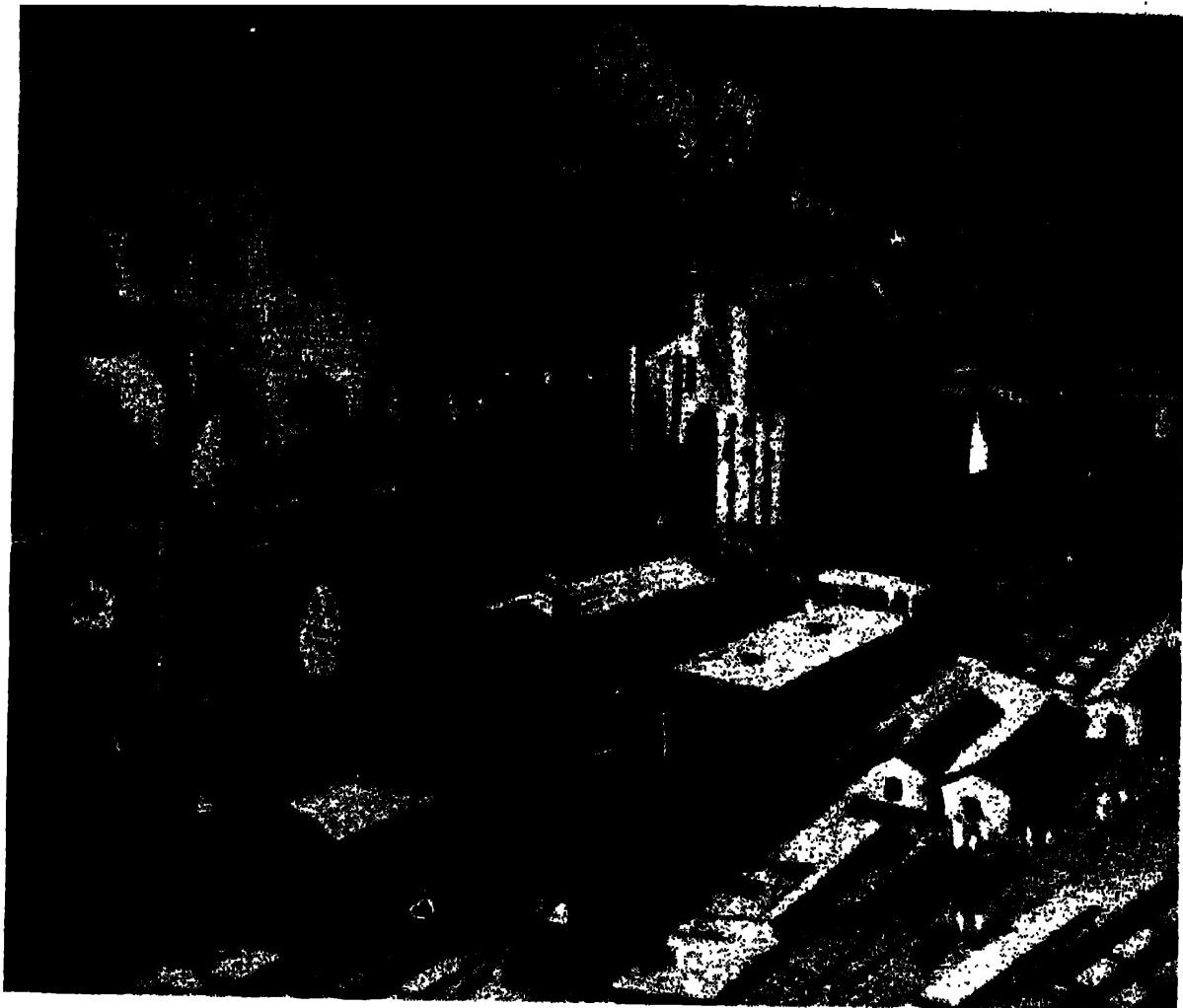
that this could give his patients that sensitive pinch they needed. He pushed the work forward so energetically that today, in less than two years, the muscle is an accepted rehabilitation tool, although not yet in general production.

This progress has been hastened by the fact that Rancho Los Amigos Hospital has one of the 16 Respiratory and Rehabilitation Centres which are financed and maintained by the National Foundation, formerly the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. At these centres doctors, scientists, technicians and therapists all work together to solve the rehabilitation problems of the severely paralysed, whether they suffer from polio or not.

Thus, when McKibben brought his "muscle" to Rancho, a team of experts was ready to develop it. Dr. Nickel handed the toughest assignment—putting the muscle to work—to Roy Snelson, an expert in designing and fitting devices which help the severely crippled to use their bodies.

Snelson filled a woven insulation sheath with a bladder made of tubing used by surgeons. He machined metal ends for the hose. Then, to link up the muscle, he used a flexor-hinge hand splint, a metal scaffold that supports the forearm and hand, enabling a helpless hand to pinch if power can be supplied.

The next problem was: what gas to power the muscle? Tests led to



## A panoramic view of the Burnpur works of The Indian Iron & Steel Company Limited

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carbon dioxide, because it can be stored in a small space, is inexpensive, available and, in a tank with special valves, safe to use. Finally, a tank small enough to allow the patient maximum mobility was designed.

Now came the job of fitting a muscle on a human being. A patient must move some part of his body to operate the device, but no two patients are alike. One may be able to shrug a shoulder; another, bend an elbow or rotate a wrist. Each brace built to utilize an artificial muscle must be individually tailored.

The first to test the new muscle was 19-year-old Hollis Nelson, who suffered polio five years ago. An iron lung saved his life and, later, doctors taught him to use his remaining undamaged chest muscles to breathe. He had been a weight-lifter when he was stricken; he was proud of his physique. Now he could move only his left foot, and that just slightly. He was bitter and frustrated.

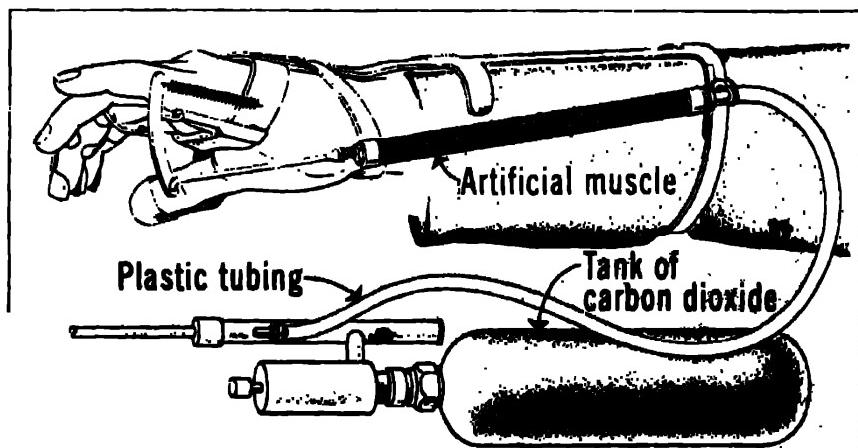
Hollis Nelson's right hand is today in a special aluminium brace. When his left foot presses a hair-trigger pedal all the way down, the brace closes his right hand as quickly or slowly, firmly or gently, as he wants.

When he relaxes his foot, his grip stays closed, firm. When he pushes the pedal half-way down, his hand releases its grip.

Hollis can live at home. He can feed himself, undo buttons, play draughts. He even delights in showing how he can pick up a double-edged razor blade and hold it by the cutting edges.

Hollis is bright and confident now. As he flips the pages of a book, picks up a pencil and begins writing his school homework, he says, "Before the muscle I had no future. It has opened new fields to my imagination." One goal is to study law.

Dorcas Clark, an attractive blonde in her late 20's, and mother of two children, is also a quadriplegic—paralysed in all four limbs from polio. She was in hospital, unable to brush the hair out of her eyes or put on lipstick. Dorcas can only move her left knee slightly sideways, but that is enough to operate the valve of an artificial muscle. Today she is living at home again.

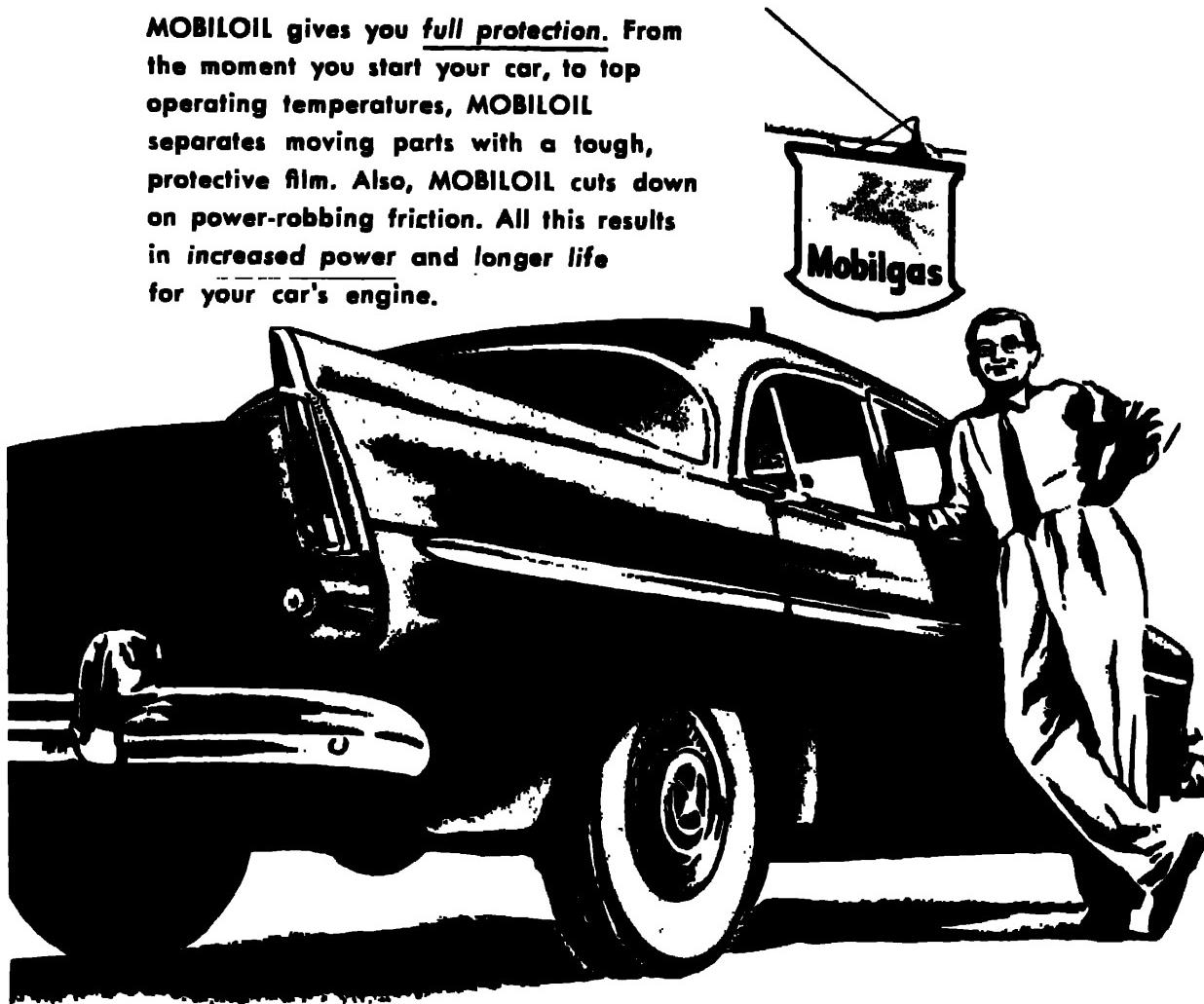


*Diagram of the Man-Made Muscle and Pressure Supply System*

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Mildred Alexander can operate the artificial muscles on her right arm by shrugging her right shoulder. She can insert a sheet of paper into her electric typewriter. She is even learning to do embroidery, and when her husband comes home from work, they invite friends in for cards—which she places in her right hand and plays with her partly mobile left hand.

Dr. Nickel, meanwhile, has perfected an operation to fuse the joints of a paralysed hand, placing two fingers and the thumb in such a position that the patient can get maximum pinch with minimum bracing. This year 15-year-old Karan McKibben will have this operation and be fitted with one of the artificial muscles that her father invented.

All over America, in the network of centres sponsored by the National Foundation, co-ordinated research is going on. The Respiratory and Rehabilitation Centre at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor is developing a variation of the artificial muscle to replace the biceps, and help patients who can pinch but cannot lift their arms.

At the Houston, Texas, centre, scientists and doctors have designed an electrical switch to control the gas which activates an artificial muscle. It is so sensitive that a barely visible tremor in the patient's own muscle—for example, when he tries

to use a wasted arm—is enough to put the artificial muscle to work. This is a great advantage, because the patient's brain does not have to be trained, as Hollis Nelson's was, to signal a movement to his left foot when he wants to pick up a pencil with his right hand.

At Vanderbilt University school of medicine in Nashville, Tennessee, engineers and doctors are using the Houston switch and missile-age electronics to carry this idea a step farther. Normal muscles go to work when the brain sends electrical messages through the nervous system. Even in the most paralysed people, some of these messages, however faint, may still reach the muscle.

At Nashville they have developed a tiny electronic receiving station which can be attached to a previously useless muscle. This station will receive the messages from the brain, amplify them and send them to the switch which controls the flow of gas to the artificial muscle.

When electronic controls are perfected, a patient will just "think" he wants to do something, and his artificial muscle will work as quickly and naturally as a normal one.

Hollis Nelson, who has worn an artificial muscle longer than anyone else, says, "It's on from the time I get up until I go to bed. With it I can do almost anything I want to."

*If I keep a green bough in my heart, the singing bird will come.*

—Chinese saying

## *By Cornelius Ryan*

NEVER BEFORE has the full story of what happened on both sides of the fighting on D-Day been told. By painstaking research in Britain, Germany, Normandy and the United States, Cornelius Ryan has lifted the curtain on a wealth of dramatic, hitherto hidden accounts of those momentous 24 hours. To read these pages is to have a ringside seat at one of the most decisive battles of our time.

Of this book General Sir Frederick Morgan—who, as Chief of Staff to the Supreme Commander, was one of the principal strategists of the invasion—says, “This is a presentation of living history. It is grand, gripping stuff . . . pretty much of a masterpiece.” (*The second of two instalments.*)



ALL OVER the South of England people heard the roar of the planes that night, June 5, 1944. Running outside in their night clothes, they saw wave after wave thunder over, bound for France. They watched with a fierce, tumultuous excitement. For so many aircraft could mean only one thing. This was "it"—the Allied invasion of Hitler's Europe.

Already out in the Channel, ploughing through the dark waters in five main convoys, was the great bulk of the Allied invasion force—more than 2,700 ships packed with guns, tanks, half-tracks, and seasick but determined men. They were heading for five beaches spread along 60 miles of the Normandy coast: the British and Canadians would take those code-named Sword, Juno and Gold to the east, the Americans Utah and Omaha to the west.

Along the invasion beaches the Germans had sown a jungle of jagged, mined underwater obstacles to impale and destroy assault craft. In the sands of the beaches were five million mines to rip tanks and men. Behind the beaches on the bluffs, in concrete pillboxes, bunkers and trenches, were half a million German troops, their machine guns and artillery already sighted in to give overlapping fields of fire. The time of waiting was ended . . .

**3**OON AFTER MIDNIGHT, on June 6, 1944, Major Werner Pluskat, of the German 352nd Division, was awakened by an ominous roaring that filled the sky. Pluskat was in his headquarters at Etreham, four miles inland from the Normandy coast. Dazed, only half awake and still in his under-wear, he grabbed the phone and spoke to Lieutenant-Colonel Ocker, his regimental commander.

"What's happening?" he yelled into the phone. The racket of planes and gunfire was increasing, and every instinct told Pluskat that this was more than a raid.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ocker seemed annoyed at Pluskat's phone call. "My dear Pluskat," he said icily, "we don't know yet what's going on. We'll let you know when we find out." There was a sharp click as he hung up. The reply didn't

satisfy Pluskat. For the past 20 minutes planes had been droning through the flare-studded sky, bombing the coast to the east and west. Pluskat's coastal area in the middle was uncomfortably quiet. From his headquarters he commanded four batteries—20 guns in all—which covered half the area soon to be known as Omaha Beach.

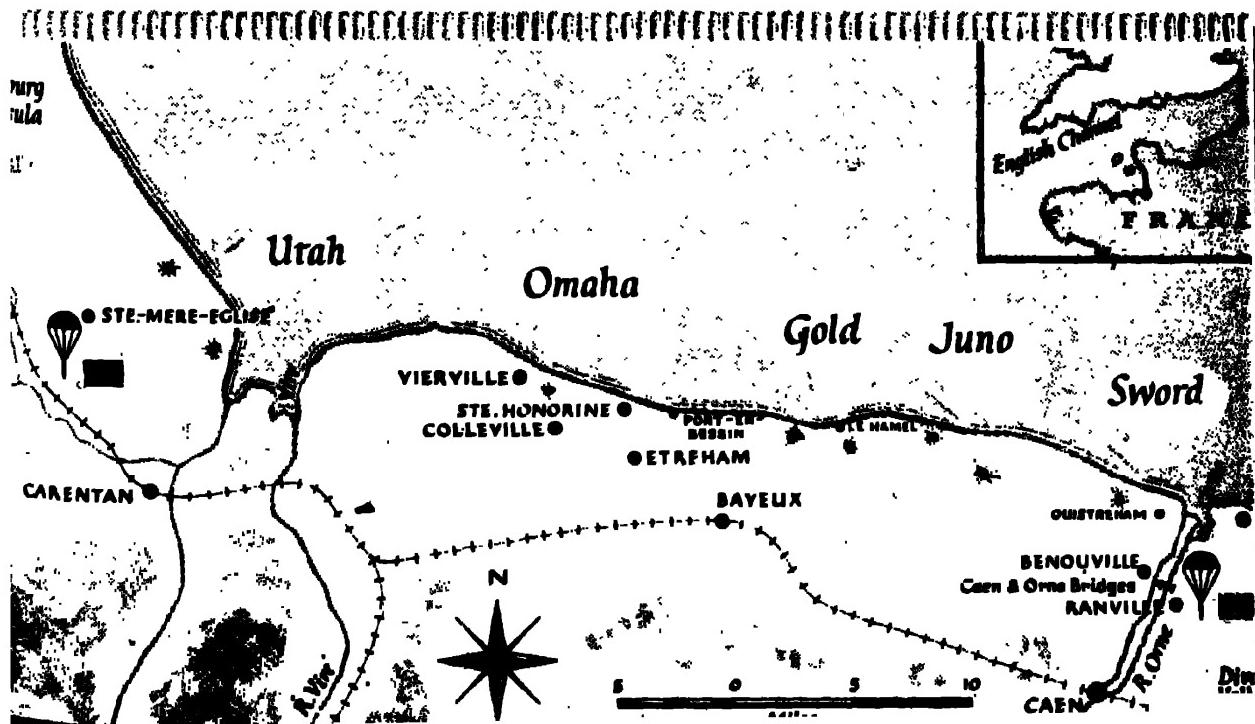
Nervously, Pluskat phoned Divisional headquarters and spoke to the 352nd's intelligence officer, Major Block. "Probably just another bombing raid, Pluskat," Block told him. "It's not clear yet."

Feeling a little foolish, Pluskat hung up. He wondered if he'd been too impetuous. After all, there had been no alarm. In fact, Pluskat recalls, after weeks of on-again, off-again alerts, this was one of the few nights when his men had been ordered to stand down.

Pluskat was wide awake now, too uneasy for sleep. He sat on the edge of his bed for some time. At his feet, Harras, his German shepherd dog, lay quietly. In the distance Pluskat could still hear the droning of planes. Suddenly the field telephone rang. Pluskat grabbed it. "Paratroopers are reported on the peninsula," said the calm voice of Colonel Ocker. "Alert your men and get down to the coast at once. This could be the invasion."

Minutes later Pluskat and his two ordnance officers, Captain Ludz Wilkening and Lieutenant Fritz Theen, started for their advance headquarters, an observation bunker built into the cliffs near the village of Ste. Honorine. Pluskat recalls that he had one big worry: his batteries had only enough ammunition for 24 hours.

At Ste. Honorine, Pluskat and his



two officers climbed a narrow track behind the cliffs leading to the hidden headquarters. The path was marked by strands of barbed wire. It was the only entrance to the post and there were minefields on either side. Almost at the top of the cliff the major dropped into a slit trench, went down a flight of concrete steps, followed a twisting tunnel, and finally entered a large, single-roomed bunker manned by three men.

Quickly Pluskat positioned himself before the high-powered artillery glasses which stood on a pedestal opposite one of the bunker's two narrow apertures. The observation post couldn't have been better sited: it was more than 100 feet above the shore and almost directly in the centre of what was soon to be the Normandy beachhead. On a clear day from this vantage-point, a spotter could see all the way from the tip of the Cherbourg peninsula off to the west, to Le Havre on the east.

Even now, in the moonlight, Pluskat had a remarkable view. Slowly moving the glasses from left to right, he scanned the bay. There was nothing unusual to be seen.

Eventually he stood back. "There's nothing out there," he said to Lieutenant Theen, when he phoned regimental headquarters. But Pluskat was still uneasy. "I'm going to stay here," he told Ocker. "Perhaps it's just a false alarm, but something could still happen."

By now vague and contradictory reports were filtering into the German 7th Army command posts all over Normandy, and everywhere officers were trying to assess them. They had little to go on—shadowy figures seen here, shots fired there, a parachute hanging from a tree somewhere else. Clues to something—but what? How many men had landed—two or 200? Were they bomber crews that had baled out? Was this a series of French Resistance attacks? Nobody was sure—and on the basis of information at hand nobody at either 7th or 15th Army Headquarters was willing to raise the alarm—an alarm that later might be proved wrong.

And so the minutes ticked by.

**A**LTHOUGH the Germans didn't recognize it, the appearance of paratroopers on the Cherbourg peninsula was the clue to the fact that D-Day had begun. These paratroopers—120 of them—were American pathfinders.

They ran into difficulties from the very beginning. German flak units had filled the sky with weaving patterns of glowing tracer bullets and deadly bursts of shrapnel. The flak was so intense that the planes were forced off course.

Only 38 of the 120 pathfinders landed on their targets. The remainder came down miles off. They dropped into fields, gardens, streams and swamps. They crashed into trees, hedgerows and on to rooftops.

All over the area pathfinders tried to get their bearings. Moving silently from hedgerow to hedgerow, bulky with guns, mines, lights, radar sets and fluorescent panels, they set out for rendezvous points. They had barely one hour to mark the drop zones for the full-scale American parachute assault.

Fifty miles away, at the eastern end of the Normandy battlefield, six plane-loads of British pathfinders, men of the 22nd Independent Parachute Company, and six R.A.F. bombers towing gliders swept in over the coast. Ahead of them the sky stormed with vicious flak fire, and ghostly chandeliers of flares hung everywhere when the jumps began. In the little village of Ranville, a few miles from Caen, 11-year-old Alain Doix saw the flares too. Shaking his grandmother, Madame Mathilde Doix, who was sleeping with him, Alain said excitedly: "Wake up. Wake up, Grandmamma. I think something is happening."

Just then Alain's father, René Doix, rushed into the room. "Get dressed quickly," he urged them, "I think it's a heavy raid." From the window, father and son could see the planes coming in over the fields, but as he watched René realized that these planes made no sound. Suddenly it dawned on him what they were. "My God," he exclaimed, "these aren't planes! They're gliders!"

Like huge bats, the six gliders,

each carrying 30 men, swooped silently down, headed for the two heavily guarded bridges that crossed the Caen canal and Orne river just above Ranville. The bridges were needed to expand the invasion bridgehead, and to protect the sea-borne forces against counter-attack on their left flank. They had to be captured intact before the German guards could set off demolitions. To effect this the British commanders had a bold and dangerous scheme. The men who now linked arms and held their breath as their gliders rustled softly down through the moonlit night were about to crash-land on the very approaches to the bridges.

Private Bill Gray, a Bren gunner of the Ox. and Bucks. Light Infantry, in one of three gliders heading for the Caen canal bridge, closed his eyes and braced himself for the crash. It was eerily silent. There was no firing from the ground. The only sound came from the big machine, sighing gently through the air. Gray remembers his platoon leader, Lieutenant H. D. ("Danny") Brotheridge, saying, "Here we go, chaps." Then there was a splintering, rending crash. The undercarriage ripped off, splinters showered back from the smashed cockpit canopy and, swaying from side to side like a truck out of control, the glider screeched across the ground before crashing to a halt, as Gray recalls, "with its nose buried in barbed wire and almost on the bridge."

Someone yelled "Come on, lads!" and men came scrambling out, some piling through the door, others tumbling down from the stove-in nose. Almost at the same time and only yards away, the other two gliders skidded to a crashing halt and out of them poured the remainder of the assault force. Now everybody stormed the bridge. There was bedlam. The Germans were shocked and disorganized. Grenades came hurtling into their dug-outs and communications trenches. Some Germans who were actually asleep in gun-pits woke to the blinding crash of explosions and found themselves gazing into the business ends of Sten guns.

Stunned by the swiftness of the assault, the Germans were overwhelmed. Ironically, they couldn't have destroyed the crossings even if they had had the time. Swarming over the bridges, the sappers found that although demolition preparations had been completed, explosive charges had never been placed in position. They were found in a nearby hut.

From a captured pillbox Lance-Corporal Edward Tappenden, from Chatham, radioed the success signal, over and over: "Ham and Jam . . . Ham and Jam . . ." D-Day's first battle was finished. It had lasted barely 15 minutes.

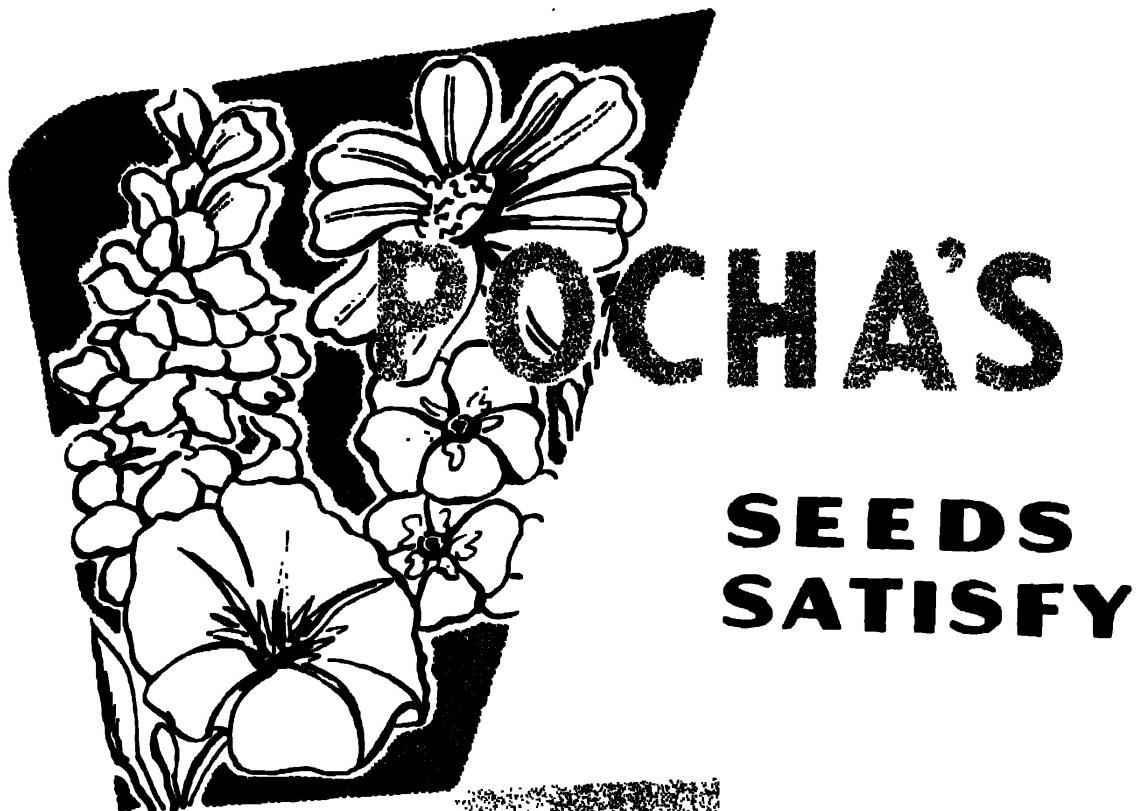
Elsewhere the majority of the 60 British paratroop pathfinders who jumped into the area to mark drop zones east of the Orne river, were

having trouble. Their drop was even more widely scattered and chaotic than that of their American comrades 50 miles away.

An unaccountable wind had sprung up, and some areas were obscured by patches of fog. The planes carrying the British pathfinder teams had run into curtains of flak fire. Their pilots instinctively took evasive action, with the result that targets were overshot or couldn't be found at all. One plane, flying very low, swept doggedly back and forth through intense anti-aircraft fire for 14 hair-raising minutes before unloading. Of the ten men in another plane only four reached the ground safely. One of them, Private James Morrissey, of the 22nd Independent Parachute Company, watched with horror as the other six, suddenly caught by a heavy wind, sailed far off towards the flooded Dives Valley—an area the Germans had inundated as part of their defences. Morrissey never saw any of the men again.

Two of the pathfinders plunged out of the night sky and dropped squarely on the lawn before the headquarters of Lieutenant-General Josef Reichert, commanding officer of the German 711th. Reichert was playing cards when the planes roared over, and he and the other officers rushed out—just in time to see the two men land.

It would have been hard to tell who were the more astonished, the Germans or the pathfinders.



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The astounded Reichert could only blurt out, "Where have you come from?" to which one of the pathfinders, with all the aplomb of a man who had just crashed a cocktail party, replied, "Awfully sorry, but we simply landed here by accident."

Reichert hurried into his headquarters and picked up the phone. "Get me 15th Army Headquarters," he said. But even as he waited for the call to be put through, the drop-zone lights in both the British and American sectors began to flash on. Some of the pathfinders had found their zones.

In St. Lô, at the headquarters of the 84th Corps, the next level of command below army headquarters, the staff had gathered in General Erich Marcks' room to honour him with a surprise birthday party. They had cake, candles and wine. Standing in a little group round their stern-faced, one-legged General (he'd lost a leg in Russia), the officers came to attention. Stiffly raising their glasses, they drank his health, blissfully unaware that as they did so thousands of British paratroopers were dropping on French soil.

For most of the paratroopers of the British air drop it was an experience they will never forget. Private Raymond Batten, of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, a paratrooper of the 6th Airborne Division, landed in a tree. His chute caught in the branches and he hung there slowly

swaying back and forth in his harness, 15 feet from the ground. It was very still in the wood, and as Batten pulled out his knife to cut himself down he heard the abrupt stutter of a *schmeisser* machine pistol near by. A minute later there was a rustling of underbrush beneath him. Batten had lost his Sten gun and he hung there helplessly, not knowing whether it was a German or another paratrooper moving towards him. "Whoever it was came and looked up at me," Batten recalls. "All I could do was to keep perfectly still and he, probably thinking I was dead as I hoped he would, went away."

Batten got down from the tree as fast as he could and made for the edge of the wood. On the way he found the body of a young paratrooper whose parachute had failed to open. Next, as he moved along a road, a man rushed past him shouting crazily, "They got my mate! They got my mate!" And finally, catching up with a group of paratroopers heading towards the assembly point, Batten found himself beside a man who seemed to be in a state of complete shock. He strode along, looking neither to his left or right, totally oblivious that the rifle which he gripped tightly in his right hand was bent almost double.

In many places that night men like Batten were shocked almost immediately into the harsh realities of war. As he was struggling to get out of his harness, Lance-Corporal

Harold Tait of the 8th Parachute Battalion saw one of the Dakota transports hit by flak. The plane careered over his head like a searing comet and exploded with a tremendous noise about a mile away.

To a 20-year-old County Durham private, Colin Powell of the 12th Parachute Battalion, miles from his drop zone, the first sound of war was a moaning in the night. He knelt down beside a badly wounded trooper, an Irishman, who softly pleaded with Powell to "finish me off, lad, please." Powell could not do it. He made the trooper as comfortable as he could and hurried off, promising to send back help.

One paratrooper crashed through the top of a greenhouse, "shattering glass all over the place and making a hell of a lot of noise," but he was out and running before the glass had stopped falling. Another fell with pinpoint accuracy into a well. Hauling himself up hand-over-hand on his shroud lines, he set out for his assembly point as though nothing had happened. Private Godfrey Maddison, from Sunderland, crashed into a tangle of barbed-wire fence. Both legs were twisted in the wire, and the weight of his equipment—85 pounds, including four 10-pound mortar shells—drove him so far into the wire that he was almost completely enmeshed. "I started to panic," he remembers. "I felt sure someone would take a pot-shot at me." For a few moments he did nothing but wait and listen.

Then, satisfied that he'd escaped notice, Maddison began the slow and painful struggle to work himself free.

The most sinister enemy in these opening minutes of D-Day was not man but nature. Rommel's anti-paratroop precautions had paid off well: he had caused the Dives Valley to be flooded and the waters and swamps were death-traps. The number of men who died in these wastes will never be known. Survivors say that the marshes were intersected by a maze of ditches seven feet deep, four feet wide and bottomed with sticky mud. A man plunging into one of these ditches, weighed down with guns and heavy equipment, was helpless. Many drowned with dry land only a few yards away.

**O**N the German observation bunker overlooking Omaha Beach, Major Werner Pluskat still watched. His uneasiness had not lessened. Soon after he reached the bunker, formation after formation of planes had thundered over the coast far off to the right; Pluskat thought there must have been hundreds. From the first moment he heard them, he had expected a call confirming his suspicions that the invasion was beginning. But the phone had remained silent. Now Pluskat heard something else—the slowly swelling roar of a great number of planes off to his left. Instinctively he looked out through his glasses once again.



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The bay was completely empty.

In Ste.-Mère-Eglise, on Pluskat's left, the sound of bombing was close. Alexandre Reynaud, the mayor and town chemist, could feel the very ground shaking. It seemed to him that planes were attacking batteries only a few miles away. He herded his wife and three children into their makeshift air-raid shelter—a heavily timbered passageway off the living-room. It was 1.10 a.m. Reynaud remembers the time, because just then there was a persistent, urgent knocking at the street door. Even before Reynaud reached the door he could see what the trouble was—M. Hairon's villa across the square was blazing fiercely.

Reynaud got the door open. The town's chief *pompier*, resplendent in his polished, shoulder-length brass helmet, stood before him. "I think it was hit by a stray incendiary," the fireman said. "Can you get the Commandant to lift the curfew? We need help for the bucket brigade."

The mayor ran to the near-by German headquarters and got permission. Then he and the others went about banging on doors, calling for the inhabitants to help. Soon more than 100 men and women in two long lines were passing buckets of water from hand to hand. Surrounding them were 30 German guards armed with rifles and *schmeissers*.

In the midst of this confusion, Reynaud remembers, there came the

droning of planes, coming straight for Ste.-Mère-Eglise. The sound came from the west—a steadily mounting roar, and with it the approaching racket of anti-aircraft fire as battery after battery across the peninsula picked up the formations. In the square of Ste.-Mère-Eglise everybody looked up, the burning house forgotten. Then the guns of the town began firing and the roaring was on top of them. The aircraft swept in, almost wing-tip to wing-tip, through a criss-crossing barrage of fire that hammered up from the ground. The planes' lights were on. They came in so low that people in the square instinctively ducked and Reynaud remembers that the aircraft cast "great shadows on the ground and red lights seemed to be glowing inside them."

In wave after wave the formations flew over—the first planes of the biggest airborne operation ever attempted: 882 planes carrying 13,000 men of the U.S. 101st and 82nd Airborne Divisions, heading for six drop zones all within a few miles of Ste.-Mère-Eglise. The troopers tumbled out of their planes, stick after stick. Caught by a heavy wind a number of soldiers floated towards the inferno of the town's square.

Thousands of men were jumping for the drop zones north-west of the town, and between St.-Mère-Eglise and the Utah invasion area. On them hung the fate of the whole Utah Beach operation.

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measures Rommel's engineers had inundated so much ground that the Cherbourg peninsula was almost isolated from the rest of Normandy. By holding a few roads, bridges and causeways the Germans could bottle up an invading force and wipe it out. As a further defence measure they had flooded more than 12 square miles of low-lying land behind the beaches on the eastern coast. There was only one way an invader could force his way inland from Utah Beach: along five causeways running through the floods. And German guns controlled these.

In this heavily defended area Major-General Maxwell Taylor's 101st Airborne Division and General Matthew Ridgway's 82nd had been given the enormous task of carving out and holding an "airhead"—an island of defence running from Utah Beach to a point far to the west. They were to open the way for the U.S. 4th Infantry Division landing on Utah Beach and to hold on until relieved. The area was 12 miles long and from four to seven miles wide. It was a huge area to be held by what were left of 13,000 men, and it had to be taken in less than five hours by paratroopers outnumbered three to one.

From the beginning the Americans worked against staggering odds. Their divisions were critically scattered. Only one regiment—the 505th—fell accurately. Sixty per cent of all equipment was lost, including

most of the radios, mortars and ammunition. Worse still, many of the men were lost. The route of the planes was from west to east across the north-jutting peninsula, and it took just 12 minutes to cross the peninsula. Hundreds of men, heavily weighted with equipment, jumped too early and fell into the treacherous swamps. Many drowned—some in less than two feet of water. Others, jumping too late, fell into the darkness over what they thought was Normandy and were lost in the English Channel.

All over Normandy that night paratroopers and German soldiers met unexpectedly. One man, Major Lawrence Legere, talked his way out of trouble. Legere was leading a little group of men towards the rendezvous point. Suddenly he was challenged in German. He knew no German but he was fluent in French. In the darkness of the field he posed as a young farmer and explained in French that he had been visiting his girl and was on his way home. As he talked, he was fiddling with a grenade. Still talking, he yanked the pin, threw the grenade and killed three Germans.

These were mad moments for everyone—particularly the generals. They were without staffs, without communications, without men. Major-General Taylor found himself with several officers but only three other ranks.

"Never," he told them, "have so few been commanded by so many."



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**T**HIS, then, was the beginning. The first invaders of D-Day, almost 18,000 troops, British, American and Canadian, were on the flanks of the Normandy battlefield. In between lay the five invasion beaches, and beyond the horizon, steadily approaching, only 12 miles out, was the first of the mighty 5,000-ship invasion fleet.

And still the Germans remained blind. There were many reasons. The weather, their lack of reconnaissance (only a few planes had been sent over the embarkation areas in the preceding weeks, and all had been shot down), their stubborn belief—deliberately fostered by the Allies—that the invasion *must* come at the Pas de Calais, all played a part. Even their radar stations failed them that night, confused by Allied planes flying along the coast dropping strips of tin-foil. Only one station had made a report. It saw only "normal Channel traffic."

More than two hours had elapsed since the first paratroopers had landed. Only now were the German commanders in Normandy beginning to realize that something important might be happening. The first scattered reports were beginning to come in.

General Erich Marcks, 84th Corps commander, was still with his staff who had surprised him with the birthday party, when his phone rang. Marcks picked up the receiver. Major Friedreich Hayn, Marcks' intelligence officer, recalls that "as he

listened, the general's body seemed to stiffen." The man who was calling was Lieutenant-General Wilhelm Richter, commander of the 716th Division holding the coast above Caen. "Parachutists have landed east of the Orne . . . The area seems to be around Bréville and Ranville . . ."

This was the first official report of the Allied attack to reach a major German headquarters. The time was 2.11 a.m.

Marcks immediately telephoned Brigadier-General Max Pemsel, chief of staff of the 7th Army. Pemsel woke the 7th's Commanding Officer, Colonel-General Friedrich Dollman. "General," said Pemsel, "I believe this is the invasion. Will you please come over immediately?" As he put down the phone, Pemsel remembered something. Among a sheaf of intelligence bulletins that had come in during the afternoon, one had been from an agent in Casablanca. He had specifically stated that the invasion would take place in Normandy on June 6.

As Pemsel waited for Dollman, the 84th Corps reported again: ". . . Parachute drops near Montebourg and Marcouf . . . troops engaged in battle."

Pemsel promptly alerted Major-General Dr. Hans Speidel, chief of staff to Field-Marshal Rommel, Commander-in-Chief of Army Group B, the most powerful force in the German West. Rommel himself was on holiday in Germany.

At about 2.30 a.m., General Josef Reichert of the 711th Division reported to the headquarters of the 15th Army—the second of Rommel's Group B armies—that paratroopers were landing at Cabourg. General Hans von Salmuth, in command of the 15th, phoned back to Reichert to get some first-hand information. "What the devil is going on down there?" von Salmuth demanded. "If you'll permit me, General," said Reichert, "I'll let you hear for yourself." There was a pause, and then over the phone von Salmuth could clearly hear the clatter of machine-gun fire. "Thank you," said von Salmuth, and hung up. Immediately he too called Army Group B.

These were strange, confusing minutes at Rommel's headquarters. Reports now came piling in from everywhere—reports that were often inaccurate, incomprehensible and contradictory. Luftwaffe headquarters in Paris announced that "50 to 60 two-engined planes are coming in" over the Cherbourg peninsula and that paratroopers had landed "near Caen." Admiral Theodor Krancke's headquarters—*Marinegruppenkommando West*—confirmed the British paratroop landings and added that "part of the parachute drop consists of straw dummies." Within minutes of their first message the Luftwaffe also reported parachutists down near Bayeux. Actually none had landed there at all. Other reports came in saying

that the airborne troops were only "dolls disguised as paratroopers."

The observation was partly right. The Allies had dropped hundreds of paratrooper-like rubber dummies south of the Normandy invasion area. Attached to each were strings of fireworks which exploded on landing, giving the impression of a small-arms fight. A few of these dummies were to have an effect on the course of the Omaha Beach battle later in the day. They would deceive General Marcks into believing that he was being attacked from the rear. He would send troops, that could have been committed at the beachhead, south to meet the make-believe attack.

At Rommel's headquarters men tried desperately to evaluate the rash of red spots sprouting over their maps. Mulling over the situation, the German officers arrived at conclusions which, in the light of what was actually happening, seem incredible. When Major Doertenback, acting intelligence officer of OB West (von Rundstedt's headquarters), phoned Army Group B for a report, for example, he was told that "the chief of staff views the situation with equanimity" and that "there is a possibility that parachutists who have been reported are merely baled-out bomber crews."

The 7th Army didn't think so. At 3 a.m. Pemsel called Speidel, Rommel's chief of staff, to report that the naval station at Cherbourg was picking up off-shore ships on its

sound direction apparatus. Speidel's answer was that "the affair is still locally confined, and for the time being is not to be considered a large operation."

Even as Pemsel and Speidel talked, the last paratroopers of the 18,000-man airborne assault were floating down, and 70 gliders, carrying men, guns and heavy equipment, were crossing the coast of France, heading for the British landing areas near Ranville. And off Normandy were the transports carrying the men who would land in the first wave on Omaha Beach.

Probably the most baffled men in Normandy that night were the 24,000 seasoned troops of the tough 21st Panzer Division—once a part of Rommel's famed Afrika Korps. Clogging every small village, hamlet and wood in the area just 25 miles south-east of Caen, these men were sitting almost on the edge of the battlefield. Ever since the alert they had been standing alongside their tanks and vehicles, engines running, waiting for the order to move out. But, after the alert, no further word had come. With growing anger and impatience, they continued to wait.

Miles away, the most puzzling reports of all were being received by Luftwaffe ace-pilot Colonel Josef "Pips" Priller. Just a day earlier the German High Command had transferred the last of the Luftwaffe's dwindling fighter squadrons in France to safer positions far back

from the coast. "This is mad," the hotheaded Priller had protested. "What happens if the attack comes during the transfer?" "Listen, Priller," he had been told, "the invasion is out of the question. The weather is much too bad." Priller had only two of his 124 planes left—his and one belonging to Sergeant Heinz Wodarczyk. Priller and Wodarczyk had anaesthetized their anger with the Luftwaffe High Command with several bottles of cognac and stumbled into their beds about 1 a.m. at the 26th Fighter Wing's deserted airfield near Lille. Now, in his drunken sleep, Priller heard the phone ring as though from a long way off. Second Fighter Corps Headquarters was on the line. "Priller," said the operations officer, "it seems that some sort of an invasion is taking place. I suggest you put your wing on the alert."

Pips Priller's language, as he remembers the conversation, is unprintable, but after telling his caller what was wrong with Corps Headquarters and the entire Luftwaffe High Command, he roared: "Who the hell am I supposed to alert? I'm alert! Wodarczyk is alert! But you fatheads know I have only got two damned planes!" With that he slammed down the receiver.

**A**LREADY the first reinforcements had reached the invasion troops. In the British area 69 gliders had landed—49 of them on the correct landing strip near Ranville. Casualties

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had been low, though crumpled wings, squashed cabins and crazily canted tails now lay everywhere.

The glider train had brought in the 6th Airborne's commander, Major-General Richard Gale, and his headquarters staff with more troops, heavy equipment and the all-important anti-tank guns. Men had poured out of the gliders expecting to find the field under harassing enemy fire; instead they found a strange, pastoral silence. Sergeant John Hutley, from Gillingham, Kent, piloting a Horsa, had expected a hot reception and had warned his co-pilot, "Get out as quick as you can the moment we hit, and make a dash for cover." But the only sign of battle was off in the distance where Hutley could see the multi-coloured flash of tracers and hear the sound of machine-gun fire coming from nearby Ranville. Around him the landing field was bustling with activity as men salvaged equipment from the wrecks and hitched up the anti-tank guns to the backs of jeeps. There was even an air of cheerfulness now that the glider ride was over. Hutley and the men he had carried sat down in the wrecked cabin of their glider and had a cup of tea before setting out for Ranville.

Lieutenant-Colonel Terence Otway and his men of the 6th Airborne Division's 9th Parachute Battalion lay under heavy machine-gun fire at the edge of the barbed wire and minefields protecting the German battery at Merville,

whose massive guns swept Sword Beach. Otway's situation was desperate. His carefully prepared plan of attack had disintegrated. One hundred Lancaster bombers were first to have saturated the battery with 4,000-pound bombs. Glider trains were to have brought in anti-tank guns, flame throwers, mine detectors, mortars and even light-weight aluminium scaling ladders. With this special equipment from the gliders, Otway's men were to rush the battery in a ground attack just as three gliders filled with more troopers crash-landed on top of the battery in an assault from the air.

That had been the plan. But none of the 4,000-pound bombs had hit the battery. The special glider train with artillery, flame throwers, mortars and mine detectors had been lost. Otway's own 700-man battalion had been so scattered in the drop that he had been able to round up only 150 of them. And these soldiers had only their rifles, Sten guns, grenades, a few Bangalore torpedoes and one heavy machine gun.

Despite these handicaps, Otway's men had grappled with each problem, improvising brilliantly. With wire-cutters they had already cut gaps through the outer barricade of wire and placed their few Bangalore torpedoes in position ready to blow up the rest. One group of men had cleared a path through the minefields. It had been a hair-raising job. They had crawled on hands and knees across the moonlit approaches to the

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battery, feeling for trip wires and prodding the ground ahead of them with bayonets. Now Otway's 150 men crouched in ditches, bomb craters and along the sides of hedges, waiting for the order to attack. The gliders, due to crash-land on the battery as the ground attack went in, were overhead. Otway could hear the soft rustle of the machines as they came over the battery. But they would not come down unless they received a special signal—a starshell fired from a mortar. Otway had neither the shell nor the mortar.

Helplessly Otway watched as the gliders, silhouetted against the moon, gradually lost height and wheeled back and forth, their pilots searching desperately for the signal he could not send. As the gliders circled lower the Germans opened up. The machine guns which had pinned down the troopers now turned on the gliders. Streams of 20-millimetre tracers ripped into the unprotected canvas sides. Still the gliders circled, following the plan, doggedly looking for the signal. And Otway, agonized, almost in tears, could do nothing.

Then the gliders gave it up. One veered off to land four miles away. The other passed so low over the waiting anxious men that Private Alan Mower, from Redhill, Surrey, and Private Pat Hawkins thought it was going to smash into the battery. At the last moment it lifted and crashed instead into a wood some distance away. There

was now nothing more to wait for. Otway ordered the attack. Private Mower heard him yell: "Everybody in! We're going to take this bloody battery!" And in they went.

With a blinding roar the Bangalore torpedoes blasted great gaps in the wire. Lieutenant Mike Dowling yelled, "Move up! Move up!" Yelling and firing, Otway's paratroopers plunged into the smoke of the explosions and through the wire. Ahead of them, across the no-man's land of minefields, manned trenches and gun-pits, loomed the battery. Suddenly red flares burst over the heads of the advancing paratroopers, and immediately machine guns, *schmeisser* and rifle fire poured out to meet them. Through the deadly barrage, the paratroopers crouched and crawled, ran, dropped to the ground, got up and ran some more. They dived into shell craters, pulled themselves out and went forward again. Mines exploded. Private Mower heard a scream and then someone yelled, "Stop! Stop! There's mines everywhere!"

Over on his right, Mower saw a badly wounded corporal sitting on the ground waving men away, and shouting, "Don't come near me! Don't come near me!" There were yells and screams and the flash of grenades as paratroopers piled into the trenches and fought hand-to-hand with the enemy.

Private Sidney Capon, of South London, reaching one of the trenches, suddenly found himself

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facing two Germans. One of them hastily raised a Red Cross box high above his head in a token of surrender. For a moment, Capon didn't know what to do. Then he saw other Germans surrendering and paratroopers leading them down the trench. He handed over his two captives and continued on towards the battery.

There, Otway, Lieutenant Dowling and about 40 men were already fighting fiercely. Troopers who had cleared out trenches and gun-pits were running round the sides of the earth-banked concrete fortifications, emptying their Sten guns and tossing grenades into the apertures. The battle was gory and wild. Privates Mower and Hawkins and a Bren gunner, racing through a torrent of mortar and machine-gun fire, reached one side of the battery, found a door open and plunged inside. A dead German gunner was lying in the passageway; there seemed to be nobody else about. Mower left the other two men by the door and went along the passage. He came to a large room and saw a heavy field piece on a platform. Next to it great stacks of shells were piled. Mower rushed back to his friends and excitedly outlined his plan to "blow the whole business up by detonating grenades among the shells."

But they didn't get the chance. As the three men stood talking there was the blast of an explosion. The Bren gunner died instantly. Hawkins was hit in the stomach. Mower

thought his back had been "ripped open by a thousand red-hot needles." He couldn't control his legs. They twitched involuntarily—the way he had seen dead bodies twitch. He was sure he was going to die and he didn't want to end like this and he began to call out for help. He called for his mother.

Elsewhere in the battery Germans were surrendering. Private Capon caught up with Dowling's men just in time to see "Germans pushing each other out of a doorway and almost begging to surrender." Dowling's party split the barrels of two guns by firing two shells simultaneously through each barrel, and temporarily knocked out the other two. Then Dowling found Otway. Standing before the colonel, his right hand holding the left side of his chest, Dowling said: "Battery taken as ordered, sir. Guns destroyed." And then he moved on. Moments later Otway found Lieutenant Dowling's lifeless body. He had been dying at the time he made his report.

Otway led his battered battalion out of the bloody Merville battery. Of the 200 Germans, 178 were dead or dying, and Otway had lost almost half his own men—70 killed or wounded. Ironically the four guns were only half the reported size. And within 48 hours the Germans would be back in the battery and two of the guns would be firing on the beaches. But for the critical few hours ahead the Merville battery would be silent and deserted.

*Most of the badly injured had to be left behind, for Otway's men had neither sufficient medical supplies nor transport to carry them. Mower was carried out on a board. Hawkins was too terribly wounded to be moved. Both men were to survive—even Mower with 57 pieces of shrapnel in his body. The last thing Mower remembers as they moved away from the battery was Hawkins yelling: "Mates, for God's sake, don't leave me!" Then the voice grew fainter and fainter and Mower mercifully drifted into unconsciousness.*

*I*t was nearly dawn—the dawn that 18,000 paratroopers had been fighting towards. In less than five hours they had more than fulfilled the expectations of General Eisenhower and his commanders. The airborne armies had confused the enemy, disrupted his communications and now, holding the flanks at either end of the Normandy invasion area, they had to a great extent blocked the movement of enemy reinforcements.

In the British zone, gliderborne troops were firmly astride the vital Caen and Orne bridges, and paratroopers were now in position on the heights overlooking Caen. By dawn the five German-held crossings over the Dives would be demolished. Thus the principal British assignments had been completed, and as long as the various arteries could be held, German counter-attacks would be slowed down or stopped

*altogether. At the other end of Normandy's five invasion beaches the Americans had done equally well.*

The men of the Allied airborne armies had invaded the Continent from the air and secured the initial foothold for the invasion. Now they awaited the arrival of the seaborne forces with whom they would drive into Hitler's Europe.

Everywhere men waited for this dawn, but none so anxiously as the Germans. For by now a new and ominous note had begun to creep into the welter of messages pouring into Rommel's and von Rundstedt's headquarters. All along the invasion coast Admiral Krancke's naval stations were picking up the sound of ships—not just one or two as before, but ships by the score. For more than an hour the reports had been mounting up. At last a litt'e before 5 a.m. the persistent Brigadier-General Pemsel of the 7th Army telephoned Rommel's chief of staff, Major-General Speidel, and said bluntly, "Ships are concentrating between the mouths of the Vire and the Orne. An enemy landing and large-scale attack against Normandy is imminent."

Field-Marshal von Rundstedt at his headquarters, OB West, outside Paris, had already reached a similar conclusion. To him the impending Normandy assault still looked like a "diversionary attack" and not the real invasion. Even so von Rundstedt had moved fast. He had already ordered two massive Panzer

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divisions—the 12th S.S. and the *Panzer Lehr*, both lying in reserve near Paris—to assemble and rush to the coast. Technically both these divisions were not to be committed without Hitler's specific approval. But von Rundstedt had taken the chance; he could not believe that Hitler would countermand the order. He sent an official request for the reserves.

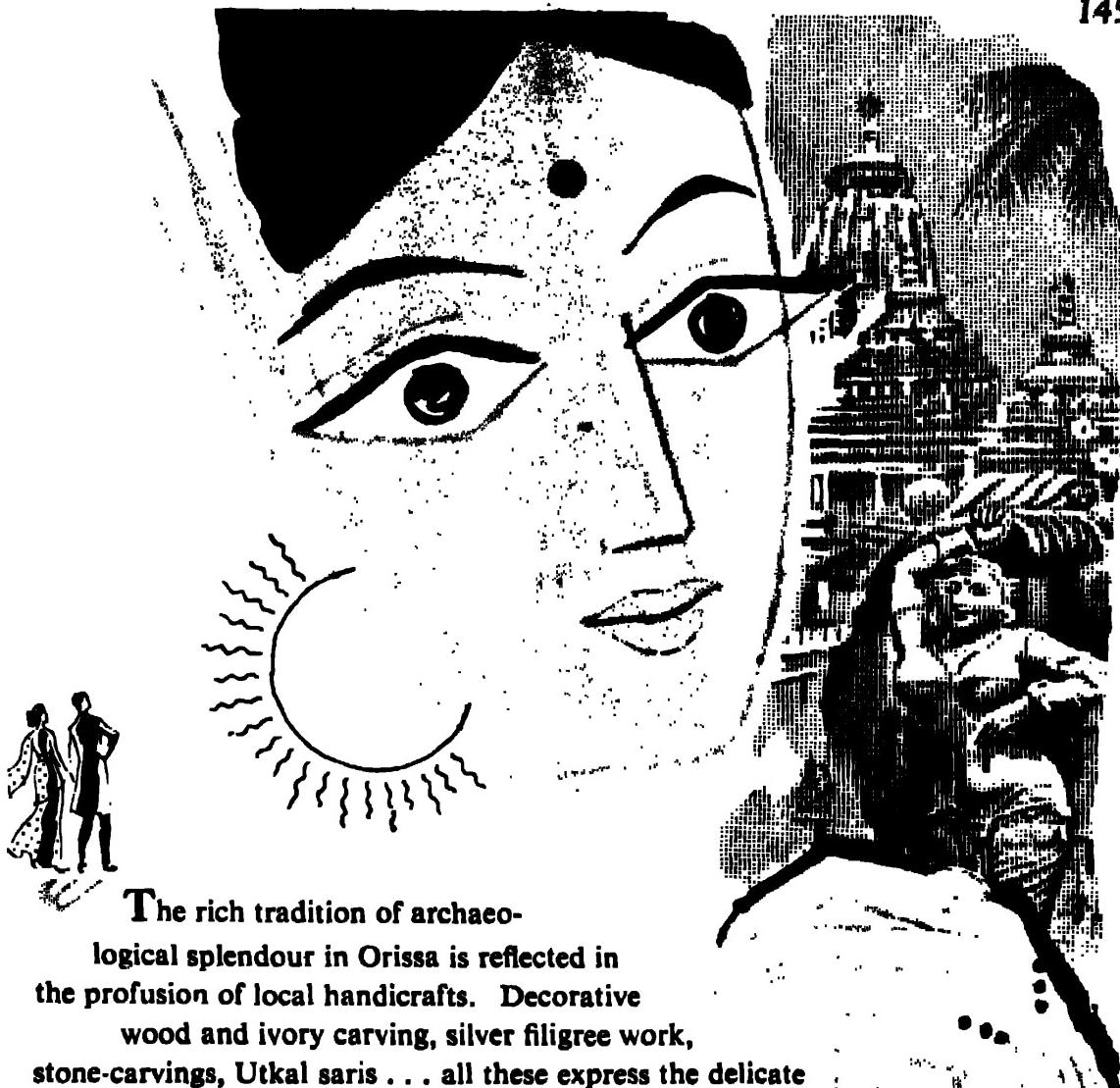
At Hitler's headquarters in Berchtesgaden in the balmy unrealistic climate of Southern Bavaria, the message was delivered to the office of Colonel-General Alfred Jodl, Chief of Operations. Jodl was asleep, and his staff believed that the situation had not yet developed sufficiently for his sleep to be disturbed. The message could wait.

Three miles away, at the "Eagle's Nest," Hitler's mountain retreat at Obersalzberg, the Führer and his mistress Eva Braun were also asleep. Hitler had retired as usual at 4 a.m., and his personal physician Dr. Morel had given him a sleeping draught (he was unable to sleep now without it). At about 5 a.m. Hitler's Naval aide, Admiral Karl Jesko von Puttkamer, was awakened by a call from Jodl's headquarters. Puttkamer's caller—he cannot remember who it was—said that there had been "some sort of landings in France." Nothing precise was known yet—in fact, Puttkamer was told, "the first messages are extremely vague." Did Puttkamer think that the Führer should be informed? Both men considered

it and then decided not to wake Hitler. Puttkamer remembers that "there wasn't much to tell him anyway, and we both feared that if I woke him at this time he might start one of his endless nervous scenes which often led to the wildest decisions." Puttkamer decided that the morning would be time enough to give Hitler the news.

**M**AJOR Werner Pluskat in his bunker overlooking Omaha Beach had heard nothing from his superiors since 1 a.m. But what about the paratroopers, the massed formation of planes? Pluskat could not rid himself of his gnawing uneasiness. Once more he swung the artillery glasses over to the left, picked up the dark mass of the Cherbourg peninsula and began another slow sweep of the horizon. Nothing was changed. Everything seemed peaceful.

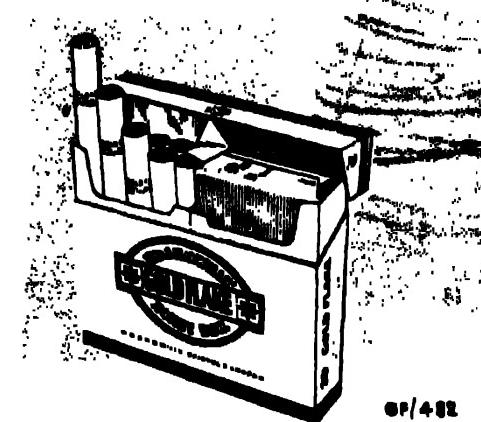
Behind him in the bunker his dog, Harras, was stretched out asleep. Near by his gunnery officers, Captain Wilkening and Lieutenant Theen, were talking quietly. Pluskat joined them. "Still nothing out there," he told them. "I'm about to give it up." But he walked back to the aperture and stood looking out as the first streaks of light began to lighten the sky. He decided to make another routine sweep. Wearily, he swung the glasses over to the left again. Slowly he tracked across the horizon. He reached the centre of the bay. The glasses stopped moving. Pluskat tensed, stared hard.



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*Through the scattering, thinning mist the horizon was magically filling with ships—ships of every size and description, ships that casually manoeuvred back and forth as though they had been there for hours. There appeared to be thousands of them. It was a ghostly armada that had somehow appeared from nowhere.* Pluskat stared in frozen disbelief, speechless, moved as he had never been before in his life. At that moment the world of the good soldier Pluskat began falling apart. He says that in those first few moments he knew, calmly and surely, "that this was the end for Germany."

He turned to Wilkening and Theen and, with strange detachment, said simply, "It's the invasion. See for yourselves." Then he picked up the phone and called Major Block at the 352nd Division's headquarters. "Block," said Pluskat, "it's the invasion. There must be 10,000 ships out here. It's fantastic! It's unbelievable!"

There was a slight pause and then Block said, "Which way are these ships heading?" Pluskat, phone in hand, looked out of the aperture of the bunker and replied, "Right for me."

**N**EVER had there been a dawn like this. In the murky, grey light, in majestic, fearful grandeur, the great Allied fleet lay off Normandy's five invasion beaches. The sea teemed with ships. Battle ensigns

*snapped in the wind all the way across the horizon from the edge of the Utah area on the Cherbourg peninsula to Sword Beach near the mouth of the Orne.*

Outlined against the sky were the big battleships, the menacing cruisers, the whippet-like destroyers. Behind them were the squat command ships, sprouting their forests of antennae. And behind them came the convoys of troop-filled transports and landing ships, lying low and sluggish in the water. Circling the leading transports, waiting for the signal to head for the beaches, were swarms of bobbing landing craft, packed with the men who would lead in the first waves.

The great spreading mass of ships seethed with noise and activity. Windlasses whirred as booms swung out amphibious vehicles. Chains rattled in the davits as assault boats were lowered away. And through it all, over the ships' public address systems came a steady flow of messages and exhortations: "Fight to get your troops ashore, fight to save your ships, and if you've got any strength left, fight to save yourselves . . . Get in there and give 'em hell! . . . Don't forget the Big Red One is leading the way . . . Remember Dunkirk! Remember Coventry! God Bless You All . . . *Nous mourons sur le sable de notre France chérie, mais nous ne retornons pas* (We die on the sands of our dear France, but we do not turn back.)"

The first wave of assault troops



POLSON'S

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could not yet see the misty shores of Normandy. They were still more than nine miles away. Some warships were already duelling with German naval coastal batteries, but the action as yet was remote and impersonal for the men in the first waves—nobody was firing directly at them. Seasickness was still their biggest enemy.

The time was 5.50 a.m. The British fleet had been firing at their beaches for more than 20 minutes. Now the bombardment began in the American zone. The entire invasion area erupted with a roaring storm of fire. The maelstrom of sound thundered back and forth along the Normandy coast as the big ships slammed steadily away at their pre-selected targets. The grey sky brightened with the hot flash of their guns, and along the beaches great clouds of black smoke began to bunch up into the air.

Off Sword, Juno and Gold the battleships *Warspite* and *Ramillies* lobbed tons of steel from their 15-inch guns towards powerful German gun batteries at Le Havre and around the mouth of the Orne. Manoeuvring cruisers and destroyers poured streams of shells into pillboxes, concrete bunkers and redoubts. With incredible accuracy, the sharp-shooting H.M.S. *Ajax*, of River Plate fame, knocked out a battery of four six-inch guns from six miles offshore.

Now a new sound throbbed over the fleet. Slowly at first, like the

mumbling of some giant bee, and then building up to a great crescendo of noise, the bombers and fighters appeared. They flew straight in over the massive fleet, flying wing-tip to wing-tip, formation after formation—11,000 planes. Spitfires, Thunderbolts and Mustangs whistled in over the heads of the men.

With apparent disregard for the rain of shells from the fleet they strafed the invasion beaches and headlands, zoomed up, swept around and came in again. Above them, criss-crossing at every altitude were the medium bombers and, above these, out of sight in the heavy cloud layer, droned the heavies—the Fortresses, Lancasters and Liberators of the R.A.F. and the U.S. 8th Air Force. It seemed as though the sky could not possibly hold them all.

Men looked up and stared, eyes damp, faces contorted with a sudden emotion almost too great to bear. It was going to be all right now, they thought. There was the air cover—the enemy would be pinned down, the guns knocked out, the beaches would be cratered with foxholes. But unable to see through the cloud layers, and unwilling to risk bombing their own troops, the 329 bombers assigned to the American zone were already unloading 13,000 bombs up to three miles inland from their targets—the deadly defences of Omaha Beach.

**O**N HIS bunker above Omaha Beach, Major Werner Pluskat was

# WORLD CHAMPIONS CHOOSE Firestone

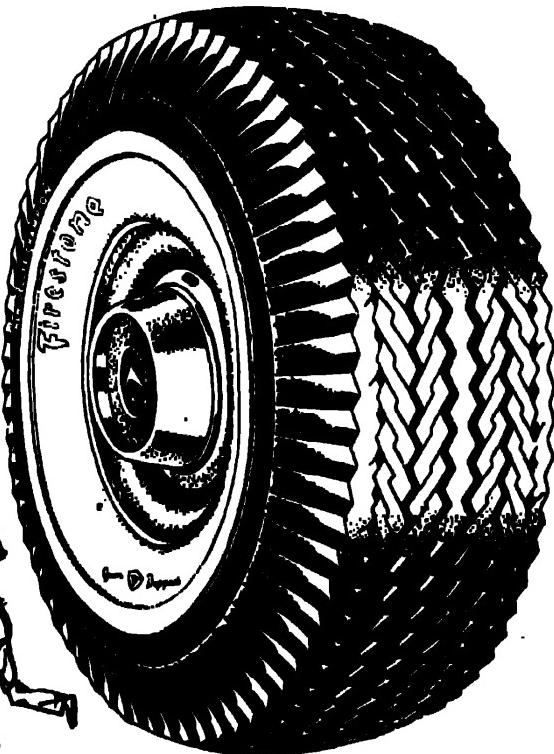
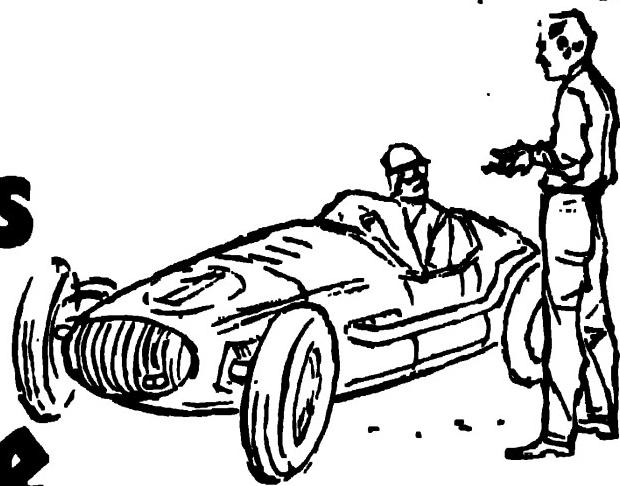
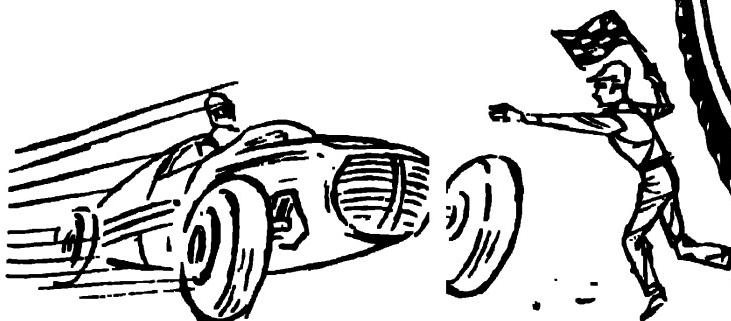
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# Firestone

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TUBELESS OR WITH TUBE





*SUSRUTA—Surgeon of Old India—one of a series of  
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wondering how many shells his emplacement could stand. Another shell hit the cliff face at the very base of the hidden position. The shock of it spun Pluskat round and hurled him backwards. He fell heavily to the ground. Dust, dirt and concrete splinters showered about him. He couldn't see through the clouds of white dust but he could hear his men shouting. Again and again shells smashed into the cliff. Pluskat was so dazed by the concussion that he could hardly speak. The phone was ringing. It was the 352nd Divisional headquarters. "What's the situation?" a voice asked. "We're being shelled." Pluskat managed to say, "heavily shelled." Somewhere far behind his position he now heard bombs exploding. Another salvo of shells landed on the cliff top, sending an avalanche of earth and stones in through the bunker's apertures. The phone rang again. This time Pluskat couldn't find it. He let it ring.

He noticed that he was covered from head to foot with a fine white dust and his uniform was ripped. For a moment the shelling lifted and, through the thick haze of dust, Pluskat saw Theen and Wilkening, his two gunnery officers, on the concrete floor. He yelled to Wilkening, "Better get to your position while you have a chance." Wilkening looked glumly at Pluskat—his observation post was some distance away. Pluskat took advantage of the lull to phone his batteries.

To his complete amazement not one of his 20 guns—all brand-new Krupps of various calibres—had been hit. He could not see how the batteries, all lying roughly half a mile from the coast, had escaped; there were not even any casualties among the crews. Pluskat began to wonder if observation posts along the coast were being mistaken for gun positions. The damage round his own post seemed to indicate it.

Then Pluskat noticed that Harras was gone. But he had little time to bother about the big dog now. He picked up the phone again, walked over to the second aperture and looked out. There seemed to be even more assault boats in the water than when he had last looked and they were closer now. Soon they would be within range. He called Lieutenant-Colonel Ocker at headquarters. "All my guns are intact," he reported. "Good," said Ocker, "now you'd better get back to your headquarters immediately." Pluskat rang his gunnery officers. "I'm going back," he told them. "Remember, no gun must fire until the enemy reaches the water's edge."

The landing craft carrying U.S. 1st Division troops to their sector on Omaha Beach had not far to go now. Behind the bluffs overlooking the beach sectors code-named Easy Red, Fox Green and Fox Red, the gun crews in Pluskat's four batteries waited for the boats to get just a little nearer.

By now the long bobbing lines of

*assault craft were less than a mile from Omaha and Utah Beaches. For the 3,000 Americans in the first wave H-Hour was just 15 minutes away.*

The noise was deafening as the boats, long white wakes streaming out behind them, churned steadily for the shore. In the slopping, bouncing craft the men had to shout to be heard over the roar of the diesels. Overhead, like a great steel umbrella, the shells of the fleet still thundered. And rolling out from the coast came the booming explosions of the Allied air forces' carpet bombing. Strangely, the guns of the Atlantic Wall were silent. Troops saw the coastline stretching ahead and wondered about the absence of enemy fire. Perhaps, many thought, it would be an easy landing after all.

The great square-faced ramps of the assault craft butted into every wave and chilling, frothing green water sloshed over everyone. There were as yet no heroes in these boats—just cold, miserable, anxious men, so jam-packed together, so weighed down by equipment that often there was nowhere to be seasick except over one another.

Several landing craft began to sink. Some men were picked up by rescue boats, others would float for hours. And some soldiers, their yells and screams unheard, were dragged down by their equipment and ammunition. They drowned within sight of the beaches, without having fired a shot.

Now the deadly martial music of

the bombardment seemed to grow and swell as the thin wavy lines of assault craft closed in on Omaha Beach. Landing ships lying about 1,000 yards offshore joined in the shelling; and then thousands of flashing rockets whooshed over the heads of the men. To the troops it seemed inconceivable that anything could survive the massive weight of firepower that raked the German defences. The beach was wreathed in haze, and plumes of smoke from grass fires drifted lazily down from the bluffs. Still the German guns remained silent. The boats bore in. In the threshing surf and on the beach, men could now see the lethal jungles of steel and concrete obstacles.

They were strewn everywhere, draped with barbed wire and capped with mines. Behind the defences the beach itself was deserted; nothing and no one moved upon it. Closer and closer the boats pressed in . . . 500 yards . . . 450 yards. Still no enemy fire. Through waves that were four to five feet high the assault craft surged in and now the great bombardment began to lift, shifting to targets farther inland. The first boats were barely 400 yards from the shore when the German guns—the guns that few believed could have survived the raging Allied air and sea bombardment—opened up.

Through the din and clamour one sound was nearer, deadlier than all the rest—the sound of machine-gun bullets clanging across the steel,

*It's not  
that we are snobbish—  
but breeding  
does tell and if  
eugenics counts for anything*



snout-like noses of the boats. Then artillery opened up; mortar shells rained down—and all along the four miles of Omaha Beach German guns pounded the assault craft.

\* It was H-Hour.

**T**HE most intense fire on "Bloody Omaha" came from the cliffs and high bluffs at either end of the crescent-shaped beach.

Men fell all along the water's edge—some were killed instantly, others called pitifully as the incoming tide slowly engulfed them. Within the first few minutes of the carnage at Dog Green one entire company was put out of action. Less than a third of the men survived the bloody trip from the boats to the edge of the beach. Their officers were killed, severely wounded or missing and the men, weaponless and shocked, huddled at the base of the cliffs. Another company in the same sector suffered even higher casualties. Misfortune piled upon misfortune for the men of Omaha Beach. Soldiers now discovered that they had been landed in the wrong sectors. Some came in almost two miles away from their original landing areas.

Piling up along the shore were the flotsam and jetsam of the invasion. Heavy equipment and supplies, boxes of ammunition, smashed radios, field telephones, gas masks, entrenching tools, canteens, steel helmets and life preservers were strewn everywhere. Great reels of

wire, ropes, ration boxes, mine detectors and scores of weapons—from broken rifles to stove-in bazookas—littered the sand. The twisted wrecks of landing craft canted up crazily out of the water. Burning tanks threw great spirals of black smoke into the air. Bulldozers lay on their sides among the obstacles. And off one sector, floating in and out among all the cast-off materials of war, men saw a guitar.

Into the chaos, confusion and death on the beach, poured the men of the second wave—and stopped. Minutes later the third wave came in—and they stopped. Men lay shoulder to shoulder on the sands, stones and shale. They crouched down behind obstacles; they sheltered among the bodies of the dead. Pinned down by the enemy fire which they had expected to be neutralized, confused by their landings in the wrong sectors, bewildered by the absence of sheltering bomb craters that they had expected from the air-force bombing, and shocked by the devastation and death all round them, the men froze on the beaches. They seemed in the grip of a strange paralysis.

Overwhelmed by it all, some men believed the day was lost. One man was sitting at the edge of the water, seemingly unaware of the machine-gun fire which rippled all over the area. He sat there "throwing stones into the water and softly crying as if his heart would break."

The shock was not to last long.

*My dear friends*

You know me well. I am the famous Agfa Box. Officially, of course, I am known as the Agfa Synchro-Box because my shutter is synchronised for flash.

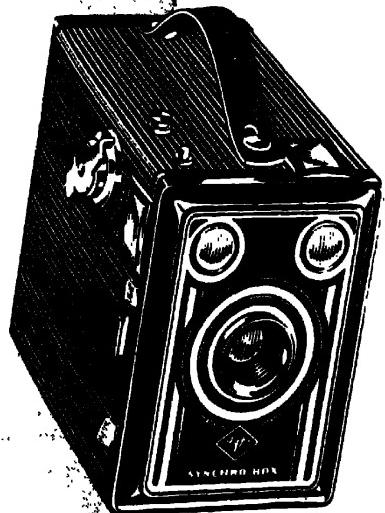
I am so easy to use that you just can't go wrong. One thing you can be quite sure of: day or night, winter and summer, you can take good photographs with me. If there is not enough light, the Box Flashgun K will provide it.

I give you standard  $2\frac{1}{4}$  x  $3\frac{1}{4}$  ins. prints which are just right for an album. There is no need to make enlargements - but of course you can if you like. I can look back with pride on a great tradition. Millions of people already use me to take their photographs.

So far I used to travel all the way from Germany to different parts of the world, by cargo steamers. Very soon I will be settling down in BARODA (India) and will become an Indian national!

Yours sincerely,

Agfa Synchro Box



*Even now a few men here and there, realizing that to stay on the beach meant certain death, were on their feet and moving.*

Ten miles away, on Utah Beach, it was a different story. Here the men of the 4th Division were swarming ashore and driving inland fast. The third wave of assault boats was coming in and still there was virtually no opposition. A few shells fell on the beach, some scattered machine-gun and rifle fire rattled along it, but there was none of the fierce fighting that the 4th had expected. To many, the landing on Utah was almost routine. The assault seemed an anti-climax—the long months of training at Slapton Sands in England had been tougher.

As yet only a few officers knew the reason why the Utah landings had met so little opposition. By a fortunate error they had been landed in the wrong place. Confused by smoke from the naval bombardment, caught by a strong current, a solitary control boat had guided the first wave into a landing more than a mile south of the designated beach.

Now, on the beaches named Sword, Juno and Gold, the British and Canadians were landing. For almost 15 miles—from Ouistreham at the mouth of the Orne to the village of Le Hamel on the west—the shore-line was choked with landing craft disgorging troops.

Nearly everywhere along the

British assault area, the high seas and the underwater obstacles were proving as deadly as the Germans.

The first men in had been the frogmen—120 underwater demolition experts whose job it was to cut 30-yard gaps through the obstacles. They had only 20 minutes to work before the first assault waves bore down upon them. The obstacles were formidable—more densely sown than in any other part of the Normandy invasion area. Frogman Peter Henry Jones of Bournemouth, a Royal Marine Commando, swam into a maze of steep ramps, gates, hedgehogs and concrete cones. In the 30-yard gap Jones had to blow he found 12 major obstacles, some of them 14 feet long. He did not see how he could possibly finish in time. Neither did Lieutenant John Taylor of the R.N.V.R. When Taylor saw the fantastic array of underwater defences surrounding him, he thought, "the bloody thing is impossible." But he knew he had to keep on going.

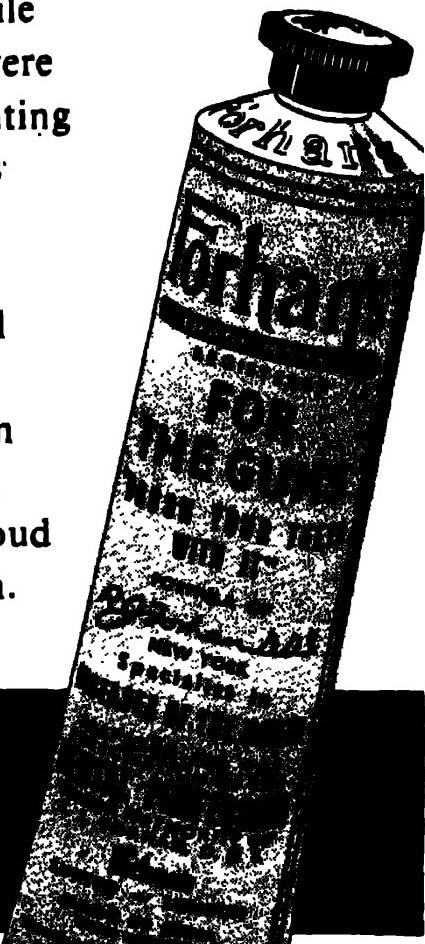
It was the same all along the beaches. As the frogmen feverishly worked, blowing up obstacles singly because they were too large to blow up in groups, DD tanks and the first-wave assault craft bore in upon them. Frogmen, rushing out of the water, saw landing craft turned sideways by the heavy seas crash into the obstacles. Mines exploded, steel spikes on hedgehogs ripped along the hulls of the boats and, all

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bad breath

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# Forhan's

THE TOOTHPASTE CREATED BY A DENTIST

Geoffrey Manners & Co. Private Ltd.

over the area, craft began to founder.

The waters offshore became a *scrapyard of assault craft*. Waves of boats began to pile up almost on top of one another. Telegraphist John Webber, of Edgware, Middlesex, in an LCT bringing Royal Marine Commandos into Sword Beach, thought that "the beaching was a tragedy." As they neared the shore Webber saw "LCT's stranded and ablaze, twisted masses of metal on the shore, burning tanks and bulldozers." One LCT passed Webber's craft, heading for the open sea, its well-deck "engulfed in a terrifying fire."

Surprisingly, there were few casualties among the troops as the landing craft tried to manoeuvre through the obstacles. But when they did occur, they were terrible. On Gold Beach, where Frogman Peter Jones was now working with the Royal Engineers on the obstacles, an LCI approached with troops standing ready to disembark. Caught by a sudden swell, the craft turned sideways, lifted and crashed down on a series of mined obstacles. Jones saw it explode with such a shattering blast that it must have been carrying large quantities of explosives. As he watched, "like a slow-motion cartoon, a man—standing to attention—shot up into the air as though lifted by a water spout . . . at the top of the spout bodies and parts of bodies spread out like drops of water."

Boat after boat got caught on the obstacles. In the Gold Beach area, Marine Denis Lovell of Horley, Surrey, was in a craft which hit an obstacle. Then artillery fire opened up on the men. As their craft gradually sank and the men prepared to swim or wade ashore, somebody suggested that "perhaps we're intruding . . . this seems to be a private beach."

Off Juno Beach, Lieutenant Michael Aldworth of the 48th Royal Marine Commando was totally unaware that his landing craft was slowly sinking. He had been more concerned about the mortar and machine-gun fire that he could hear bursting all around as they came in. Aldworth and about 50 men were in the forward infantry hold of the LCI. They heard men rushing along the decks towards the ramp.

Aldworth's men wanted to go too. "How soon do we get out of here?" they yelled. Aldworth yelled back, "Wait a minute, chaps, it's not our turn." There was a long pause and then somebody inquired, "Just how long will we have to wait, old man? The hold here is filling with water." Aldworth had not even noticed. Now, he quickly ordered his men up on deck. They were taken off by another assault craft which had already delivered one load of troops to the beach. There were so many boats around, Aldworth recalls, that "it was rather like hailing a taxi in Bond Street."

On the other side of the British

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area, the 47th Royal Marine Commando had swung west out of Gold Beach to drive towards Port-en-Bessin, and a link-up with the Americans. They expected to see the first Yanks from Omaha Beach by noon. From Gold, too, marched the men of the 50th Division towards Bayeux, ten miles away. And from their beachheads at Juno and Sword the British-Canadian forces headed in for Carpiquet airport and Caen.

**B**ERCHTESGADEN lay quiet and peaceful in the early morning. At the Führer's headquarters—the Reichskanzlei — Colonel - General Alfred Jodl, OKW's chief of operations, had begun to study reports of the Normandy invasion which had come in during the night. He did not think the situation was serious as yet.

The deputy chief of army operations, General Walter Warlimont, phoned. Warlimont, some time earlier, had received von Rundstedt's teleprinter message requesting the Panzer reserves which could be released only on Hitler's order. He had talked the matter over with von Rundstedt's chief of staff, Major - General Blumentritt—now he reported to Jodl. "Blumentritt has called," he told Jodl. "Von Rundstedt is requesting the release of the Panzer reserves. He wants to move them to the invasion area as soon as possible."

As Warlimont recalls, there was a long silence while Jodl pondered the

request. "Are you so sure of all this?" Jodl asked. "I'm not sure that this is the invasion." He went on, "According to the reports it could be a diversionary attack . . . part of a deception plan." Finally Jodl said: "I do not think that this is the time to release the reserves . . . we must wait for further clarification of the situation."

On this day, when the defeat of the Allied invasion depended on power and speed, the necessary decision would come too late—not for another eight and a half hours.

Meanwhile the man who had anticipated just such a situation and had hoped to discuss it with Hitler was less than an hour's drive from Berchtesgaden. Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel was on leave at his home in Herlingen, Ulm. The time was 7.30 a.m. There is no record in the meticulously-kept Army Group B War Diaries that the Field-Marshal had even been briefed on the Normandy landings by this time.

Even now—although the invasion had actually been in progress for seven and a half hours—the full scope of the Allied attack could not be gauged by the staffs of von Rundstedt's and Rommel's headquarters.

Everywhere along the front the vast network of communications had broken down. The Pathfinders and paratroopers had done their job well. As the German 7th Army's Brigadier-General Pemsel put it, in a call to Rommel's headquarters, "I'm fighting the sort of battle that

## **The wheel of the wagon is broken**



How many wheels and axles  
break during a year  
in each village ?

We don't know.

But we do know that there are  
5,58,089 villages in India.

And that each wheel takes time  
to repair. And money.

**For want of a nail,  
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William the Conqueror must have fought—by ear and eye only. My officers phone and say: 'I hear sounds and see ships,' but they cannot give me a true picture of the situation."

At 7th Army headquarters at Le Mans, however, the officers were enthusiastic. It looked as though the tough 352nd Division, holding the beachhead in the Vierville-Colleville area, had already smashed the landing. Their spirits were so high that when a message came in from the 15th Army offering reinforcements, the 7th Army's operations officer turned them down.

At Rommel's headquarters in the old castle at La Roche-Guyon, there was a similar air of optimism. Vice-Admiral Friedrich Ruge, Rommel's naval aide, shared in the general elation. But Ruge noticed one peculiar thing: the household staff of the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld was going through the castle taking the priceless Gobelin tapestries down from the walls.

**O**N England it was 9.30 a.m. General Eisenhower had paced the floor all night waiting for each new

report to come in. There was no doubt now that a foothold had been achieved on the Continent.

At 9.33 a.m. this message was broadcast to the world: "Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces, supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France."

At 10.15 the phone rang in Field-Marshal Erwin Rommel's home at Herlingen. The caller was his chief of staff, Major-General Speidel. The purpose: the first complete briefing on the invasion. Rommel listened with sinking heart.

It was no longer a "Dieppe-type raid." It was the day he had been waiting for—the one he had said would be the "longest day." It was clear to Rommel that, although there would be months of fighting, the game was up. It was only mid-morning, but the "longest day" was over. By an irony of fate the great German general was on the sidelines for the decisive battle of the war. All he could say when Speidel had finished was, "How stupid of me! How stupid of me!"

THE END

### *God of Everybody*

"*I repented God that He had made man*"—Genesis VI, 6

"WHEN will I bless the world?" said God.

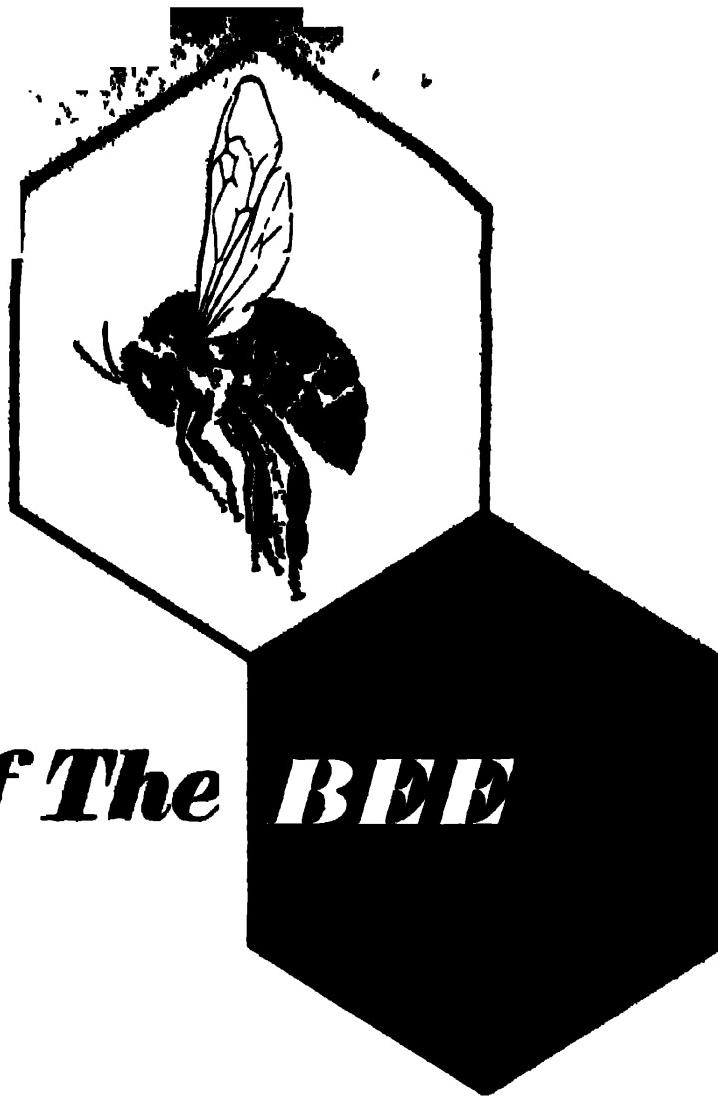
"When every sorry human clod

Stops hating alien sod,

Then will I bless the world," said God.

"Let men together earn my nod.

I'll bless them none or all," said God. —W. H.



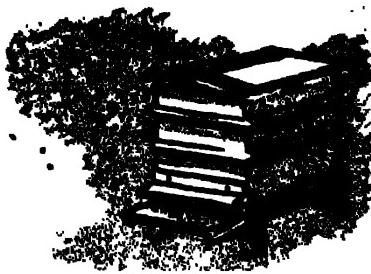
# *The Life of The Bee*

FROM  
THE BOOK BY  
Maurice Maeterlinck

*Translated by*  
*Alfred Sutro*

A Reader's Digest presentation of Maeterlinck's famous classic. With brilliant insight he tells the moving, dramatic and mysterious story of the hive

## *The Life of The Bee*



### ROYAL COMBAT

**I**N OUR HIVE, the bees have shaken off the torpor of winter. The queen started laying in the very first days of February, and each day beholds the birth of thousands of bees. As spring advances and honey gathering goes forward, restlessness seizes the people of the crowded city. An invincible power will soon force the queen to leave this city where she has reigned. She is not a queen in the sense in which men use the word. She issues no orders; she obeys, as meekly as the humblest of her subjects, that masked power, the "spirit of the hive." But she is the unique organ of love; the mother of the city. All who move within its walls — workers, males, larvae, nymphs, and the young princesses whose approaching birth will hasten her own departure—all these have issued from her flanks.

The worker bees regard the queen as sacred. The purest honey, specially distilled, is reserved for her use alone. She has an escort that watches over her by day and by night. Should the least accident befall her

the news will spread quickly from group to group, and the whole population will rush to and fro in loud lamentation. Take her away from the hive prematurely and work will cease. The young will no longer be cared for; the foragers will cease to visit the flowers, the guards at the entrance will abandon their post. Poverty, little by little, will steal into the city; the population will dwindle and soon perish of distress and despair, though every flower of summer burst into bloom before them.

But let the queen be restored before the bees have grown too profoundly demoralized, and they will receive her with extraordinary, pathetic welcome. They will flock eagerly round her, present her with honey, and escort her tumultuously back to the royal chamber. And order at once is restored, work resumed, and the hive soon resounds with the gentle, monotonous cadence of the strange hymn of rejoicing, which is, it would seem, the hymn of the royal presence.

The bees never permit more than

one mature queen in the hive. But men are constantly tampering with what bees must regard as immovable laws of nature. What are the bees to do when we, by force or by fraud, introduce a second queen into the city? It would be a simple matter for the bees to pierce the intruder with their myriad envenomed stings; she would die on the spot. But though this sting is always held ready to strike, they will never draw it against a queen.

No bee, it would seem, dare take on herself the horror of direct regicide. Yet one queen must be killed. They will, therefore, "ball" the queenly intruder; in other words, they will entirely surround her with their innumerable interlaced bodies, and will keep her in this prison for 24 hours, if need be, till she die of suffocation or hunger.

But if, at this moment, the legitimate queen draw near, the living walls of the prison will at once fly open; and the bees, forming a circle round the two enemies, will eagerly watch the strange duel that will ensue. If either queen tries to escape the fight, then, be she the legitimate sovereign or be she the stranger, she will at once be seized and lodged in the living prison until such time as she manifests once more the desire to attack her foe. It is right to add, however, that numerous experiments show that victory almost invariably goes to the reigning queen, for the bees display some favouritism in their manner of imprisoning

the rivals. Their mother scarcely suffers from the confinement, whereas the stranger almost always emerges in an appreciably bruised and enfeebled condition.

### T H E S W A R M

Our restless hive is preparing to swarm. In obedience to the order of the hive spirit, 60,000 or 70,000 bees out of the 80,000 or 90,000 that form the whole population will abandon the maternal city at the prescribed hour. They do not leave because food is lacking. No, were the hive poor, had it suffered from pillage or storm, had misfortune befallen the royal family, the bees would not forsake it. They leave it only when it has attained the apogee of its prosperity.

On this great day, the hive is in an unaccustomed stir, whose meaning the beekeeper will rarely fail to grasp. Over the whole surface of the golden corridors, workers are busily making preparation for the journey. And each one will first of all burden herself with provision of honey sufficient for five or six days. From this honey that they bear within them they will distil, by a chemical process still unexplained, the wax required for the immediate construction of buildings. They will provide themselves also with propolis, a kind of resin with which they will seal all the crevices in the new dwelling, strengthen weak places and varnish the walls.

A certain number of workers,

however, will go to the fields, as though nothing were happening, will come back, clean the hive, attend to the brood-cells, and hold altogether aloof from the general ecstasy. These are the ones that will not accompany the queen; they will remain to guard the old home, feed the 10,000 eggs, the 18,000 larvae, the 36,000 nymphs and seven or eight royal princesses, that today shall all be abandoned. Why they have been singled out for this austere duty, by what law, or by whom, it is not in our power to divine. To this mission of theirs they remain inflexibly, tranquilly faithful.

Suddenly the signal for departure is given in the swarming hive. It is as though one sudden mad impulse had simultaneously flung wide every gate in the city; and the black throng pours forth in a double, or treble, or quadruple jet, as the number of exits may be. The throng for some moments will quiver right over the hive. Then like the wonderful carpet the fairy-tale speaks of, that flits across space to obey its master's command, it steers its straight course towards the tree whereon the queen has alighted; and round her each rhythmical wave comes to rest and suspends its fabric of luminous wings.

And then there is silence once more; and, in an instant, this mighty tumult becomes merely a great peaceful cluster of bees, waiting for the scouts to return who have gone in search of a place of shelter.

The beekeeper waits till the mass be completely gathered together; then, having covered his head only with a large straw hat (for the most inoffensive bee will conceive itself caught in a trap if entangled in hair, and will infallibly use its sting), he proceeds to gather the swarm by vigorously shaking the bough, from which the bees depend, over an inverted hive. Into this hive the cluster will fall as heavily as an overripe fruit. He need have no fear of the bees that are buzzing round him, settling on his face and hands. The air resounds with their song of ecstasy, which is far different from their chant of anger. Why the bees are happy we know not, except it be because they are obeying their law.

But if the swarm be not gathered by man, its history will not end here. It will remain suspended on the branch until the return of the workers who, acting as scouts, have at the very first moment of swarming sallied forth in all directions in search of a lodging. They return one by one, and seemingly render account of their mission. Shall the new home be some hollow tree, a crevice in a ruinous wall, a cavity in a grotto? The assembly will often pause and deliberate until the following morning. Then at last the choice is made. At a given moment the entire mass stirs, disunites, sets in motion, and then, in one sustained and impetuous flight, it will steer its straight course, over hedges and cornfields, over river



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HP/P/46

and village, to its determined and always distant goal. It is rarely indeed that this second stage can be followed by man.

### THE FOUNDATION OF THE CITY

Whether the swarm is captured or escapes, a new city is founded. The bees have abandoned in the old hive not only the enormous treasure of pollen, but also more than 120 pounds of honey; a quantity close on 600,000 times the weight of the individual bee. To man, this would mean 42,000 tons of provisions, a vast fleet of mighty ships laden with nourishment more precious than any known to us; for to the bee, honey is a kind of liquid life.

Here, in the new abode, there is nothing; not a drop of honey; not a morsel of wax; neither guiding mark nor point of support. Yet scarcely has the new site been occupied when we behold the clearest, most unexpected division in that entangled mass. The greater portion form themselves, clinging to each other, into a thick, triangular curtain, an inverted cone, whose apex hangs from the cupola of the abode. For long hours this strange inverted cone will wait, in a silence that almost seems awful, for the mystery of wax to appear. How it occurs we do not know. We can only say that they will remain thus suspended for a period extending from 18 to 24 hours, in a temperature so high that one might almost believe that a fire

was burning in the hollow of the hive; and then white and transparent scales will appear at the openings of four little pockets that every bee has underneath its abdomen.

In the meantime the rest of the bees—those, that is, that remained down below—pay no heed to those aloft. They carefully sweep the floor, and remove, one by one, twigs, grains of sand, and dead leaves; for the bees are almost fanatically cleanly. When, in the depths of winter, severe frosts retard too long what apiarists term their "flight of cleanliness," rather than sully the hive they will perish by thousands of a bowel disease.

Let us endeavour to form some conception of the sureness of vision, the accurate calculation and industry our little people will be called to display in order to adapt this new dwelling to their requirements. In the edifice to be erected, laws of ventilation must be considered, of solidity, of the properties of wax and the nature of the food to be stored.

The form of the hive that man offers to the bee knows infinite variety, from the hollow tree or earthenware vessel still obtaining in Asia and Africa, and the European bell-shaped construction of straw, to the rectangular hive of the apiarist, with its three or four storeys of superposed combs for 300 rounds of honey, enclosed in a frame which permits of their being removed.

Yet there exists not a single instance of a swarm being baffled by

## **The proof of the pudding...**

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**DOCTOR** : As an energy source, it's as good as any. DALDA Vanaspati is a vegetable fat. The energy it provides is equal to 255 calories per ounce. This is as much as you get from anything else that you can use for cooking.

**YOU** : Well, may be it's rich with energy, but what else does it contain?

**NUTRITIONIST** : Virtually the only other ingredient is vitamins.

**YOU** : Vitamins?

**WE** : Seven hundred International Units of Vitamin A go into every ounce plus 56 IU of Vitamin D.

**DOCTOR** : Those are the vitamins that help keep your eyes, skin, teeth and bones healthy.

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**WE** : And DALDA, like all vanaspati, retains its vitamins unusually well during cooking—better than any other cooking medium you can name.

**NUTRITIONIST** : All of which makes DALDA a rich source of vitamins and energy. To my mind, that's a food — a nourishing food.

**YOU** : But my family has always believed that things made in a factory are . . . well, you know what I mean . . .

**DOCTOR** : Not as good as natural products? Doctors would differ with you. Modern treatment of diseases, for instance, would come to a dead stop without synthetic drugs.

They are every bit as effective as the natural product. So I don't see how one can consider something 'inferior' merely because it comes from a factory. Especially if it must also conform to strict government specifications.

**YOU** : Is DALDA Vanaspati made to conform with such specifications?

**WE** : Yes. It must meet definite standards set by Government. And if you need still further reassurance of its goodness . . . look how widely it is used!

**WE** : Today, it enters 2 million homes a year. And people have been cooking with DALDA Vanaspati in India for nearly thirty years now.

**DOCTOR** : If it was not good, I should have my waiting-room pretty full, don't you think?

**WE** : The final test of a product's goodness is probably large-scale use of it over a substantial period of time. If it wins out after that (as DALDA has) . . . well . . . 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' isn't it?

the strangeness of its surroundings, except only in the case of the new dwelling being absolutely uninhabitable, or impregnated with evil odours. In that case the swarm will simply forsake it and seek better fortune some little distance away. And similarly it can never be said of them that they can be induced to undertake any illogical or foolish task. Though you place the swarm in a sphere, a cube, or a pyramid, in an oval or polygonal basket, you will find that this strange assembly of little independent intellects will make the most logical use of your absurd habitation.

When the ivory scales of wax have formed, we shall see one of the bees, as though suddenly inspired, abruptly detach herself from the mass, and climb to the inner pinnacle of the cupola. Then, with her mouth and claws, she will seize one of the waxy scales that hang from her abdomen, and at once proceed to plane it, extend it and bend it with the skill of a carpenter handling a pliable panel. When at last the substance possesses the required dimensions, she will attach it to the highest point of the dome, thus laying the keystone of the new town; for we have here an inverted city, hanging down from the sky.

To this keystone she will add other fragments of wax, and then she will go as suddenly as she came. Another will at once continue the work, and vanish in her turn.

A small block of wax, formless as

yet, hangs down from the top of the vault. So soon as its thickness may be deemed sufficient, we shall see another bee emerge from the mass, her physical appearance differing appreciably from that of the foundresses who preceded her. And her manner displays such settled conviction, her movements are followed so eagerly by all the crowd, that we almost might fancy that some illustrious engineer had been summoned to trace in the wax the site of the first cell of all, from which every other must mathematically depend. This bee belongs to the sculptor or carver class of workers; she produces no wax herself. Her place is taken at once by an impatient worker, who continues the task that a third will finish. Thus each obeys the general law of interrupted and successive labour.

The bees construct four kinds of cells. First of all, the royal cells, contrived somewhat in the shape of an acorn; then the large cells destined for the rearing of males and storing of provisions; and the small cells, serving as workers' cradles and ordinary store-rooms, which occupy normally about four-fifths of the built-over surface of the hive. And lastly, so as to connect in orderly fashion the larger cells with the small, the bees will erect a certain number of what are known as transition cells. These must of necessity be irregular in form; but so unerringly accurate are the dimensions of the second and third types that, at

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the time when the metric system was established, and a fixed measure sought in nature to serve as an incontestable standard of measurement, it was proposed by Réaumur to select for this purpose the cell of the bee.

In admiring this geometric architecture, we should also pause to admire the ingenious construction of alleys and gangways through and round the comb, so skilfully contrived as to provide short cuts in every direction and prevent congestion of traffic, while ensuring free circulation of air; and also to recognize the many experiments which have been made in forcing bees to adapt and repair their structures. But let us pass over these marvels, and return again to the drama of the hive.

#### LIFE IN THE HIVE

No sooner is the first row of dwellings complete than the queen takes possession with her escort of guardians and servants. One may mention here the curious fact that the workers always avoid turning their backs on the queen. No sooner has she approached a group than they will invariably arrange themselves so as to face her and to walk backwards before her.

When the queen has reached a cell that she considers favourable, she deposits an egg in it and proceeds to the next cell. From this moment, up to the first frosts of autumn, she does not cease laying;

she lays while she is being fed, and even in her sleep, if indeed she sleeps at all, she still lays. Step by step she pursues the unfortunate workers who are exhaustedly, feverishly erecting the cradles her fecundity demands.

At last the insatiable mother will have traversed the whole circumference of the hive, and have returned to the first cells. These, by this time, will be empty; for the first generation will have sprung into life, soon to go forth over the neighbouring blossoms, people the rays of the sun and quicken the smiling hours.

The eggs which the queen lays in the larger cells will give birth to males, or drones. It therefore appears that the queen must possess the power of determining the sex of the egg, and of adapting it to the cell over which she is bending. How does she contrive, from among the myriad eggs her ovaries contain, to separate male from female?

Here, again, there confronts us an enigma of the hive; and in this case one of the most unfathomable. We know that even a virgin queen is not sterile; but the eggs that she lays will produce only males. It is not till after the impregnation of the hazardous nuptial flight that she can produce workers or drones at will. The nuptial flight places her permanently in possession, till death, of the spermatozoa torn from her unfortunate lover. These spermatozoa, preserved alive in a special gland situated

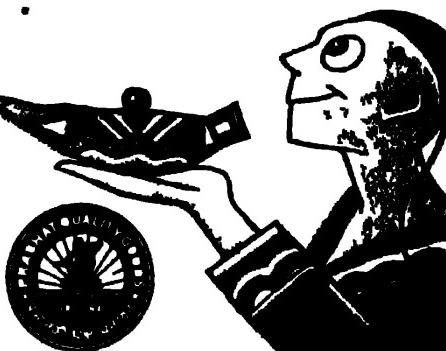


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under the queen bee's ovaries, spring forth and fecundate the egg as it passes.

### THE YOUNG QUEENS

Here let us close our hive, where we find that life is reassuming routine; and let us return to the mother-city, and see what is happening there after the departure of the swarm.

The tumult having subsided, the hapless city—that two-thirds of her children have abandoned for ever—becomes feeble, like a body from which the blood has been drained. Some thousands of bees have remained, however; and these remove all trace of the departure, carefully house the provisions that have escaped pillage, sally forth to the flowers again, and keep scrupulous guard over the hostages of the future. For we are in the abode of life that goes before life. On all sides, asleep in their closely sealed cradles, lie thousands of nymphs, whiter than milk, who with folded arms and heads bent forward await the hour of awakening.

Over the entire incubating area hundreds of workers are dancing and flapping their wings. They appear thus to generate the necessary heat. A few days more, and the lids of these myriad urns—whereof a considerable hive will contain from 60,000 to 80,000—begin to break, and the young bees appear. The nurses at once come running; they help the young bee to emerge from her prison, they clean her and brush

her, and at the tip of their tongue present the first honey of the new life. The young bee knows at once all that has to be known, instantly makes her way to the cells that are closed, and proceeds to beat her wings and to dance in cadence, so that she in her turn may quicken her buried sisters.

But, the old queen having departed with the swarm, this city still lacks a queen. Seven or eight curious structures arise from the centre of one of the combs, each a capsule which fills the place of three or four workers' cells. It is here that the queens are formed. In each one of these capsules, before the swarm departs, an egg will have been placed—an egg that is absolutely identical with those from which workers are hatched.

From this egg, after three days, a small larva will issue and receive a special and very abundant nourishment known as "royal jelly." The little larva, thanks to this regimen, assumes an exceptional development; and in its ideas, no less than in its body, there ensues so considerable a change that the bee to which it will give birth might almost belong to a different race of insects.

Four or five years will be the period of her life, instead of the six or seven weeks of the ordinary worker. Her brain will be smaller, but she will possess enormous ovaries, and a special organ besides, the spermatheca, that will render her almost a hermaphrodite. None of

The instincts will be hers that belong to a life of toil; she will have no brushes, no pockets wherein to secrete the wax, no baskets to gather the pollen. She will die without even once having tasted a flower. It is strange to see so many things—organs, ideas, desires, habits, an entire destiny—depending, not on a germ, which is the ordinary miracle of the plant, the animal and man, but on a curious inert substance, the bee food known as "royal jelly."

About a week has passed since the departure of the old queen. The royal nymphs asleep in the capsules are not all of the same age, for it is to the interests of the bees that the births should take place at regular intervals. The workers have for some hours now been actively thinning the walls of the ripest cell, while the young queen, from within, has been simultaneously gnawing the rounded lid of her prison. At last she emerges, and almost immediately a strange restlessness seizes her. She feels that she is not alone, that her kingdom has yet to be conquered, that close by pretenders are hiding; and she eagerly paces the waxy walls in search of her rivals. But there intervene here the mysterious decisions of the spirit of the hive.

The hive may permit the new queen, at this time, to destroy her unhatched sister-enemies; or they may elect to wait till she has performed the perilous ceremony known as the "nuptial flight,"

whereon the nation's future depends. If the immediate massacre is authorized—as it often is—our young queen hastens towards the large cradles and the guard make way before her. Listening only to her furious jealousy, she will fling herself on to the first cell she comes across, madly strip off the wax with her teeth and claws, tear away the cocoon that carpets the cell, and divesting the sleeping princess of every covering, she will sting her to death. Then, passing on to cell after cell, she will repeat the process.

The bees that surround her have calmly watched her fury, have stood by, inactive, until she has become too weak to persist in her passion. Then they will themselves complete the massacre of the innocents.

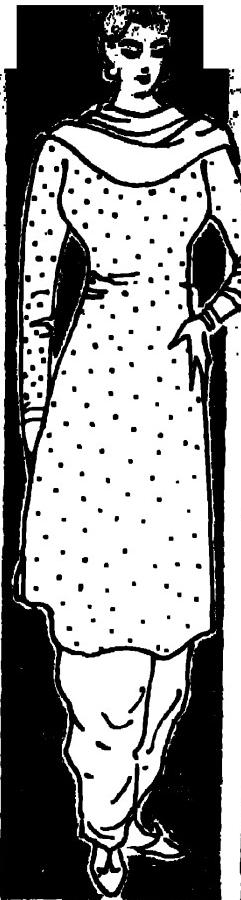
The cradles having thus been destroyed and the rivals all slain, the young queen is accepted by her people; but she will not truly reign over them, or be treated as was her mother before her, until the nuptial flight be accomplished; for until she be impregnated the bees will hold her but lightly.

#### THE NUPITAL FLIGHT

In the impregnation of the queen bee, nature has taken extraordinary measures to favour the union of males with females of a different stock.

Round the virgin queen, and dwelling with her in the hive, are hundreds of exuberant males, forever drunk on honey, the sole reason

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for their existence being one act of love. But, notwithstanding the incessant contact of two desires that elsewhere invariably triumph over every obstacle, the union never takes place in the hive. Each day, from noon till three, when the sun shines resplendent, this plumed horde sallies forth in search of the bride, who is indeed more royal, more difficult of conquest, than the most inaccessible princess of fairy legend; for 20 or 30 tribes will hasten from all the neighbouring cities, her court thus consisting of more than 10,000 suitors; and from these 10,000 one alone will be chosen as mate.

However great the impatience of the bride-elect, she will yet choose her day and her hour, and linger in the shadow of the portal till a marvellous morning slings open wide the nuptial spaces in the depths of the great azure vault.

She starts her flight backwards, returns twice or thrice, and then, having definitely fixed in her mind the exact situation and aspect of the kingdom she has never yet seen from without, she departs like an arrow to the zenith of the blue.

Immediately crowds collect, and follow her into the sea of gladness. She, drunk with her wings, obeying the magnificent law of the race that the strongest lover alone shall attain her in the solitude of the ether, rises higher and higher. A region must be found unhaunted by birds, that else might profane the mystery. She rises still; and the ill-assorted

troop below are already dwindling and falling asunder. The feeble, infirm, the aged, unwelcome, ill-fed, who have flown from inactive or impoverished cities, these renounce the pursuit and disappear in the void. Only a small, indefatigable cluster remain, suspended in infinite opal. She summons her wings for one final effort; and now the chosen of incomprehensible forces has reached her, has seized her, and bounding aloft with united impetus, the ascending spiral of their intertwined flight whirls for one second in the madness of love.

No sooner has the union been accomplished than the male organ detaches itself, dragging with it the mass of the entrails; the wings relax, and, as though struck by lightning, the emptied body sinks down into the abyss.

The same idea that, before, in parthenogenesis, sacrificed the future of the hive to the unwonted multiplication of males, now sacrifices the male to the future of the hive. This idea is always astounding; but logic lies behind it. It seems to be nature's wish, in the interests of crossed fertilization, that the union of the drone and the queen bee should be possible only in the open sky. But in the sky are so many dangers—cold winds, storm currents, birds—that nature must of necessity make this union as brief as possible. It is so, thanks to the startlingly sudden death of the male.

The queen then descends from the



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azure heights and returns to the hive. The drone has given her all he possessed, and much more than she requires. She retains the seminal liquid wherein millions of germs are floating, which, until her last day, will issue one by one, as the eggs pass by, to accomplish the mysterious union of the male and female element, whence the worker bees are born. Through a curious inversion, it is she who furnishes the male principle, and the drone who provides the female. Two days after the union she lays her first eggs, and her people immediately surround her with the most particular care. From that moment, possessed of a dual sex, having within her an inexhaustible male, she begins her veritable life; she will never again leave the hive, unless to accompany a swarm; and her fecundity will cease only at the approach of death.

Prodigious nuptials these, the most fairylike that can be conceived, imperishable and tragic. Nature's concern is merely to improve the race by means of crossed fertilization. To ensure this she has contrived the organ of the male in such a fashion that he can make use of it only in space. A prolonged flight must first expand his two great tracheal sacs; these enormous receptacles being gorged on air will throw back the lower part of the abdomen, and permit the exertion of the organ. There we have the whole physiological secret—which will seem ordinary enough to some; and

almost vulgar to others—of this dazzling pursuit and these magnificent nuptials.

#### MASSACRE OF THE MALES

If skies remain clear, and pollen and nectar abound, the workers, through a kind of forgetful indulgence, will for a short time longer endure the importunate, disastrous presence of the males. Wasteful and corpulent, fully content with their idle existence as honorary lovers, these useless workers feast and carouse, throng the alleys, obstruct the passages, and hinder the work.

But the patience of the bees is not equal to that of men. One morning the long-expected word of command goes through the hive; and the peaceful workers turn into judges and executioners. Whence this word issues, we know not; it would seem to emanate suddenly from the cold, deliberate indignation of the workers; and no sooner has it been uttered than every heart throbs with it. The great idle drones, asleep in unconscious groups on the melliferous walls, are rudely torn from their slumbers by an army of wrathful virgins. They wake, in pious wonder; they cannot believe their eyes, stare amazedly round them, convinced that they must be victims of some mistake. But ended for them are the days of May honey, the wine-flower of lime-trees and fragrant ambrosia of thyme and sage; the acrid odour of poison

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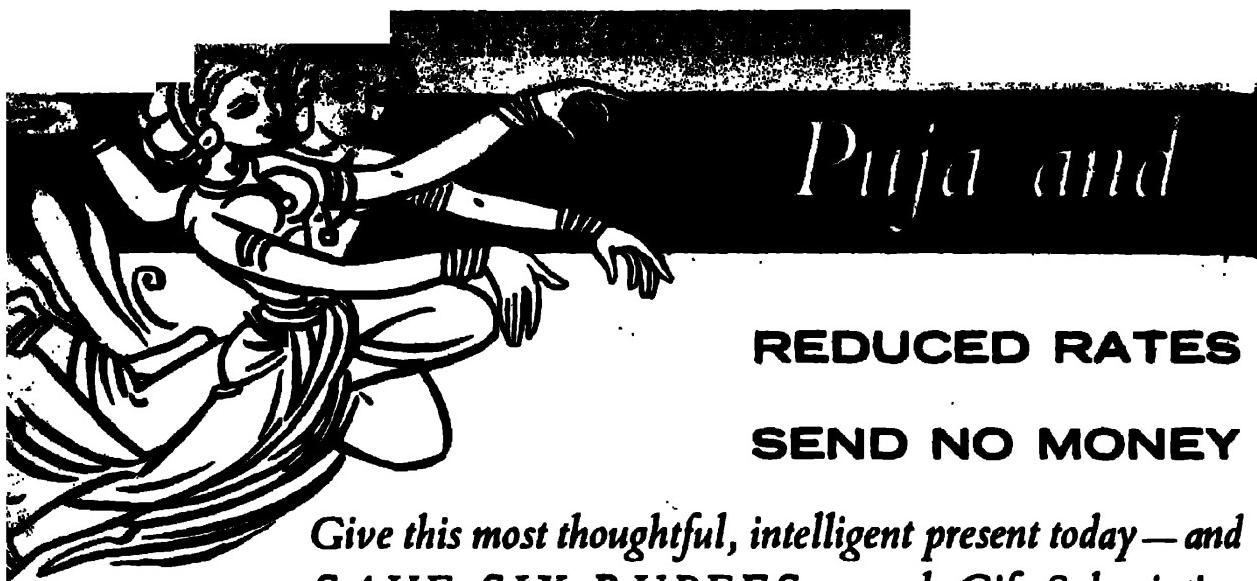
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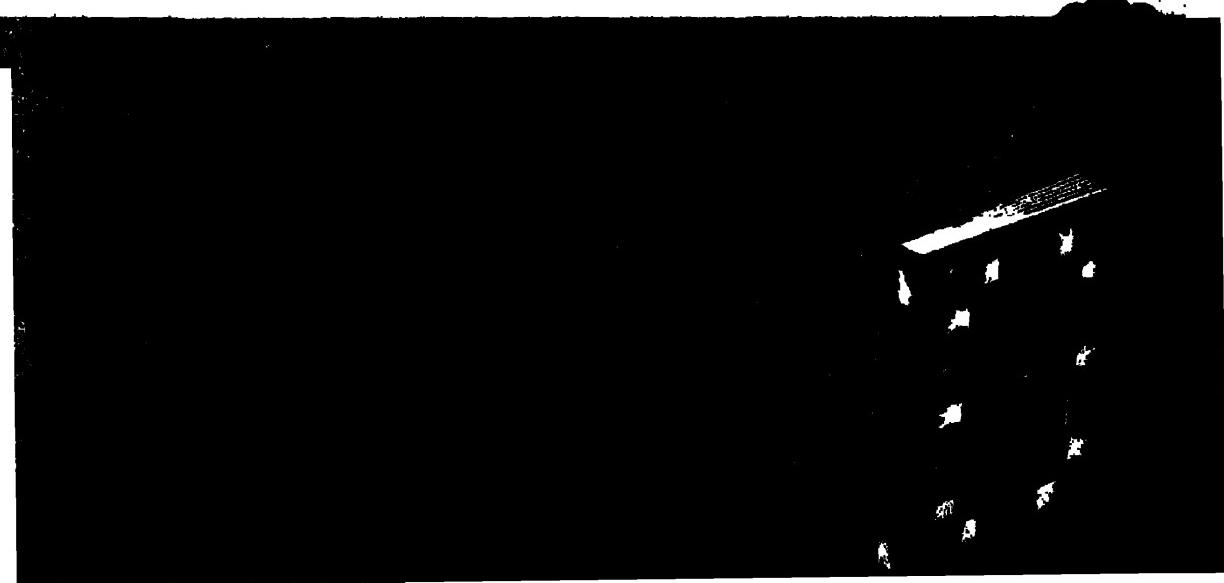
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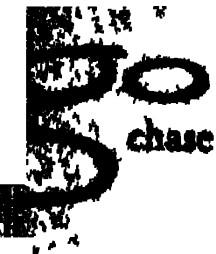
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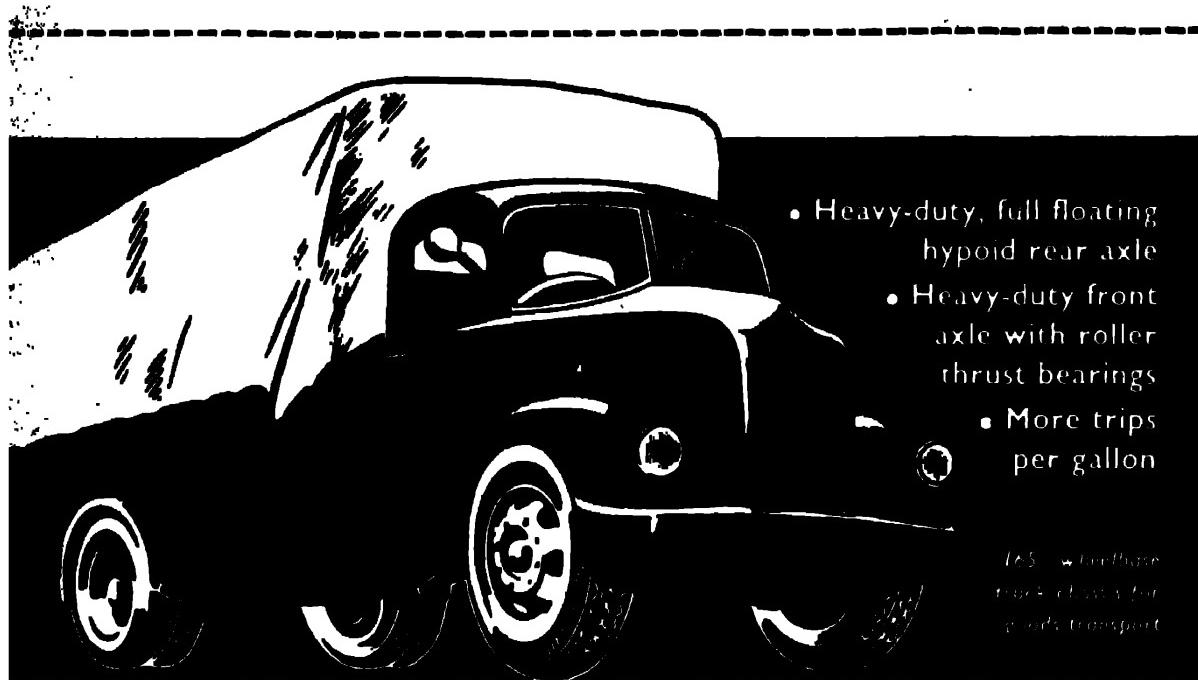
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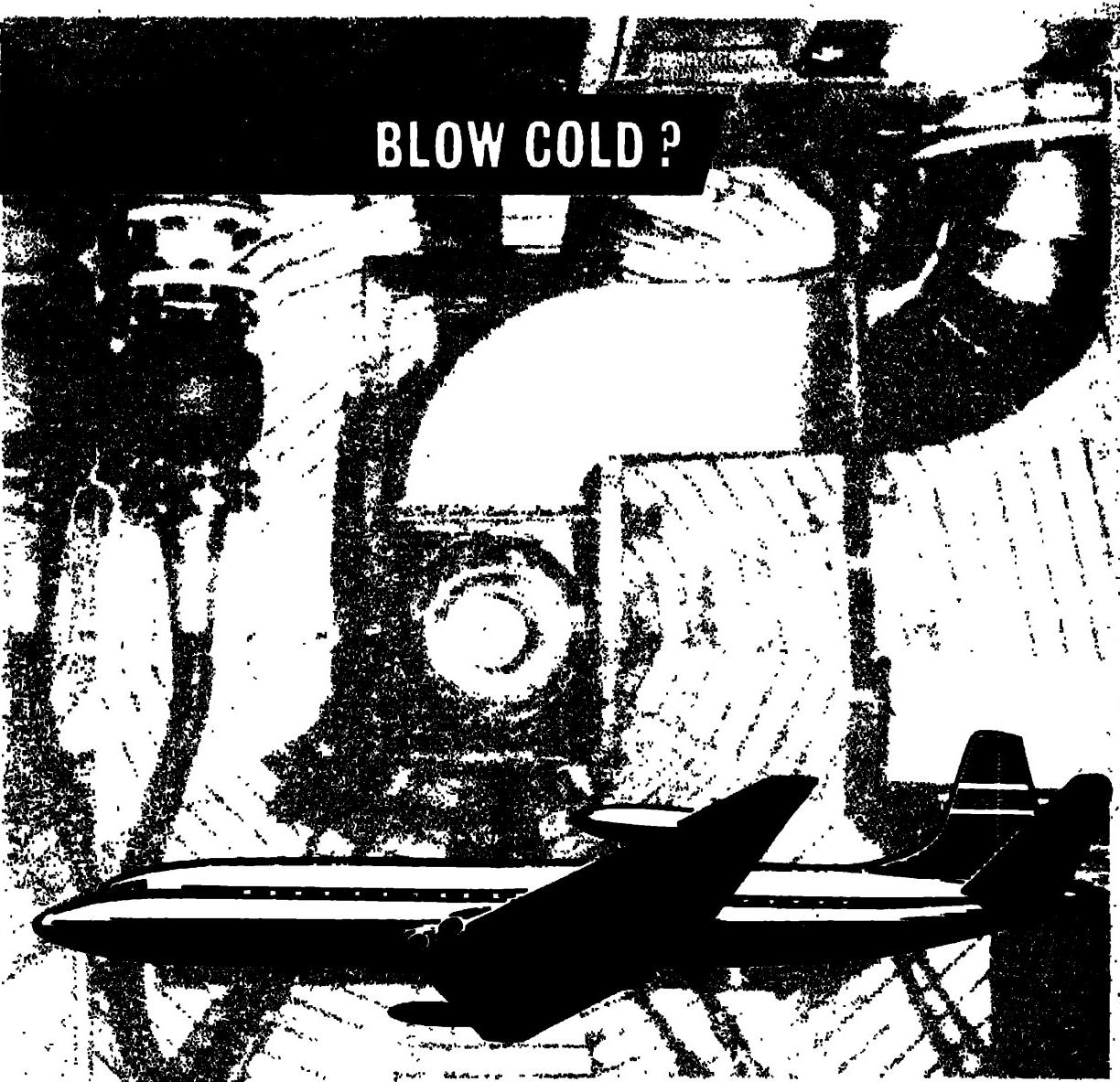
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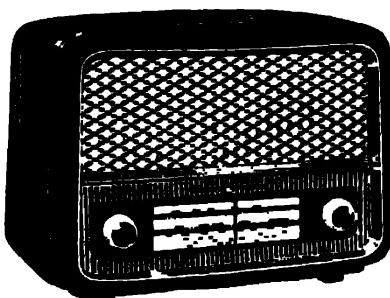
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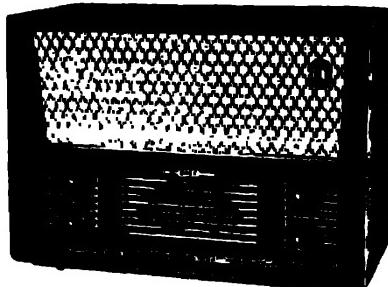
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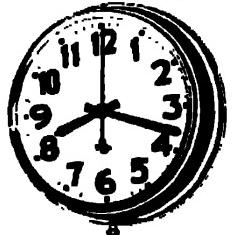


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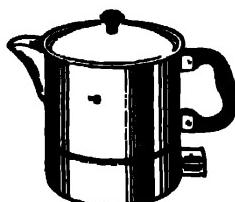
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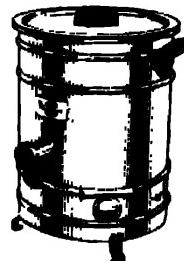
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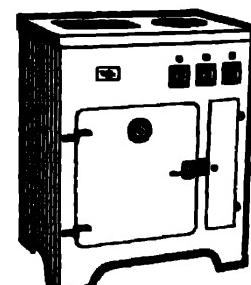
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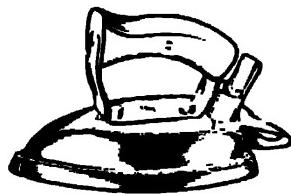
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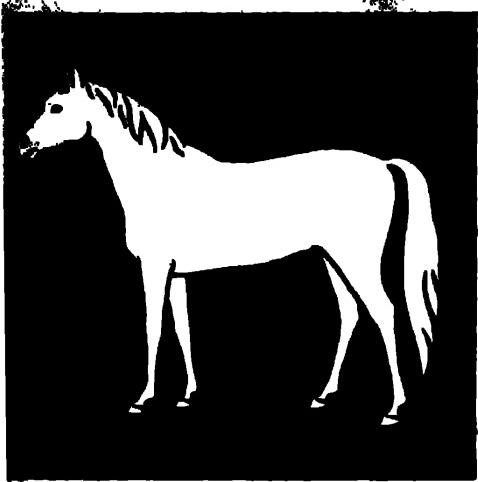


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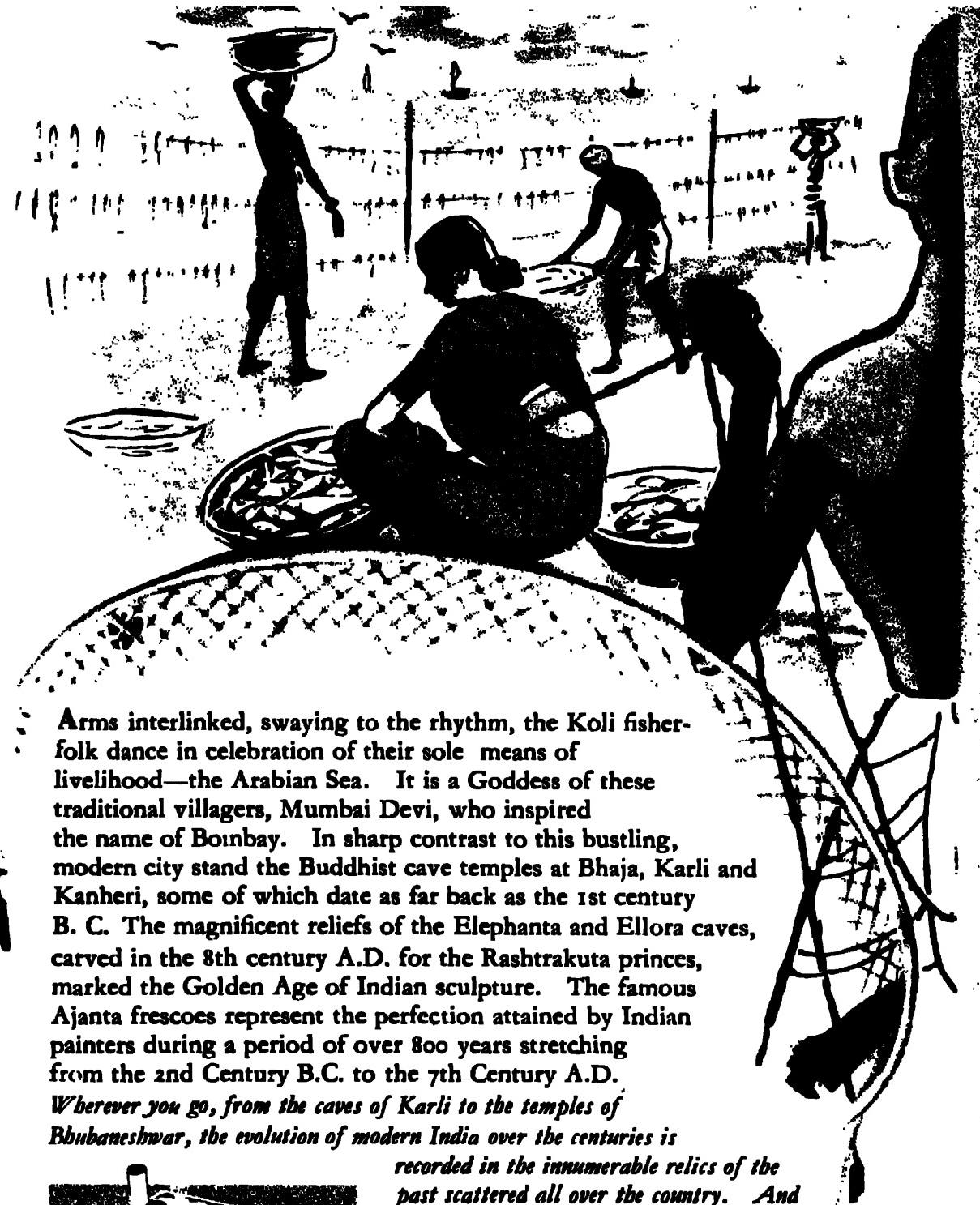


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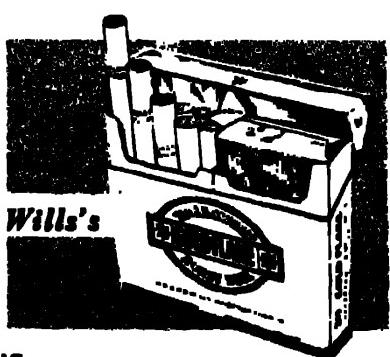
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Arms interlinked, swaying to the rhythm, the Koli fisher-folk dance in celebration of their sole means of livelihood—the Arabian Sea. It is a Goddess of these traditional villagers, Mumbai Devi, who inspired the name of Bombay. In sharp contrast to this bustling, modern city stand the Buddhist cave temples at Bhaja, Karli and Kanheri, some of which date as far back as the 1st century B.C. The magnificent reliefs of the Elephanta and Ellora caves, carved in the 8th century A.D. for the Rashtrakuta princes, marked the Golden Age of Indian sculpture. The famous Ajanta frescoes represent the perfection attained by Indian painters during a period of over 800 years stretching from the 2nd Century B.C. to the 7th Century A.D.

*Wherever you go, from the caves of Karli to the temples of Bhubaneshwar, the evolution of modern India over the centuries is*

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*Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company of India Limited*

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**and**

**are to go...**

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*Not quite. There's a local festival.*

*A fair in neighbouring village.*

*An open-air film show nearly twenty miles away.*

*Or perhaps a wedding just down the road.*

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*That's just the trouble.*

*It's only a kutch track at the best of times.*

*Impassable during the monsoon.*

### **What are we doing about it?**

*A twenty-year plan has been drawn up to build*

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10

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## **What if there were no**



**What would happen if there were no Vanaspati Industry?**

If the Vanaspati Industry were to close down and there were no DALDA, the immediate effect would be a serious scarcity of *hard fats* — fats like Vanaspati and ghee which don't melt at room temperatures.

**ECONOMIST:** A scarcity of about three lakh tons at once — four times that in 15 years.

**You:** So...?

**ECONOMIST:** So this would obviously mean shortages. Ghee, the traditional hard fat, will be unable to make good the shortfall. It has never been able to meet its *own* growing demand — let alone the extra demand for Vanaspati. Historically speaking, there has been only a marginal increase in ghee production in the past 20 years, considering the increase in population.

**WE:** And that is precisely why DALDA Vanaspati came into the

market 30 years ago and has stayed there.

**ECONOMIST:** Looking a little into the future, the supply of ghee is expected to rise by about 20% in the next 5—10 years. But the demand for it would have increased by more than that. Meanwhile, the demand for Vanaspati could easily double.

**You:** But I can't see why the demand for Vanaspati should increase.

**ECONOMIST:** Firstly, because of the increase in population. Secondly, because of the rise in National Income. As incomes grow, more and more hard fat tends to be consumed. Forty percent of the American diet for instance, consists of fat.

**WE:** Another thing. Without DALDA Vanaspati in the shops the price of ghee will go up to prohibitive levels. Few will be able to afford it. So, a great many people will have to do with a lot of less fat.

**ECONOMIST:** And our diet is already deficient in fat. We take, on an average, only  $\frac{1}{2}$  of our nutritional requirements of it.

**WE:** What about adulteration? It's a common practice as it is. And it will grow — with all its harmful effects on health.

**ECONOMIST:** That apart, fat scarcity would divert a great deal of available milk to the production of cooking fat. This, in a country already short of milk, where malnutrition among children is a grave problem.

**YOU:** Aren't you dramatizing it a little ... we could use liquid oils, you know!

**WE:** Of course, we could. But then think of the changes in eating habits — in cooking methods and the taste of foods in hard fat areas like the Punjab, for instance. It would mean getting used to strange tasting, unappetising foods, having to forego meals cooked in traditional ways. And foods such as cakes and biscuits cannot be made without hard fats like DALDA. More important, people all over will need extra vitamins to supplement their diet.

**YOU:** Why vitamins?

**WE:** Well, because liquid edible

oils don't contain Vitamins A and D — DALDA Vanaspati does. DALDA consists of partially hydrogenated pure vegetable oils, fortified with 700 International Units of Vitamin A and 56 IU of Vitamin D. These vitamins protect the skin and eyes and build strong bones and healthy teeth. They are essential for health, growth and protection from disease. As a source of energy, DALDA is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times better than wheat or rice. Moreover, it is hygienically pure, deodorised, of uniformly high quality — yet so economical in use! It isn't often that you get these qualities in liquid oils — they certainly never contain vitamins.

**YOU:** That's perhaps why the demand for DALDA is going up more sharply than that for liquid oils.

**ECONOMIST:** A final point. Without the Vanaspati Industry, thousands of people would be without a means of livelihood. And the National Income would be less by some crores of rupees.

**YOU:** And I'd be without my DALDA! We've been using it for years. I knew it was a food, but I didn't know that it played quite so important a part in the Economy and food habits of the people.

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Effortlessly, without beating.  
I wash all my fabrics—  
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I know, the secret of good  
washing is in the DIP-ing.

**DIP white ! DIP bright !**



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**DIP**

1-lb., 3-lb. cartons  
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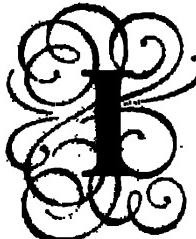
THE BEST NAME IN SOAPS



*"It would not have been possible  
for any man in public life to get  
through what I have gone through  
without the devoted assistance of  
what we in England call one's  
better half."* —Sir Winston Churchill

## THE WOMAN BESIDE SIR WINSTON

*By Isabella Taves*



IT WAS the most fashionable wedding of the 1908 London season, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The bride was four minutes late, and the groom was so relieved to see her that he shook her hand warmly at the altar. One of the titled guests remarked, "There go two lively chips. The marriage won't last six months."

On September 12 last year the two lively chips, Sir Winston and Lady

Churchill, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Sir Winston has said that getting Clementine Hozier to marry him was his most brilliant achievement. A charming and extraordinary woman, "Clemmie" has devoted those 50 years to controlling the fiery temperament and the galloping impetuosity of her famous though frequently exasperating husband.

Clementine Churchill has preferred to stay in the background, but people watching her "master-mind"

him from that background, with great grace and skill, look upon her with respect verging on awe. One of Sir Winston's wartime secretaries, Elizabeth Nel, wrote in *Mr. Churchill's Secretary*: "I always felt Mrs. Churchill's main contribution to her husband's greatness was in standing up to him. Others might have spoilt him with adoration; she would not let him be selfish."

Lady Churchill has herself shown an amused awareness of what she has meant to her husband. Keith Ellis wrote in *John Bull* that when she was speaking for her husband during the 1950 election, a heckler handed up a newspaper cutting which quoted a fierce criticism of Conservative policy made by Churchill in 1908.

She glanced at it, then read it to the crowd. "I have been married to my husband a little more than forty-one years," she said. "This statement was made forty-two years ago —before I took control of him."

Edward Murrow, who broadcast from Britain to the United States during the war, once said of Lady Churchill, "She's the only person in the world who has ever interrupted Churchill in full flow of oratory—not because she wanted to talk herself, but because someone present had information she knew would interest him."

Lady Churchill's excellent French has helped Sir Winston immensely with foreign dignitaries, since he

speaks the language rather badly. She learned French as a girl. When she was 14, her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, moved with her four children to France. At that time Lady Blanche was supporting her brood on very little money and living was cheaper in France.

At 15, Clementine returned to England to attend Berkhamsted Girls' School in Hertfordshire. A good pupil, she wanted to go on to Girton, the first college for women at Cambridge. Instead she was whisked off to London where, at 19, she was introduced to society. She was an immediate success, with her beautiful carriage, her soft, wavy brown hair, her enormous grey eyes. Lady Cynthia Asquith recalls in her memoirs that "her superbly sculptured features would have looked splendid on a coin. 'That's a face that will last,' said everyone."

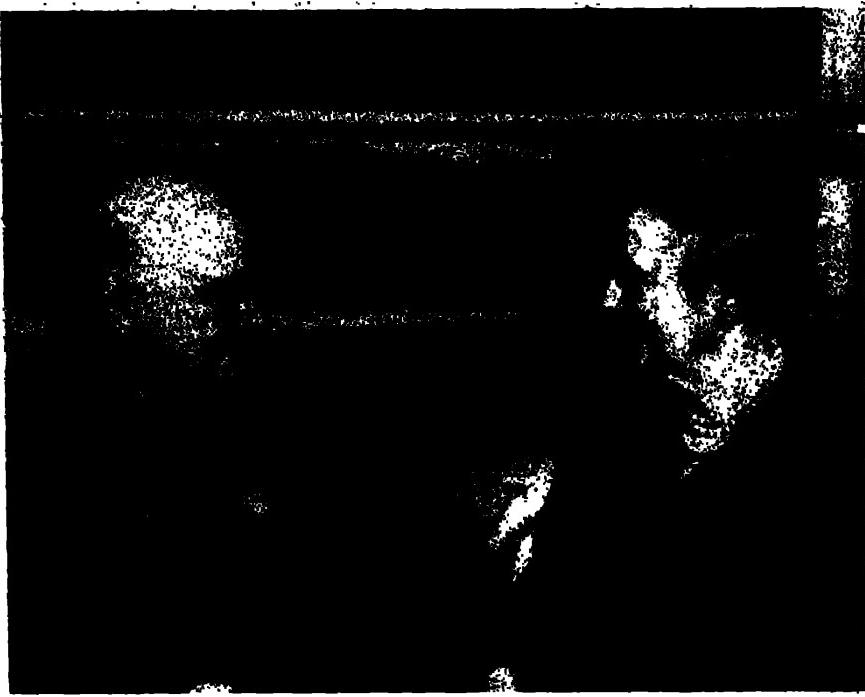
Clementine Hozier was 23 when, at a dinner given by her great-aunt, she met Winston Churchill. He was then 33, the most talked-about newcomer in politics, though not always favourably. A "pouting" young man whose restless head was "crowned with wisps of ginger hair that protruded sideways," he had entrance to all aristocratic society (his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was the third son of the Duke of Marlborough). But Winston was far too captivated by politics to bother with young women; thus he had become the despair of matchmakers. That

night he sat next to Clementine at dinner. Later in the evening, for what was probably the first time in his life, he seemed in a hurry to leave the male conversation over port and brandy, and join the ladies.

He proposed in the magnificence of Blenheim Palace, home of the Duke of Marlborough, where Winston was born. Lady Blanche wrote to a friend: "He is gentle and tender and affectionate to those he loves; much hated by those who have not come under his personal charm."

The Churchills were married a month after the engagement was announced—most unconventional in those days of protracted engagements. In 1908 Churchill was already a Member of Parliament and Under-Secretary for the Colonies. His friends thought it quite foolish for a politically ambitious young man with no money to marry a poor girl. Some of her admirers felt that it was she who was making the mistake, wasting her beauty and charm on "that renegade gentleman, that radical, Winston Churchill."

Although, over the years, Clementine Churchill has been a devoted



mother and grandmother, and both she and Sir Winston have been close to their four children, he has always come first with her. He has been her life and her career.

Earl Attlee, who has seen eye-to-eye with Winston Churchill on practically nothing, once remarked: "What Winston requires is strong people around him, saying, 'Don't be a fool over this.'"

Lady Churchill is a strong woman. She argues vigorously with her husband about politics, and teases him when he becomes flowery and oratorical. The management of a genius as headstrong and as celebrated as Sir Winston cannot have been easy, but she has done it smoothly, with her own private brand of magic.

In 1947, when she had just passed her 62nd birthday, she spoke to the

girls at her old school, Berkhamsted. "Here are one or two safe wrinkles," she said, "gathered in making a great many mistakes over a long life. If you find yourself in competition with men, never become aggressive in your rivalry. She who forces a point may well lose her advantage. You will gain far more by quietly holding to your convictions. But even this must be done with art and, above all, good humour."

Her contribution to her husband's career has been by no means negative. When they were first married, and Churchill was the special target for suffragettes' fury, she sat beside him on a lecture platform and waved sweetly to the women who had climbed on the roof and were trying to yell him down through megaphones. In 1911 she had to leave a political function and hurry home to give birth to their second child, Randolph. During the war the Prime Minister constantly flew across the English Channel under gunfire. When worried M.P.'s begged her to stop him, she replied, "Lots of young men are risking their lives, and Winston will do his duty whatever happens. It is not for me to over-persuade him."

Sir Winston has been unashamedly tardy all his life, and one of Lady Churchill's great struggles has been to get her husband to meals on time. Norman McGowan, who was Churchill's valet from 1942 to 1952,

tells in his book some of the domestic problems that the great man created. Sir Winston has always been fond of taking baths when in search of inspiration. When he was Prime Minister, he would breakfast in bed at Chartwell, his country home in Kent, then work until shortly before luncheon, to which guests were usually invited. Mrs. Churchill would occasionally set her husband's bedroom clock ahead, to get him into his bath well before the guests arrived. Churchill, who kept two watches handy, delighted in catching her at this.

Even after guests had arrived, the Prime Minister would loll in his tub, submerging and blowing like a whale, practising speeches, occasionally summoning a secretary to sit outside the bathroom door and take down an inspiration. Mrs. Churchill would knock at the door, telling Churchill's valet that the guests were sitting down to lunch and that he must "do something" about his master. Only then would the Prime Minister get out of his bath. And when he presented himself at the table, he would ask, with a sidelong glance at his wife, "Why didn't someone tell me you were here?"

Lady Churchill's personal tastes are modest. She washes her own hair and, although she is meticulous about line and cut in her clothes, she has never owned a vast wardrobe. In her social life she is equally

unpretentious. She answers letters swiftly and warmly. A friend says, "She even writes thank-you's for thank-you notes."

Last autumn, passengers in a London bus looked out and saw Lady Churchill running to catch it. A chorus of voices told the conductor to stop the bus: "It's Lady Churchill!" The conductor let her on. She thanked him, thanked the passengers, whom she had heard calling to him, and sat down. When she got off, a workman in the front seat turned round and said, "Now there's a great lady!"

Sir Winston would be the first to agree. When the film actress Arlene Dahl asked him his idea of a beautiful woman, he replied, "My wife." They hold hands in public, whisper like newly-weds. At Ascot race meetings, they walk round the course arm in arm. Whenever she has been in the House of Commons gallery, he has always looked towards her when rising to speak, and he waits until she makes a small gesture with her hand before beginning.

When Winston Churchill had a stroke in June 1953, it was rumoured that he would never finish his term as Prime Minister. His first public appearance after his illness was at the annual Conservative Party Conference, where more than 3,000 people gathered for a glimpse of him. Sydney Jacobsen, political editor of the *Daily Mirror*, reported

the episode this way: "He spoke for 40 minutes, more slowly than usual, with Lady Churchill sitting beside him. During that time she never took her eyes off his face. It was as though she were willing him to get through it successfully."

When he sat down, to terrific applause, she leaned back, letting her hands fall in her lap. She seemed more exhausted than he did."

It is difficult to estimate just how much having her by his side has helped him. Certainly those who have been with him on trips when he was taken ill say that the instant she reached his bedside he took a turn for the better.

When Sir Winston was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953, he was obliged to be in Bermuda for a Big Three meeting at the time of the presentation. Normally, Britain's ambassador to Sweden would have accepted the honour, but the Swedish authorities specifically asked that Lady Churchill should take her husband's place in Stockholm.

Clementine Churchill played her part magnificently. When she finished, 1,000 Swedes burst into song: "Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine."

They were voicing the sentiments of all who know her, including Sir Winston. As he wrote in his autobiography, ending the section about his early life: "I married and lived happily ever afterwards."

If you have ever had a serious reaction  
from a sting, take care. For you, bees and  
wasps may be deadly

## Venom Out Of The Blue

By Evan McLeod Wylie

UNTIL a short time ago it was assumed that severe or fatal reaction to a bee or wasp sting was caused by the accidental injection of venom directly into a vein. But new studies in the fields of allergy have revealed another aspect of the problem. The majority of us can suffer stings by bees or wasps with no serious effects. Some people, however, become increasingly sensitive to stings, to the point where they suffer acute and sometimes fatal reactions. Newspapers and medical journals have reported that such tragedies can take place with unbelievable swiftness.

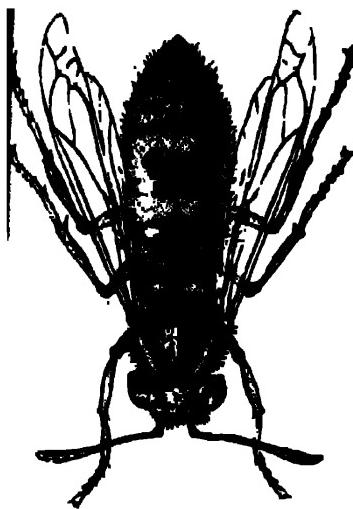
A housewife in a small country town in England was stung on the finger by a wasp; she said she felt faint, then collapsed. Five minutes

later she was dead. Another woman died within 30 minutes of being stung by a bee.

A gardener in another part of the country was attacked by wasps and died on his way to hospital.

Nobody knows how many people suffer severe reactions from stings each year, but doctors who have studied the problem believe that the number is large.

How can an insect weighing less than 1/100th of an ounce kill a hefty human being in minutes? The answer lies in our body's allergic reaction to certain foreign substances. Often the allergy causes nothing more than fits of sneezing, a mild rash or a headache. In other instances, however, allergic reactions may be swift, and so severe as to



*Wasp*

cause death. Precisely why a person who has never been seriously bothered by bees or wasps should suddenly develop a violent reaction to their venom is still a medical mystery.

All that is known about the onset of the allergy is that it seems to appear in childhood or early adult life and tends to grow more severe with each sting. Most fatal stings seem to occur among adults. How long a person stays dangerously sensitized to the venom is not known; according to some doctors, it may be for years.

The most vicious insect killer among the Hymenoptera (insects with membranous wings) is thought to be the hornet. Smaller than the wasp and the bee, the hornet has a venom which seems capable of producing more violent reactions than those from bees or scorpions. And whereas a honey-bee stings only once, an angry hornet can sting again and again.

In the light of these new discoveries, what can sensitized people do? Fortunately there is a highly efficient emergency treatment by which the dangerous effects of insect stings can be neutralized.

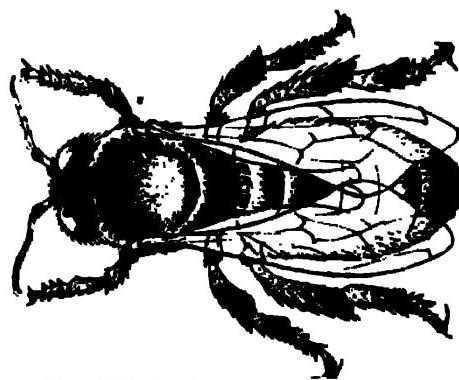
The emergency treatment is the

immediate injection of adrenalin, antihistamine and a cortisone derivative. (Oral doses work too slowly to be of much help.) A tourniquet applied above the sting site will prevent venom from being carried through the blood stream. If the sting has been inflicted by a honey-bee, its barbed stinger may remain in the wound and must be removed. The best domestic instrument for scraping out the sting is a needle. It should be sterilized in the flame of a match and then worked horizontally across the puncture in the skin.

If you have ever had a severe reaction to an insect sting, you could ask your doctor to advise you about assembling an emergency kit to be kept within reach during warm weather months. You and the members of your family should be thoroughly drilled in how to inject the adrenalin.

Much less risky than depending upon an emergency kit, but more time-consuming, is immunization.

Having determined the degree of your sensitivity to stings, a doctor



*Honey-bee (Worker)*



Bumble-bee

may give you skin injections of tiny, heavily-diluted doses of extract made from the whole bodies of bees. If you take these without ill-effects, they will be followed by up to ten further injections of steadily increasing strengths until you have built up immunity to a dosage about that

of a real sting. Now booster injections, taken once a month, will protect you so effectively that you will be able to disregard any bee or wasp which crosses your path.

Honey-bees, bumble-bees and wasps have existed for millions of years, and the earth is a richer place for the roles they perform in pollinating flowers and shrubs and ridding us of insect pests. Peaceful co-existence with these creatures is possible, provided you do not ignore the warning supplied by a bad reaction to one of their stings

As one doctor put it, "I have never heard of a case of a fatal sting in which there had not been a previous serious reaction. To be forewarned is to be forearmed."



### *Tied in Red Tape*

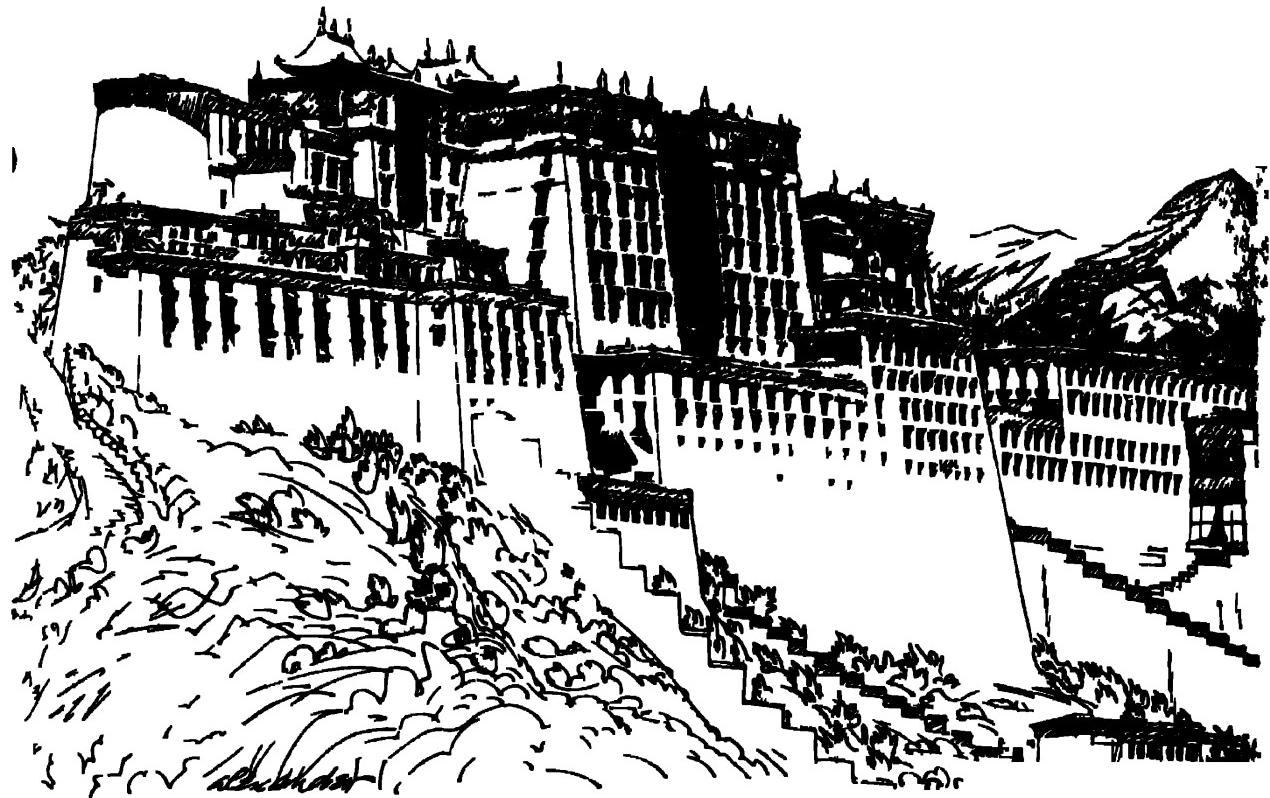
THE *Daily Telegraph* published a letter from a subscriber who said he wrote to the Ministry of Health about his hearing aid and was told that in future correspondence he should refer, not to the hearing aid, but to "iv (v) 1/rhb5/19/2c/219 sr" —UPI

SENDING for a government publication, a doctor carefully jotted down the number of the pamphlet—15,700

Two weeks later 15,700 copies of the booklet arrived at his home —UPI

A CIVIL SERVANT filled in a government form to have a new overall, size 20, issued to her. Instead, she received two overalls, both size 10! —LIC

WHEN promising soldiers were sent on university engineering courses during the war, the postings were made alphabetically. The result of 300 soldiers arriving at one small school, 298 were named Brown —P.T.



Tourering over Lhasa, the Potala winter palace of the Dalai Lama

## Gunfire on the Roof of the World

For centuries Tibet has been a strange, remote land, whose people possessed an enviable talent for happiness. Then came the Chinese—with results that have opened the eyes of Asia to the brutal menace of Communist imperialism.

WITH A jingling of harness and the clip-clop of hoofs, a small caravan wound slowly through the night, up a 17,000-foot pass in the Himalayas. These mountains, an ocean of wind-whipped peaks and ranges, have served Tibet as a rampart since time began. Cavalrymen with slung rifles and state officials wearing the dangling turquoise earrings of their rank listened tensely for the sound of gunfire behind

them, which would mean that the pursuing Chinese had clashed with their rearguard. Ahead, scouts probed carefully to make sure that Communist paratroops had not been dropped in the pass to bar their way.

As the caravan passed a cairn topped by brightly coloured flags printed with Buddhist prayers, each pious Tibetan added a stone to the mound, murmured the traditional litany: "So-ya-la-so." For all of them — 25 Khamba guards, 65 officials, soldiers and muleteers — were charged with a solemn responsibility: to make good the escape from Tibet of the god-king in their midst, — the 23-year-old 14th Dalai Lama.

**Buffer State.** Twice as large as France, lying in the very heart of Asia, Tibet is a land of mountains and crater-like valleys that seem to have been ripped from the moon. Over the centuries, it has often been overrun by invaders — Mongols, Manchus and Gurkhas, but most often Chinese. In 1907, Britain and Tsarist Russia agreed to make a buffer state of Tibet, recognizing China's "suzerainty." No one defined suzerainty. Large chunks of Tibetan territory disappeared. The provinces of Amdo and Kham were taken by China, Sikkim joined India and Ladakh went to Kashmir. Today there are more Tibetans living outside the country than in it (1,700,000 to 1,300,000).

Tibet itself is a relic of ancient oriental feudalism. About four fifths

of its people work to support the other fifth—monks who, in lama-series, lead lives of meditation and prayer. What little land is not owned by the monks belongs either to the Dalai Lama or to about 150 noble families, who have kept their names and acres intact down the centuries. (To safeguard their ancestral estate, three brothers will often share a single wife, and all children are considered to be fathered by the eldest of the brothers.)

Religion is lived by all the people; Prayer is everywhere, on the lips of men and on flags and bits of paper stamped with the sacred words, "*Om mani padme hum* (Hail, the jewel in the lotus)." The phrase flutters from tall poles outside villages, from trees and cairns; it revolves constantly in the prayer wheels in every temple, nearly every house. There is gold in Tibet that cannot be mined for fear of offending the gods of earth.

Tibet is cold, filled with silence and bones, haunted by demons; yet Tibetans are a strangely happy people. In the brief two months of summer, they swarm from their dirty, smoke-filled houses, set up white tents with blue trimmings on the river meadows, sing, drink milky beer, tell stories, splash together in the streams for their first baths of the year. Nearly every visitor to the forbidden land has been enchanted by its people. They do few things terribly well, but everything with zest.

One explorer believes they have found the secret of liberty, which is "to live like a flower, sheltering from the rain in bad weather, enjoying the sun if it is fine, breathing in the fullness of the afternoon, the sweetness of evening, the mysteriousness of night with equal joy and wisdom." Returning to the outside world from Tibet, travellers miss the serenity and peace, the brimful feeling of being at one with nature and the universe, the unfailing courtesy of the Tibetans and their pious avoidance of cruelty to any living thing.

Since the 17th century this land has been ruled by the Yellow Hat monks, whose leader is the Dalai (Ocean of Wisdom) Lama. The fifth Dalai Lama, famous for building the vast Potala Palace, honoured his favourite teacher by naming him the Panchen (Teacher) Lama, and put in his keeping Tibet's second largest city, Shigatse. He thus created a rivalry that has plagued Tibet ever since.

**The Search.** In 1933, the present Dalai Lama's predecessor, one of the

greatest of his line, shed the garment of his body in order to assume another. Traditionally his soul does not take up residence in a new-born infant for some time. After two years the regent, who ruled during the interregnum, journeyed to Lake Chö Kor Gye, where it is said that a part of the future is revealed to anyone who looks in its waters. He reported a vision of a three-storied lamasery whose golden roof was flecked with turquoise, and a winding road that led to a gabled farmhouse of a type unknown to Lhasans. Search parties went out in all directions without success. Finally the oracle in Tibet's oldest monastery

went into a trance, and recommended that the search be extended to the Chinese province of Tsinghai, whose Amdo region is largely populated by Tibetans. There the priestly caravan was struck dumb to find, just as in the regent's vision, a peasant house with gabled roof, and, beyond a golden-domed lamasery. As the awed monks approached, a small boy rushed towards them crying,



*The Dalai Lama*

"Lama! Lama!" His name was Lhamo Dhondup; he was two years old.

Interrogated, the child gave the correct title of every official in the party, even picking out those who were disguised as servants. The second test required that he examine duplicate rosaries, liturgical drums, bells, bronze thunderbolts and tea-cups, and select those that had belonged to him in his previous life as the 13th Dalai Lama. He did it with ease. Overjoyed, the lamas also found that the child had the required physical marks: large ears, and moles on his body that represented a second pair of arms.

Finding the Dalai Lama proved easier than getting him home to Lhasa. It took two years of negotiations and a payment of some Rs. 2.7 lakhs to the Chinese warlord of Tsinghai before the boy could go in triumph to the Potala.

**Defender of the Faith.** The four-year-old Dalai Lama was enthroned at Lhasa in 1940 and endowed with many names—the Tender, Glorious One, the Mighty of Speech, the Absolute Wisdom, the Defender of the Faith. Without playmates or attending parents, he spent his days with tutors, learning the texts of Lamaism and the complex religious ceremonials.

At 14 he visited Lhasa's great monasteries of Drepung and Sera to engage in religious disputation with the learned abbots. This was a most

critical moment: on his performance would depend whether he would rule, or be turned into a puppet. A Tibetan-speaking Westerner was at Drepung, an Austrian named Heinrich Harrer, who had escaped to Lhasa from a Second World War prisoner-of-war camp in India. The debate between the abbot and the Dalai Lama was a genuine contest of wits, says Harrer, in which the god-king was "never for a moment disconcerted."

Later Harrer tutored the Dalai Lama in Western science and technology and found in him an insatiable urge for learning, a fascination with modern matters such as the construction of jet aircraft, but a total acceptance of his own godhead. Once the boy remarked musingly, "It is funny that my former body was so fond of horses and that they mean so little to me."

The civil war in China was of critical importance to Tibet and the Dalai Lama. As Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists were driven from the mainland to Formosa, it was inevitable that the Reds would soon attempt to assert the Chinese suzerainty that had been largely ineffectual for nearly 40 years.

In 1950, when a Communist Chinese "liberation" army started its push towards Lhasa, the Tibetan National Assembly sent an urgent plea to the United Nations for help. It was rejected with the pious hope that China and Tibet would unite

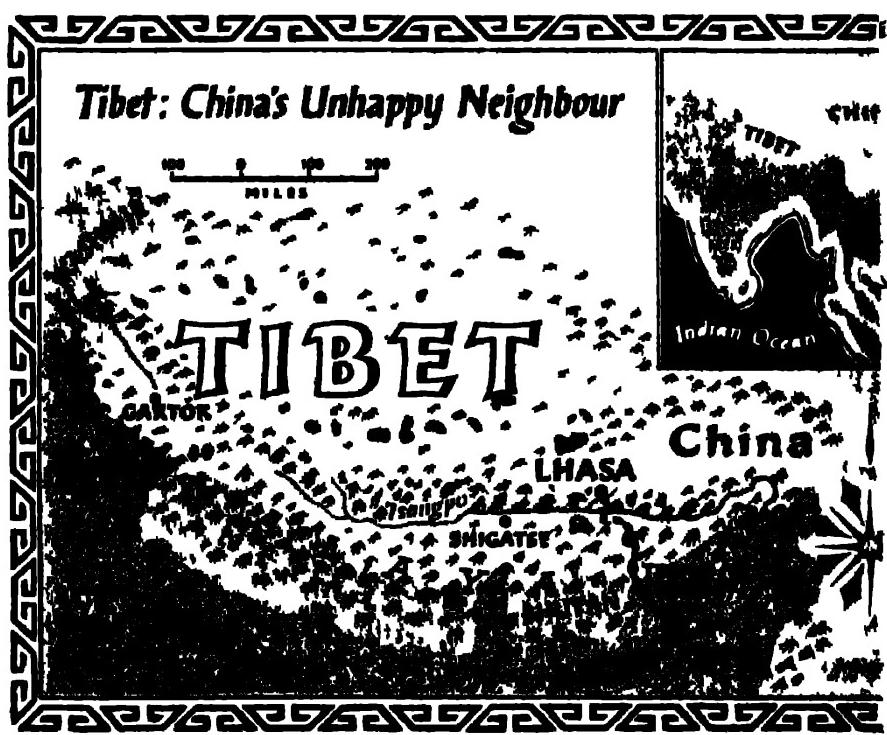
peacefully. In May 1951, an agreement was signed between the two nations. China agreed that Tibet could retain autonomy and promised no change in the Dalai Lama's status. Tibet surrendered control of its foreign relations to China.

**Journey to Peking.** The 16-year-old Dalai Lama, by now invested with full power as the ruler of Tibet, received the Communist emissaries with frank curiosity. Much of what they proposed — schools, roads, hospitals, light industry — met with his approval. Many other Tibetans welcomed the break with the feudal past and argued, "We must learn modern methods from someone — why not the Chinese?" The Dalai Lama made a six-month visit to Mao Tsetung's new China, and some 3,000 Tibetan students were sent to school there. In Tibet, Red technicians set to work. But things went wrong from the start. The zealous, hard-driving Communist cadres made little impression on the individualistic Tibetans, who felt that the inner perfection of a man's soul was more important than an asphalt surface on a road.

Sighed the Dalai Lama: "China and Tibet are like fire and wood."

His words were proved true in the border province of Kham, where Communists looted the lamaseries of their treasure and collectivized their land. Nomad Khamba tribesmen were driven from the pastureland they had used for centuries. The Khambas, great shaggy men often six feet tall, with leather boots, three-foot swords and rifles they are never without, fought back. On the new road to Lhasa, Khamba bands ambushed military convoys. The Chinese replied with bombing aircraft.

For four years the guerilla war raged. When Khamba tribesmen attacked Red outposts within 40 miles of Lhasa, the Chinese commander demanded that the Dalai Lama order his 5,000-man bodyguard against



the rebels. The god-king sent a message to the Khambas saying that "bloodshed was not the answer," but flatly refused to send any Tibetan troops on a punitive expedition. Unable to break the Dalai Lama's will, the general decided on a show of strength.

Last March, he sent a curt note ordering the Dalai Lama to appear, alone, at Communist headquarters. Lhasa was appalled. It was unthinkable to demand that the Living Buddha attend a meeting without his senior abbots and court officials. The monks of the city's three great lama-series prepared to die before letting the Dalai Lama be taken from them. Hidden stores of arms were passed out to the furious populace. The nervous Chinese set up machine-gun posts, trained artillery on the Potala and the Norbulingka palaces.

On March 17 the Dalai Lama, guarded by a fanatic escort, slipped out of Lhasa and, travelling only at night, reached safety in India. Meanwhile, fighting had started in Lhasa. Now the Chinese were furious. With point-blank artillery fire they drove die-hard lamas from the Norbulingka. Infantrymen surged into the vast warrens of the Potala. After three days many of the city's white-washed houses, its palaces and lama-series were a smouldering shambles. Hundreds of slain Lhasans lay in the streets.

**Aroused Asia.** The smashing of the revolt in Lhasa—as brutal as the

action of Soviet Russian tanks in Budapest—opened many Asian eyes. From Japan to Ceylon, Asians angrily recalled the fine words of Chou En-lai when, in 1955, at the Bandung Conference, he promised to respect "the rights of the people of all countries to choose freely their way of life."

The Indonesian newspaper *Merdeka* warned that China was losing what few friends it had left. In Buddhist Cambodia, a newspaper that often echoes Cambodia's neutralist royal family's opinion urged China to withdraw its troops from Tibet and prove "that it respects the hopes of all peoples for liberty and self-determination."

Tibet is likely to become a festering war that can be neither won nor lost. The Communist garrisons should be able to hold the cities and the main roads. They can even find a handful of Tibetan collaborators, like their puppet, the Panchen Lama, a wan young man of 21. But the Red troops, estimated at 200,000, must be largely supplied from a base 700 miles distant, over a single, hazardous road that can be easily cut by guerillas.

Whatever happens, the eyes of Asia will be turned towards the strifetorn country that is known as "the roof of the world." And what they see there may teach them more about Communist imperialism than all the volumes of well-meant speeches from the Free World.



# THE BEST ADVICE I EVER HAD

Richard Neuberger  
U.S. Senator

STILL REMEMBER my encounter with a band of silent and forbidding Chipewyan Red Indians, building boats in a primitive shipyard along the Athabasca River. They stared at me hostilely until I mentioned that I was a friend of Inspector "Denny" La Nauze, a

member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in these Northern solitudes. With that, their hospitality knew no bounds. Afterwards on the trip, whether at a trapper's lonely bivouac or in a remote mission hospital, the same magical result occurred whenever I mentioned my friendship with La Nauze.

Later, at his home in Calgary, I asked the famous man-hunter of the Mounties how he accounted for such affection, rarely given to a man with the stern task of upholding the law. La Nauze looked at me out of pale-blue eyes that had squinted across bleak miles of frozen tundra. "Dick," he replied, "I suppose those people in the North Country still think well of me because I followed a rule that I would recommend in all human relationships. No matter how decisive things seemed to be on my side, I always kept in mind one thought: *The other fellow may be right.*"

Perhaps because of the impressive dignity of the man, his advice has lingered in my memory and guided me. It has given me second thoughts in situations where once I felt all too sure of myself.

Not long after my last visit to La Nauze I spoke at a university political meeting during the 1954 Senatorial campaign. A professor asked a question challenging the consistency of a position I had taken on inflation and taxes. Instead of retorting belligerently, as I was

tempted to do, I hesitated for a moment, then answered: "I've never thought of it that way before. I believe you are right. My stand isn't wholly consistent."

After the election the president of the college said, "Nothing that happened won you as many votes here as that answer. Too many politicians are certain they are right on every issue. You made your best impression with that simple admission of human fallibility."

This has not invariably been easy advice to put into practice. On one occasion I was debating on the Senate floor with my former colleague, Arthur Watkins, of Utah, over a bill proposing a huge storage dam. He had used up his allotment of time, while I had about half an hour left. When he asked if I would yield him a little of my time, I obeyed an impulse to press my advantage and replied testily that I thought the Senator had spoken long enough.

From the rustle which went through the Senate chamber, I knew that I had said the wrong thing. I also realized that Watkins might be right in his request. If his argument was so effective that I could not afford to be generous about granting him 10 or 15 minutes more, did I

deserve to triumph in the debate?

I wrestled this over in my conscience, and then admitted publicly that I had been wrong and arbitrary in my attitude. Not only did the admission make for me some personal friends out of Senators who had merely been acquaintances before, but it won an invaluable ally in Arthur Watkins. A year later, when urgent legislation was needed in my state to protect timber and waterfowl marshes, he gave it strong support.

Denny La Nauze's rule, it seems to me, can benefit almost anyone. How many times in casual conversation are we led into quarrels because we bristle and stubbornly refuse to admit that the other fellow may have a case? How often a parent confuses a youngster by insisting that father knows best when a textbook has just proved the old man wrong. Whenever I hear some dubious claim arrogantly advanced, I wonder how many humiliations might be avoided and friendships saved if we could always remember the Mountie's simple rule. I, for one, have found it far easier and happier to go through life willing to grant that—*the other fellow may be right.*

AFTER a major operation, I was still feeling pretty depressed in spite of having received a roomful of flowers. But I cheered up when a nurse poked her head round the door, took a look at the floral display and exclaimed, "You couldn't have done better if you'd died!" —Contributed by J. D.

This warmhearted Frenchwoman's restaurant is a home from home for lonely sailors

## *Mother of the Sixth Fleet*

By Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock

THIS year, barring new crises in the Middle East, many of the 60 lean, grey ships of the U.S. Sixth Fleet will drop anchor at one time or another in the harbour of Villefranche on the French Riviera, home port for the flagship of American naval forces in the Mediterranean. But for thousands of the seamen from these vessels, this picturesque 18th-century fishing village is their home away from home. It's where "Mom" lives.

"Mom" is Madame Germaine Brau, a plump, bespectacled French grandmother who operates one of the many restaurants along the white stone quay. Her establishment



is unique. For in addition to her excellent cuisine—both French and American—Mom Germaine is known throughout the fleet for the understanding and help she has given to lonely American boys. She has lent them money, kept them out of trouble and helped to resolve their problems—from sewing on a button to financing a marriage.

The day we met Mom she had just emerged from her café, still wearing her starched white kitchen smock, to stand at the water's edge as a tender full of sailors approached from a destroyer anchored in the harbour. As they neared the quay, youthful voices sang out a greeting, and Mom's husky answer had the joy in it which only genuine welcome can bring.

"Quick hurry, boys," she called.

An instant later she was swallowed up in an affectionate mass of arms. It was the spontaneous reunion of friends who have missed each other.

When everyone trooped under the canopy of "Mom's Place" to order food, one young sailor remained behind, ill at ease.

"Your wife you have written?" Mom asked gravely.

The boy nodded "Everything's okay now."

Mom wagged a reproving finger. "You love a girl, you let her know it. You never forget again, understand?"

And then she smiled suddenly at

this boyish husband who had been so remiss in his correspondence that his young bride had written to the legendary Mom Germaine. A lecture from Mom had healed a possible marital breach.

She has been equally outspoken with other sailors she thinks have gone astray. She takes them to task as if they were her own sons, warning them that those who abuse the present will live to regret it in the future. And she has helped to straighten out the higher ranks as well. When she discovered, for example, that a certain officer was not *sympathique*, she sought him out and subtly told him how much his men needed his friendship and understanding. And, according to the men, her "propaganda" worked.

Why does this 59-year-old French-woman, who must shop, cook and be hostess from ten each morning until two the following morning, devote herself to helping the men of the Sixth Fleet who need her?

Mom shrugs the question off. "I only do what the heart tells me."

You realize how much her heart has told her when you see some of the thousands of grateful letters from those whose lives she has made brighter—mail from the lowest ranks up to admirals. And hanging on the wall of her restaurant along with the gleaming copper pots and pans, is a life preserver inscribed: "To Mom Germaine—from officers and men of the U.S.S. *Salem* with

heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown to them during their stay in Villefranche."

The symbol of a life preserver is apt. On July 7, 1956, a Marine colonel was undergoing an emergency operation aboard the *Salem* when a critical need developed for a powerful antibiotic. None was on the ship, and a man was dispatched ashore to phone a supplier in Nice, five miles away. But it was Saturday afternoon, and the place was closed.

Mom listened as the potential tragedy unfolded, then quickly took over. Commandeering a taxi, she raced to Nice and went to a chemist's where she persuaded a reluctant assistant to give her the drug. Back in Villefranche a launch was waiting to speed the precious medicine to the waiting doctors—and the officer's life was saved.

Later, when the *Salem* was retired as flagship of the Sixth Fleet, Mom Germaine was greeted by cheers from the assembled crew.

One of Mom's favourite benefactions is the loaning of small sums to sailors on shore leave who find themselves suddenly out of funds. They have never failed to repay her. One sailor committed the error of enclosing an extra four dollars for interest. Mom held the money for him, and upon his return rendered a stern maternal scolding.

Mom's affection for Americans is a great deal older than her restaurant. Born in 1900 in St.-Nazaire,

she was a cook for an American army camp near her home in 1918. Here she got to know the typical doughboy—at times boastful and swaggering, but good-humoured and friendly. For such men Germaine would cook with vigour and enthusiasm.

When the war ended it seemed natural to continue in the same work, and she found a job as waitress in the Welcome Hotel, a famous landmark along the quay at Villefranche. Here she began to serve American seamen whose ships anchored in the harbour and, watching them, her heart would ache for the loneliness she knew they felt.

If only she had a restaurant of her own, a homelike place where these young men would be welcome to visit as well as eat, to talk about their dreams, ambitions, problems. She even knew the site she wanted—only a few doors down the quay. But there was a major drawback. Money.

For years Germaine put aside every franc she could spare towards her goal. Her savings grew at an agonizingly slow rate. She now had a family to consider, and there were times when she despaired of ever reaching the needed sum. Then, at last, there was enough. After 13 years of striving, she was able to open her own restaurant in 1937. Word-of-mouth advertising accomplished the rest. Among the people of the town, news spread of her

good cooking. Among American sailors, the news was good food plus a warm and friendly welcome. Then one night Madame Germaine discovered that sometimes even more than good food and a friendly atmosphere was needed.

A Navy supply ship scheduled to sail the following day for the States and long-delayed home leaves received a last-minute change of orders, an assignment that would keep it at sea for many more weeks. A group of disappointed men had assembled at Germaine's café to mourn this hard luck, then philosophically had tossed it off and gone their way. But after they left, Germaine noticed a fuzzy-cheeked young sailor who had remained, alone "So thin he was," she remembers, "and so sad."

A few gentle questions revealed the story. Ed was barely 18, he had spent nine months in the Navy—the first separation from his family—and he was homesick. As he poured out his anxiety, the youngster felt himself start to cry and, chagrined, ran out into the night.

Germaine followed to the end of the quay where he sat miserably. "Your heart says cry, you cry and not be ashamed," she said firmly. "Now you tell me what your mother cooks, I cook it—just like you are home." Half an hour later Ed was grinning over ham and eggs.

There were dozens of Eds in those years before the Second World

War. Germaine was receiving photographs of sailors with their families, and letters from grateful parents who had heard of her kindnesses to their sons. Then the war changed everything. Tranquil Riviera ports now bristled with Nazi gun emplacements.

Germaine closed her restaurant and moved away. Surrounded by the rigours of war, she thought anxiously and often of her "boys." On the day she returned to the quay to think about reopening her restaurant she was depressed and uncertain for the first time in her life.

In the harbour was a U.S. destroyer. The cobblestone quayside was crowded with sailors in gleaming whites. Their faces were friendly but unfamiliar as she moved along to the shuttered door of the restaurant.

"Hey, Mom! Mom Germaine!" a voice called.

She turned as a figure pushed through the throng.

"It's the crybaby, Mom. Remember?"

He had his arm around her now, a different Ed from the homesick lad she had helped seven years before. This was a sailor who had fought at Guadalcanal and the Coral Sea. A boy's face had become a man's. But he had not forgotten their last meeting. He turned her to face the uniformed men around them.

"All right, you guys," he said proudly. "This is the one I told you

about—Mom Germaine, the best friend you'll have on this shore."

Ed's return was the first of many such reunions, and with old friends came new shipmates to meet Mom. And where she had been known to hundreds before the war, now—with the Navy increasing the number of ships in this strategic area—she was known to thousands.

In the ensuing years her restaurant has prospered. When relatives and acquaintances of the sailors she has befriended come to France, they make special trips to meet this extraordinary woman. And scores who have no such connection with

her come to the quay to share the special warmth which Mom Germaine generates. Her guest book is filled with the signatures of the famous.

Widespread recognition, however, has changed none of the warm, understanding generosity of Mom Germaine. She still does what her heart tells her, and although there are grey streaks in her reddish-brown hair now, when the Sixth Fleet steams into the harbour at Villefranche, Mom Germaine is still waiting on the quay—a devoted second mother to lonely American sailors far from home.

### *Cartoon Quips*

DOWAGER, looking at modern outdoor furniture, to assistant: "Whatever happened to garden furniture you could get up out of?" —F. P.

WIFE to neighbour as they watch husband mending window: "For years he had me believng his union wouldn't let him repair things in the house." —B. G. P.

IRATE husband calling upstairs to wife: "How soon will you be ready? Be specific—give me a date." —B. Y.

PSYCHIATRIST to male patient: "And did this feeling of insignificance come on suddenly or develop normally with marriage and parenthood?" —L. C.

WOMAN, getting estimate for car repairs, to mechanic: "Well, what would it cost *without* parts and labour?" —C. D.

HOMECOMING wife carrying huge package: "I'll bet you thought you'd forgotten my birthday!" —L. H.

A master of the impressive social ploy  
reveals his secrets

## You Should Have Seen Me . . .

By Corey Ford

**I** RECENTLY read an article in this magazine about impressing people firmly on your mind, so that you can place them the next time you meet them. Well, what worries me is how to make an impression on other people, so that when I meet them again they'll place me.

Just why I feel I have to impress them isn't quite clear, but I work at it all the time. Let me walk into a shop to buy a shirt, for instance, and I start giving an elaborate imitation of Ten Best-Dressed Men for the benefit of the assistant. I finger the items on the counter with an indifferent air, nonchalantly pick out six or eight of the most expensive shirts—oh, better make it a round dozen—and, just to carry out my Douglas Fairbanks impersonation, I add a few ties and socks and a cashmere sweater to the pile. This is

why my wife does all the shopping.

I have the same irresistible urge to impress the doctor. Perhaps the only thing wrong with me is a head cold, but obviously that wouldn't interest a man with all those framed certificates on the wall (doctors like to make an impression, too). So I begin inventing complications. There's this funny sort of flutter in my chest I've noticed lately, Doctor, and sometimes my pulse goes fast and then very slow, *tidia-bump*, and it hurts just here when I press it. By this time the doctor is so impressed that he tells me to come back tomorrow morning for an expensive series of tests.

Strangers in public conveyances invariably bring out the actor in me; the fact that I'll never see them again merely spurs me to finer histrionic efforts. Suppose I doze off in the train and waken to find someone

staring at me from across the aisle. I promptly sit erect with a frown and drum my finger tips intently, or jot down a few figures on the back of an envelope, to convey the idea that I was really concentrating on some weighty problem and the only reason I closed my eyes for a moment was to think better. Sometimes I get so carried away by my performance that I go past my station.

Naturally these impressions vary with the people I'm trying to impress. When I'm introduced to a hulking athletic type in the changing-room at the club, I tend to drop my voice a couple of octaves and clench my teeth so hard that I bite through my pipe-stem. Then, of course, there's the air of well-being I put on for old acquaintances I haven't seen for years. The other day I ran into a former schoolmate, and spent an hour impressing him with the comfortable financial position I'd attained since I was bottom of the class. My school chum said he was very glad to hear I'd done so well. As a matter of fact, he was running a fund-raising drive for the old boys, and how would I

like to have a new dormitory named after me?

People who have seen my interpretation of a *bon vivant* say that it is fabulous. All I need do is enter a smart restaurant and instantly I'm the jaded sophisticate, whose small disdainful smile at once sets him apart from the other patrons. I nod to the head waiter as though I dined there every night and I overwhelm the wine waiter by sending back my cocktail because it's over-iced. Naturally I insist on mixing my own salad, calling for various obscure condiments to attract the ears of people at the adjoining tables, and for an encore I order a dessert that flames. If you don't think this is impressive, you ought to see the bill.

Of course, there's always the danger that two impressionists may meet head-on. Last summer I visited



a friend in the country who boasted that he liked to take a cold dip each morning when he got up. Not to be outdone, I assured him that I thought nothing of a five-mile hike before breakfast (a truer statement I never made). After the dip and the hike we chopped up a tree, lugged some boulders for a terrace he was building and spent the rest of the morning digging a drainage ditch, assuring each other heartily that you couldn't beat a little healthy exercise in the open air. After lunch my host challenged me to a couple of sets of tennis, and I countered by taking him on for 18 holes of golf. I barely managed to drag myself back to the city, but there was one consolation: I heard later that my host was flat on his back for a week.

Props can be helpful, at times, in creating an impression. Pince-nez glasses on a ribbon lend authority to any statement, though I prefer horn-rimmed spectacles because there are so many things I can do with them—such as sliding them down on the bridge of my nose and glowering over them, or jabbing the stems at someone I'm arguing with, or simply closing the spectacle case with a loud *snap!* in order to kill a point he's about to make.

If I'm a member of a group engaged in a serious discussion, however, I find the safest plan is to fit my finger tips together and close my eyes, nodding my head up and down silently whenever the voices in the

room seem to be getting louder. Not only does this impress everybody with my superior wisdom, but it also serves to conceal the fact that I have no idea what they're talking about. If someone asks me a direct question, I can still preserve this impression of superiority by one of several counter-measures:

*The Mysterious Attitude.* Parry the question by pursing my lips and murmuring cryptically, "I wish I could tell you the answer, but . . ." This implies that I have some inside information

*The Statistical Reference.* Refer vaguely to the results of a recent university survey. No matter what subject is being discussed, it's a safe bet that somebody has just made a survey of it at some university.

*The Tolerant Approach.* Any broad-minded generality will serve, provided it doesn't really say anything. The game is to be fairer than the other members before they can be fairer than I, and the score is tallied as follows: the first to say, "There are two sides to every question" gets ten. "You can't change human nature" counts 20. "Each to his own taste" is game and set.

*The Modest Disclaimer.* Simply shrug and remark with a disarming smile. "Well, I don't know. I'm just a country boy myself." This clearly implies that the previous speaker is a city boy and therefore not to be trusted. While he is trying to defend himself I can go back to sleep.



## IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

By Wilfred Funk

THE VERB is "the hinge upon which many an effective sentence swings," says author Charles Ferguson. In the following list of verbs, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **nurture**—A: to pamper. B: starve. C: bless. D: nourish.
- (2) **abridge**—A: to connect. B: shorten. C: build. D: dilate.
- (3) **disinter**—A: to dig up, as from the grave. B: be indifferent. C: hide. D: disturb.
- (4) **immure**—A: to make calm. B: sink. C: enclose within walls. D: oppose.
- (5) **renounce**—A: to give up entirely. B: condemn. C: proclaim. D: disbelieve.
- (6) **affix**—A: to complete. B: become stubborn. C: repair. D: fasten on.
- (7) **amend**—A: to concede. B: improve. C: wait for. D: be strong.
- (8) **impart**—A: to make a gift of money. B: separate. C: share with another. D: be fair.
- (9) **brandish**—A: to insult. B: boast. C: curse. D: wave in a threatening way.
- (10) **impair**—A: to weaken. B: mend. C: insist upon. D: frighten.
- (11) **diverge**—A: to amuse. B: spread apart. C: agree. D: exaggerate.
- (12) **slacken**—A: to grow weary. B: quench. C: become less active. D: falter.
- (13) **revert**—A: to turn upside down. B: turn back. C: ward off. D: dislike.
- (14) **append**—A: to remain undecided. B: rely on for support. C: delay. D: add or attach.
- (15) **pertain**—A: to possess. B: relate. C: cling. D: keep.
- (16) **confer**—A: to argue. B: honour. C: bestow. D: convince.
- (17) **converge**—A: to bend. B: become detached. C: turn round. D: move towards one point.
- (18) **illuminate**—A: to light up. B: praise. C: paint. D: swell.
- (19) **decocct**—A: to drain off. B: translate. C: extract by boiling. D: humiliate.
- (20) **cannon**—A: to move in a circle. B: bounce off. C: fool. D: cut.

**Answers to —**  
**"IT PAYS TO INCREASE  
YOUR WORD POWER"**

- (1) **nurture**—D: To nourish; care for and train; as, to *nurture* the young. Latin *nutrire*, "to feed."
- (2) **abridge**—B: To shorten; cut off; curtail; as, to *abridge* a long speech. Latin *ad*, "to," and *breviare*, "to shorten."
- (3) **disinter**—A: To dig up, as from the grave; exhume; as, to *disinter* a body for autopsy. French *désenterrer*, *dés*—, "away," and *enterrer*, "to be in earth."
- (4) **immure**—C: To enclose, as within walls; hence, to shut up; imprison; as, to *immure* rioting convicts. Latin *in*, "in," and *murus*, "wall."
- (5) **renounce**—A: To give up entirely; disclaim; as, to *renounce* one's ambitions. Latin *re-*, "back," and *mentiare*, "to report."
- (6) **affix**—D: To fasten on; attach; as, to *affix* blame. Latin *affigere*, "to fasten to."
- (7) **amend**—B: To improve, by freeing from errors; as, to *amend* a law. Latin *emendare*.
- (8) **impart**—C: To share with another; reveal; make known; as, "Jesus used parables to *impart* his teachings." Latin *impartire*, "to communicate."
- (9) **brandish**—D: To wave in a threatening way; flourish defiantly; as, to *brandish* a weapon. French *brandir*.
- (10) **impair**—A: To weaken; cause to become less or worse; as, to *impair* health. Latin *in* and *pejorare*, "to make worse."
- (11) **diverge**—B: To spread apart; lead away from each other; as, "Their careers began to *diverge*." Latin *dis-*, "apart," and *vergere*, "to incline."
- (12) **slacken**—C: To become less active or violent; abate; slow down; as, to *slacken* one's pace. Old English *sleac*.
- (13) **revert**—B: To turn back; return, as to a former condition; as, to *revert* to poverty. Latin *revertire*.
- (14) **append**—D: To add to or attach, as supplementary material; as, to *append* notes to a book. Latin *appendere*, "to hang
- (15) **pertain**—B: To relate; have reference; concern; as, to *pertain* to another subject. Latin *pertinere*.
- (16) **confer**—C: To bestow or grant; give; as, to *confer* an honorary degree. Latin *conferre*, "to bring together."
- (17) **converge**—D: To move towards one point; to come together gradually; as, "The two roads *converge*." Latin *convergere*, "to bend together."
- (18) **illuminate**—A: To light up; enlighten; make bright and clear; as, to *illuminate* the path ahead. Latin *illuminare*.
- (19) **decoct**—C: To extract (the properties of) by boiling; as, to *decoct* a medicinal essence from poppy seeds. Latin *decoquere*, "to boil down."
- (20) **cannon**—B: To bounce off after striking, as a ball from a billiard cushion; as, to see a car *cannon* off a wall. French *carambole*, "red ball" (in billiards).

**Vocabulary Ratings**

|                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 20-19 correct ..... | excellent |
| 18-17 correct ..... | good      |
| 16-14 correct ..... | fair      |



*A close-up of Walter Ulbricht, the Kremlin's ruthless and universally loathed puppet, whose plans for the West Berlin crisis would make a cynical mockery of German "unification"*

## **“The Beard”—Hated Master of East Germany**

*By Ieland Stowe*

THE KREMLIN's reckless drive to expunge the freedom of West Berlin has focused world attention on one of the ugliest birds of prey spawned by Communism in Europe. Walter Ulbricht, Moscow's viceroy for Germany, hovers hungrily on the edges of the crisis, tensed to sink his practised talons into the living flesh of the city. His record of cold-blooded betrayals of close comrades,

over whose corpses he has climbed to the pinnacle, promises a hell of vengeance for the 2,250,000 defiant West Berliners if ever they fall into his grasp.

The sole satellite dictator who has remained in power continuously since the Second World War, Ulbricht at 66 is vigorous and indefatigable. Spike-bearded and spectacled, he looks deceptively like a

well-fed, smoothly groomed school inspector. "The Beard," East Germans call him, in tones as derisive as they dare. He is detested even by the members and *elite* of his own Party. German ex-Reds, and a good many who are not yet "ex", are unanimous in painting him as a cynical master of duplicity who shrinks from no crime to advance and defend his power position. As far back as 1925, Klara Zetkin, then the revered matriarch of German Communism, declared, "May fortune preserve our Party from the calamity of one day seeing this man swept to the surface."

How, then, did The Beard attain—and hold so firmly—his ascendancy over German Communism?

On May 2, 1945, just one hour before the remnants of Hitler's army in Berlin capitulated, a top-secret band of ten Moscow-trained Germans zigzagged into the rubble-heaped city. Transported from the Red army political headquarters 70 miles eastward, the so-called "Ulbricht Group" went feverishly to work, scurrying through battered tenements and bomb shelters to dig out old-time Communists and potential collaborators. By the time British, American and French occupation units reached their sectors in June, the improvised municipal government was honeycombed with Communists. That a "democratic coalition" ostensibly ruled the city could not conceal the fact that the

real power was in the hands of the Communists. Ulbricht had engineered a *coup* for which Germans still pay a heavy price.

In the next three years he extended these initial Red controls to the whole of East Germany. When Ulbricht today echoes Khrushchev's demands for a "free" Berlin or insists on "democratic conditions" for German unification, he means a repetition of his Trojan-horse methods of 1945—48. He has now had plenty of experience in these Kremlin techniques.

The son of a Leipzig tailor, Ulbricht became a carpenter's apprentice in his teens. Shortly after the First World War he joined the Communist Party. Just as Lenin at first misjudged the secretive Stalin, so Ernst Thälmann, once head and idol of the German Party, mistakenly considered Comrade Walter a mere "red-tapist bureaucrat." But by 1930 the "red-tapist" had manoeuvred himself into a key post for power building, as first secretary of the Berlin-Brandenburg Party Committee.

Three years later, when the Nazis came to power, Ulbricht saw no profit in becoming an underground hero. He escaped to Paris and by that crafty move became the *de facto* head of the German Party, in control of its policy-making foreign committee. His talent for ruthless betrayal now became manifest: German Communists, verbally and in

print, have accused Ulbricht of abetting and even plotting Thälmann's seizure by the Nazis in March 1933. Moreover, they insist that twice Ulbricht deliberately blocked Thälmann's release: first when an escape from Berlin's Moabit prison had been fixed with a guard, and again in 1939 when Moscow was considering his exchange in connexion with the Nazi-Soviet pact. Ulbricht, they say, thwarted Thälmann's release on the grounds that "it would be bad for the Red workers' morale in Germany"; that "the Party needed a martyr." It got one and, with the execution of Thälmann in 1944, the road to top leadership was cleared for Ulbricht.

The Beard's enemies are as numerous as his victims. Their estimate of him is expressed by one biographer's declaration that "in order to come to power and stay in power Ulbricht has betrayed everyone, everywhere." Only one out of five or six German Communists who sought asylum in Soviet Russia ever returned; about 3,000 disappeared there, either slaughtered in Stalin's purges or doomed in slave camps. But Ulbricht, in the words of a recently defected East German Communist, "never uttered a word or lifted a finger to save them."

Ulbricht's remarkable longevity as a puppet is explained mainly by his expert performance as a Moscow stooge. Brutally arrogant to inferiors, he has been utterly subservient

to the Kremlin bosses. Even at the outset of his climb, in the 1920's, German comrades, noting his Moscow-aping conformity, tauntingly dubbed him "Tovarisch Woodenhead." In 1941 his talents for sycophancy won him a key role in the Soviet indoctrination programme for German prisoners of war, and later the controlling post in the National Committee for a Free Germany set up by Moscow. Finally, after 1945, he became first secretary of the German Communist Party and indisputably the Stalin of East Germany.

Ever since, Ulbricht has swung like a weather vane to the prevailing Moscow winds. In a speech after Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin in 1956, for example, he took out "life insurance" by mocking Stalin deifiers as "uncritical"—this in the face of his own decades of uncritical support of every Stalin crime.

In the June 1953 uprising of East German workers, thousands of demonstrators roared, "The Beard must go!" The Soviet ambassador blamed Ulbricht for failing to forewarn the Kremlin of the depth of popular discontent, and Moscow is believed to have groomed a successor. But by cunningly arguing that the rebels would regard his dismissal as a great victory, Ulbricht talked his head out of the closing noose.

Walter Ulbricht can justly be described as the perfect Soviet "organization man." The youngest member

of the 1945 Ulbricht Group, Wolfgang Leonhard, broke with Communism a few years ago and wrote a biography, *Child of the Revolution*. In it he cites his former chief's outstanding "talents as an organizer; his phenomenal memory; his skill in foreseeing each successive change in the Party line; his tireless energy."

Endowed with formidable physical stamina, Ulbricht drives his associates mercilessly. He treats an 18-hour day as routine. Communists who shared his Moscow asylum wryly recall non-stop Party conferences, sometimes from 9 a.m. until four the next morning, when Ulbricht argued endlessly until everyone yielded to his views through sheer exhaustion.

His astonishing memory enables The Beard to carry in his head a file on hundreds of Party members. "When we set up the East Zone's first Ministry of Labour and Social Affairs," Leonhard told me, "Ulbricht appointed every department head and his staff—some 40 jobs, right down to the garage manager—in about an hour. He dictated names and addresses one after another, adding shrewd assessments of each appointee's strong and weak points."

All who ever knew Ulbricht confirm Leonhard's assertion that Ulbricht's "main characteristic is a complete lack of any kind of feeling." He is cold with everyone, has

no friends and no interest in having any. This coldness, which has helped him to reach the apex may, in the long run, prove to be a political liability: for he has failed to build any personal Party following or loyalty and is totally unable to kindle enthusiasm in a mass audience.

A prima-donna vanity is another potential weakness on his arctic armour. Anyone who offends that vanity must reckon with his vengefulness. An East German weekly ventured a light touch by presenting its editor's New Year wish: "to clear my desk and throw away all these papers." Unfortunately, an accompanying picture showed him grasping a photograph of Ulbricht. He was promptly sacked.

In December 1957, Gerhardt Ziller, East German Secretary for Economic Affairs, lost his temper in a hot policy debate and exploded, "While we were in concentration camps, Comrade Ulbricht, you were making speeches in Russia. You have always been safe." Imperturbably, Ulbricht replied, "What you have just said I shall never forget, Comrade Ziller. We will discuss this later." They didn't—Ziller went home and shot himself.

Small wonder that opposition to The Beard's iron rule continues to smoulder in the German Party's upper echelons.

Some time after Khrushchev launched de-Stalinization, Karl Schirdewan, a Central Committee

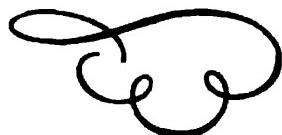
member whom Ulbricht demoted, remarked to the Soviet leader. "You have shot your Beria, but the German Beria remains at the top of our Party." To which Khrushchev reportedly replied, "Ulbricht is an expert political tightrope walker. But wait—his time will come!"

The Berlin crisis has given Ulbricht a stronger lease in his top place, however. Khrushchev knows that no other German Communist can surpass The Beard's combination of obduracy and trickery, or talk longer or more suavely to wear down an adversary's resistance. If it comes to direct negotiation between the severed halves of Germany, Ulbricht's aggressive and uncompromising tactics would be valuable.

To an important degree, then, Ulbricht's fate is now linked to that of

West Berlin. That bustling oasis of freedom—the ever-open escape hatch for despairing East Germans—remains his greatest obstacle to complete Sovietization of East Germany.

If Bonn and its N.A.T.O. allies succeed in preventing the demolition of that oasis, Ulbricht must eventually become personally responsible, in Moscow's eyes, for failure to stabilize East Germany. He would then be a discredited puppet who can neither retain his Party's support nor completely control the deep, misery-ridden discontent of his subjects. The man who in 1945 made Berlin his springboard to power may thus meet his doom because of the same city. The Kremlin "barbers" are well-prepared for The Beard's last shave.



### *Turnabout Tales*

**CLEARING** out a stream at an air force base in the United States, a bulldozer operator came across a family of beavers. While he was away having lunch, the beavers fenced in his bulldozer.

—T. F. L.

**AN APE** who was used to assist in tests on a high-speed rocket track objected to being strapped on to the rocket sled. He was quietened by a technician who gave him a banana. No sooner had the ape begun to eat the banana, however, than he found himself half a mile down the desert, with the fruit smashed over his face. But the ape got his revenge. Next time he was used for a similar experiment, the technician gave him a second banana. Result? The ape hit him over the head with it.

—R. W.

# The Haunted Dream House

By Alexander Woollcott

I GIVE YOU this story as it first came to me—as something that befell a young woman while on her honeymoon in France, her first trip abroad. For convenience, let me call her Mary.

As she and her husband were motoring from Beaune to Bourges, this thing happened. On the edge of a small village they passed a modest estate—a shabby house of cream-coloured plaster, standing some distance back from the road. Midway was an oval fountain in which goldfish disported themselves. Mary caught at her husband's arm and asked him to stop and let her get out. He watched while she ran to the iron fence and stood peering between the palings, studying the

large gate and the drive. When she came back she was visibly shaken. "My dear," she said, "it's my house. The same in every particular."

She didn't have to explain. For years the family had been teasing



Mary about her house. In her dreams she'd find herself in the same place—a house she'd never seen in a land she didn't know. She'd never once supposed that there was such a place. She thought of it purely as a creation of her own subconscious. And now, driving along a road in France, she had come upon it and was seeing it with her open eyes.

After the first shock, Mary was delighted. She was all for exploring the place at once. Why, it might even be possible to rent it for a week or two—to bring her husband to her dream house and actually spend her honeymoon there!

As they approached the gate, a young priest was coming out. In her schoolgirl French, Mary started to ask if the family were at home. The priest stared at her incredulously, then crossed himself and hurried down the road in the direction of the village.

Her husband, sceptical about the whole adventure, was delighted with the effect on the holy man of his bride's outlandish French. In hilarious mood they pushed open the gate and walked towards a gardener who was pruning the shrubbery. "M'sieur, est-ce que vous pouvez me

dire . . .?" But she got no farther. Straightening up to answer her, the gardener took one look, dropped his shears and ran as if the devil were after him.

This was discouraging. But they pushed on to the house. At closer range a hundred details convinced her. It *was* her house. That row of oriel windows under the eaves, the Latin inscription over the door. The same. She was shaking with excitement as her husband gave a pull on the doorbell. They could hear the faint jangle in the distance. Then footsteps and the rattle of a bolt. The door was opened by an elderly woman in cap and apron. Before they could get three words out, she bent forward, stared at Mary as at some monster and slammed the door. They heard the bolt clang back into place.

With a mixture of irritation and bewilderment our friends went back to their car, relieved to find that it hadn't turned into smoke and drifted off over the treetops. "My dear," said the bridegroom, "they don't seem to like us."

At the village they found a promising inn. The innkeeper was an affable soul and they were soon questioning him about the house on the edge of the village. Whose was it? Who lived in it? How old was it? Was it possible to rent it?

On the latter score he was doubtful. They mustn't quote him, but it was common talk in the village that

THE LATE Alexander Woollcott, a former roving editor of *The Reader's Digest*, earned renown in many fields—as a top-flight newspaper reporter, dramatic critic and columnist—but primarily as a story-teller. Some of his inexhaustible fund of stories were published in the best-selling *While Rome Burns*.

the house was haunted. Off and on for the past ten years, the family, the workers at the place and even visitors, like M le Cure, had seen a silent spirit roaming there. Funny that they should be asking about it at that moment, because he'd just heard that the place was in a turmoil. The ghost was walking again—in broad daylight and no longer silent. His own cook's son was the gardener there and even now was down in the kitchen drinking his head off and shaking like a leaf.

He'd seen the ghost. Only an hour before, while he was pruning the syringas by the drive, it had appeared and spoken to him—the ghost of a young woman, accompanied this time, he said, by the ghost of a young man.

Well, there's the story. A few years ago it appeared as a work of fiction by Andre Maurois, but before that I had already heard it by word of mouth. I think it likely that it really happened some time to somebody somewhere.



### *All the News*

FROM the *Cape Times* "The last round of parties for and in the Pendennis Castle is now in full swing."

FROM a report of a flower show in the London *Daily Mail* "The competition for the small villa garden was won by Mr E J Rigg, of Southport. Mr S E Lytle, of Formby, was best."

FROM the Murfreesboro, Tennessee, *Daily News Journal* "A good attendance was present Sunday at the Reverend Alex Nichols has been sent to another district."

FROM the Columbus, Ohio, *Dispatch* "The orchestra will open the programme with Mozart's 'Don Juan Overture'"

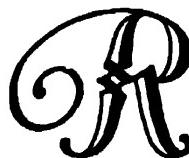
FROM the Quincy, Massachusetts, *Patriot Ledger* "The meeting will include a programme on 'Books'. Mrs Elmira Mapes, whose favourite story type is science fiction, will discuss a few of her favourites, and Mrs Gunella Crawford, who especially likes romances, will discuss a few of hers."

FROM the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* "Bonnie Blaire won the talent contest. Miss Blaire sang 'The Lady Is A Tramp' to show why the judges selected her."

# THEY BRING THE BREAD OF LIFE

Christian missionaries are still finding limitless opportunities to feed the spiritual hunger of people in many parts of the world

*By Stanley High*

 RECENTLY, as the well-known Methodist missionary, Dr. Stanley Jones, was being introduced to an audience of non-Christians in India, the chairman—a prominent Hindu—said:

“When I was a boy in this town, Christian missionaries were ridiculed, spat at, sometimes stoned. Yet here is a great throng ready to give rapt attention to a Christian message. What has made the difference? For many years we have seen the missionary undeterred by hostility, carrying on among us to heal the sick, teach the illiterate, lift the untouchables. Now, as a free people, these problems are our problems. To meet them, many of us believe we need a better urge and a stronger driving power than we have had.

That, I think, is why we are here. We want to know more about this faith which stirs men so deeply that they go to the ends of the earth for nothing but other people’s good.”

The emerging of many peoples as nations controlling their own destinies is one of the momentous facts of our time. Increasingly sure of where they want to go in almost every economic and social area, they nevertheless appear to be spiritually unsure and uncommitted.

Most of the religions of the East are based on ideas of world renunciation. They urge men to seek escape from mankind’s problems. A letter to Dr. Jones from a Hindu ascetic who had spent years in solitary meditation in the Himalayas was signed *Sunya Bhai*, meaning “Brother of Emptiness.”

"These oncoming people," says Dr. Jones, "need something more dynamic, more related to reality than a brotherhood of emptiness. In terms of ideals, ideologies and a faith to live by, they are between two worlds: the old one gone or going, the new not yet come. What exists in the interim is a spiritual vacuum."

How will that void be filled? By Communist precepts of hatred and conflict, by the withdrawal into self of some of the Eastern religions—or by the progressive idealism of Christianity? This is the challenge today facing the foreign missions.

Few men, of East or West, are as well qualified to speak on the changing order as Dr. Jones. For 45 years his preaching missions have taken him across many barriers of national, racial and religious differences. He has probably spoken face to face with more non-Christians in more countries than any other person in the world. His books, translated into 30 languages, have sold by the million.

Dr. Jones's preaching mission resulted from his early work as a missionary in the city of Lucknow. There he found that the major missionary effort was among India's lower castes. It was thought that the higher castes and the Hindu and Moslem intelligentsia were largely unreachable. But by repeated personal calls, Dr. Jones managed to recruit a few Hindu and Moslem intellectuals for a Bible class, which

met not in a mission but at a club for Indians. Its success brought calls for similar Bible-study groups in other cities. Out of this experience grew his world-wide preaching missions.

As a result of the work by the pioneer missionaries, a small but potent leaven has permeated large areas of life in many of the once backward countries of Asia and Africa. The early missionaries brought the first modern schools and hospitals, started public-health education and led the way—against bitter, sometimes dangerous opposition—in many social reforms.

In country after country the emancipation of women from superstition began when missionaries established the first schools for girls, and Christian families enrolled their daughters. The Christian Chinese, by refusing to bind the feet of their infant daughters, helped to start the movement which freed Chinese women from that handicap. And it was in the Christian churches and schools that India's untouchables made a start towards deliverance. Modern agriculture in India began at the agricultural mission school of Sam Higginbottom in Allahabad.

The world-wide literacy movement among underprivileged peoples had its beginning with Dr. Frank Laubach, at his mission on the Philippine island of Mindanao.

Today, out of all proportion to their numbers, the Christians among the native peoples are becoming lead-

ers in every forward-looking movement—political, economic, social. Many of these leaders received their first Christian precepts in small mission schools. As examples of this achievement, consider the graduates of one such school in the tiny Indian village of Kodoli, 300 miles from Bombay. Opened as an orphanage for homeless waifs in the severe famine of 1898, the Kodoli school now numbers among its graduates distinguished doctors and several teachers, including the present head of the Kodoli school. Of those who entered the ministry, one was a delegate to the World Council of Churches. Another graduate became the first Indian national to be president of Wilson College, Bombay, founded over a century ago by Scottish Presbyterians.

Inevitably, early missionaries were often paternalistic, but this phase is finished. Today representatives of Western denominations go out as brothers of the people, not as spiritual bosses. They go by invitation of the autonomous Christian churches of the lands where they will serve. The control and administration of one-time mission institutions—schools, colleges, hospitals—are increasingly vested in qualified Christian nationals of these lands. Today's missionary—as a colleague—takes his orders from them.

The message these new missionaries bring is more and more directed at the prevailing spiritual emptiness.

Thus Dr. Jones as he travels across Asia, speaking day after day to largely non-Christian audiences, does not attack the religious beliefs of his listeners; instead he seeks to build on them. He does not argue the case for Western civilization or the Christian Church. He offers a Person. Christ, he says, does not belong, alone, to the Christian West. Christ called Himself not the Son of the West or the Son of the East—but the Son of Man. He is the one truly universal figure with a truly universal message.

"Take whatever you find good in Western civilization, in the Christian Church," Dr. Jones tells his listeners. "But these are not the issue. Nor is the good in them a chance creation. Christ is the issue. Whatever is good—and worth your having—has its source in Him. In Him we were given a living example of what is good, and from Him we derive the urge, as human beings on an earthly level, to do something about it.

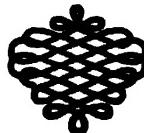
"Christians are called to work out their spiritual destiny, not by seeking escape from the material, but in the midst of and *through* it; not by renouncing humanity and the world, but by seeking to redeem them. This is a uniquely Christian urge: to forget oneself for the betterment of others, to lose oneself in bettering the world. That urge has sometimes faltered and flagged. But it has never failed."

The present-day response to Dr. Jones's teaching has been greater than any he has ever known. Of 100 people who came to one of his retreats in India, 20 were former Communists. Asked why they had come, one of them said, "Both Communism and Christianity have a programme for bettering life. Both call for total support—even to the giving of one's life. But Christianity has Christ. Because of His earthly example, the best of that which we seek seems to have come for the first time within our reach."

Following a recent visit to Japan, Arnold Toynbee, the historian,

wrote: "It looks as if the spirit of Christianity were permeating Japanese life and were beginning gradually to replace or transform the traditional influence of Buddhism. On the conscious surface of the mind the present painful groping may long continue. But deeper down, at the subconscious level, the Japanese people may already be finding the bread of life."

Dr. Jones says, "If you had seen, as I have, many peoples besides the Japanese finding the bread of life, you would understand my conviction that for them a new spiritual era is beginning."



### *Tit for Tat*

AT 2 30 a.m. a man phoned a neighbour and said cheerily, "Gosh, isn't this a nice day?"

"Nice day!" exploded the neighbour. "Don't you know it's 2 30 and you've got me out of bed?"

"Oh, that can't be true," said the first man. "Your dog is in my garden barking, and I can't believe you'd be letting him run loose at that time of night."

The dog hasn't been out at night since.

--G. G.

### *Three's a Crowd*

ACCORDING to one father, his family consists of three members: nobody, everybody, and anybody who's anybody. When a difference of opinion arises, says the father, his teenage daughter invariably prefacing her remarks with, "Anybody who's anybody knows that . . ." His wife usually claims that, "Everybody knows that . . ." His own opinions, he reports, are usually met with a chorused, "Nobody believes that these days."

--N. Y. T.



RECENTLY I charged a business man what I thought was a reasonable fee for my services as an anaesthetist during a major operation. Apparently he didn't agree. Pinned to his cheque was this note: "I saw your mask, but I didn't see your gun." —F. F. M.

OUR Wolf Cub son eagerly awaited his first pack outing, to a naval dock-yard. The great day came, and on his return we expected a glowing account of the ships. Instead, we were greeted by, "I learned a rude word from the Navy!"

His father cast a worried look at me, then asked gingerly, "Well, what is it?"

The worried look changed to a wide grin as our Wolf Cub replied, "ARMY!"

—Contributed by Mrs. F. A. Ferguson

A MINISTER who always read his sermons, placed his text on the pulpit about half an hour before the service. One young member of his congregation surreptitiously removed the last page of the manuscript one Sunday.

Preaching vigorously, the minister came to the words, "So Adam said to Eve . . ." Turning the page, he was horrified to discover that the final page was missing. As he shuffled through the other pages, he gained a little time by repeating, "So Adam said to Eve . . ." Then in a low voice, but one which the amplifying system carried to every part of the church, he added, "There seems to be a leaf missing." —C. W.

A WESTERN was showing at our local cinema, and in one exciting scene the Indians had tied the heroine to a stake. They were setting fire to her and shooting arrows at her, when a voice in the cinema was heard saying, "Dear, do you think I'd better ring up home and see how the baby sitter is getting on with the kids?" —J. S. S.

IN AN amateur golf tournament, a player was carefully lining up his putt when a ball whizzed past his car and landed on the green. After the foursome putted out, the golfer who had made the unnerving approach hurried up to his near victim. "Gosh, I'm sorry," he said. "I would have yelled 'Fore!' but I didn't want to ruin your putt." —Contributed by G. B.

"MISS WILCOX," a man told his new secretary firmly, "always add a column of figures at least three times before you show me the result."

The next day she came in with a broad smile. "Mr. Johnson," she said, "I added these figures ten times."

"Good. I like a girl to be thorough."

"And here," she said, "are my ten answers." —J. S. S.

AFTER A university dance, one undergraduate returned to his college with tie askew, hair dishevelled, shirt torn and face scratched. Asked what had happened, the chap drew himself up and said, "Sir, I have been fighting over the honour of a lady."

"Which side were you on?"

—B. C. K.

A FAVOURITE joke among lawyers concerns the trickster who fakes an injury in a car crash, comes to court in a wheel chair and is awarded a huge settlement.

When the verdict is announced, the insurance company's lawyer snaps, "You're going to be followed by a private detective wherever you go from now on, and as soon as you take one step out of that wheel chair, we'll throw you in jail."

"Don't go to all that trouble," advises the trickster pleasantly. "I'm going from here to the Savoy in London, then to the Ritz in Paris, then to the French Riviera—and after that to Lourdes for the miracle!" —H. C.

OUR life drawing class, on the second floor, faces another building. We were busily drawing a model posing in front of the windows when a look of horror came over her face. Grabbing her coat, she wrapped it round herself and, pointing to the window, exclaimed, "I think I'm being watched!" —Contributed by D. M. M.

A GROUP of theatrical people were trying to help a former star who had been persistently unlucky. Knowing that he was too proud to accept money as a gift, they rigged up a bogus raffle.

Then they called at his dilapidated boarding house and told him that they would all draw slips from a hat, and that the man who drew number four would get Rs. 3,500. To make sure the old actor would win, they wrote number four on every slip.

After drawing, the conspirators glanced at their slips, crumpled them up and waited for their friend to announce that he had the lucky number. But the old fellow never opened his mouth..

Finally, unable to bear the suspense, they asked him what number he had drawn from the hat.

"Six and seven-eighths," he answered glumly.

—Bennet Cerf

A YOUNG minister, delivering his first sermon to a new congregation, quoted the parable of the loaves and the fishes.

"Now," he said dramatically, "consider the scene where the Master with 5,000 loaves and 2,000 fishes fed five people." A murmur of amusement ran through the church and one old man up in front laughed out loud. The poor young minister was so humiliated that the following Sunday he decided to regain the ground he'd lost by using the same parable in another sermon.

"Now consider the scene where the Master with five loaves and two fishes fed 5,000 people," he said. Then, having regained his confidence, he leaned over the pulpit and spoke to the old man who had laughed at him. "You couldn't do that, sir."

"Oh yes, I could," said the old gentleman. "If I had what was left over from last week!"

—Contributed by the Rev. Rex Goldsmith



*Thousands of British students are taking vacation jobs at home and abroad. They find that by helping industry they can help themselves to valuable experience*



## Their Careers

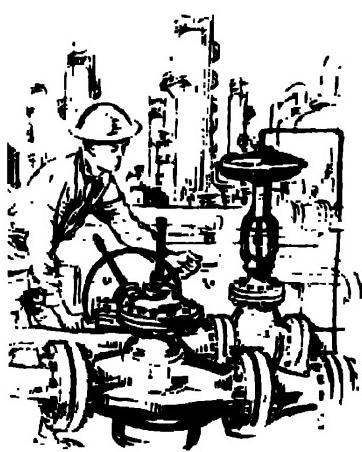


## Begin With Holidays!

*By Dudley Barker*

JOHN DAVID TAFFS, a student from Imperial College, London, spent a recent long vacation helping to build a road. What is unusual about that? The road, to carry building materials to the site of one of the world's largest power stations, is in Canada—far up the Hamilton river, on the borders of Labrador.

John Taffs belonged to the ever-increasing British army of earn-and-learners—the young men and women who are canning fruit, digging potatoes, waiting at table, teaching games, driving lorries, in fact tackling just about any job that needs doing. Officers of the National Union of Students in Britain have



*Adopted from an article by Don Murray in Today's Living*

estimated that this year more than 2,000 students are working in agriculture alone; they reckon that a further 3,000 to 4,000 are employed in resort hotels and restaurants.

Taffs earned 815 dollars (Rs. 3,900) for his ten weeks in Canada. But it was not just a lucrative lark. He discovered that he enjoyed pioneering work overseas, living with people of different outlook in a small, remote camp served only by amphibious aircraft. He also learned the first practical lessons for his future career as a civil engineer—how to do the job properly himself; he acquired self-reliance, for he earned his own expenses, including the ocean passage.

Taffs and his employers, the Shawinigan Engineering Company of Montreal, came together as the result of a partnership between major firms and universities in 24 countries; its purposes are to introduce students to industrial life and to broaden their knowledge of the world by getting them summer jobs overseas. The partnership's "middleman" is the International Association for the Exchange of Students for Technical Experience, which began in a small way 11 years ago. Today it arranges contacts between 436 universities and nearly 3,000 large firms in many parts of the world; last year the Association put more than 5,000 students into summer jobs outside their home countries.

A tribute to the value of such summer vacation work is the number of similar programmes sponsored by major companies in England. Imperial Chemical Industries engaged more than 650 students last summer; Shell, Unilever, General Electric, Pye, Royal Insurance and scores of other firms employ hundreds of youngsters in summer jobs; in most cases the firms design their work programmes as basic training for potential career-makers. "It is invaluable to industry," says a Shell executive, "to get a good look at the student and assess his capabilities and personality. It is equally important for the undergraduate to see something of industry at work."

There's no end to the variety of jobs that British youth will tackle. London students helped to gather last year's grape harvest in the Champagne and Burgundy districts of France. A girl law student from Oxford worked as a waitress in Toronto. An undergraduate became male nurse to a schizophrenic, another posed as a Stone-Age man at an exhibition; yet others did field work for a market research survey, and one student worked as a barman on a remote island.

Another undergraduate spent a summer in Casablanca as companion to the two sons of a French officer. A Bristol student is reputed to have made Rs. 3,300 in one summer as a beach photographer. Some of the more daring undergraduates get

themselves employment in well-paid, high-building construction jobs.

This year 200 university students have been recruited by their National Union to work in the canning factories of East Anglia. They will live cheaply in huttied camps run by the employer firms, and help to harvest and can the fruit and pea crops. On piece rates the hardest workers should make as much as Rs. 173 a week.

Holiday resort jobs are, of course, the most popular. Fred Morgan, vacation employment officer of the National Union of Students, says twice as many apply for hotel and restaurant work as there are jobs. "Waiters and waitresses do best," he explains. In a ten-week season, a student working as a waiter gets up to Rs. 670 in wages, plus board and lodging, and can clear Rs. 670 in tips. Waitresses make slightly less.

Students who seek holiday work at home can nearly always find it; those who want to go overseas have about a 50 per cent chance. For all of them, Professor W. D. Wright, chairman of the vacation training committee at Imperial College, has sage counsel. He advises them to try for summer jobs which are related to their studies—particularly if they are scientists—and to the careers they intend to follow.

Professor Wright also insists that a student ought to spend his first long vacation working in a local

factory or office. No longer a "tenderfoot," he will be the student who gets the chance of a Canadian job at 60 to 80 dollars a week during his second university summer.

Unique insights into career possibilities are among summer work's most valuable features. Take the case of John Harris, who finished his military service and went to University College, London. Planning a career in the oil industry he took two successive six-week periods of employment with Shell, first at their Central Laboratories, then at Shell Haven Refinery in Essex. He tacked himself on to a shift at a Shell Haven operating plant, made friends with the operators, worked some of the machinery and got a good idea of what was involved. For this he received board and lodging, travelling expenses and Rs. 20 a week pocket money.

When he graduated from University College, Harris drew invaluable rewards from his summer work. He now knew something of the practical side of oil chemistry. Best of all, he was certain that he had chosen the right career. He went immediately to work for Shell Refining Company, where he now holds an executive post.

Holiday earnings form a vital part of many students' annual budgets. They find that the grants financing their education do not cover their living costs during the long holiday months. "My parents could not keep

me for half the year," says Fred Morgan, until recently an Oxford undergraduate. "Without my holiday earnings I should have been unable to manage." The N.U.S. estimates that more than 60 per cent of all university students help to pay their way by summer work.

Holiday earnings are frequently spent on travel abroad. "This may be the best use of all," says Dominic Le Foe, secretary of the Commonwealth Migration Council, "not only for the students themselves, but also for the international goodwill they create." To promote this goodwill in the British Commonwealth, the Council organizes scores of summer jobs in Canada for British university students. Most of them save enough to finance a fortnight in the United States, either hitch-hiking, sharing costs in somebody else's car or clubbing together to buy second-hand cars of their own. Andrew Jameson of Trinity Hall and another Cambridge undergraduate supplemented the Rs 295 weekly wage paid them by a Toronto engineering workshop with spare-time caddying at a golf club. Then they covered 6,700 miles delivering cars in the United States. They reached the Mexican border with enough cash to fly on to Cuba.

With prospective architects who work as labourers, second-year language students who become couriers for Continental touring parties, budding actresses who check props and

brew tea for small repertory companies, the holiday job is a big part of career training. "We expect our students to get practical experience in their long vacations," says Dr. Ernest Gibbs of Bristol University's civil engineering department.

At their great works on Teesside in England, Imperial Chemical Industries run a summer programme for more than 100 students who want to be scientists, including 26 bright grammar-school leavers who are on their way to university. These youngsters meet industrial scientists and, most important of all, work in the process laboratories.

Employers feel strongly that summer work is worth-while. A Manchester University science student spent his 1955 summer vacation working for the United Steel Company, investigating metallurgical problems.

He was reported on as "a man of considerable potential and one with whom the management is strongly recommended to keep in touch." When he took his degree in 1957, United Steel offered him a place in their graduate apprentice scheme; he now works on the managerial staff of a new steel rolling-mill.

These student earn-and-learners make money to finance both holiday living and foreign travel. But they also draw rich dividends in experience, which may be the most valuable education of all.



*The Breaking Wave off Kanagawa*

# The Magic Hand of Hokusai

*This great Japanese artist had but one aim in life—to draw things as they are*

By James A. Michener

*Author of "Tales of the South Pacific," "Sayonara," "The Bridge at Andau," etc.*

**I**N 1804 an impoverished Japanese artist, already in his mid-40's, concluded that some dramatic gesture was needed to attract attention to his work. Accordingly he ruled off an area in front of a temple in the city of Edo (now Tokyo) and set about painting the largest picture in Japan.

With rocks he weighted down a pasted up sheet of heavy paper measuring 2,250 square feet. One end he lashed to an oak beam, so that when completed the picture

could be hauled aloft. Then, with big vats of ink and tubs of colour, with brooms and swabs of cloth tied to sticks, he went to work. Tucking his kimono up about his waist and kicking off his sandals, he ran back and forth across the huge paper, outlining a portrait of Japan's best-loved saint, Daruma, who once sat so long contemplating the nature of world and man that his arms withered away.

Soon the temple court was filled with people marvelling as the artist sped about slapping colour down in tremendous and apparently unplanned strokes. At dusk, when men at the ropes hauled the oak beam into position, the vast expanse of paper disclosed a portrait of Daruma nearly 60 feet high. It is recorded that a horse could have walked into the mouth of the gigantic saint.

The artist, Katsushika Hokusai, had accomplished his purpose. He was talked about. Not content, he next painted, with an ordinary brush, the picture of two sparrows so small that they could be seen only



*Blind Men Fording a Stream*

with a magnifying glass. These exploits were reported at court and Hokusai was summoned to exhibit his unusual powers. This he did by ripping down a paper door and smearing it with indigo ink. Then he caught a rooster, whose feet he proceeded to dip in red ink. Shooing the bird on to the flat door, where his tracks produced an impression of red maple leaves, Hokusai cried, "Leaves in autumn on the blue Tatsuta River!"

Actually, Hokusai was a most careful and painstaking artist who worked out meticulous experimental studies before putting his designs on paper. He became one of the most famous and popular artists in Japan and was among the last and most gifted practitioners of the art called *ukiyo-e*, which in common usage means paintings or wood-block

prints depicting scenes of everyday life. What he did was to perfect conventions already thousands of years old and to specialize in new wood-block techniques — colours, dominance of scenery over human figures, perspective—which produced prints whose total effect was revolutionary.

The marvel is that he accomplished this at an age when most men are either dead or retired. Many of the colour prints which the world today treasures were designed when he was in his 80's. He was doing some of his strongest work just before he died at 89.

Hokusai was a prodigious worker, with more than 30,000 drawings to his credit. He lived in 93 different houses, abandoning them in turn when they became either too dirty to clean or too burdened by back rent. He spent his entire life in poverty because he held money in contempt. He paid his bills by tossing packets of uncounted yen at tradesmen. He used more than 50 aliases, abandoning them, too, whenever he discovered some new artistic principle merititing a new name. But it is his late, authentic Hokusai style that is most prized:

a powerful, handsomely organized world with the touch of awkwardness that is a touchstone of his art.

In his youth he was a precocious, poverty-stricken boy in Tokyo. By the time he was 19, he was a wood carver. He was by turn a bookseller, a hawker of calendars, a dealer in red peppers and an itinerant painter of banners. He married twice and had several children who were a tribulation, plus a grandson whose financial operations finally threw Hokusai into bankruptcy.

His only solace was his gifted daughter Oei, who was one of the few Japanese women to become skilled in *ukiyo-e* and who left creditable prints of her own. She watched over her father and reports

that one day, when he was past 80, she found him at his drawing bench weeping because "even at that age, and in spite of all his study and effort, he had not yet truly learned to draw things as they were." It was to Oei that Hokusai cried in anguish from his deathbed "If heaven could only grant me ten more years! Only five more, and I would have become a real painter."

His interests were as vast as the world. He wrote excellent poetry,

*Self-Portrait*



was a good novelist and published many humorous works. At 68 he suffered a stroke which should have killed him; but he doctored himself back to health, wrote and illustrated a medical report on his self-cure.

Had he died at 60, Hokusai would be known chiefly for his extraordinary volumes called *Manga*, which should properly be translated *Drawing Things Just as They Come*, but which has come to mean something like *Sketches From Life*. In these 15 paper-bound books of prints, thousands of human beings in all postures and conditions of life swarm the pages, crabs crawl from the sea, ghosts appear, and flowers. Men dive under the sea in bells which hold air captive for them to breathe, while horses swim to show how their legs operate. Architecture, history, wild-life, wrestlers, warriors and mythological fantasies mingle in a potpourri that is a joy to study.

Fortunately Hokusai went on to fulfilment in his later years. Among his major accomplishments in this period is *Hokusai Gafu*, a collection of sketches which contains Hokusai's finest drawing, a group of blind men leading one another through a stream (see p. 62). The *Thirty-Six Views of Fuji*, his most famous series, contains two massive views of

the mountain, one in storm and the other in clear weather, which are popular favourites and worthily so, for they demonstrate what tremendous control Hokusai finally attained. *The Breaking Wave off Kanagawa* (see p. 61), an almost perfect piece of art, has also been enjoyed by people of all lands; it is typical of the series in that it is mainly done in Prussian blue, a colour that Hokusai began to use in old age.

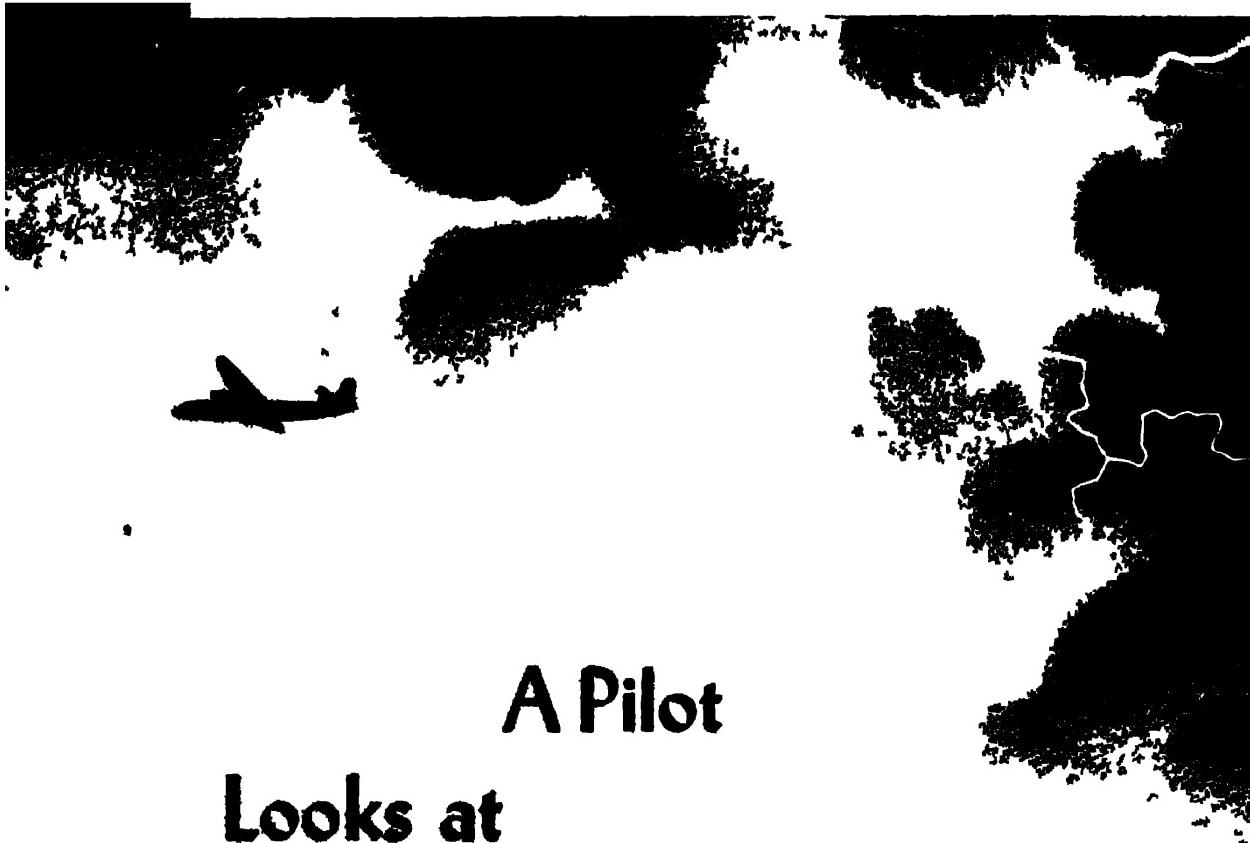
At the age of 75 Hokusai wrote, in a postscript to a book of sketches, what has been held to be an epitome of his life: "From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was 50 I had published an infinity of designs; but all I produced before the age of 70 is not worth taking into account. At 73 I learned a little about the real structure of nature—of animals, plants, trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am 80 I shall have made still more progress. At 90 I shall penetrate the mystery of things. And when I am 110 everything I do, be it a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I to see if I do not keep my word."

He signed these words with his last, and most appropriate, name: Old Man Mad About Drawing.



THE HARDEST thing for any young man to learn is that he is so like other men.

—D. B.



## A Pilot Looks at the Weather

By Robert Buck

**I**N 22 YEARS of airline flying over most of the globe I've seen lots of weather. It's still my primary interest in flying. It is the passengers' primary interest, too, and from chats with thousands of them I know that their first question to me will probably be: "What about the weather, Captain?"

Passengers know that most of the

Robert Buck, a transatlantic captain on a regular airline route, was decorated after the war for his work on storm research. The citation said that he had covered "flights totalling 600 hours . . . always under the most adverse weather conditions."

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*The question airline passengers ask most frequently is "What about the weather, Captain?"*

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time weather is no problem. What they are thinking about is weather that may suddenly interfere with the smoothness or safety of the flight. But their concerns usually aren't the same as mine.

If it's snowing, for instance, passengers ask about ice. The truth is that ice and snow don't go together. Snow is dry and cold, and it bounces off when it hits the aircraft. You

*Condensed from Air Facts*

get ice mostly in a deck of clouds during descent for landing or climbing after take-off; and, with present-day aircraft, it's not much trouble to change altitude and get out of the condition.

Sometimes a passenger worries when the weather is wild and the wind blows the rain at you in a horizontal, breath-taking deluge. The pilot isn't particularly upset, because he knows that in high wind and rain he will have enough ceiling and visibility for his landing. Wind keeps the visibility good. You've probably noticed that on a rainy, windy night distant lights are bright and sparkling.

A pilot is more worried about quiet, cool, sleepy fog. Landing in dense fog with no ceiling is a first-class weather problem. But good lights on runways help. And a pilot can always fly to some alternate airport where the weather is good enough. Landing two hundred miles from where you want to be may not be convenient, but in this case it is safer.

There is one weather problem, however, that can make even an experienced pilot nervous—thunderstorms.

The thing about a thunderstorm that bothers a pilot most is turbulence. A thunderstorm has more energy than an atomic bomb. You get terrific up-and-down gusts that have torn more than one aircraft to pieces. Yet, if a plane were built

strong enough to take absolutely anything a thunderstorm could dish out, it would be too heavy to fly with any useful payload.

The pilot's trick in a thunderstorm is to fly slowly. This, in effect, makes the aircraft stronger, more able to take the stresses of powerful gusts. It's like being in a fast motor-boat. If the boat is just loafing along it sloshes over each wave without strain. But go tearing through rough water at 40 miles an hour and each wave makes it feel as though the bottom is coming out. The same principle works in an aircraft, so you slow down from 350 miles an hour to less than 200.

One other annoying thing about a thunderstorm is hail. Though no aeroplane has crashed because of hail, you'll never convince a pilot that it can't happen. Flying through hail is probably the most nerve-racking experience in the sky. The clatter is overpowering. Some hailstones are bigger than tennis balls and thousands of these, rock-hard and coming at over 180 miles an hour, can damage an aircraft badly.

Years ago a friend of mine flew into severe hail. He decided to turn and get out. The hail had already broken the windscreen, beaten the front of the wing and smashed out the landing lights. As he banked the aircraft to circle back, the fuselage was turned broadside to the hail, which quickly broke every window on the exposed side.

Luckily it was a cargo flight, but it cost Rs. 1.6 lakhs to mend the aircraft.

Tornadoes get into the act too Fly through one of them and it will tear your aircraft to pieces To make it more interesting, tornadoes occur when thunderstorms are about Fortunately, only a few thunderstorms have tornadoes, and a tornado is a low-level proposition If an aircraft is 8,000 feet or so above the ground, it will probably be above the destructive part of the funnel The aircraft will be in rough air and get tossed about, but it will stay in one piece

Our weather forecasters can tell you areas where tornados may occur, but they cannot pinpoint the exact location When a pilot knows the doubtful area, he will stay up high, if he can't avoid the area entirely

Passengers are often afraid that the plane will be hit by lightning But lightning will not strike a plane as it might a house—the plane isn't attached to the ground There haven't been any crashes that we know of that were caused by lightning It can, however, cause plenty of commotion.

There's a lot of electricity round a thunderstorm If you could see the electrical currents in the vicinity they'd look like waterfalls thousands of feet high An aircraft flies through these falls, called electrical fields, and absorbs an electrical charge. Finally the plane gets so

much that it cannot hold any more; then things happen.

First the aircraft begins to glow. This is St Elmo's fire, the same thing you hear about in the rigging of ships It's the excess electricity trying to get out You notice it round the tips of the propellers—a purple glow that's something like a blue neon light The charge also bleeds off from the sharp edges of the windscreen and from the little wicks that stream out from the back edge of the wing Sparks dance across the glass From inside the cockpit it looks like miniature forked lightning

As the situation gets worse the sparks get bigger, when large sparks begin playing off the nose in a flickering streamer, the chances are that there'll be real action at any moment It's a sign that the aircraft has collected a charge faster than the St Elmo's fire can get rid of it

All this is also making a loud squeal in the pilot's headphones—it knocks out all radio reception. Then, suddenly, at the top of this tension, there is a great bright flash and a loud explosion! No matter how hardened you are, you jump. What has happened? The aircraft has just got rid of its electrical charge by sending a bolt of lightning to a cloud It's a solid-gold thrill, the sort you can do without The first time it happens you're sure the aircraft has blown up, but generally the only damage will be a hole about

an inch across burnt in the wing's trailing edge or in the tail. This is the place from which the charge of electricity jumped.

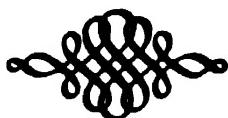
People worry about the fuel blowing up during a lightning discharge. But the fuel is surrounded by a metal tank and the electricity just flows round the metal; it doesn't spark inside the tank. Also, petrol in a tank generally doesn't have enough air to make an explosive mixture.

The best thing for a pilot to do about thunderstorms is to stay out of them. If it's a sunny afternoon with widely scattered showers, it's easy—you fly round them. But if the sky is covered with extensive cloud layers and thunderstorms are hidden inside, you can never be completely certain where they are. In these conditions, staying out is

usually a matter of luck, unless you have radar.

With the magic eye of radar you can see inside a cloud. Mixed in the big masses of cloud are small cells, varying in size, but rarely more than ten miles across. These cells are the rough part. The human eye can't see them but radar's electronic eye can. On a radarscope they look like little puffs of cotton-wool with dark holes in them. With radar a pilot can fly right into a frightening-looking cloud area, confident that he can steer clear of the nasty bits.

Pilots are loud in their praise of radar and vehement in their requests for it. Both British and American airline pilots have passed resolutions asking for storm warning radar on aircraft. If such equipment were the rule we could relax more in the wild blue yonder.



### *Maids of Honour*

EXPECTING week-end guests, we engaged a temporary maid. The first morning I saw that she had put the coffee cups on the table, but no saucers.

"You'd better put the saucers out, too," I said.

"No use," she replied with an air of experience. "Nobody drinks out of 'em any more."

—J. V. M.

WHEN I visited some sick youngsters, their mother told me that she was expecting her fourth. She had announced the same news to her maid that morning, and the maid had promptly baked and beautifully decorated a cake. On the top, lettered in icing, was the message: "FAREWELL."

—R. L. F.



*Chlotride—an important  
medical discovery*

## Our Hope for Middle-Aged Hearts

*By Paul de Kruif*

FOR PEOPLE burdened by overloaded or failing hearts, or with heart and brain endangered by high blood-pressure, the past year has brought hope for longer, stronger life. This promise lies in a chemical called Chlotride.\* It is not a cure, but it is a tremendous booster of other treatments.

Since this medicine was first discovered in 1957, the growth of its use has been phenomenal. Hundreds of thousands of patients are undergoing treatment with it in many parts of the world. British doctors were quick to realize the importance of Chlotride; studies of it were started in 1957 at the Westminster

Hospital and also at the London Postgraduate Medical School; British experts attended the conference on Chlotride at the Academy of Sciences in New York. As a result of their research the drug came into general use in Britain last year. Today Chlotride is used in all major British hospitals, often with impressive results; it is prescribed by a growing number of general practitioners. Even so, doctors have only scratched the surface of Chlotride's momentous magic.

Chlotride is an arch-enemy of oedema—the dangerous, often devastating, waterlogging of the body that has long perplexed doctors. The chief source of oedema lies in our kidneys, where little tufts of blood

\* Known in the United States on Diuril and in Britain as Saluric.

vessels—glomeruli—filter waste products out of the blood together with salt and water. The waste products pass off into urine, and 99 per cent of the water and the salt is reabsorbed into the blood by the kidney tubules.

To maintain proper circulation, the amount of salt and water in the blood must stay in exact proportion. If the kidneys pass too much salt back into the blood, the body retains too much water. (The amount of water depends strictly on the amount of salt.) When excess water piles up in the blood it seeps out into the tissues. Then comes the waterlogging; we begin to drown internally. That, in a nutshell, is oedema.

The most widespread, sinister cause of oedema is congestive heart failure, the prolonged inability of the heart to keep up an adequate flow of blood to the tissues. One estimate puts the number of people with this condition in Britain at nearly half a million. It begins with heart action weakened by such troubles as coronary thrombosis, or rheumatic heart disease, or high blood pressure. Then the excess fluid adds an extra burden to the struggling heart.

Signs of congestive heart failure? Oedema swells the ankles; water accumulates in the abdomen and the chest; breath shortens; there is continuous coughing; a bubbling begins in the waterlogged lungs; patients have to sit up to get any breath at all. Then, if help does not come, the

laboured breathing stops in death.

For years, the best hopes against congestive heart failure were rest, diet, digitalis, and certain mercurial drugs that fought oedema. But these mercurials sometimes failed; for their best effect they usually had to be injected and they sometimes produced adverse reactions.

Then, in 1957, physiologist Dr. Karl Beyer and chemists J. M. Sprague and F. C. Novello, of the famous pharmaceutical firm of Merck, Sharp and Dohme, discovered a compound to correct the body's balance of salt and water: *chlorothiazide*. Used on oedematous dogs, it blocked the too great reabsorption of salt and water into the blood by the kidney tubules. Thus it boosted the kidney's elimination of water and salt. And thus it drained away oedema.

This chlorothiazide was named Chlotride. Doctors tested tiny doses of Chlotride on heart-wrecked human beings. Nothing happened. Then they raised the dose, gingerly, up to two grammes a day.

Within six hours patients' swollen ankles slimmed down; fluid faded from their chests and abdomens; hearts, relieved of the excess water burden, beat more strongly. Patients breathed easily again.

Chlotride seemed too good to be true. Where were the bad reactions?

Among 200 patients, over a period of a year, the American doctors who first used the new drug saw none

that were serious. They had to be on the watch for one possibility. In those rare patients whose blood was already low in sodium and potassium, Chlotride's tremendous power could drive these salts down to a point of serious bodily discomfort.

Chlotride in no sense took the place of the standard treatment—rest, diet and digitalis. It was only an addition, but the way it rid victims of deadly excess salt and water was important medical news.

From many points came confirmation of the drug's mercy to overburdened hearts. Dr. John Laragh of New York, one of the original investigators, not only found it effective in patients who did not react to mercurials but was the first to indicate where in the kidney the drug acted. In Brooklyn, among 87 heart-wrecked people resistant to all previous treatment, 71 patients enjoyed significant lowering of oedema, one lost 72 pounds of water!

At Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, Chlotride was reported to be helpful against the major types of heart failure—arteriosclerotic, hypertensive and rheumatic hearts burdened by oedema. Within a year it became apparent that Chlotride not only saves and lengthens life but helps many invalids to work again.

Before the drug had been tested on any human being, Merck's Karl Beyer predicted that it would do more than help congestive heart failure. It should be a powerful

weapon against high blood-pressure. Why? Because too much sodium not only causes oedema but is also an important factor in hypertension.

Doctors in Washington proved that Beyer was right. Given to bad cases of high blood-pressure with heart complications, Chlotride's action at first seemed modest. But when added to one of the standard remedies—such as veratrum, Apresoline, Serpasil—it had a more than modest magic. By making it possible to reduce the dosage of the other drugs, it cut down the uncomfortable, even dangerous, side effects they had for some patients.

Word of Chlotride's power against high blood-pressure spread through the medical world. At Detroit's Henry Ford Hospital a dramatic change was noted after Chlotride joined the battle. Patients felt a soaring of energy and strength. They slept better and lost much of their nervous tension.

Now that Chlotride rids their bodies of excess sodium, many patients can use enough salt in their formerly drab diets so that it again becomes fun to eat. They're simply advised not to add salt to food at the table.

In addition to its aid in treating congestive heart failure and severe hypertension, Chlotride has other noteworthy uses. It's important to those expectant mothers who are afflicted by the oedema and hypertension of pregnancy, the dread

precursors of the convulsions of eclampsia. Doctors in Washington, from experience of Chlotride's effect on 144 threatened women, report that it is the ideal diuretic for treatment and prevention of pregnancy toxæmias.

Women suffering from pre-menstrual headaches and pre-menstrual tension are being told that Chlotride, prescribed by their doctors for a few days before each period, may help.

Chlotride should never be taken without a doctor's supervision. Dr. John Moyer of Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, warns against the

use of Chlotride in cases of hypertension caused by sick kidneys. If it is taken in combination with other anti-hypertension drugs, the excretory function of these already damaged organs may be impaired. Physicians are also on guard against too large doses of Chlotride, because of resulting loss of too much sodium chloride and potassium.

Chlotride can, however, be taken *ad infinitum*: patients do not develop any kind of resistance to its action. Its ability to salvage productive life in our middle and later years makes it a major medical discovery.



### *Sign Language*

NOTICE on a bulletin board in a government office: "Employees in Section A will take their sick leave in June and July according to the schedule below."

—H. Q. F.

IN THE window of a shop that sells beds: "Come in and drowses around."

—W. W.

SIGN in a garden: "Sick Lawn—Absolutely No Visitors."

—Contributed by B. H.

AN office worker who slipped on some spilt coffee and broke his arm wears a sling on which is pinned the sign: "Coffee Break."

—Contributed by Virginia Hearty

SIGN in front of a tree nursery: "A Garden Without a Tree Isn't Fit for a Dog."

—Contributed by D. R. W.

SHORT, short story in three inscriptions written on a railway station poster: The top one reads, "Gloria and Jim"; the middle one reads, "June and Richard"; the bottom one reads, "Hortense and Nobody."

—R. C.



## *The girl who swam the English Channel*

By John Reddy

**I**N A New York swimming pool, a healthy middle-aged woman, her grey-flecked hair tucked inside a brightly-coloured cap, plays with a group of youngsters and gives them swimming lessons—in pantomime. The happily splashing children are deaf, and they watch in wide-eyed admiration as their broad-shouldered teacher thrashes down the pool in a beautiful, rhythmic crawl.

*Gertrude Ederle's magnificent spirit, which made her the first woman to conquer the Channel, has won even greater victories since*

The children understand their teacher because she, also, is deaf. They love her for the cheerful way she cavorts with them in the water. And they are proud of her because

she is Gertrude Ederle, the first woman to swim the English Channel.

Gertrude Ederle is living evidence that a stout heart can overcome great obstacles. Born 52 years ago, Gertrude was one of six children of a prosperous butcher. Trudy, as the family called her, was a tomboy who could hold her own with the boys in any sport. When she was nine, Papa gave Gertrude her first swimming lesson in time-honoured style by tying a rope round her middle and ducking her in the river. Soon the girl was swimming like a fish.

In 1922, when she was 15, Trudy entered a long-distance race. She had never raced more than 220 yards, and this course was three and a half miles of choppy ocean waves. Unconcerned, Trudy dived in with 51 other swimmers — among them Hilda James, the British champion, and Helen Wainwright, the American champion. At the finish the judges blinked and checked their entry cards as the 15-year-old girl came splashing home an easy winner.

From that day on, the tawny-haired youngster was one of the most famous women swimmers in the world. A month later she broke five world records in a single race. During the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris she helped the U. S. women's relay team to victory. All together she has held eight world records and more than 20 national records.

In 1925 she churned 21 miles from the tip of Manhattan to Sandy Hook, New Jersey, chatting and laughing with Pop, who was in an accompanying rowing-boat. The time: 7 hours 11 minutes and 30 seconds—six and a half minutes faster than any man had been able to do it. Seemingly nothing in the realm of swimming could withstand the prowess of this husky teenager. But the greatest challenge of all awaited her: the English Channel.

Those who know the Channel can attest to the treacherous and unpredictable moods of its 20-odd miles of water. Wind, current and tides wage a never-ending battle that makes the Channel one of the wickedest stretches of water in the world. Only five men had ever swum it.

Confident as always, the 18-year-old Trudy dived in from a rock on the French shore and struck out for England on August 18, 1925. After nearly nine hours in heavy seas, when she had covered 17 miles and had only about six more to go, a huge wave engulfed her and she stopped to spit out the salt water. Her trainer on the accompanying tug, thinking she was collapsing, called to a man swimming beside her to grab her. He did, thus disqualifying her. "I could have gone on," she sobbed as they took her into the boat.

The next year she was back to try again. It was at the height of the

"era of wonderful nonsense," and the French coast swarmed with swimmers determined to conquer the Channel. Of them all, the sturdy American girl was accorded the least chance of success.

At 7.09 on the morning of August 6, 1926, Trudy waded into the sullen grey waters at Cape Gris-Nez. She had cut her black bathing suit into two pieces—"the first Bikini"—and was coated with grease to prevent loss of body heat. Her father had promised her two things: not to pull her out of the water unless she asked, and to give her a red sports car if she made it.

The water was cold and the surface was choppy. Alongside churned a French tug, the *Alsace*, which her father had chartered. On it the Stars and Stripes and the tricolour of France fluttered in the stiff breeze. Chalked on the tug's stern was the phrase: "This way ole kid."

In gay spirits Trudy started out, swimming so strongly that Bill Burgess, her trainer, yelled for her to slow down. At ten o'clock rain began falling. At midday the whistle on the *Alsace* gave 12 blasts and Trudy trod water while they dangled a baby's bottle full of chicken broth for her to gulp and a chicken leg to gnaw on. Then she resumed swimming, with the wind increasing and the seas getting rougher. At the midway mark in the Channel those aboard the tug sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and Trudy

joined in as she stroked steadily ahead.

As the wind got worse, Trudy's red swimming cap frequently disappeared in the dark water. But she ploughed on. At 3.50 she asked Burgess how much longer it would take to reach England. "Five hours," he shouted back. "Don't let me give up!" she said.

By late afternoon the wind was reaching gale proportions and Burgess decided that the attempt was useless. "You'd better call it off!" he yelled. Through the hissing rain came the gallant answer, "What for?"

The current was now sweeping Trudy and the tug towards the North Sea. "No human being could do it in this weather," the tug captain said. "It's ridiculous to go on." Pop peeled off a wad of notes to make sure that he wouldn't stop. Again Burgess called to Trudy to give up, and Pop growled, "Leave your hands off her."

At seven o'clock the tides turned against her, but still she swam on. The South Goodwin lightship hoisted the Union Jack in salute as the tiny red head bobbed past. Now victory was possible! Pop did a jig of joy.

Along the English coast word had spread that the American girl was nearing the shore. The storm-swept night began to bloom with bonfires, flares and the lights of cars heading towards the beach. Trudy tore off

her goggles when she saw them. Now a sound could be heard over the wind: hundreds of car horns cheering her on. Gathering her remaining strength, she increased her stroke and *sprinted* the last 200 yards.

As her bobbing head appeared amid the breakers, the crowd had to be kept from surging into the surf to surround her. At 9.35 p.m. she stumbled out of the water. Although she had swum some 35 miles in crossing the 21-mile-wide Channel, and much of the distance in a severe storm, she had done it in 14 hours and 30 minutes—faster than any of the five men had swum it.

"Well, Pop," she sighed as her father joined her. "I suppose I get my car."

That night, while Trudy was enjoying a victory feast of two ham sandwiches and a tomato, newspapers in every capital of the globe were lauding her feat. But the acclaim which greeted her in Europe was eclipsed by the reception when she returned home to America three weeks later.

As the British liner *Berengaria*, bearing the triumphant girl, steamed into New York harbour, other ships, from great liners to small tugs, tied open their whistles in welcome. Fireboats arched great plumes of water. Planes swooped overhead. Tears of joy came to Trudy's eyes as she drove up the festive canyon of Broadway, while

delirious people flung streamers, confetti and ticker tape.

The world was at the feet of this 19-year-old girl, heroine of one of the greatest sports stories of all time. President Calvin Coolidge greeted her. Mothers named their children after her. There were sermons and editorials about her. There was a song called "Trudy"; someone invented a dance step called the "Trudy Trot." Offers for personal appearances poured in. She went on a music-hall tour, earning Rs. 16,000 a week; then she made a film.

But Trudy was never at home in the bright light of public acclaim. Moreover, the epochal feat had taken its toll: her hearing, impaired since childhood, dwindled rapidly from the effects of the battering by Channel waves. Nervous and exhausted by the constant touring, she finally went into retirement—quietly and without regrets.

In 1933 she fell and injured her spine. For nearly five years she had to wear a cast. "Nineteen doctors said I'd never swim again," she told me, "but my old family doctor just winked and said, 'Keep trying, Trudy.'"

In 1937 she heard that Billy Rose was planning an Aquacade for the New York World's Fair of 1939. "It was the incentive I needed," she said. "I decided to do my darndest to be in it."

With the same dogged spirit she had shown against the waves of the

Channel, she began trying to walk. First a few steps, then 100 yards, then 200 yards. Then, for the first time in years, she let herself gingerly into a pool.

"Learning to swim again was like swimming the Channel, only harder," she says. "When I moved my legs it felt as if a knife were being driven into my spine."

Grimly she kept on. And the night the Aquacade opened she was there, churning across the blue water with her old amazing speed while the crowd, unaware of her ordeal, cheered her.

During the Second World War Gertrude Ederle worked in an aircraft factory. Afterwards she tried to get a job teaching children to swim, but because she was totally deaf now, no one would employ her. So she began to teach deaf children.

Trudy still has nerve spasms from her spine injury. Her voice tires easily because the vocal chords were

affected by the salt water she swallowed that gruelling day 33 years ago. But she scoffs at accounts of her physical trials, and says, "Don't worry about old Trudy."

It does seem that Trudy has conquered the difficulties that have beset her since the day she swam the Channel. Her health is better now and Hollywood is planning a film based on her life. She recently designed a Gertrude Ederle swimming pool with special safety devices for children. Also, she has been appointed to President Eisenhower's Citizens Advisory Committee on the Fitness of American Youth.

She is happiest when teaching deaf children, whom she loves. "This job is not work—it's fun." And the children's eyes light up as she shows them the great stroke that conquered the English Channel, just as her great heart has conquered the waves of adversity that have surrounded her ever since.

### Ladies' Daze

AFTER a loud explosion had rocked the neighbourhood, an indignant woman telephoned a local newspaper to find out what had happened. A reporter said he thought a jet plane had broken the sound barrier. "If that barrier keeps getting in everybody's way," she snapped, "why don't they take the damn thing down?"

—AP

A SUBSCRIBER who phoned a newspaper to discover the capital of Alaska was told, "Juneau."

"If I knew," she retorted, "I wouldn't be asking you!"

—N. O.

Since Queen Elizabeth opened the St. Lawrence Seaway, ships of all nations sail in the heart of a continent—through a land of spectacular ruggedness and friendly faces

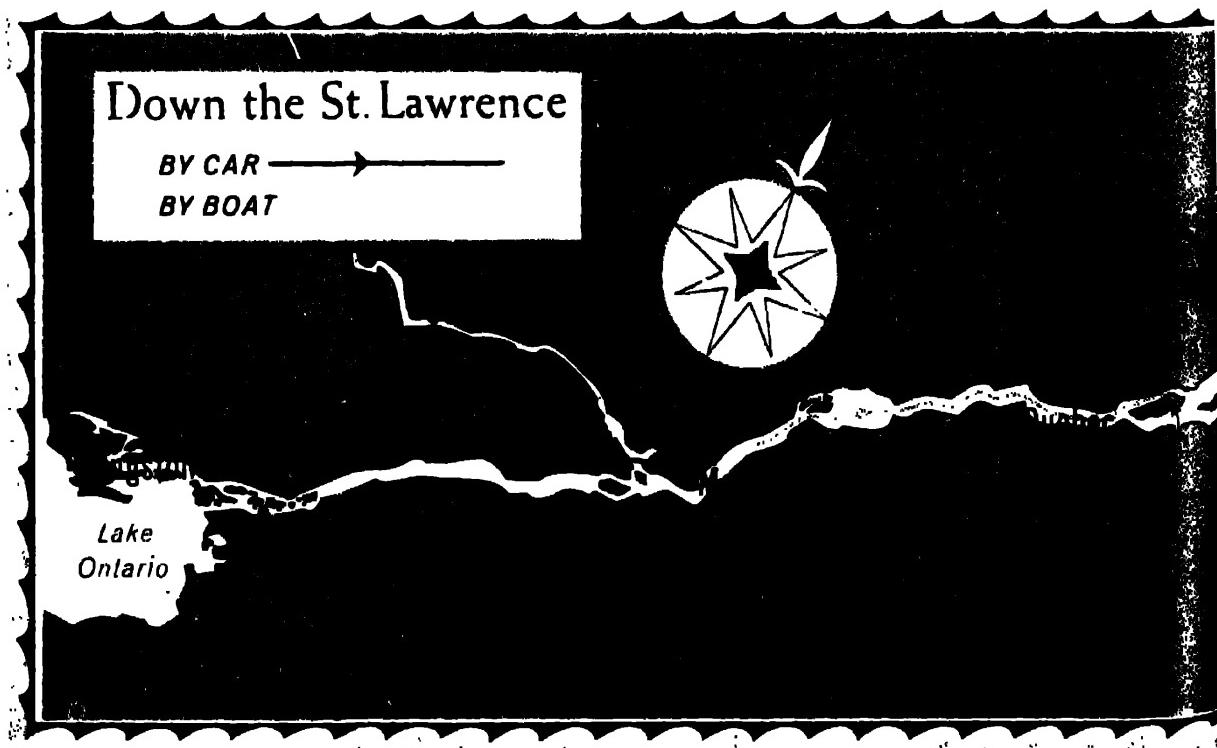
## *Meet the People of the St. Lawrence*

By Ben Lucien Burman

"THE St. Lawrence isn't a river, it's a whole world," said my friend from Ottawa. We were standing on a dock at Kingston, in Canada. West of us lay Lake Ontario, dotted with freighters and

tankers; to the east more smoking ships moved slowly through the island-fringed channels where Canada's great river begins.

Soon the St. Lawrence Seaway would attract to this river the great



ships of all nations; it seemed a good time to go exploring.

Leaving Kingston, we drove down the river, past the Thousand Islands, summer playground of two nations. Here and there pleasure craft were moving, sleek cruisers and swift motor boats with sunbathing holidaymakers on board.

We drove past Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall, passing near Maxville, where each year the famous Glengarry games are held, with kilted men dancing to the bagpipes.

Montreal came into view—a great melting-pot, by turns beautiful and ugly, peaceful and feverish, dignified and gay. It was New York with a touch of Paris. We were entering the world of New France.

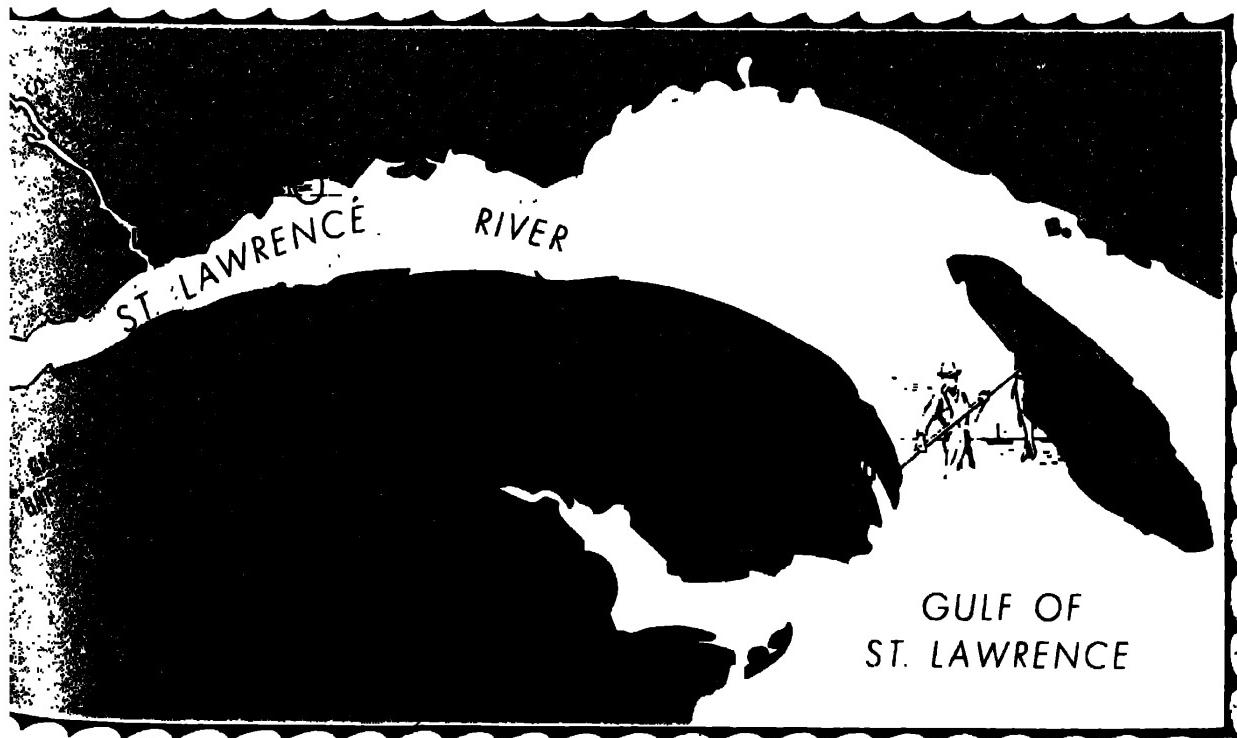
I left my friend and, at sunset, boarded the steamer *St. Lawrence*,

bound downriver—which in this case meant north east. After dinner I went up on to the bridge and watched the boat glide through the darkness. Presently the moon rose, flooding the water with golden light.

Next morning when I awoke we were just leaving Quebec City, with its narrow streets winding up to the ancient citadel frowning overhead. Past the Ile d'Orléans we steamed, and Ste. Anne de Beaupré, the "Lourdes of America," where devout pilgrims come, hoping to be cured of maladies beyond the relief of medicine.

I breakfasted and went up on the bridge again. We were in the heart of French Canada now. Everywhere along the bank, picture-book villages clustered round their churches.

"Once there were a lot of English and Irish and Scots here," Captain



Doherty said. "Many were descended from soldiers in General Wolfe's army who settled here. They had names like Scott, MacKenzie, Smith, McGuire. Their descendants still have the same names, but they've been swallowed up by their French neighbours. So now you get a blond Scot named Abercrombie or a red-headed Irishman named O'Connell who can't speak a word of English."

All day we travelled, the river constantly becoming wider, the mountains on either side growing ever higher. As we neared the mouth of the Saguenay, flowing in from the left, Captain Doherty said, "Queerest things in this part of the river are the mirages. You see a village upside down, or a ship so big it takes up half the horizon and then suddenly shrinks and becomes not much bigger than a lifeboat."

A stout officer beside us nodded agreement. "Once when I was second mate on another ship," he said, "I was passing near here when an island with a lighthouse appeared directly in our path. I swung the boat violently to avoid a crash. The captain came running up on the bridge to ask why I had altered course. I pointed to the island just slipping behind us—and at that the whole thing dissolved. It was a mirage, the perfect image of an island and lighthouse 60 miles away."

I left the ship at Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, and next morning went by ferry to the south shore of the

St. Lawrence. The French atmosphere had deepened. It was rare to find anyone now who could speak English, so we conversed in French. They were a kindly people, these *habitants*, and deeply religious. Beside the road there stood a cross where farm families could gather for evening worship, since the church was too far away.

I sat in a little café, chatting with some villagers over a glass of wine.

"We have one custom which you would probably find odd," remarked the trim-moustached village lawyer. "We call it in French, '*Se donner*' —that is, 'to give oneself.' When a man feels himself getting old he 'gives himself' to one of his sons. They go together to a solicitor, and the father gives everything he owns to the son, who then agrees to take care of him for the rest of his life. There's a story that an old man sitting on the veranda of his house was asked by a stranger the name of the street. The old man shook his head. 'You'll have to ask my son,' he said. 'I gave myself to him yesterday. Now I have no responsibilities.'"

I walked with the lawyer to my hotel. We had stayed late, and the northern lights were flashing like a thousand searchlights.

"We call them the Marionettes," said the lawyer. "There was an old fiddler here who used to say he could play his violin and make them appear. He would wait till a sharp, clear night like this when they are

likely to arrive; then he would say, 'Come, Marionettes,' and play like the devil."

Next day I drove to the Gaspé Peninsula, following the river. The scenery became spectacular: great cliffs dropping to the sea, with tiny fishing villages lying in their shadow. This was a world of codfish. Everywhere racks of grey cod drying in the sun, and the pungent smell was ever in my nostrils.

I stopped in the quaint little town of Rivière au Renard (River of the Fox) and began to explore the neighbouring villages. The doctor in these Gaspé settlements is a figure of imposing stature. Often he is the mayor as well, and perhaps the village chemist. When he is not delivering a baby or visiting a patient, he is in his little shop, making pills or even dispensing an ice-cream soda.

But the doctor is not the only person who contributes colour to village life. I joined a group of fishermen sitting on the wharf at Fox River and soon was hearing about a never-to-be-forgotten dogcatcher. "We have many dogs that kill sheep," said a red-faced man repairing a net. "Sometimes we pass a bylaw that all dogs who are not tied up will be collected by the dogcatcher, and not given back until the owner pays him two dollars. One year they appointed the laziest man in town as dogcatcher, thinking that they could make him change his ways, because to earn the money

it would be necessary for him to go out and catch the dogs. But no, my friend. This lazy man, he takes a lady dog, ties her to his porch and sits in his rocking chair and waits. Soon, one by one all the gentleman dogs in the village come to call on the lady dog. The dogcatcher catches the visiting dogs, and for each one he collects two dollars."

As I watched the fishermen cleaning cod on long wooden tables I saw the truth of what I had heard on the steamer. Among these dark Normans and Bretons were some individuals whose faces were unquestionably English and Irish. But their only language was French. And back at the hotel, when I asked the pretty young waitress who brought my supper her name, she told me shyly, "Jeanne d'Arc Robinson."

I left the Gaspé, and drove back up the river to Rimouski, where travellers take off for the North. Here I boarded the trim little steamer *Jean Brillant*, bound for the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence and the gulf into which it empties.

"You are going to a desolate land," said a Canadian on the dock. "In a few months it will be nothing but wind and ice. We call it the Land of Cain."

The whistle blew, and the boat moved out from the wharf. All day we voyaged across the blue water. With no land in sight, it was easy to think we were in mid-ocean. The air grew colder, and I looked at the

map. I was astonished to see how far north we had come; in a few hours, when we reached Seven Islands, we would be in roughly the latitude of the southernmost arm of the Hudson Bay. There was no longer any road between the lonely settlements. In early December, when the water freezes, boat services would stop and the only connexions with civilization would be aircraft and dogsleds.

At about 2 a.m. faint lights showed in the distance. It was the settlement of Seven Islands, established in the wilderness 300 years ago as a collection point for fish and furs. Now it is the terminus of the new railway, thrust 365 miles across the wasteland to tap the great iron deposits of Ungava.

A taxi was waiting at the gangplank. We drove to the town whose main street was silent and empty now. Its bleak buildings reminded me of a frontier town in the old Wild West. In front of a lone doorway lights were shining. A sign, "Bella's Night Club," proclaimed that someone was still awake.

"This town's moving fast," the taxi driver said proudly. "She's grown nine streets in ten years. With all this iron and everything they're finding here, they say she may be the new Montreal."

We drove to the shadowy docks at

the terminus of the railway, where trucks of ore from the Ungava mine were waiting on a siding.

I left the cab and walked around. Before me rose enormous piles of iron ore, red as fire under the glare of overhead lights. Suddenly a metallic sound broke the silence. A loudspeaker squawked, "Loading number four . . . Loading number four . . ." A giant crane rumbled towards one of the ships and began to pour the red earth into its hold.

I had heard how half a dozen vessels took on huge loads like this every day, bound for the steel mills of America and the ports of Europe. Seven Islands was booming. And I thought of the bitter winter to come, when these workers would be isolated from their fellows by endless stretches of ice and snow.

Then I thought of the Thousand Islands where the St. Lawrence begins, and reflected on the strange contrast here in the gulf where it ended. The beginning was a world where man had provided himself with every comfort and luxury. The end was a world of the primitive and wild, a world of rugged men, of explorers and pioneers who wage a constant fight merely to stay alive.

My friend had understated the truth. The St. Lawrence is more than a whole world. It is a series of worlds—a little universe.



# The story of

Prominent cigarette manufacturers

## cigarettes

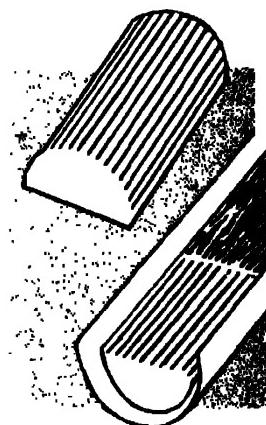
Not only is a cigarette a true medium of conventional hospitality, but it is almost a greeting. To offer a cigarette to someone we meet is as much a 'ritual' as the handshake. So popular has smoking become that a vast industry has grown from which a host of ancillary ones derive sustenance. From the 'weed' of Raleigh's day, the cigarette has evolved into one of the most sophisticated of modern pleasures, a symbol of good cheer and well-being.

The ancients in the Orient—true connoisseurs of good living knew how to enjoy smoking. Aware of the properties of tobacco smoke, they devised the hookah, or hubble-bubble, which incorporated a method of filtration—the bowl of water, through which smoke passed and emerged into the pipe, pure and fragrant. Thus the idea of filtration in smoking is centuries old in the East, and was the forerunner of today's filter-tipped cigarette.

Modern scientists have now placed filters at the disposal of

cigarette manufacturers. The purpose of these filters is to give the smoker a cleaner, smoother, fresher smoke by absorbing unwanted tars and nicotine as the smoke is drawn through the filter.

A few years ago filter-tipped cigarettes made their first appearance in America. They were received enthusiastically and the demand for filter-tipped cigarettes began to rise, in spite of those critics who dubbed them 'freak' cigarettes and forecast that they would be a passing fancy. Smokers in the



Western Hemisphere realized what a filter-tipped cigarette meant in terms of less tar and nicotine and so sales continued to soar rapidly. Cigarette manufacturers were by then convinced that the advent of filters marked the greatest change the tobacco industry had seen since the hey-day of snuff and chewing tobaccos and began an intensive programme to improve on the existing filters.

This was the stage at which the National Tobacco Company of India Limited decided to manufacture filter-tipped cigarettes in India. In addition to the advantage of being able to draw on the experience already gained by filter manufacturers of international repute, they set themselves the problem of selecting a filter that would not only provide effective filtration of tars and nicotine, but one through which the smoker could still enjoy the flavour and aroma of the fine tobaccos they would use in their blends.

Their research team conducted an extensive programme drawing on the investigations of many countries, and studying the advantage of different filter

materials that were available. They analysed, experimented and smoked several kinds of filters, in combination with countless blends. From all these experiments, they selected a cellulose acetate filter which, in conjunction with some of the choicest tobaccos in the world, was used in the manufacture of 'REGENT', the first machine-made filter-tipped cigarette to be made in India.

The cellulose acetate in a 'REGENT' Pure-A-Cel filter is one of the most effective and widely used filtering materials known—a form of Nature's own 'wonder' chemical—cellulose. It is snow white in colour and is made of highly purified material. Cellulose acetate has high filtering power, imparts no taste of its own and is chemically inert. That is, it does nothing but filter.

Backed by 27 years of experience and know-how, the National Tobacco Company of India Limited is proud to have pioneered the manufacture in India of the first machine-made filter-tipped cigarette—"REGENT"—the cigarette of the year.

Fluffed out in the shape of a flower, this picture shows the unfinished material used in a filter of just one Regent Pure-a-cel filter-tipped cigarette. It is

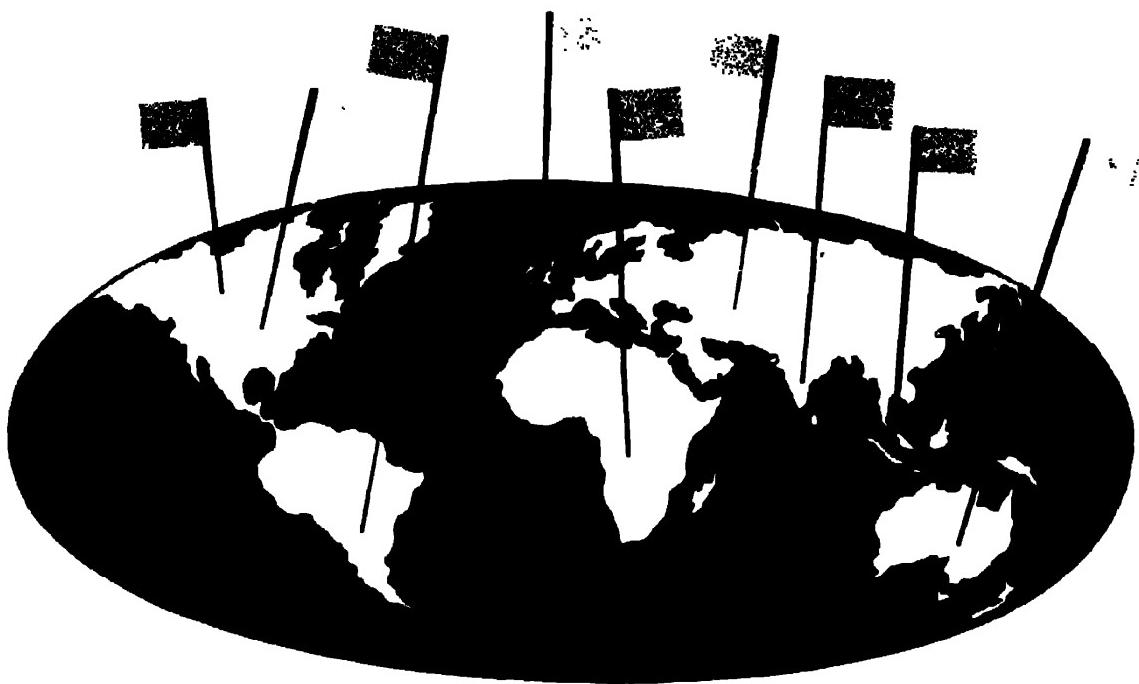
made from pure cellulose acetate, widely accepted as one of the most modern and effective filtration materials known.



*Continued on next page*

*... the rising trend of filter-tipped cigarettes.*

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| 1955      | 18.7 | United Kingdom | 1955          |
| 1956      | 27.6 |                | 1956          |
| 1957      | 38.0 |                | 1957          |
| 1958      | 45.3 |                | 1958          |
|           |      |                | 1.5           |
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|           |      |                | 4.0           |
|           |      |                | 9.8           |
| 1955      | 12.0 | U.S.A.         | 1955          |
| 1956      | 30.0 |                | 1956          |
| 1957      | 38.4 |                | 1957          |
| 1958      | 48.7 |                | not available |
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|           |      |                | 40.0          |



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| 1955      | 1.5 | 1955          | 2.5 |
| 1956      | 3.9 | 1956          | 4.5 |
| 1957      | 6.0 | 1957          | 5.4 |
| 1958      | 7.3 | 1958          | 8.5 |
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| 1956      |     |               |     |
| 1957      |     | 14.0          |     |
| 1958      |     | 15.0          |     |

Courtesy: 'TOBACCO' Industry & Science Weekly, New York ( U. S. A ).

No data available but filter brand production continues  
to be on the increase in the following countries :

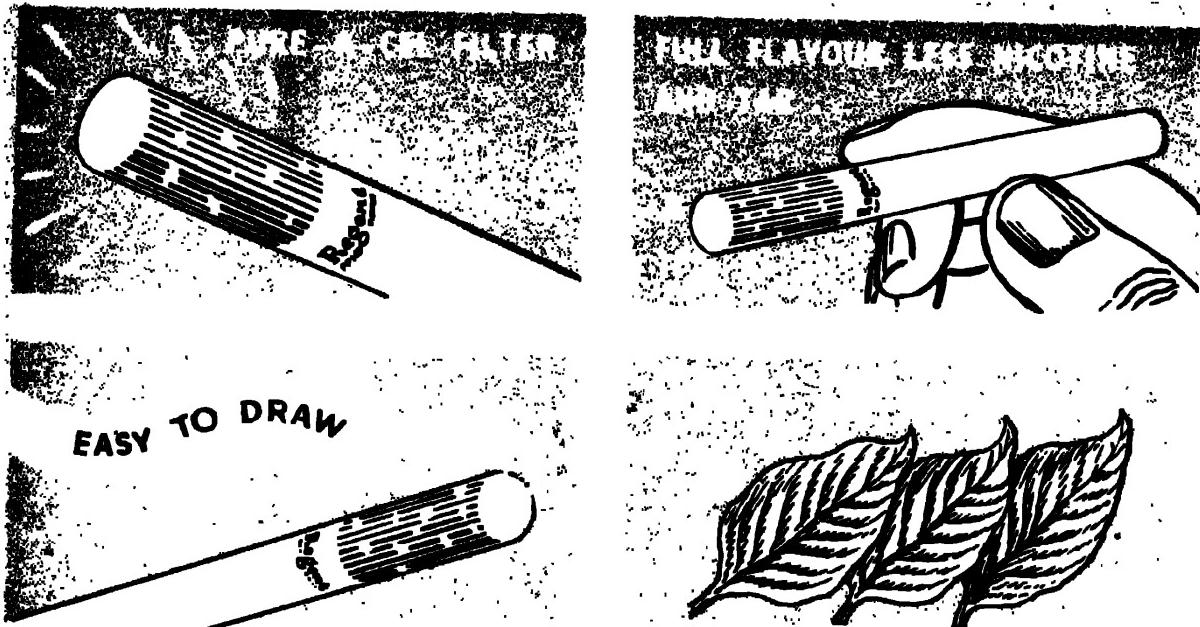
South America  
Denmark  
Holland  
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Finland  
Italy  
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Australia  
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*Continued on next page*



# Regent

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# PERSONAL GLIMPSES

ONE OF MY first assignments as a publicity writer was to interview H. G. Wells. My heart bouncing like a yo-yo, I rehearsed what I would say all the way to his hotel suite. Clutching my notebook, I knocked at the door.

The unmistakable, lined face with its heavy-lidded, dancing eyes appeared. "Yes?"

"Good morning, I'm H. G. Wells!" I said loudly, and then froze with horror at my blunder.

Mr. Wells smiled, and his squeaky voice was casual. "I say, even our initials are the same. Come in, come in."

—Contributed by Elizabeth Gladych

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, the famous architect who died recently, was never one to underestimate his talents. But in 1953, when he received the Gold Medal Award of the U.S. National Institute of Arts and Letters, he said: "A shadow falls: I feel coming on me a strange disease—humility." —N.Y.T.

ON HER TRIP to the United States last autumn Queen Frederika of Greece asked to see the launching of a moon rocket. When she was told that the request posed difficulties because future visitors might use it as a precedent, she helpfully suggested, "Why don't you make a rule that only queens and upwards can watch?" —T. E.

PLAYWRIGHT Marc Connolly went with me to visit a friend in hospital who had just had his tonsils removed. As we stepped into the lift the operator asked, "What floor?"

Marc thought for a moment, then brightened and said crisply, "Men's tonsils, please." —E. E. Kenyon

RACHEL CARSON, author of *The Sea Around Us*, is a marine biologist whose life seems dedicated to nature conservation.

"Sometimes in my study of shore life," she once explained to me, "I would scoop up a specimen and take it to my house for examination under a microscope, but I always took it back later and returned it to the sea. I had to return it to the right place and at the correct tidal level, which meant that many times I would have to go down to the sea by torchlight in the middle of the night to put some little ocean creature back in its proper place."

—C. S.

THE MUSIC publishers of Beethoven's time were so afraid of his "dissonances" that he inscribed one quartet with the ironically reassuring line: "Not too original—borrowed from many sources." —S. J. H.

IN HIS days as a drama critic Robert Benchley once sat doggedly through the first two acts of a very dull play. The third act curtain went up on an empty stage. A telephone was ringing, and it went unheeded for almost a full minute.

Then from the darkened stalls Benchley's voice sang out, "Will somebody please answer the phone? It might be for me!" —E. E. Edgar

**BILLIE BURKE**, the famous comedienne, while travelling on an ocean liner, noticed that the man in the deck chair next to hers was suffering from a bad cold. "Are you terribly uncomfortable?" she asked.

Looking at her with bleary eyes, the man nodded miserably.

"I know just the thing to fix you up," said the actress cheerfully. "Now you go straight to your stateroom, order some hot lemonade, take two aspirins, then jump into bed and cover yourself with all the blankets you can find. Sweat the cold out—that's the thing to do. I happen to know what I'm talking about. By the way, I'm Billie Burke of Hollywood."

"Thank you," muttered the man, smiling wanly. "I'm Doctor Mayo of the Mayo Clinic." —E. E. K.

New York *Times* publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger and I were making a tour of war fronts in 1944. We were well out over the ocean in a transport plane when the pilot suddenly discovered that the plane was overloaded. He rushed back into the fuselage looking for the highest-ranking officer. Sulzberger was sitting in a bucket seat reading a detective story. The pilot, mistaking the publisher for an officer, made a lunge for him. "Listen, sir," he shouted, "this damn thing is 4,000 pounds overloaded. If it goes in the drink, it won't be my fault!"

The publisher looked up from his book and calmly replied, "Well, if there's danger we're going down. I'd better hurry and finish this story."

—T. C.

**ADMIRAL Robert Briscoe**, who recently retired as Commander-in-Chief of

Allied Forces in Southern Europe, knows exactly why he went into the Navy in the first place. He says that when he was a boy in the southern United States, his father took him to see a battleship. "I saw sailors running around the deck barefoot—and immediately I decided to go to sea. The new shoes my father had bought me that morning were killing me." —W. M.

SOME YEARS ago, while a friend and I were visiting Rome, it was arranged for us to have an audience with the late Pope Pius XII. Both of us are Protestants, but I had brought along a Saint Christopher's medal and when the time came I held it out and said:

"Your Holiness, I have an old and devout Catholic friend who has lived in my house for 40 years. Nothing would give her so much happiness as to have something carrying your personal blessing."

When the Pope had blessed the medal, my friend spoke up.

"Your Holiness," she said, "I, too, have an old and devout Catholic friend." Here she stopped and began rummaging in her handbag. "But I'm afraid I have nothing I can offer for your blessing." She looked again and came up with an American coin. "This may be shocking," she resumed. "Please forgive me if it seems irreverent, but I may never be in Rome again and cannot bear to let this opportunity pass."

The Pope smiled, took the coin from her hand, turned it over and read the inscription on one side. Then he said:

"Ah, but 'Liberty' is written here, Of course I can bless Liberty!"

And he did. —Contributed by C. B. P.

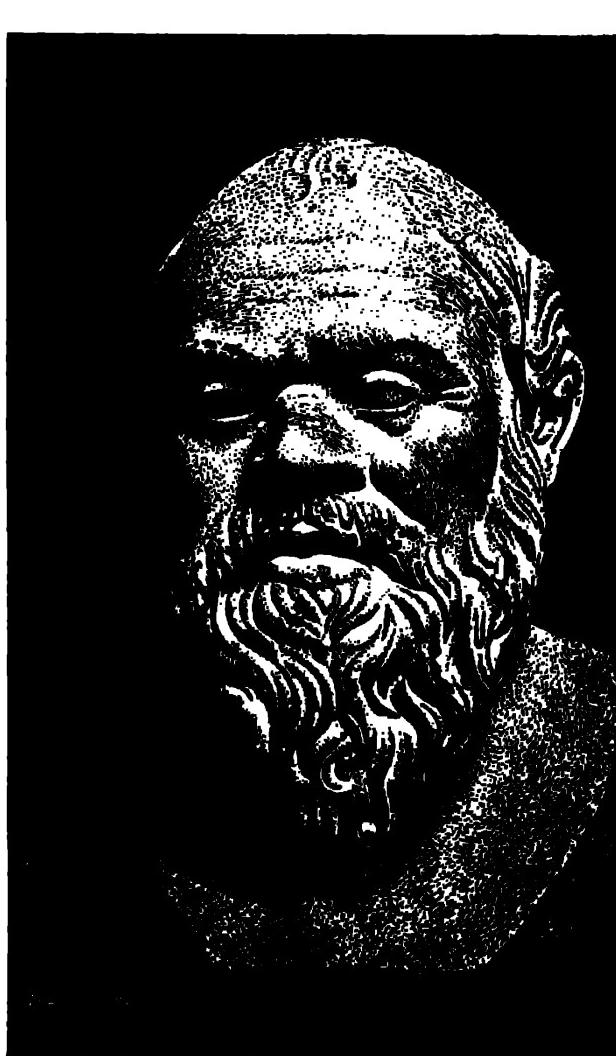
*Civilization owes much  
to Socrates, the evangelist  
of reason*

# HE TAUGHT US ALL TO THINK

*By Max Eastman*

**H**E was a funny-looking man with a high, bald, dome-shaped head, a face very small in comparison, a round up-turned nose and a long wavy beard that didn't seem to belong to such a perky face. His ugliness was a standing joke among his friends and he helped them to enjoy the joke. He was a poor man and something of an idler—a stonemason by trade, a sort of semi-skilled sculptor. But he didn't work any more than was necessary to keep his wife and three boys alive. He preferred to talk. And since his wife was a complaining woman who used her tongue as an irate wagon driver uses a horse-whip, he loved above all things to be away from home.

He would get up before dawn, eat a hasty breakfast of bread dipped in wine, slip on a tunic and throw a



coarse mantle over it, and be off in search of a shop, or a temple, or a friend's house, or the public baths, or perhaps just a familiar street corner, where he could get into an argument. The whole city he lived in was seething with argumentation. The city was Athens, and the man we are talking about was Socrates.

Not only was he funny-looking, but he had funny ways and notions, and a good-natured, magnetic stubbornness in sticking to them. One of his friends had asked the oracle at Delphi who was the wisest man in Athens. To the astonishment of all, the priestess had mentioned this idler, Socrates.

"The oracle," he said, "chose me as the wisest Athenian because I am the only one who knows that he doesn't know anything."

This attitude of sly and slightly mischievous humbleness gave him a terrific advantage in an argument. Pretending that he himself didn't know the answers, he would badger people with questions, and lead them to make astounding admissions.

Socrates was the evangelist of clear thinking. He went about the streets of Athens preaching logic—just as 400 years later Jesus would go about the villages of Palestine preaching love. And like Jesus, without ever writing down a word, he exercised an influence over the minds of men that a library of books could not surpass.

He would go straight up to the

most prominent citizen, a great orator or anybody, and ask him if he really knew what he was talking about. A distinguished statesman, for instance, would have wound up a patriotic speech with a peroration about courage, about the glory of dying for one's country. Socrates would step up to him and say, "Forgive my intrusion, but just what do you mean by courage?"

"Courage is sticking to your post in danger!" would be the curt reply.

"But suppose good strategy demands that you retire?" Socrates would ask.

"Oh well, then, that's different. You wouldn't stay there in that case, of course."

"Then courage isn't either sticking to your post or retiring, is it? What would you say courage is?"

The orator would knit his brow. "You've baffled me—I'm afraid I don't exactly know."

"I don't either," Socrates would say. "But I wonder if it is anything different from just doing the *reasonable* thing regardless of danger."

"That sounds more like it," someone in the crowd would say, and Socrates would turn towards the new voice.

"Shall we agree then—tentatively of course, for it's a difficult question—that courage is steadfast good judgement? Courage is presence of mind. And the opposite thing is presence of emotion in such force that the mind is blotted out?"

Socrates knew from personal experience about courage, and those listening knew that he knew it, for his cool behaviour in the Battle of Delium was, like his physical endurance, a matter of wide note. And he had moral courage too. Everybody remembered how he alone had defied the public hysteria which followed the naval battle at Arginusac, when ten generals were condemned to death for failure to rescue the drowning soldiers. Guilty or not, it was unjust, he had insisted, to try or to condemn men in a group.

The above conversation was, of course, in its details imaginary. But it illustrates the essential thing that made this enchantingly ugly and persuasive man, Socrates, a turning point in the history of civilization. He taught men that all good conduct is conduct controlled by the mind, that all the virtues consist basically in the prevailing of mind over emotion.

Temperance, we can imagine him saying, is a course steered between abstinence and indulgence by a helmsman called the mind. There are times when you should turn the other cheek and times when you should strike back—that is the Socratic way of talking—and only a thinking man knows when is the right time. The good act, in short, is the intelligent and logical one.

Besides insisting on the moral importance of clear thinking, Socrates took the first great step towards

teaching men how to do it. He introduced the idea of defining your terms. He would say, "Before we start talking, let's decide what we are talking about." This undoubtedly had been said before in private conversations, but Socrates made a gospel of it. He believed, I think, that a millennium would follow if men learned to define their terms and draw valid inferences from them. It is *not* true that a millennium would follow, but it *is* true that some dreadful disasters could be avoided. Communism, for example, would never have been able to defraud so many millions of people if they had first subjected all its lies and its emotional rantings to the clear light of Socratic questioning.

For three generations before Socrates, Greek philosophers had studied nature and the stars, giving birth, in a magnificent intellectual flowering, to what we call *science*. Socrates turned scientific method to the study of the art of living.

In his day the marvellous world of Greek city states and Greek culture stretched round the Mediterranean Basin and across the Black Sea to the coast of Russia; Greek merchant ships dominated Mediterranean trade. Under the leadership of the great commercial city, Athens, the Greeks had just defeated the armies of Persia. To Athens there now flocked from all over the world, artists, poets, scientists and philosophers, students and

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teachers. Rich men from as far away as Sicily sent their sons to follow Socrates on his walks and listen to his peculiar arguments. The old man refused to charge a fee.

All the great schools of philosophy that sprang up in the Greek and later the Roman world claimed descent from him. Plato was his pupil and Aristotle was Plato's pupil. We are still living in the Socratic heritage.

The teaching of Socrates might not have impressed the world so deeply had he not died a martyr to it. It seems strange to put a man to death for "introducing general definitions." And yet, if you think what that new technique, when stubbornly pursued to its logical conclusions, can do to time-honoured emotional beliefs, it is not surprising. To his young and progressive friends, Socrates seemed the mildest of men, but he must have been regarded as a troublesome fanatic by thousands of old fogies and even by many thoughtful conservatives.

There were two formal charges against Socrates: first, he did not believe in the gods recognized by the city, and second, he "corrupted the young."

It is not clear today exactly what Socrates' accusers meant, but certainly young people loved this old man. The lure of new ideas, the invitation to think for themselves, drew them to him, but their parents feared that they were learning sub-

versive doctrines. Then, too, one of his students, the hotheaded and unstable Alcibiades, had gone over to the enemy during the war with Sparta. It was no fault of Socrates. But Athens, smarting under defeat, was looking for scapegoats.

Socrates was tried by a jury of 501 citizens, and condemned to death by a majority of only 60. Probably very few of them expected him to die. He had the legal privilege, for one thing, of proposing a milder penalty and calling for a vote on that. If he had done this humbly, lamenting and imploring as was customary, more than 30 would doubtless have changed their votes. But he insisted on being rational about it.

"One of the things I believe in," he said to the disciples who came to him in prison, urging escape, "is the rule of law. A good citizen, as I've often told you, is one who obeys the laws of his city. The laws of Athens have condemned me to death, and the logical inference is that as a good citizen I must die."

This must have seemed a little cantankerous to his anxious friends. "Isn't that carrying inference from general definitions a little too far?" they protested. But the old man was firm.

Plato has described Socrates' last night on earth in the dialogue *Phaedo*. Socrates spent that night, as he had most of the others, discussing philosophy with his young friends. The subject was: Is there a

life after death? Socrates was inclined to think so, but he kept his mind open and listened thoughtfully to the objections of his students who took the opposing view. To the end, Socrates kept calm and did not let his emotions influence his thinking. Though he was to die in a few hours, he argued dispassionately about the chances of a future life.

As the hour approached, his friends gathered round and prepared their hearts to see their beloved teacher drink the cup of poison. Socrates sent for it himself a little before the sun set over the western mountains. When the attendant brought it in, he said to him in a calm and practical tone, "Now you know all about this business, and you must tell me what to do."

"You drink the hemlock and then you get up and walk about," the attendant said, "until your legs feel

heavy. Then you lie down and the numbness will travel towards your heart."

Socrates very deliberately and coolly did as he had been told, only pausing to rebuke his friends for sobbing and crying out as though he were not doing the wise and right thing. His last thought was of a small obligation he had forgotten. He removed the cloth that had been placed over his face and said, "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius—be sure to see that it is paid."

Then he closed his eyes and replaced the cloth, and when Crito asked him if he had any other final directions, he made no answer.

"Such was the end," said Plato, who described this death scene in unforgettable language, "of our friend, who was of all whom we have known the best and most just and wisest man."



### *Deep in the Heart of Taxes*

THE STONE birds atop the gate-posts in front of the income tax office in Chichester, England, are vultures.

—UPI

IN DALLAS, Texas, Internal Revenue agents reported having a difficult time trying to convince an irate taxpayer who'd earned only 2,000 dollars (Rs. 10,000) and had 3,000 dollars' (Rs. 15,000) worth of exemptions that they didn't owe him the difference.

—A. L.

CLERKS in one tax office were taken aback by a blank tax return which was accompanied by this note: "You were notified several times that I have been dead for four years. Please send no more of these forms."

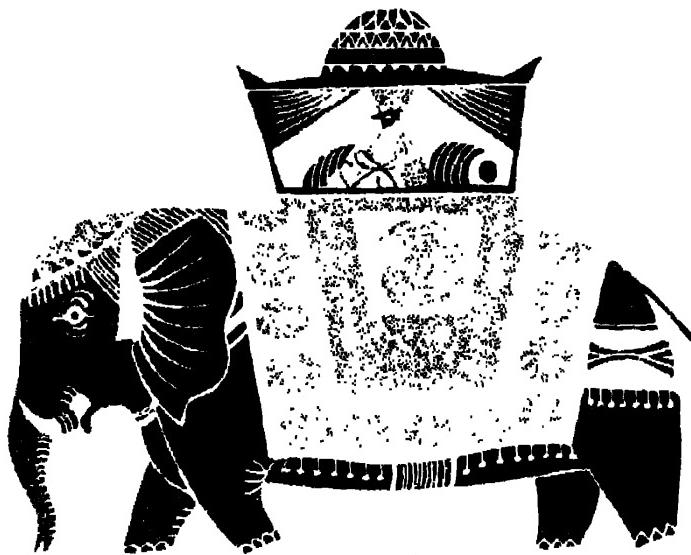
—U. M. W.

DOLEFUL complaint in a letter received by a tax office: "From what I can understand that you want me to send to you I don't have it at all."

—N.

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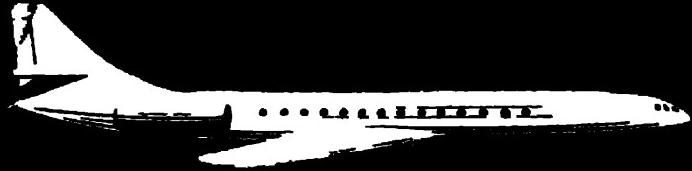


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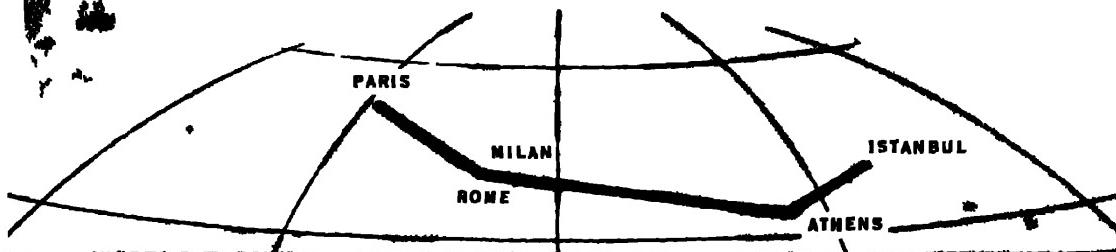
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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

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## THEIR MISSION IS HELP IN A HURRY

By *Albert Maisel*

TO STRANGERS passing through Galion, Ohio, the town would seem like any other medium-sized Mid-western American community. That's only because they cannot hear the beating of its generous heart. For this is one place where no one in difficulty ever has to struggle alone. Quietly, confidentially and effectively, Galion mobilizes help in a hurry for all who need it.

It does so through a unique service called the Trouble Clinic. This organization has thrown away all social-work rulebooks, eliminated such routines as meticulous investigations by case workers. Any-one in town can get quick action for any case by just rising at a Friday noon meeting of the Clinic and

stating the facts. If need is obvious, volunteers provide help at once. If there is doubt about what should be done, a small committee of volunteers is asked to investigate and to take action as soon as possible. If a sudden emergency can't wait for a Clinic meeting, members grab the bull by the horns and act in the name of the Clinic.

The organization of this club is as unorthodox as its operation. Businessmen, housewives and other citizens simply *assume* membership by turning up and joining in. They pay no dues, but individuals and organizations frequently contribute to the Clinic's treasury. Together with small monthly gifts from five local industrial plants, these free-will

offerings total only about 1,500 dollars (Rs. 7,500) a year. But, because members put some 1,200 hours per month into helping their neighbours, the Clinic gets more done, and much faster, than many a stereotyped organization with a 50,000-dollar (Rs. 2.5 lakh) budget.

For instance, when an elderly widow's roof leaks, the Clinic doesn't hire a roof repairer. Its builder member just asks for helpers and proceeds to form a tiling team. When a family can't pay for medical care, doctors often provide treatment first, then send their bills, marked "Cancelled," to Trouble Clinic. When unemployment threatens scores of children with a cheerless Christmas, as it did last year, Galion tradesmen — Clinic members or not — donate gifts.

By such open-hearted helping the Clinic has managed to tide more than 1,000 families in the Galion area over emergencies since it was organized five years ago. But its help-in-a-hurry methods have actually been working for nearly 15 years—ever since peppery, impulsive Margaret Loris came to town as Welfare Director of the Galion Iron Works and Manufacturing Co.

Margaret's work rarely ended when the whistle blew each afternoon. She was always being called to the phone by employees wanting her help in solving their problems. Typical was the Thursday evening in March 1953 when she was

visiting her friend Edna Smith. There came a call that Herb Baumritter's wife had just died after an operation. Herb had no money and no credit. Would Margaret help?

For the next two hours Margaret kept the phone lines hot. She arranged for the Iron Works to advance Herb cash. She talked the undertaker into lowering his fee and putting it on tick until Herb got on his feet again. She got Herb's neighbours to take care of his children. She arranged for the funeral service.

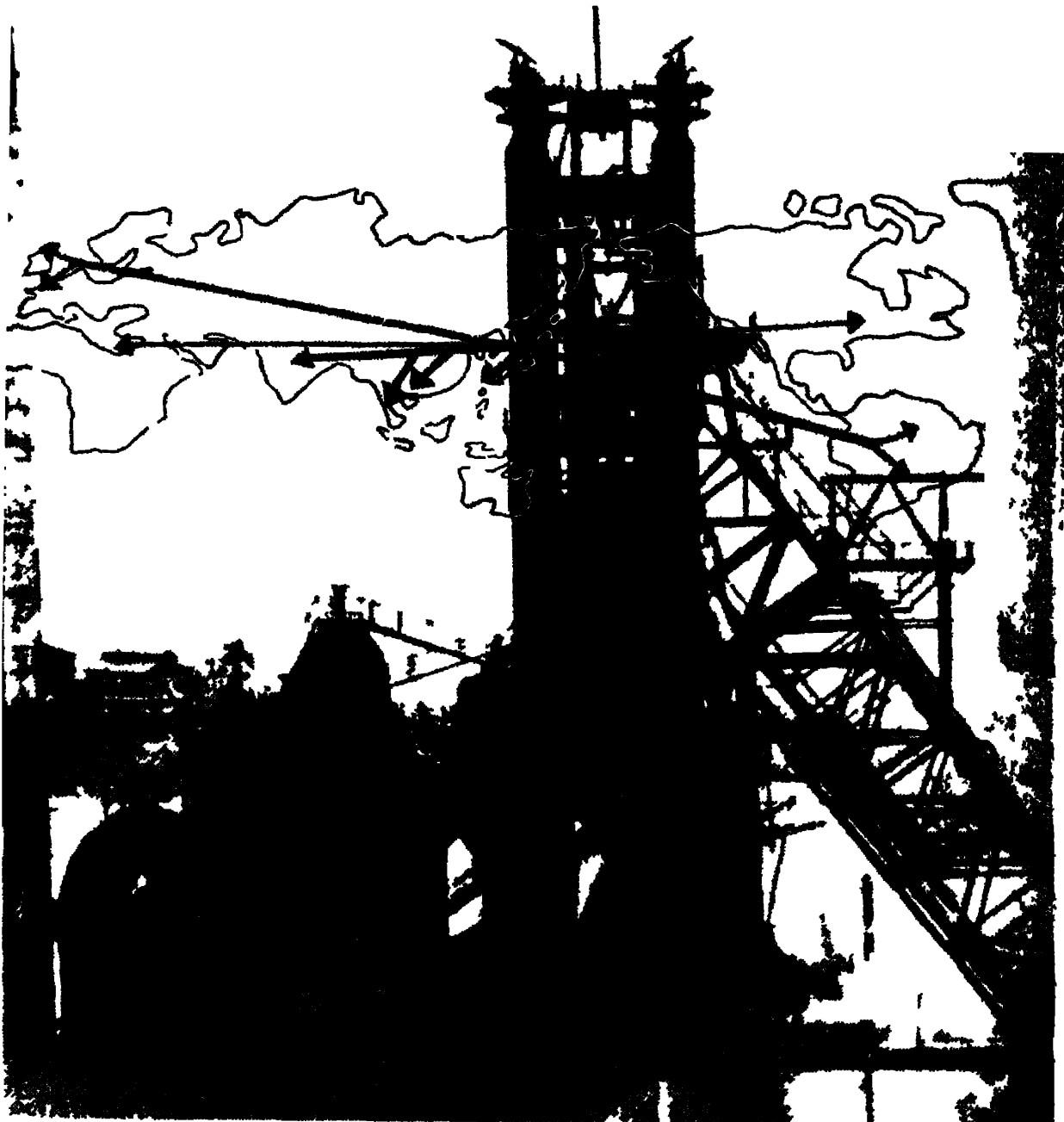
Later that evening Edna Smith said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had a sort of clearing-house to help people like Herb over the rough spots, to tackle emotional, financial and domestic emergencies in the same way that a medical clinic takes on medical emergencies? This town should have a Trouble Clinic."

"A Trouble Clinic," Margaret echoed. "What a marvellous idea!" Then, impetuous as always, she reached for the phone. Before the evening ended she and Miss Smith had arranged for six men—two ministers, a newspaper editor, a manufacturer, a lawyer and a doctor—to lunch with them the next day.

The women described their scheme—for a group that would get together each week, consider the problems of people they'd heard were in trouble, and work out emergency help for them. Objections were raised. Was this work for

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amateurs? Wouldn't professional down-and-outs exploit them?

Suddenly the discussion took a different tack. Someone said, "Surely we ought to be able to do something for that Smith family out on the Bucyrus Road." Another said, "It's high time Mrs. Muller got more help. She's had four operations, and I don't know who's looking after her children while she's in the hospital." Someone else added, "There's that young Should girl, all alone since her father died. I've been wondering how she was getting on, but I haven't done anything about it."

Margaret plunged in. "Here are three cases that no one has been helping individually. Why don't all of us together start helping them?" The Trouble Clinic was in business.

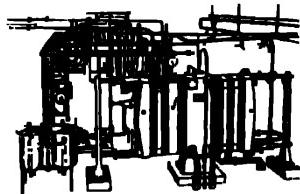
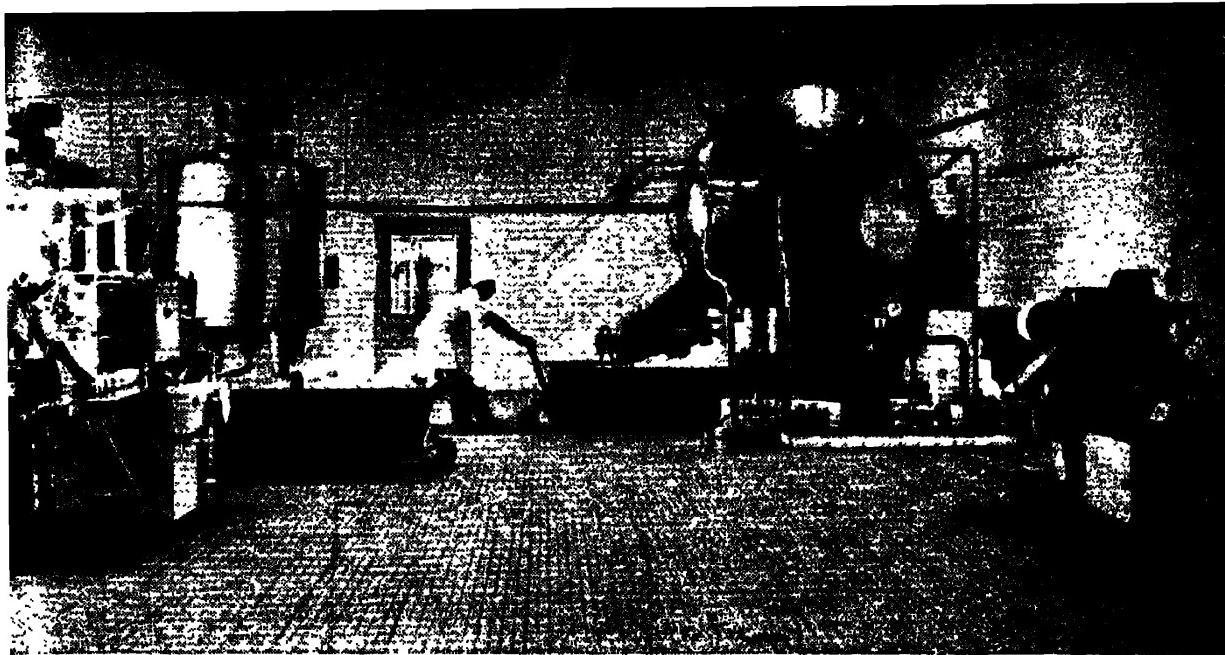
By the next week's meeting, attendance was 15. Lawyer Ken Petri had drawn up a charter. Margaret Loris had rounded up pledges of 25 dollars (Rs. 125) a month from five of Galion's factories. The Reverend Philip Auer gave a progress report on what the Clinic had done during the week for the Smiths, the Muller children and Miss Should. And five new families in need were reported on for consideration and action. Before the meeting adjourned, every person in the room had taken on from one to half a dozen chores.

It has been like that in Galion for 265 Fridays. But nowadays, when the gavel falls at noon, there are

never fewer than 40 people in the room. Beside their luncheon plates they find a mimeographed agenda—detailed reports on old cases and notes on new ones. With a business-like dispatch that would put many a company's board of directors to shame, they decide on a course of action for each pending case and obtain volunteers to carry it through. In every situation the Clinic has made sure that help will be welcomed, and whenever possible the identity of the persons to receive assistance is revealed only to the members who become directly involved.

One of the Clinic's first efforts was for a farm family whose house and barn were burnt to the ground one midwinter night. While the fire still raged, members drew clothing from the store-rooms maintained by the Clinic. That night the dazed family slept in the homes of Clinic volunteers, and in the morning they moved into a flat provided by another Clinic member and furnished with beds, chairs and utensils from the homes of a score of others.

For the next few months the five children were transported to and from their outlying school by Evelyn Hollanshead in the Clinic's car, replaced free each year in a fierce but friendly competition between Galion's rival car dealers. A temporary factory job was arranged for the father until the family could return to its farm. Lawyers and insurance



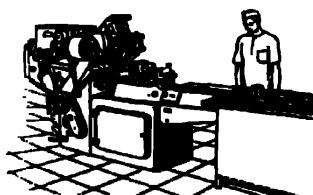
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Agents helped to get quick action on the farmer's fire indemnity claim. With supplementary assistance from half a dozen building material suppliers a new house was ready for occupation three months.

Often the Clinic helps to unravel bureaucratic red tape. Such was the case when a member noticed that lights no longer burned in the home of her neighbour, an aged widow. Inquiry revealed that the widow's small pension, her sole income, had not arrived for four months. Too proud to seek help, the old lady had been living on bread and going without heat or light, while her protesting letters brought no action from government offices.

While one group of Clinic volunteers saw to it that the light and oil bills were paid and food deliveries resumed, another tackled the authorities. Under their probing the missing remittances were traced to a pensioner of similar name in another town. Then Clinic pressure induced the officials to rush replacement payments through in three weeks instead of the three months they had asserted would be the minimum time lapse.

In one third of the Clinic's cases the need is more for moral support than for material help. There was, for example, a morose young woman who moved to Galion a few years ago. Withdrawn and silent, she rejected all proffers of friendship, both at her work and in her lodgings.

One day in the course of a casual conversation her landlady mentioned to a Trouble Clinic member that her lodger cried herself to sleep night after night.

That Friday the mystery of the weeping woman was discussed at Trouble Clinic, and one of its six minister-members was asked to visit her. Gently he drew from the young woman the details of her story. She had come to Galion hoping to get over her grief at the death of her baby. In a torrent of sobs she blamed herself for its suffocation.

When the minister left, she had promised to banish such thoughts. But he did not let the matter rest there. Phoning her home-town doctor, he learned that the infant had died of an incurable physical defect. Then, armed with a letter from that doctor, he convinced the girl that her feeling of guilt was unfounded.

Soon, now, the young woman accepted the friendship of a number of Clinic members. In time she found the courage to return to her home. Not long after, a touching note from her came to the Clinic: "God bless you all, to whom I owe my life."

Trouble Clinic is completely non-denominational. But through it scores of members feel that they have found an avenue for the expression of their religion in a practical way. "We may be just a bunch of do-gooders," says one long-service Clinic member. "But we seem to get a lot of good-doing done."

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# *Seven Years Solitary*

By Edith Bone

*How a 61-year-old woman  
conquered time and loneliness in  
Hungarian prison*



THE DAMP, evil-smelling underground hole where I found myself in solitary confinement that December of 1950 in Budapest, was more like a medieval dungeon than a modern prison. I knew I faced every prospect of ending my life there. Although a British subject, I had already been held prisoner for 14 months by the AVO (Hungarian secret police) in an attempt to extract from me a confession to the false charge of having been a British secret agent. After my "trial" I was led to that noisome dungeon.

The floor was a muck of nasty stinking dirt. The cell was in darkness and without heat. It was about ten feet square and intended for two people, but I was alone in it. Mortar was crumbling from the ceiling; spider webs hung in festoons. One wall had a fur coat of fungus and on

*Based on the book "Seven Years Solitary"  
© 1957 by Edith Bone and published by  
Hamish Hamilton, London*

the other water was seeping down, freezing into a thin coat of ice. My bed was attached to this wall and I could not pull it away.

If this cell was all that remained for my future, I would have to draw on my reserves of 61 years of previous life. I had to use all my resources to make the years before me still worth living. I think I can report that in this I was successful. While I would not want to repeat the experience, it made me realize how much one can do when one is thrown entirely on one's own resources. From the start, I considered it a challenge. I settled down as if I had the rest of my life before me with only one companion—my brain.

A habit of mind that seems natural to me stood me in good stead during my seven solitary years. I cannot remember ever having just waited anywhere—not even for a train or in a dentist's waiting-room—with-out some physical or mental activity. And in my dark cell I was now emancipated from the pressure of time; there was no more clock watching, no more hurrying to keep

---

BORN IN Budapest, Dr Ethel Bone served as a doctor with the Austro-Hungarian forces during the First World War. In January 1919, she went with a Red Cross delegation to Moscow and during the Russian civil war became a convert to Communism. Thirty years later, however, she left the Party, finding the promise of Communism unfulfilled. Her loyalty suspect, she was seized by the Communists during a visit to Hungary in 1949, and sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for espionage. She now lives in England.

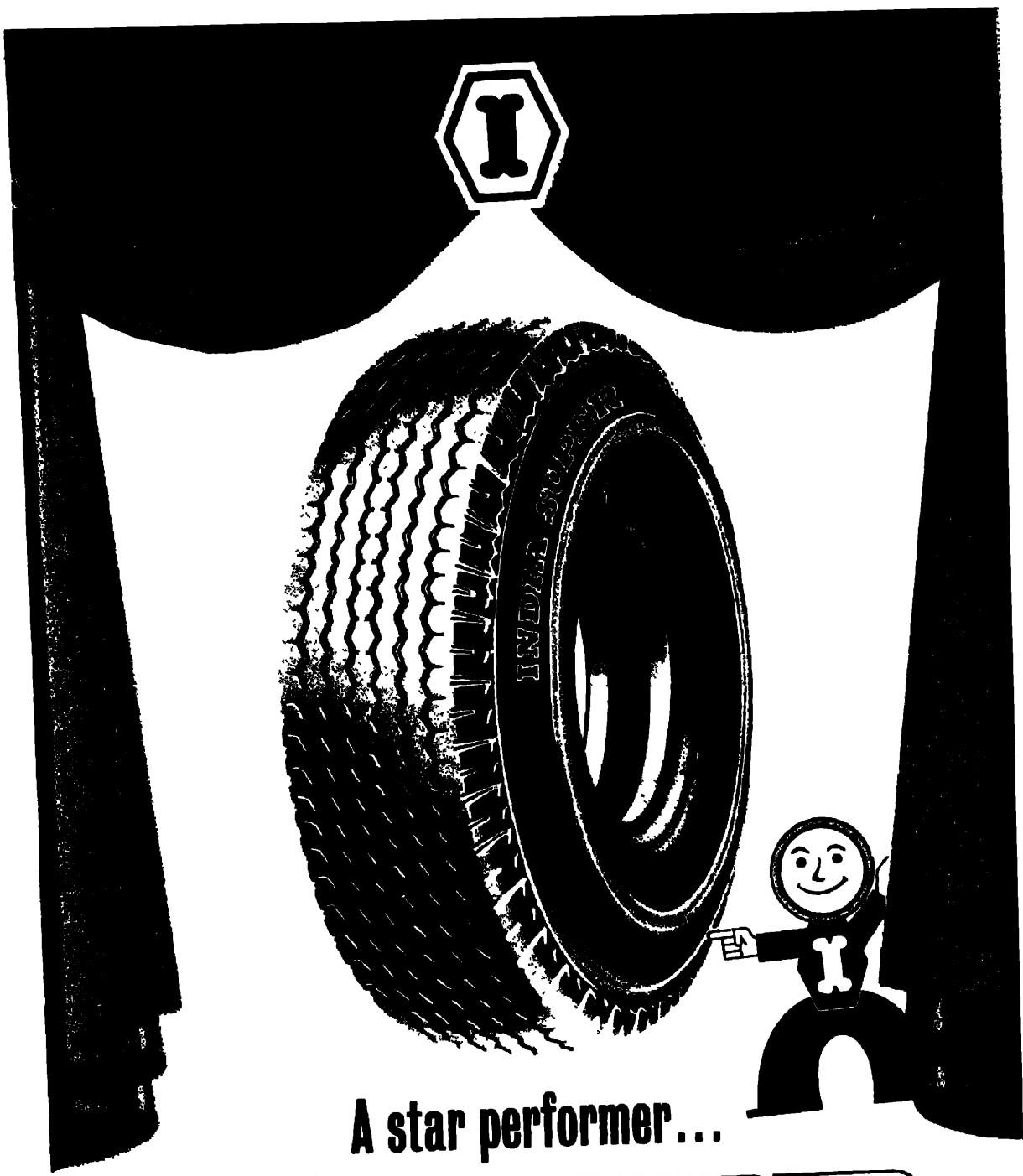
appointments. So I had the first opportunity for many years to think over and digest all that I had learnt during these years.

I began by reciting poetry, and later translated poems from one language into another. I discovered that rhymes came easily to me, and from there to composing doggerel was but a step. Being deprived of physical activity, because of my horror at treading on the muck on the floor, I was just beginning to tire of a mental diet consisting entirely of poetry when, nine days later, I was transferred to another cell. Here I remained in complete isolation until I was removed to a prison outside Budapest in May 1954.

This new cell, though still in total darkness, was a Ritz Hotel by comparison. It was on the ground floor instead of in the cellar, and the bed had a straw mattress. Although the cell was only about five feet by ten feet, there was a narrow concrete furrow deeply worn by countless feet that had walked endlessly to and fro. In time, I did the same.

In imagination I walked the streets of all the great cities of Europe where I had lived: I recalled their rivers, their buildings, their monuments. Quite naturally I began to call on my friends and acquaintances in those cities, and as I am talkative by nature, these visits were very real.

Then I decided, in fancy, to walk home to England, measuring off



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distances by the length of the cell. I knew the way pretty well. I walked a certain distance each day, making a mental note of the place I had reached. Soon I had passed the Hungarian frontier. I spent a day in Vienna, later climbed the mountains of Vorarlberg and was in Switzerland. By way of the French eastern provinces I finally got to Calais, where there was only the Channel between me and England.

All this, of course, was possible only if I could keep a record of the distances I walked. Using as a measurement the span of my hand, which I knew to be eight inches, I found that going once to and fro in my cell, allowing also for the effort needed to turn completely round twice, and making a right-angled turn twice to include the width of my cell as well as the length, was exactly equivalent to walking ten metres. Hence 100 walks from one end of the cell to the other and back made one kilometre.

At first I used my fingers to count the kilometres, but I lost count every time I was interrupted by the guards. So I made 30 pellets out of bread, ten of them small, ten medium and ten large. Each time I passed the table at the foot of my bed, I put down a small pellet; when I had put down all the small pellets I picked them all up, put down a medium sized one and started all over again. When I had put down ten medium sized ones I put down

a large one. Even in the dark I was able to keep count of the distances covered. My first target was eight kilometres (five miles) per day, but later I stepped up the distances and did as much as 20 miles a day.

One day, after more than five months of darkness, the electric light, which had formerly been turned on only at meals, was left on after breakfast. I thought the guard had forgotten to put it out, but when he brought my lunch he still did not switch it off. The burden of darkness had been lifted from me. I am convinced that this concession and my comparatively mild treatment (mild in their eyes) were due to the fact that inquiries were made about me by the British authorities.

Now that I had light, I could evolve better methods of keeping count. The obvious thing was to substitute an abacus, or counting frame, for the pellets. The only material I had was the black convict bread which I got but could not eat. Being unknaded, unleavened and almost unbaked, the sticky mess after proper treatment, hardened into something like plastic.

It took me months to work out the problem of how to use this so that the "beads" slipped easily along the "wires" of my abacus—thick straws from my broom. After several attempts to make good "beads," I finally made a roll of bread about one eighth of an inch in diameter, cut it into pieces of equal length, and

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then twisted each piece into a loop round the length of straw. The little tails of these loops served as a weight to keep them in place. I also made the abacus frame from the bread, and into this fitted six straws, each with ten loops. The first row represented units, the second row, tens; the third, hundreds, and so on up to the sixth row, which represented hundreds of thousands. Thus with my primitive abacus I could calculate up to one million. The difficulties that confronted me in this simple task inspired me with great respect for those who design and make the intricate devices mankind uses.

Before I thought of making the abacus, I had tried to take an inventory of my vocabulary in the six languages which I speak, but I failed because I always lost count. With the abacus this problem was solved; in the end I could enumerate 27,369 English words and a total in all languages of close on 100,000. There were of course, many more inventories that one could make. How many birds could I name? How many trees? How many flowers? How many makes of cars? How many wines?

Now an accomplished bread technologist, I decided to make some letters, since I had no writing materials. I started by calculating the relative frequency of letters in English. I did this by reciting a long poem and ticking off on my abacus

all the e's and then all the a's and so on all through the vowels, and afterwards all through the consonants. Such research was necessary in order to make the right number of each letter; in English one needs many more c's, for instance, than any other letter; and a number of y's—rare in most other languages.

Next, I began to shape letters about three-eighths of an inch high, out of long, very thin rolls of bread. Finally I had about four thousand. To keep them properly sorted, I made a sort of compositor's case. I used 12 strips of bread, six laid in one direction and six in the other, with slots that formed a comb joint—exactly as one makes partitioned wooden boxes—and I set the whole on a flat bottom of bread. Since this gave me only 25 compartments, I kept the 26th letter on a little plate which I made also from bread.

Now I could lay out on my table 16 lines of verse at a time. This was great fun; it also startled the guards. Perhaps they had never seen a prisoner so constantly active.

The guards were keen to prevent me from knowing what was going on outside my cell. Naturally, even though I was only mildly interested, I decided to make a spyhole in my door through which I could look out, just as the guards could look in through their spyhole, which is a feature of every prison door.

It is odd how many details one can see if one has nothing to do but

look. My door was made of two-inch solid oak. I noticed that close to the floor the head of a large nail projected about an eighth of an inch from the door. That was enough for me to try to get a purchase on it with a cord and pull it out. But how could I get a strong cord? The guards were sensitive about the smallest piece of string, presumably because of their illogical fear of suicides among the prisoners. I decided that cord could be made of thread pulled out of our coarse linen towels, which had two red stripes along their length on each side. I thought that if I drew out one white thread from either side of these red stripes, it would be scarcely noticeable.

The towels were changed once a fortnight, and so it took me about two months to get the required 32 threads from which to plait a cord. Years before, as a hobby, I had studied *The Ashley Book of Knots* and now that hobby helped me out. I plaited a sennit in which the 32 threads are divided into four groups of eight threads each. Of course this plaiting had to be done at night under the blanket, which took a long time and was a nuisance. My fingers got a painful cramp through carrying out intricate movements, keeping the threads tight and, at the same time, supporting the weight of my heavy horse blanket.

Finally the cord was ready. I put a strangler knot round the nailhead and, with my foot against the door,

pulled for all I was worth. The nail did not budge. I realized that it would have to be loosened first by joggling. For a long time I made no headway. Then, one day, I felt a slight wobble; and so I joggled and pulled day after day for many weeks, whenever I thought it safe to do so. In the end I got the nail out and presented myself, in imagination, with a laurel wreath.

I put an edge on the end of the nail by rubbing it on the concrete floor. The result was a bradawl, and with it I began to bore a hole in my door at a point where three members of solid oak met. It would never have done for any wood dust to have fallen outside, so I sucked out the little splinters of wood as my bradawl loosened them. Fortunately the oak had been so blackened by age that it was exactly the colour of my black convict bread. Thus when my little hole was finished, it could be stopped up by a tiny plug, which matched the wood so perfectly that my handiwork was never discovered. Until I was transferred to another prison I had the constant use of this spyhole. These carefully wrought achievements pleased me greatly because they were victories of mind over matter.

Finally I started a "language strike" as a sort of psychological experiment. I made no demands; I merely said, in all the languages I knew, save Hungarian, that in the future I was not willing to speak in

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any save civilized languages. After four months this upset the governor of the prison to such an extent that he reported it to his superiors. The report in turn brought a visit from a gold-laced brass hat, and from then on my affairs, to my great surprise, took quite an inexplicably favourable turn.

January 27, 1952, was a memorable day for me. I got my spectacles back and was given writing materials and the use of the prison library. That day marked the end of my single handed struggle with solitude. From then on I had books and, ever since I first learned to read, books have always been my closest friends and allies.

Four more years of imprisonment were to pass. I plunged into the study of trigonometry and analytical geometry; I taught myself Greek. After a time I could read the *Iliad*

with pleasure and calculate the height of the prison wall. Later on I decided to repair the library books, which were in a shocking condition. I used boiled potatoes and then the semolina gruel which was uneatable but almost perfect as bookbinder's paste. What with all this and walking the requisite number of miles every day, I kept busy enough.

On October 23, 1956, I was in the Budapest Central Prison. We heard machine-gun fire from the city and learned that university students were in revolt against the regime. Before long I was freed by the insurgents and taken to the British legation.

Back in England I faced life afresh at 68, perhaps a little wiser. Those seven years of captivity had finally proved to me that in a battle against brute force it was not always brute force that won, and that it was a battle well worth fighting.

### *Classified Classics*

SITUATIONS vacant ad in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*: "Intelligent young married man, age 27, presently employed, wants interesting job with less future and more present."

PERSONAL ad in the Scituate, Massachusetts, *South Shore Mirror*: "I will pay to the radio repairman, to whom my teen-age daughter has taken her record player for repairs, five dollars (Rs. 25) a day for every day he keeps the contraption out of this house. Oliver Sudden."

PERSONAL ad in the Mexico, New York, *Independent*: "George, please come home. The children need you, the lawn will need mowing soon and the garden needs a worin like you. Mabcl, your loving wife."

SITUATIONS Wanted ad in the Tampa, Florida, *Morning Tribune*: "I do ANYTHING your husband can't do."

DRESSED in dungarees, my husband drove his mother to the station and carried in her luggage At the ticket barrier he dropped a hatbox

Thereupon, a pompous-looking man, standing nearby, turned to my mother in-law and said scathingly, "I have yet to find a capable porter, especially with a hatbox!"

My husband threw his arms round his mother and said, "Never mind the tip, lady—just give me a kiss?"

—MRS T E O'NEAL

TRYING TO find a friend who lived off the main road in a remote part of the country, I finally stopped at a small service station and asked an old fellow there how to find the village He told me I had passed it

"Well, I didn't see any shops, filling station or anything."

Nodding vigorously, he said, "That's the place, that's the place!"

—RUPERT JENNINGS

As I PUT my patients to bed in the orthopaedic ward of the children's hospital I was feeling sorry for myself for having to be on duty the night of the big hospital dance. I came to 11-year-old Johnny, one of my favourites, who had had polio and was able to move only his hands.

He gave me a sympathetic smile.

"Gosh, I'm sorry you had to miss the big dance tonight because of us," he said "But we're going to have a party for you In my drawer there's a piece of cake I saved from supper and some change for drinks And you know," he added with a gay wink, "I'd get up and rock-'n'-roll with you if I could"

Suddenly the dance seemed far away and unimportant —MRS H C B

THE NIGHT before my son was to run in his school's sports day races, he looked worried "Mum," he said, "those boys are bigger than I am and I think that they are going to beat me"

Hoping to pull him out of such a negative frame of mind, I said, "That's not the right attitude Think positively"

"Well, okay," he said sadly "I'm positive they're going to beat me"

—A H H.

WHEN A brilliant women engineer asked her boss for a rise, he objected. "Your salary is already higher than the engineer's at the next desk," he said. "And he has five children"

"Look," she countered, "I thought we got paid for what we produce here—not for what we produce at home in our own time"

She got her rise

—V. G.

VISITING a small town in the Deep South of the United States, I was amazed to see hordes of bearded men in tattered uniforms milling round the streets. My taxi driver explained that a Civil War film was being made there.

"Are any local people working as extras?" I inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "The men get ten dollars a day as Rebels. But the film people have to pay 14 dollars a day to get 'em to wear Yankee uniform."

—C. K.

ONE OF MY married daughters brought me a gift, a dress which I considered much too gay and far too figure-fitting for a grandmother. Doubtful, I called my husband for his appraisal—and was sold.

"Gosh, that's a wonderful dress!" he said admiringly. "It takes ten years off both of us."

—MRS. MARK MOORE

ON MY BIRTHDAY I received a telegram relayed over the telephone by an operator with the happiest voice imaginable. It did indeed brighten my day. A week later, I received a telegram from my father reproving me for not writing home. I was sure the same woman was reading the wire, but the voice was harsh and cold.

Afterwards I said, "What's the matter with your voice?"

"Nothing," she replied in normal tones. "I always try to convey not only the words of the message, but also the intent."

—J. E. W.

WHILE out driving, my fiancé and I picked up a neatly dressed man who was walking along with a pack on his back. He turned out to be well educated and an entertaining conver-

sationalist; we found ourselves fascinated by stories of his adventures.

"Why, with your background, have you chosen this sort of life?" I asked him.

His eyes rested for a moment on my new engagement ring. Then he looked up and said wistfully, "Because my heart has no address—as yours has."

—J. V.

WHEN THE crowded lift in our office building stuck between floors, panic began to mount. Unable to get it to go up or down, the girl, a new attendant, became agitated. The passengers were tense with anxiety.

Suddenly a voice from the back of the crowd offered advice. "Take it easy, young lady," a man said calmly. "If you can't run it, I can. Take your time. Think about the directions. It will all come back to you."

A sigh of relief went through the lift. The girl studied the mechanism for a time, pushed a lever and we glided upwards. The man who had prevented a panic got off at my floor.

"Do you really know how to run that thing?" I asked.

"Why, no!" he admitted. "But that girl needed help."

—V. B.

TAKING a favourite dress to the dry cleaners after a festive evening, I proceeded to explain each spot, thinking it might help them do a better cleaning job.

"This one is cream cheese," I pointed out. "This one is a martini. I suppose the other one is steak juice . . ."

Then the man behind the counter leaned forward and patted my hand. "That's all right, dear," he said. "Just as long as you had a good time."

—G. G.



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# How to get on with Children

By Ethel Moynahan

THE VISITOR puts a prepared smile on her face. The little girl, just turned five, is coming in shyly to be introduced.

"So this is your little girl, Louise! My goodness! Isn't she a pretty little thing! And what is your name, dear?"

The child sees that the new lady is smiling and so is Mother. What are they smiling at? The child curtsies hurriedly and mumbles, "'ouise'"

"Louise! What a pretty name!" The visitor turns to the mother. "She's got the Chesterton chin, my dear!" Turning to the child, "Well, well. So you are Louise!"

Recognize it? Just suppose the child should turn to her mother and say "She's got the Higgins squint all right, hasn't she, Mother?" How would that sound? Yet it would be no more rude than the visitor's remark.

Children are much more discerning than the average adult supposes, and resent such remarks and perfunctory smiles.

And why do people feel they must speak patronizingly to a child? Keep the conversation on the child's plane of interest, certainly, but without gushing. A child is like a wild creature which will approach more readily if it perceives that it is not being observed.

Don't make a child the centre of a crowd of hushed adults hanging on his answers.

Tell him something instead, it doesn't embarrass him with attention. If you are one of those rare people who can tell a story, you need no other gift.

Most people, when addressing children, tend unconsciously to use the diminutive. Children don't like to be reminded of immaturity or smallness. Try calling the Jimmies of your acquaintance "Jimm," and see if any of them resent it.

Don't ask questions. You'll find they tend to be personal. You can readily judge the tactfulness of a question by saying to yourself "Would I ask such a question of an

*Condensed from Woman's Home Companion*

adult to whom I had just been introduced?" This will throw out all such good old stand-bys as "And how old are you, my little man?" "What nice curls! May I cut one off?" "This isn't a little boy, is it? It's a little girl."

If you wish to be cordially hated, tease a child you have just met. Nothing is more humiliating or more unfair, for the child feels his inadequacy to meet such tactics on equal terms, and would be rebuked for impudence if he tried to do so.

Many people who otherwise get on very well with children fall down on one point. The child, his timidity forgotten, is rattling on: "And, Mother, put the ice-cream in the refrigerator—"

"The what, dear?"

"The refrigerator. And we were

going to surprise Daddy when he—" The child stops. Something is wrong. They are laughing at him, even Mother.

When a child does come out with a slip—humorous, scandalous, or downright shocking—good breeding demands just one course of behaviour. Actors call it the "dead pan"—an expressionless face.

In one word, the best attitude to adopt towards children is *informality*. Few children find the conventions of social behaviour comfortable: as a rule they are not at their ease among strangers until those strangers have proved themselves.

To shorten this period of probation, persuade the child to look upon you not as some distant being before whom one is paraded for inspection, but as an old friend.



### *Caught in Passing*

REMARK at a Hollywood cocktail party: "Oh yes, they've re-done the whole house—even had the swimming pool re-shaped." —M. W.

QUIET young thing to her talkative companion: "You talk yourself out of a lot of the nicest listening." —Contributed by B. A. M.

ON OUR holiday we'd been driving for hours in the mountains, climbing and turning, climbing and turning, round more and more precipitous bends, when our youngest son volunteered: "Mummy, this is the most miserable fun I've had in my whole life!" —Contributed by Norma Rhodes

BRIDE directing friends to her house on a new estate: "I'll take my African violet out of the front window so that you can tell which house is ours."

—Joyce Curry



**Moral:** There's always someone you love

who loves



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# Finger-tip Farming Comes of Age

ONE MORNING in the spring, Indiana farmer Warren North left his 12-room house to start work. Four hundred white-faced Herefords and 500 Hampshire hogs bellowed and grunted hungrily. North stepped up to an instrument panel and began pushing buttons and throwing switches. From one of five giant silos dropped ground corn; from another, silage; from a third, shelled corn. Then,

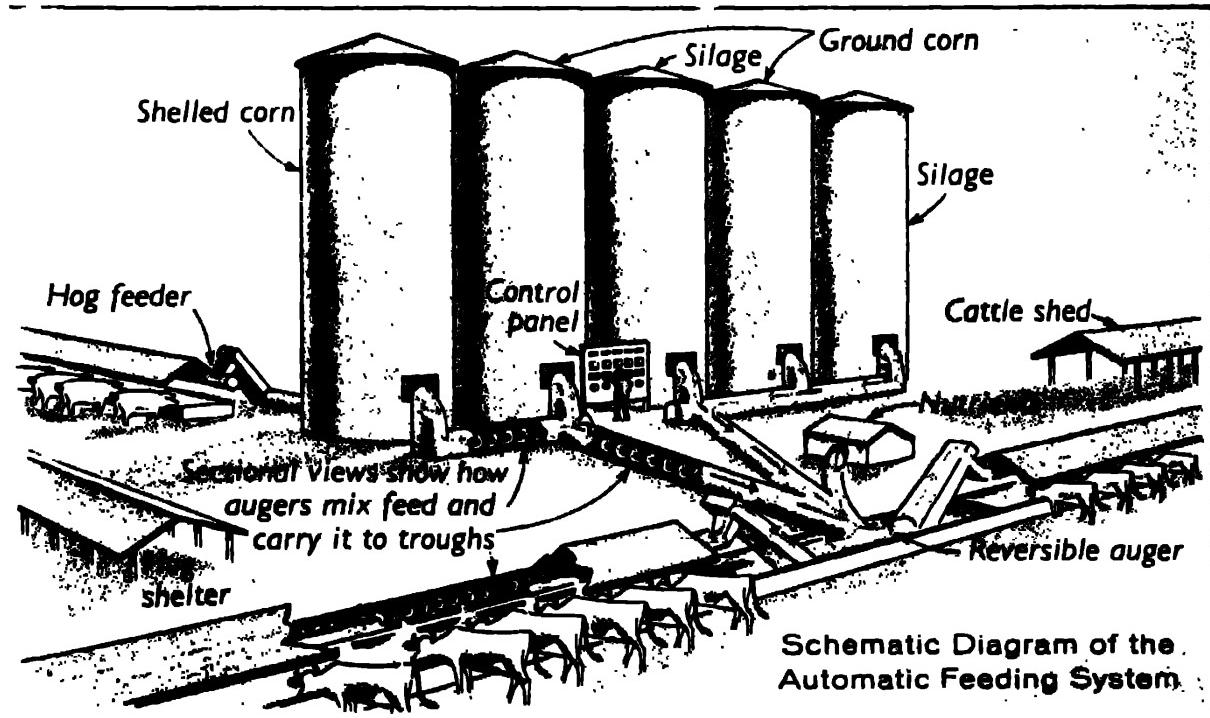
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*Automatic feeding; mechanical hens; artificial seasons . . . these are the newest American farming aids. Do they make a blueprint for all the farms of the future?*

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pushing other buttons, North shot in extra vitamins, mineral and hormone nutrients. In a channel in front of the silos, snakelike augers mixed and propelled the feed

*Condensed from Time*



throughout conduits that passed directly over 330 feet of feeding troughs. At regular intervals, trap doors opened and dropped the feed into the troughs.

Ten minutes later North had finished a job that would have taken five men with buckets and pitchforks half a working day. He was ready to indulge his hobby. He returned to his living-room, 40 feet long and beige-carpeted, read a newspaper article on the farm problem over a cup of coffee, then sat down at the console of his two-storey pipe organ and began to play a Bach chorale, "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring."

**Symbol and Example.** Farmer North is a symbol—and prime example—of the profound changes that have been wrought in American agriculture by mechanization and automation. Twenty years ago, Warren North could not afford a new pair of shoes. Today, by taking full advantage of all the scientific advances, plus hard work that would have broken a weaker man, he is comfortably a dollar millionaire. With Rs. 6 lakhs invested in hermetically sealed silos and automatic feeding equipment on his 1,000-acre farm, he is able to turn over his animals three times a year, marketing 1,200 cows and 1,500 pigs annually, using only a few hired hands.

What Warren North has done is now being done by many others.

Russell Case, for example, runs two farms in Ohio totalling 2,500 acres. It takes eight mobile radios to keep the two dozen trucks, 19 tractors, six combines and other mechanical gear shuttling back and forth to harvest crops worth Rs. 7 lakhs.

Near Greeley, Colorado, Bill Farr has just installed a Rs. 10 lakhs automated feed mill to prepare food for the 10,000 cattle he fattens. In addition to antibiotics, minerals and hormones, Farr sometimes adds tranquilizers to keep the animals from thrashing round and losing weight.

In the last 20 years farming has changed more radically than in the previous two centuries. Once farmers doled out fertilizer thinking only of how much it cost them. Now they pour it on by the cartload, confident of bigger profits at harvest time. To handle the huge increase in crops, farmers have had to mechanize almost every farm job. From 1938 to 1958, they more than trebled their ownership of tractors, and since 1945 they have increased by 1,200 per cent their use of newer work-saving machinery: combines, cornpickers, pick-up hay balers, field-forage harvesters.

Now farmers are taking the big step from mechanization to automation. In the raising of animals and poultry they are copying the assembly-line techniques of industry, and bringing animals indoors. They know that they can now provide an

environment for animals that is a great deal better than nature's

**The Machine Mother** Near Atlanta, Georgia, Roy Durr produced 500,000 pullet chicks last year, trying to keep up with orders for layers. He puts eggs in modern incubators that vastly improve on the maternal care of real hens. The mechanical mother turns each egg every hour (to keep the embryo from sticking to the membrane lining, thus causing deformity), and when a hygrometer warns that the relative humidity is too low, it shoots in a fine spray of water.

Durr's laying pullets are sold to other farmers to produce eggs for the table in a completely automatic fashion. On some farms the hens are kept in individual cages. They stick their heads out to eat from a continuously filled feeding trough, turn round to a drinking fountain, drop their eggs on the inclined wire floor. The eggs roll outside through an automatic counter on to a conveyer belt.

Another conveyer belt takes away the droppings. One man can easily take care of 7,000 birds with an output of 4,000 eggs a day.

**Mating by Tabulator.** Not many years ago most chickens sold in markets were either worn-out hens, roosters or scrawny cockerels. Now most market chickens are grown only for eating. From the race to produce the best eating-bird, two leaders emerged. Charles Vantress,

with headquarters at Duluth, Georgia, who produces about three million roosters a year, and Henry Saglio of Glastonbury, Connecticut, who produces 16 million hens. Vantress and Saglio sell the chickens to hatchery men, who use them to breed the chicks, which in turn are sold to broiler men to raise for the market. Of the nearly two thousand million chicken turned out for eating every year in America, Vantress's roosters sire approximately 75 per cent, Saglio's hens mother about 50 per cent.

Both Vantress and Saglio approach their work with one goal to produce a bird that will eat the least amount of feed, grow the fastest, dress with a minimum of waste. To get the best genetic combinations, Saglio feeds information on birds to a computer that decides which breeding rooster should go with which breeding hen. Thanks to ruthless breeding, in 20 years the time and feed needed to raise a three-pound chicken for market have dropped from 14 weeks and 12 pounds of feed to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  weeks and  $6\frac{3}{4}$  pounds. The five-year goal: a three-pound chicken in six weeks.

The broiler men who buy the breeding stock match this efficiency. In Gainesville, Georgia, J D Jewell, Inc., hatches Vantress-sired chicks, then sends them out to 270 contract farmers to rear. Some of the chicken houses are so thoroughly automated that one farmer looks after 36,000

chicks. When the birds reach market weight, a Jewell truck picks them up and supplies more chicks. At the processing plant in Gainesville the birds are bled, scalded, plucked, eviscerated and separated into parts. Then the parts are made up into standard packages. Jewell thus processes 50,000 birds a day.

**Showers for Pigs.** The confined life cycle of the chickens forecasts the future for all farm animals. Purdue University has a 700,000-dollar climate control programme in which, among other things, pigs take regular shower baths. Says animal-science professor, Frederick Andrews: "Pigs do not wallow in mud because they like to be dirty. It's because they have no sweat glands to keep them cool." With daily dousings, meticulous regulation of temperature, humidity and even the air movement round them Purdue's hogs grow faster on less feed than do hogs forced to put up with natural weather.

American manufacturers are turning out fully automated cages to give animals precision comfort. One firm claims that, with Rs. 5 lakhs worth of its equipment, one man can raise 7,000 hogs a year with only half-day help. Their cage is a hog's country club. The little pigs begin with private rooms, to avoid being stepped on by the sow. Manure falls through the cage bottoms and is mechanically removed to be used as fertilizer. In their whole lives, the

hogs never know weight-killing struggle.

Purdue has also brought sheep indoors. Usually sheep breed only once a year, when the autumn days begin to shorten. By changing the lighting indoors, Purdue can make sheep think it is autumn at any time of the year, get two or more lamb crops and schedule spring lamb round the calendar.

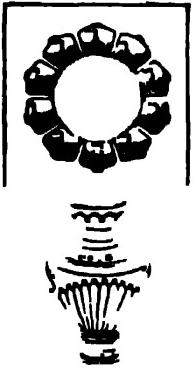
Such confinement and automation of animals are possible and profitable because of a great many new chemical discoveries. In 1948 Dr. Andrews and his associates at Purdue discovered that putting tiny pellets of stilbestrol, a synthetic female sex hormone, under the skins of cattle and sheep made them gain weight 15 per cent faster on less feed. Today approximately 80 per cent of American beef cattle get stilbestrol. This helps farmers to produce an estimated thousand million pounds more meat per year.

Only a few years ago, the residue of streptomycin fermentation vats was being dumped in the river. Then companies making antibiotics found that the residue contained vitamin B-12, a powerful growth stimulant. Now the B-12-rich residue is sold cheaply to food-processing companies who put it into animal rations.

Perhaps the most imaginative of all animal research workers is J. Rockefeller Prentice, who has perfected the commercial technique

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The technique of artificial insemination helps a farmer with poor animals to improve his herd only by slow stages. To speed the process, Prentice has taken a major role in experimenting with artificially inseminating a prize cow, surgically removing the fertilized egg and implanting it in a scrub cow, which merely acts as a live incubator. The calf that is born is a prize animal with none of its mother's inferior bloodline.

Scientists foresee a time when a farmer will buy a packet of fertilized ova, and in one year obtain from his scrub cows a herd of the finest cattle

Where all this is leading is obvious to farm experts. The number of farmers will steadily drop as more mechanization and automation increase the investment needed

*to farm. But farmers who stay will have bigger markets and profits. Meanwhile, farm productivity in America soars at a rate that was once believed impossible. Aided by good weather, it jumped eight per cent last year alone—as much as the increase for the decade 1920—30.*

**Promise for the Future.** For the world, the enormous productivity of Warren North and thousands like him may be even more significant. The new methods have proved just as successful abroad as in the United States.

In Britain, farmer Anthony Fisher, hearing about the American system of raising broilers, wrote for information. He started out with 200 birds. Now his output has grown to one million a year. The broiler king of England, he has one packing station, plans another to process his chickens and those of any imitators.

Thus the new methods of mechanization and automation—the lessons that North and others learned down on the farm—can help the world to solve the food shortages brought on by the population explosion.

### *A Policeman's Lot . . .*

A POLICE officer told a parked motorist to move on, but the driver replied that he had to park there because he was getting a 175-pound package from the side door of the adjacent shop. And sure enough, as the officer watched, the motorist's wife came out of the side door and got into the car.

The policeman was still scratching his head as they drove off. —P.I.T.

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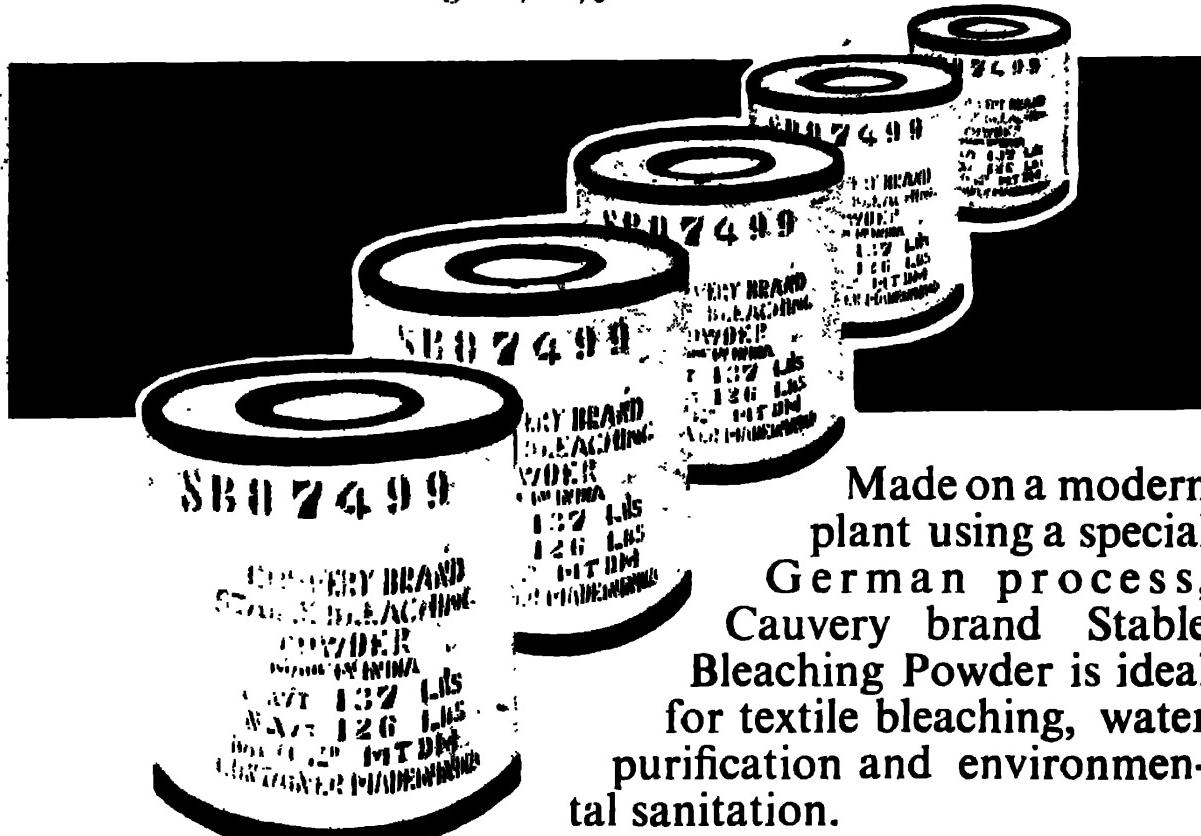
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# "The Best-Loved Man in Panama"

*To the thousands of people he has helped, Rafael Estévez is more than a great doctor: he is a landmark*

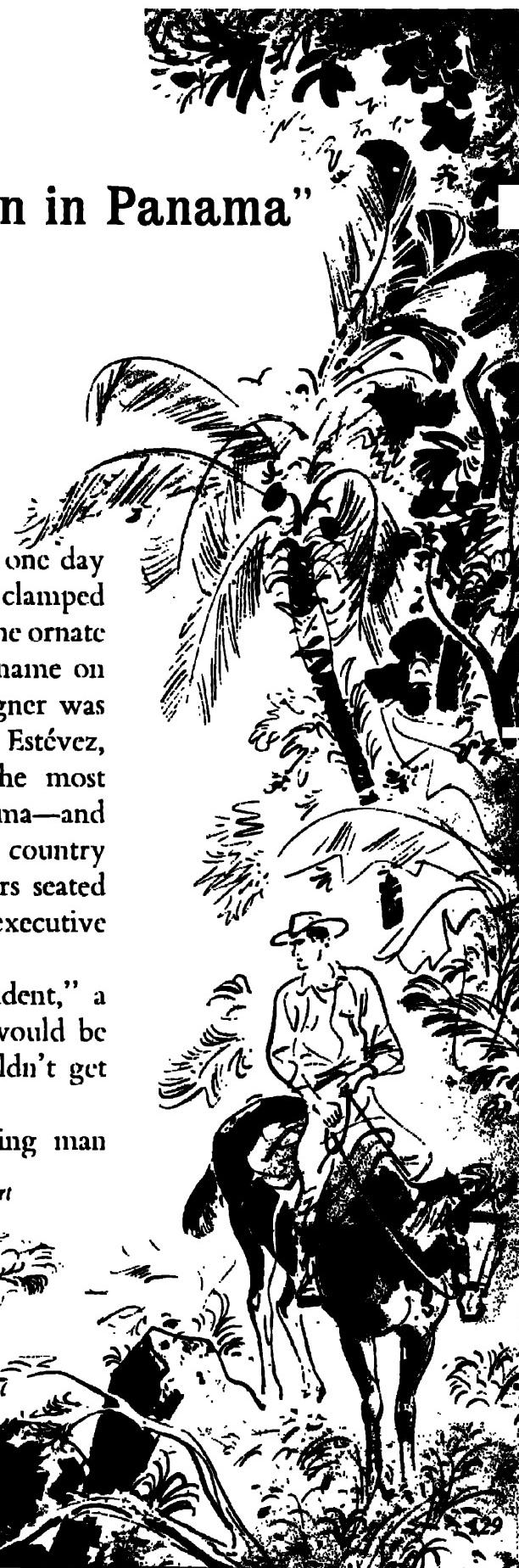
*By Scott Seegers*

**I**N THE National Palace of Panama one day in 1939 a stocky man with a cigar clamped between his teeth leaned forward in the ornate presidential chair and inscribed his name on a gold-embossed document. The signer was not the president. He was Dr. Rafael Estévez, a Spanish-born surgeon who is the most universally loved man in Panama—and perhaps the only immigrant to that country ever to sign his naturalization papers seated at a president's desk while the chief executive stood by.

"If the doctor ever ran for president," a Panamanian told me recently, "it would be a one-candidate election. They couldn't get anybody to run against him."

Estévez is a big, vital, fast-moving man

*Condensed from Latin-American Report*



of 63 with clear olive skin, a mane of black hair streaked with grey, flashing brown eyes and a husky laugh. Although the doctor has been honoured by national and international medical societies for his innovations, his picture also hangs on walls in hundreds of thatch-roofed rural huts. His enthusiasms come to a quick boil over every aspect of life in Panama: the fertility of the soil, the climate, the good character and toughness of the rural *panameño*, the opportunities ("A man can make a success of *anything* here"), the satisfactions of living in a small country ("It's like a club—you know everybody, and you can see the results of your work").

Born in Spain, Rafael Estévez grew up in Arizona. As errand boy for a chemist, he hung round the local hospital so persistently that the resident doctor let him read medical books. Rafael enrolled at a medical school, and on qualifying as a doctor accompanied a Panamanian classmate to Panama. After the usual hospital appointments, he took a job as company doctor for a contracting firm building Panama's first main road in the interior. So in 1921 the 25-year-old doctor arrived in the small town of Aguadulce, in Coclé Province, where he has lived ever since.

"I got into camp about midnight," Estévez recalls. "There were no electric lights, no medical equipment; and they had a real emergency on

hand—a labourer with a strangulated hernia. Within a few hours gangrene was sure to set in."

The manager advised the new doctor to leave the patient alone. "He'll die whether you operate or not," he said. "You can't lose your first patient and keep the confidence of this road gang."

"I was scared to death," Estévez says. But he went ahead and, with the help of an engineer's wife who had been a nurse, operated by torch light. The patient recovered. "After that," Estévez relates, "I knew I was a doctor."

From time to time he was the only doctor for some 150,000 people in four provinces. To bring medical help to remote communities he travelled many a jolting mile over mount a in tracks and rough terrain in a Model T Ford with oversize tires. Where the agile vehicle could not go, Estévez went on horseback. Where no horse could take him he scrambled on foot, sometimes wading chest-deep across unbridged rivers.

Primitive conditions forced him to improvise medical methods and equipment. His first operating table was carpentered with folding legs to fit in the back seat of the Ford. For years he took along a "portable operating room": four sterilized sheets fastened together with big safety pins. He operated in kitchens, thatched huts and open pastures, often by lantern or candlelight,

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sometimes with the Model T's headlight beamed through a window and reflected from whitewashed wall or ceiling. Lacking catgut for sutures, Estévez stitched his patients up with boiled crochet cotton.

At first scornful of traditional country remedies, Estévez soon learned tolerance. Tea made of balsamina leaves, for example, proved highly effective against malarial fever. "I was horrified at the local practice of covering a machete slash with fresh coffee grounds," the doctor says. "But then I discovered that they stop bleeding—and, since they've been boiled, they are relatively germ free."

When the road-building contract ended, Estévez yielded to universal entreaties and stayed on in Aguadulce. But he never stopped demanding a modern hospital. "The people need one, and I need it to keep me on my toes," he said. "I'm not going to turn into a back-country pill-roller." To keep him quiet, Don Rodolfo Chiari, a wealthy sugar planter, used to say, "All right, Rafael, when I'm president you'll get your hospital."

Later Chiari was elected president. After three years Estévez confronted him in the capital. "I've come to get my hospital," he announced.

Chiari fidgeted. "There's not five cents in the budget that could be used."

Item by item, Estévez scrutinized

the list of appropriations. "Here's my hospital!" he said. He pointed to a line reading, "Bridge in Chiriquí Province: 50,000 dollars."

Chiari protested in vain. The young doctor tracked down the senators and deputies from Chiriquí and argued, wheedled and bullied them, one by one, into acquiescence. Their bridge could wait.

The new 60-bed Marcos Robles Hospital opened in Aguadulce in 1928. Since there was little money for equipment Estévez gave a piece of land he owned, to be raffled off. The 2,500 dollars paid for a gleaming new autoclave for sterilizing instruments. Over the years he has poured thousands of dollars of his own into the hospital's maintenance and material. He never kept track of the money spent. "It's not being wasted," he says. "That's all I need to know."

The hospital gave Estévez the means of doing the research he loves. Among other things, he rediscovered there the ancient but long disregarded principle of early ambulation. It began when a stubborn patient insisted on getting out of bed straight after an appendix operation—and then made a complete recovery in half the normal time. Estévez experimented cautiously on his next 50 cases of abdominal surgery. Without exception, those soonest on their feet got well quickest. Estévez thereafter made early ambulation standard practice.

## Bhola and his beast of burden



Bhola sold his produce personally using a donkey for transport until the day a Tata Mercedes-Benz truck was parked by the village square. Since then this sturdy Tata Mercedes-Benz has hauled Bhola's and other farmers' produce to the city every single day. Quick and frequent deliveries to a better paving market have tripled profits. Bhola now finds that the Tata Mercedes-Benz is a star on the roads - the fastest means of transport at a low cost - more so when connecting remote productive centres.

Bhola continues to use his beast of burden to bring his produce to the Tata Mercedes-Benz truck.



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After several years of keeping careful case histories, he sent a paper on his findings to the Third Assembly of the International College of Surgeons in Mexico City in 1941. The report raised eyebrows. One surgeon of great prestige excoriated him for "gambling with the lives of his patients." A few years later, however, the same man publicly retracted, and praised Estévez for his service to medical science. Early ambulation is today a universally accepted practice.

Estévez has never sent an account to a patient. "These people," he explains, "have to be pretty ill before they seek medical help. Sickness cuts down their earning power. When they are able to pay, they ask for their bill. In the meantime, I'm not going to worry them by asking for money they do not have."

Despite his massive disregard for medical fees the doctor has prospered. Many patients paid him in cattle, so eventually the doctor had to buy pastures to graze them on. He imported pure-bred bulls, tried a dozen types of forage grass and bought more land. This led him to general agriculture, irrigation, a full-scale dairy operation, and finally to breeding race horses.

Thanks largely to his initiative, Coclé Province is today an important producer of both beef cattle and milk. In Estévez's own dairy the cows are fed a special high-protein prepared food he developed him-

self, and are milked under conditions almost as aseptic as those in an operating theatre. The result is superlative milk, with a high butter-fat content and an extremely low bacteria count. Moreover, his enthusiasm has led to the establishment of a modern milk-processing plant on the outskirts of Panama City.

Another of Estévez's enterprises was central Panama's first radio station, featuring news and the music of local artists. Estévez also used the station to relay medical advice to remote corners of the hinterland.

Through the years, Estévez has worked to direct the volatile Panamanian temperament into constructive channels. Motor mechanic Carlos Bárcenas says, "When I first came to Aguadulce 20 years ago I was a hell-raiser, and every week end I would get into a barroom fight. Once Dr. Estévez took me to his house and made me put on boxing gloves. 'When you have to fight,' he said, 'come and fight me.' He turned out a real rough guy. We fought three or four times a week, and that was all I wanted."

Typically, this activity spread. Estévez bought a punch bag and several sets of boxing gloves and organized Aguadulce's youngsters into a boxing club. Soon a wave of amateur pugilism swept over central Panama, with matches every week between the clubs of neighbouring towns.

Sports are one way of keeping the

'The sun shines again, for her husband the joy of life throbs anew. With his recovery, her most ardent hope is fulfilled...

Medical science has made it possible for almost anyone with a serious, acquired or congenital disease to be helped. Today, there are available medical preparations which can help patients to overcome the strain of such diseases. The one man who can help them is the doctor. He gives the benefit of his many years of knowledge and experience.

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local youngsters out of trouble. But some Estévez anti-delinquency measures can be terrifyingly direct. One Monday morning a tough farm labourer howled with pain as the doctor stitched up a long machete slash "No anaesthetic?" protested a visiting doctor. "I save my anaesthetic for patients who can't help being injured," Estévez retorted. "These birds who get themselves chopped up in drunken brawls can take the consequences."

He can also be disarmingly gentle, however. A man whose fence had been damaged by a fire in Estévez's adjoining pasture demanded heavy cash damages, then reluctantly accepted an arbitration settlement providing that the doctor instead replace the 385 burned posts. Claiming that every burned stick was authentic fence-post nobility, he reserved the right to reject any sub-standard post. Patiently Estévez ordered fence posts by the thousand, while the man accepted a few from one lot, a few more from another. While he was inspecting the tenth thousand, his horse threw him and he broke his shoulder. Estévez treated him and, when asked for his bill, charged a couple of pounds—the cost of anaesthetic and bandages. The man wept with shame. Now he is one of the doctor's greatest admirers.

Today, at 65, Estévez keeps a schedule that would kill many a

younger man. He spends his mornings in the hospital, operating and making the rounds. Because of the total concentration required, surgery is one of the most exhausting of human endeavours, but Estévez's tremendous physical stamina enables him to maintain an almost assembly-line pace. I once watched him perform nine abdominal operations in two hours.

After lunch he goes to the local clinic, where he sees more patients. About three o'clock the yard of his modest home begins to fill with people: his private patients. Only after the last one has been attended to does Estévez drive out to his farm, where he roams about and happily checks the well-being of every animal.

Estévez has doctored four generations of many families. His 271 godchildren (his goal is 500) include the grandchildren of a president, as well as the sons of farm hands and bullock-cart drivers.

"I know that when I go home to Aguadulce," says a prominent government official, "the church will be there, the statue of President Chiari in the plaza will be there, and Estévez will be there. The man is a landmark, and the people of the region depend upon him as they depend upon the sun. I sometimes think they do not realize that he is mortal."

**TWO-BOOK  
SUPPLEMENT**



# **BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL: THE MAFIA**

*from the book by FREDERIC SONDERN*

MURDER, violence, sabotage, blackmail—these are all natural and commonplace to the Mafia, the Sicilian criminal society on which justice is at last relentlessly closing in. The *mafiosi* are no ordinary gangsters. They dominate the American underworld and their tentacles are fastened on many a previously legitimate business and trade union. In *Brotherhood of Evil*, Frederic Sondern gives the first genuine behind-the-scenes explanation of who and what they are and how they operate. He tells why, as members of a fraternity which for 200 years has been dedicated to crime, they consider themselves beyond any law except their own peculiar code. This is a frightening picture of the power of highly-organized crime.



## *Brotherhood of Evil: The Mafia*

ONE DAY in 1914 a hulking teenager went into a barber's shop in New York's "Little Sicily" and asked to have his hair cut in a long and somewhat peculiar fashion which he described exactly. The elderly Sicilian barber flatly refused to do it. The young tough was so enraged that, lashing out blindly, he swept a rackful of shaving mugs to the floor. Whereupon the barber, standing there razor in hand, slashed the deep vertical cut in his would-be client's left cheek which was to give him the nickname of "Scarface" — Scarface Al Capone.

Young Al Capone intensely admired the Mafia—that mysterious and close-knit Sicilian brotherhood of evil—and wanted his hair cut in

the traditional *mafioso* style. But he was not a Sicilian (he was born in Naples in 1899); and the barber, a Mafia man himself, considered such a request from a Neapolitan a sacrilege. Despite this kind of prejudice, Capone ultimately succeeded in becoming a *mafioso* of sorts—to America's great cost.

All Americans have been horrified recently, legislators and citizens alike, to learn how vicious a stranglehold the Mafia has on national life. The Kefauver Crime Commission of 1950 feared that the conspiracy its investigators laid bare was so vast and so nightmarish that nobody would believe it. "The Mafia," wrote Senator Kefauver after months of investigation, "is the

**cement that binds organized crime.**

In November 1957, when state police broke up a meeting of some 60 underworld leaders at Apalachin, New York, there followed even more jolting revelations. For the spotlight subsequently focused on the Mafia by official investigations has disclosed an immensely wealthy cartel of criminals which dominates the American underworld, controls the drug traffic and much large-scale gambling, runs many labour unions as profitable rackets, and takes over by strong-arm methods and almost unlimited cash one legitimate business after another. Much of the responsibility for this sinister development rests on Al Capone. For he proved to be a criminal genius of towering stature. It was he who first converted the Mafia into a modern big-time crime syndicate.

Al's particular idol, as he grew up in Brooklyn, was Johnny Torrio, a rising *mafioso* for whom he faithfully ran errands. Eventually Torrio moved to Chicago, did well in the rackets there and soon sent for his

FREDERIC SONDERN is a roving editor of *The Reader's Digest*. He has written many articles dealing with crime and law enforcement. In two decades of research and travel he has come to know intimately the world's principal law officers, in Washington, at Scotland Yard, the *Sûreté Nationale* and *Interpol* in Paris, the *Questura* in Rome, the *Bundeskriminalamt* in Wiesbaden. In writing *Brotherhood of Evil* he had access to many police files, worked with agents in the field and was with them at several arrests and during ensuing interrogations.

young henchman. Capone's fantastic rise thereafter is history. In 1925 he and Torrio were splitting no less than 100,000 dollars (Rs. 5 lakhs) a week; and when Torrio then suddenly made up his mind to retire—after rival gangsters had almost succeeded in assassinating him—he left the whole lucrative kingdom to Capone.

Most of the staff on whom the new leader would have to rely were Sicilian *mafiosi*. But they had watched Capone operate, were convinced he would bring them prosperity and decided to go along with him, Neapolitan or not. Their confidence was well placed. With the Mafia at his back, Capone marched into every political district in the city and, using guile along with sawn-off shot-guns, sub-machine guns and other means of extermination, decimated rival gangs with military precision. In less than five years the Battle of Chicago had cost the lives of 500 gangsters; but Capone and the Mafia men who worked with him had not only taken over boot-legging, prostitution and gambling in Illinois and other nearby states, but had also laid the foundation for today's nation-wide syndicate.

Capone learned much from the Mafia, but the Mafia learned even more from him. Mainly he taught them the value of organization. The pasty-faced, powerfully built, enormously energetic little man had administrative capacities that could have sent him to the top in legitimate

business. Swiftly he built up the world's largest illicit enterprise and made it a model of efficiency, teamwork and skilfully deputized authority. Eventually it netted over 20 million dollars a year. Capone himself, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service estimates, amassed a fortune of 50 million dollars—and cannily invested most of it in blue-chip securities.

FOR ALL his wealth and power, Capone remained an outsider in the Mafia. He could, for example, never become a *don*—this being a courtesy title, but a cherished one, which the brotherhood awards to its outstanding leaders, its *capi mafiosi*. And if the Chicago Mafia accepted him otherwise, because of what he could do for them, the New York community did not. In Giuseppe Aiello, a powerful *capo mafioso* in New York, he had a mortal enemy. Aiello hated Capone personally, envied his growing control of Chicago, and bitterly resented the fact that a Neapolitan should be giving orders to *mafiosi*.

Aiello managed to infiltrate the Capone organization and to corrupt two of Capone's most trusted advisers, Giovanni Scalice and Alberto Anselmi. And when the post of *capo mafioso*, or chief, for the whole Chicago Mafia became vacant, Aiello saw a final means of destroying his enemy.

Although he could not hold the post himself, Capone's role was that

of kingmaker; he could designate who should be appointed. At Aiello's instigation, Scalice and Anselmi suggested that their good friend Giuseppe Guinta from New York would make a good figurehead chief for Chicago. Capone agreed; the new man would be an outsider, he reasoned, and could be handled.

Thus the plot was set up. The conspirators would murder Capone when opportunity offered, and take over his empire from New York. But Aiello had not reckoned with Capone's superb intelligence system.

From the beginning—and this was another lesson the Mafia learned from him—Capone insisted on a highly efficient information network. Barbers, manicurists, barmen, hotel porters, doormen, shoeshine boys all over Chicago knew the number to call when they heard anything that might interest the Boss. So did certain police officers in Chicago and other cities. Information that proved of value was well rewarded. Capone also employed a crew of expert wire tappers, although wire tapping was a generally unknown practice in the '20's.

Within a few days he had learnt all about the plot against him. With the connivance of the local brotherhood, which also disliked the threat of invasion from New York, Capone exacted a revenge so grisly that even by underworld standards it must be considered classic.

He gave a gala dinner to celebrate



the installation of Guinta as Chicago's new *capo mafioso*. It was an extremely festive occasion, and the banquet room was packed. After a huge meal had been eaten, the little Neapolitan rose with a glass of champagne, apparently to drink a toast. He had been a most gracious host all evening, with smiles and handshakes for everyone, particularly for Guinta, Scalice and Anselmi. Now he bowed to the new chief, who was flanked by his two sponsors. Suddenly his smile disappeared, and his face became contorted with rage.

"Traitors!" he screamed in Italian. "Filth! Dogs!" He hurled his champagne in the new chief's face, then reached under the table for the heavy baseball bat which lay at his feet. The Chicago *mafiosi* had been given their orders and now had their guns out, trained on the three plotters—the guests of honour—who sat riveted to their chairs in terror. Unhurriedly, like a medieval execu-

tioner, Capone walked round the table until he was behind Scalice, who knew what was coming and crossed himself. The club in the Neapolitan's beefy hands came crashing down.

Scalice toppled forward, brains spilling on to the tablecloth. Anselmi was next; then Guinta. Capone threw the bloody bat on the floor, spat, waved an order to have the bodies removed and stalked out.

Anselmi and Guinta, not quite dead, were then riddled with bullets to make sure. The three mangled corpses were found the next day by the Indiana State Police across the state line in a roadside ditch. Although the whole underworld and the Chicago police knew within hours what had happened, no indictments were sought.

By Mafia standards it was all most impressive and quite justified by the brotherhood's rules; the executions simply carried out, with dramatic violence for emphasis, an indisputable decision made by the proper council of elders. A few weeks later, while his prestige was thus at a peak, Capone made a move that was to make underworld and Mafia history. He issued invitations to the senior Mafia leaders of Chicago, Detroit,

New York, Philadelphia and other cities to meet in Atlantic City. Almost all of them accepted. This was May 1929.

Such national conventions of the brotherhood were then almost unprecedented, and the delegates arrived in a mood of mutual suspicion, flanked by bodyguards. But the chunky Neapolitan was both a politician and a diplomat of unusual ability—a statesman in his way. His audience was soon fascinated as he explained a project on which he had been working for three years—a nation-wide organization or syndicate for gambling, prostitution, labour racketeering, extortion and, of course, bootlegging (although he accurately foresaw that Prohibition would soon end). The delegates were impressed, and within a few days he had put together a number of formidable and friendly combines to form a national syndicate.

Capone's day was almost over, however. On the way home he was arrested in Philadelphia for carrying a gun without a local permit, and was sentenced to a year in jail. He lost considerable face by this lapse, and when Treasury agents succeeded in sending him to jail for 11 years for income-tax evasion, his era of supremacy was definitely ended. But the peace treaties he hammered out at Atlantic City were to bind Chicago, New York, Detroit and other Mafia kingdoms together from that day on. They formed the fundamen-

tal design and unwritten constitution of the modern American Mafia.

A SECOND major architect of Mafia fortunes has been Salvatore Lucania, better known as Charles "Lucky" Luciano. He, too, is a businessman of crime and a superb executive; but unlike Capone he has always preferred anonymity. Moreover, he was born in Sicily (near Palermo in 1897), and is thus a *mafioso* of the purest water. A glance at his career is revealing.

Luciano was schooled in the teeming slum streets of New York's Lower East Side. At 18, already an expert gang fighter and chief runner for an important drug pedlar, he was caught delivering heroin and served six months of a one-year sentence in jail. But this only made him eligible for underworld promotion.

By the early 1920's he had become chief of staff for Giuseppe Masseria, a *don* who had great seniority in the brotherhood and a fearsome reputation for ruthlessness. It took a few years, a hundred murders and untold mayhem to organize the bootlegging empire of the U.S. Eastern seaboard, but Masseria finally won control of it. Thus he became the area's principal *capo mafioso*. Luciano was his brains, his memory and his constant companion. Together they made a powerful team, and Luciano began to exert great influence in the New York Mafia's councils.

Like Capone he sensed the end of

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Prohibition, and with Masseria's weight behind him, he began to expand into fields other than bootlegging. He had two friends who were also growing powerful, Joe Adonis and Albert Anastasia, co-founders of Murder, Incorporated. The three had all sorts of projects afoot—organized gambling, a chain of brothels, large-scale drug peddling, extorting "protection" money from the garment industry. The ageing *capo*, Masseria, didn't like it. The boys were going too far too fast, he felt, and had to be slowed down. He began putting obstacles in their way.

An ancient rule of the brotherhood requires a *capo mafioso* to step down when age impairs his initiative. If he retires gracefully, as many have, he can look forward to a peaceful old age and to being an elder statesman who is respectfully consulted by the new executives. If he does not withdraw voluntarily, he is traditionally given one warning—the slaughter, generally, of a minor as-

sistant. Don Giuseppe was warned in 1930 when one of his bodyguards was ambushed. But the *capo* was stubborn; he had no intention of dropping the reins.

One day in April 1931, Luciano invited him to dinner at Scarpato's, an excellent Coney Island restaurant. Masseria liked food and wine; it was late before they finished, and the dining-room was almost empty. Luciano went to wash his hands. He was unquestionably and provably in the cloakroom when three men materialized behind the tiddly *don's* chair, methodically emptied their revolvers into him and as rapidly disappeared. By the time Luciano dashed out, as he told the police a few minutes later, the killers were gone and his beloved old patron was dead.

None of the restaurant staff could even vaguely describe the men with the guns. But the murder had all the earmarks of a traditional Mafia execution. When a ranking *mafioso* is condemned by his own brotherhood,

he must, by custom, be killed humanely and unexpectedly, and preferably after he has been feted with food and wine.



BY SUCCESSION Luciano was now a *capo* of the first class. A gifted underworld diplomat who believed in using guns only when absolutely

necessary, he conciliated other gangs and organized them into Capone-type syndicates. The underworld quickly realized the advantages of such co-operation. In New York the destructive internecine warfare stopped abruptly, and long-distance calls and regional meetings between gang leaders became commonplace among racket combines from coast to coast.

Luciano also radically changed the dress and manners of the brotherhood. Quietly conservative in his own tastes, he decreed that everyone on his staff "has to look legit." Under his influence, suavity replaced bluster and subdued banker-type clothes replaced the wide-brimmed felts and odd, spectacularly tight overcoats that had long been the Mafia uniform.

By 1935, when New York's then special prosecutor, Thomas Dewey, indicted him for compulsory prostitution, Luciano had attained almost unprecedented power. He lived in a suite at the Waldorf Astoria (under the name "Charles Ross") and was master of the most lucrative of the New York rackets. No gambling operation, no important dock or garment industry extortion could be organized without his permission and a provision for his cut. His protection was nearly ironclad, and members of the New York judiciary and other dignitaries often attended his regal morning business conferences.

His combine of brothels, however,

which grossed ten million dollars a year and exacted tribute from 200 madams and more than 1,000 girls, made him vulnerable. For the women were left so little take-home pay, and thus became so disgruntled, that Dewey was able to persuade many of them to testify against Luciano. The jury found him guilty, and the judge, outraged by the evidence, gave him 30 to 50 years. Normally this would have meant a life sentence; but the *don's* ingenuity, lawyers, connexions—and his position as a *capo mafioso*—could even open prison doors.

Luciano's opportunity came during the Second World War. The value of his war effort has been the subject of much controversy, but it is on record that he was suddenly transferred from remote Dannemora Prison to the more accessible Great Meadows Penitentiary. Few people know the details of the discreet meetings that then ensued, the lines of communication that were set up. But apparently his great underworld authority was enlisted to protect the miles of New York docks, which were the anchor of America's lifeline to Europe. Certainly, if he passed the word to the stevedores and other dock workers, it was effective, for there was surprisingly little sabotage or any other trouble on the docks. German intelligence officers, interrogated after the war, commented on the extreme difficulty their agents had in doing any damage

at all to New York piers and ships.

Whatever the case, in 1945 the New York State Parole Board concluded that Luciano had made a definite contribution to the war effort. Since he had never become an American citizen, it suggested that he be deported to Italy, where he could do America no further damage. Governor Dewey concurred, and with much triumphant fanfare at the sailing—great baskets of wine and delicacies as gifts from the brotherhood's top echelon, and a stateroom party of the utmost gaiety with champagne, caviare and lobster—Don Salvatore was sent on his way to Italy, a new life and, supposedly, oblivion.

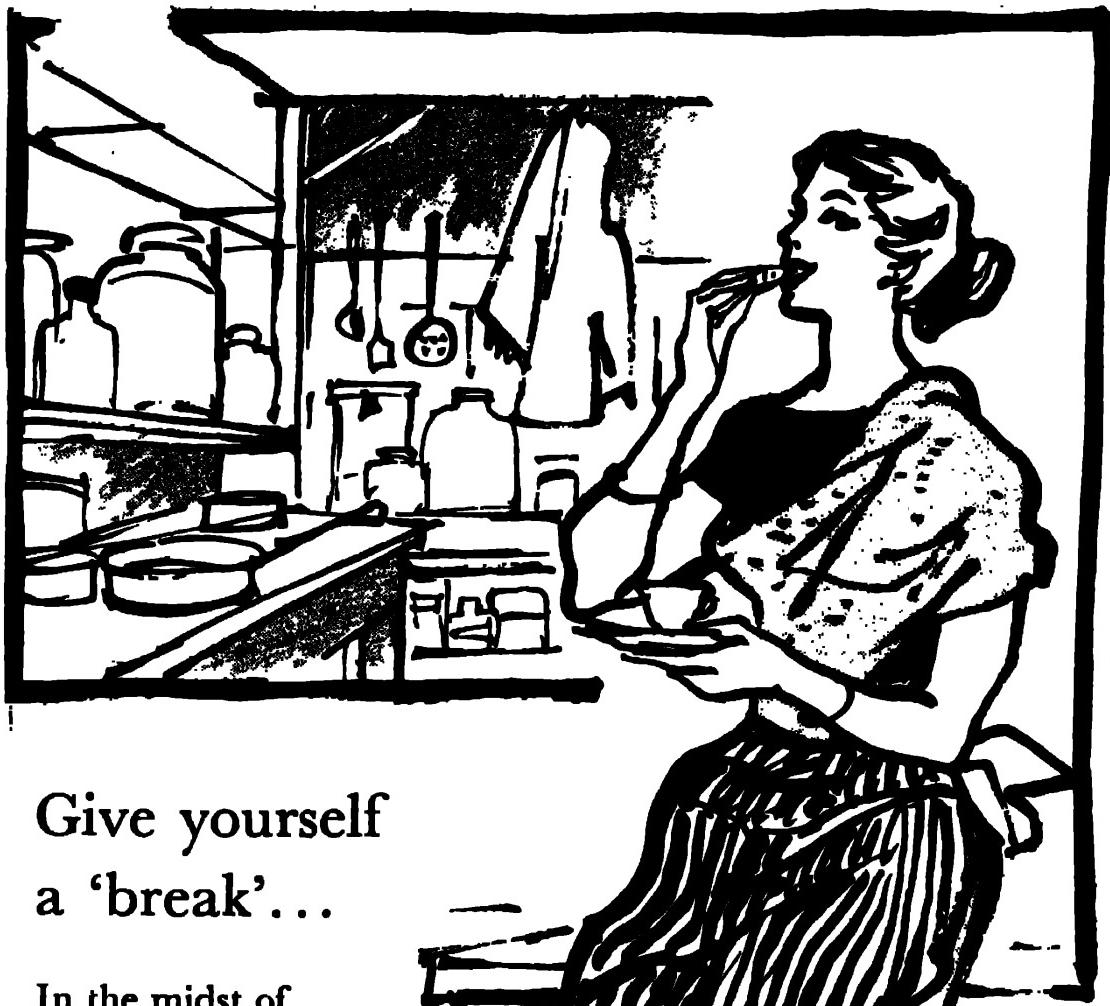
Actually his deportation simply meant that, for the first time, the American Mafia had a top-flight representative in Europe to direct its already flourishing drug traffic. For Luciano was soon in business again. He settled in the seaport of Naples, where several ships a week offered fast communication to New York. Money reached him regularly by courier—it is a strict rule of the brotherhood that a *mafioso* in prison or exile gets dividends from projects he helped to organize—so he had plenty of capital. "The American Colony," as the Italian police call the gangster deportees, contained many *mafiosi* who now rallied round. Thus he was able to post carefully selected deputies in Rome, Milan, Genoa and other centres, where they

soon controlled many Italian underworld rackets.

But such ventures as smuggling American cigarettes or collecting "protection" money from laundries were small indeed beside the bonanza he is believed to have found in drugs. It was all made to order for him. The manufacture of heroin for medicinal purposes was perfectly legal in Italy, and its licensing was carelessly administered. Access to this unlimited supply of high-grade drugs was soon reflected in the mounting profits of the American *mafiosi* and by an alarming rise in addiction, and in the crime rate that goes with it, as drugs poured into the United States in unprecedented volume.

It is difficult to exaggerate the malevolence of Mafia influence, for it thoroughly dominates the American underworld and with its huge revenues it constantly seeks to expand into ever wider fields. Romantic crime writers sometimes speak of The National Syndicate, or just The Syndicate, but there is no such all-embracing monster. Instead, there are a number of syndicates, all set up on the Capone-Luciano pattern, all continuously in touch with each other. And on careful examination one finds that almost every one of these cartels is either dominated or strongly influenced by a group of *mafiosi*.

The brotherhood has achieved



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this position with, until lately, almost no publicity or public awareness. Indeed the Mafia has remained so invisible that until recently even veteran law-enforcement officers have discounted its existence as a major underworld factor. How has such legerdemain been possible? The answer lies in the *mafioso* heritage—the group discipline, the techniques of evasion, deception and concealment perfected by 200 years of apprenticeship to crime.

The Mafia began in the 18th century as an underground resistance movement against brutal foreign tyranny. For years the original Sicilian *mafiosi* fought their Austrian, Spanish and French rulers, terrorized their tax collectors and murdered their police agents. To assure survival in this world of violence and chaos, they eventually forged an iron code of behaviour known as *omertà*.

*Omertà* (which means, roughly, "conspiracy of silence") has five cardinal commandments—as compelling today as they were then. A *mafioso* must (1) come to the aid of a brother in trouble with every means at his command, (2) obey implicitly the orders of a council of brothers senior to him, (3) be ready to avenge at any cost an offence by an outsider against a brother, (4) never under any circumstances appeal to the police or courts for redress, (5) on pain of death, never admit the existence of the brother-

hood, discuss its activities or reveal the name of a brother.

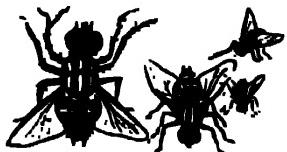
In the 1860's the character of the Mafia changed abruptly. Italy and Sicily were unified under an Italian king, and there was no longer any need to combat foreign tyranny.

But the *mafiosi* were unwilling to give up their privileged positions as heroes and men of power. They began to exploit their unusual skills in murder, kidnapping and robbery for their own gain. The next decades found them extorting regular tribute from every section of Sicilian society, as masters of a fearsome, secret, criminal government-within-a-government.

The Mafia has since had many ups and downs, but its essential character has remained unchanged. In his book, *At Crossed Swords With the Mafia*, Police Prefect Cesare Mori, who tried to smash the brotherhood in Sicily in the 1920's, observes: "The most salient and perplexing factor in the psychology of the typical *mafioso* is his conviction that he is doing no wrong. As long as he obeys the rules of *omertà*—whether he extorts, steals or even murders—he is, to himself as well as to his brethren, an honourable man. His conscience is at peace."

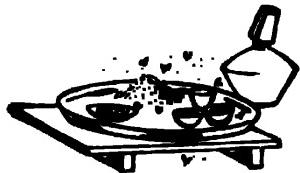
The Mafia discovered America in the 1880's—and splendid opportunities among their own migrant countrymen. Bewildered by the strange language and customs of the new land, the Italians and Sicilians hud-

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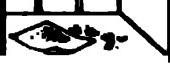
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dled together in the Little Italys of New York, Chicago and other cities, where they were easy prey for the rapacious, well-organized *mafiosi*. Word of the bonanza brought more *mafiosi* from Sicily. Mafia extortion gangs began to use the dreaded Black Hand signature on their warnings, ransom notes and other demands. The well-to-do Italian farmers and merchants who were the first targets for such extortion paid in terror, and the brotherhood prospered.

By 1919 the Mafia was only an element in the American underworld, however—an important but not dominant one. When Prohibition released its golden flood, though, and hell broke loose as every city gang tried to seize control of this immense new source of revenue, it was the Mafia gangs that were best fitted to survive. They had the requisite cohesiveness, organization and discipline. Moreover, they were at home in such warfare.

Many of the Capone mob's lethal techniques, seemingly new at the



time, were simply modern adaptations of ancient Mafia methods. The handshake assassination, for example—in which one conspirator steps forward smiling and genially grasps and holds the victim's gun hand while a companion leisurely blows his head off—is as old as the Mafia. But it served to destroy the heavily armed Irish gang leader Dion O'Banion in his own florist's shop. The ruse employed in the "Saint Valentine's Day Massacre," in which Capone's executioners, dressed in police uniforms, mowed down six unsuspecting members of the rival Moran gang in an obscure garage, was not new either. For generations, *mafiosi* in Sicily had kept *Carabinieri* uniforms hidden away for the same purpose.

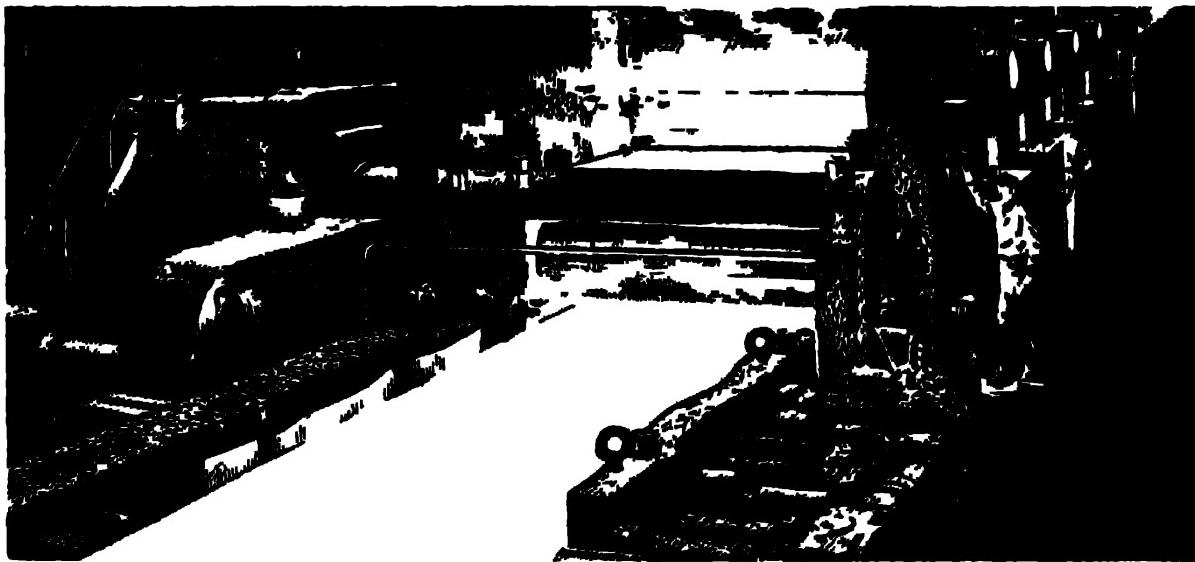
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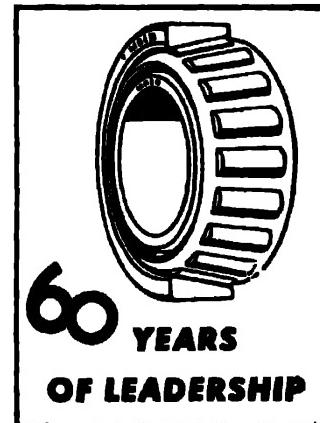
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In six short years the Mafia gangs won their wars, consolidated their bootlegging markets and, under the guidance of Capone, Luciano, and lesser leaders, rose to the heights of wealth and power. They soon moved in heavily on organized gambling, illicit drugs, slot machines, food and liquor distribution, carting, refuse removal, building contracting and innumerable other undertakings. A fabulous era in the Mafia's history had begun.

THE FIRST U.S. federal law-enforcement agency to meet the Mafia head-on and thus to discover its character, size and power, was the U. S. Treasury's Bureau of Narcotics. Harry Jacob Anslinger has been Commissioner of the Bureau since it was established in 1930. A stubborn Pennsylvania German, he hates the Mafia and its works, and has fought it with a methodical, unrelenting anger. The *mafiosi* return his sentiment and regard "that so-and-so Anslinger" as their principal and most effective enemy.

When he and the men he recruited first undertook the herculean task of stemming illicit drug imports, they knew virtually nothing about the brotherhood. They have since come to know it very well indeed. For when they found how heavily the *mafiosi* were involved in the drug traffic, they started a special file on the Mafia—a file which is now almost encyclopedic.

Last year, when New York's Watchdog Committee became curious about this peculiar fraternity, one of Anslinger's men, district supervisor John Cusack, briefed them. "The Mafia preys on human weakness," Cusack told the legislators, "through the illicit narcotics traffic, organized prostitution, counterfeiting, bootlegging, organized gambling, loan sharking and extortion. But it also moves into legitimate business, selecting ventures where its strong-arm tactics and cash resources will quickly bring large profits. Our extensive investigations of various members of the Mafia have repeatedly shown a pattern of either infiltration or complete domination of such legitimate fields as the distribution of beer, liquor and soft drinks; the importation and distribution of Italian olive oil, cheese and tomato paste; the control of wholesale fruit and vegetable produce markets; the baking and distribution of Italian bread and pastries; vending machines and juke boxes; the operation of night clubs, restaurants and bars; theatrical booking agencies and musical recording companies.

"Mafia members use 'front people' who are completely trusted in the community to operate and nominally own these various legitimate interests. By a well-planned programme these 'front men,' who are usually Mafia brothers of minor rank and ability, ingratiate them-

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EVERY HOME  
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selves by activity in community and church affairs, generous contributions to charities and ostensibly respectable family lives. They are always ready to entertain and do favours for the right people."

Point by point, in his 15,000-word report to the New York legislators, Cusack built up a composite picture of the Mafia. The Bureau of Narcotics has found, for example, that since Capone's downfall nearly all Mafia members have been almost superstitiously careful about paying income tax. They ascribe their illicit profits to some legitimate business if they own one; and if they do not, they secure the co-operation of some *mafioso* friend who does. The friend declares the money as part of his own legitimate profits, then returns it as an unsecured personal loan after income tax has been paid on it.

Prison carries no stigma in Mafia circles, being considered a normal occupational hazard. The sentenced *mafioso* gravely thanks the judge, as if he were in Palermo, and afterwards almost invariably serves his time as a model prisoner. Usually, however, he evades prison, since he is defended by skilful, top-flight lawyers (who rarely bear Sicilian or Italian names). Lawyers of this calibre are expensive; but "a good mouthpiece," as Luciano once remarked, "is worth all the dough he wants."

Whether born in America or in Sicily, Mafia members share a re-

markable uniformity of outlook and conduct. They invariably hate the police and government of any kind, feel contempt for all who do not belong to the brotherhood, and to an astonishing degree associate only with each other. An agent who had known one drug offender through several arrests tried to talk him into going straight. "Aw, what would I do—strictly legit?" Joe replied. "I wouldn't have no friends." Then he added cryptically, "Besides, they wouldn't let me quit."

"What do you mean—*they*?" asked the agent. A curtain came down over Joe's face. Then he looked the agent squarely in the eyes. "You know what I mean," he said slowly. "*They*."

The men almost always marry daughters of other *mafiosi*, and although they are rarely faithful—one or more mistresses are caste-marks of success among Mafia men—they are devoted husbands, after a fashion. If there is money for a spare Cadillac or mink coat, it goes to the wife, for her interests always come first. The Mafia women, in turn, are good cooks and housekeepers, adore their children, respect and obey their husbands, associate only with other women of their own kind and never pry into their men's business.

WHATEVER their income, most Mafia members are still essentially Sicilian peasants. They may spend 500 dollars (Rs. 2,500) in a night

club and perhaps lose 20,000 dollars (Rs. 1 lakh) gambling during the same evening. But they live in comfortable two-family houses in back streets, or in unostentatious flats with cheap, antimacassared, overstuffed furniture; brilliant prints and faded pictures of relatives on the walls, imitation flowers in gaudy vases, fairground prizes in glass cabinets. There is usually a store of banknotes around, ready for instant need. Agents who arrested a leading drug pedlar in just such a nondescript flat raised their eyebrows inquiringly when they found 11 one-thousand-dollar bills in a cheap tin box on a kitchen shelf. "Aaah," casually explained the prisoner, whose assets were probably worth at least a million dollars, "I lika keep a liddle cash around de place."

*Mafioso* customarily carry tremendous sums with them also. The 60 who met at Apalachin, for example, had some 300,000 dollars in cash between them. Thus there is always money for a bet, a quick deal in heroin or a fast getaway. When the heat is on, a *mafioso* may suddenly disappear and, under another name, move in with relatives in some distant city.

Most of the brotherhood do not enjoy travel. They are uncertain of themselves in strange surroundings. But Florida is a "must" for racketeers of any standing, and during the season Miami Beach is one huge *mafioso* meeting. They go to certain

hotels known to be safe, where the telephone operators and pageboys are secure. They also have their own bars and night clubs, usually owned by other *mafiosi*, where they can gossip interminably. They go in for a good deal of golf and fishing, since both these sports take them out of reach of possible microphones.

Even when in no apparent danger, the *mafioso* is always alert. By habit, whether in a car or on foot, he watches continuously to see whether he is being followed, and is always trying to make a possible shadow reveal himself. He will race his car suddenly, make quick turns and unexpectedly double back on himself. Walking, he will suddenly duck into a doorway and watch the people who were behind him pass. He will enter a train on the underground and then leap out just before the doors close. In a restaurant or bar he always unobtrusively but carefully studies the people around him.

In business letters to each other the brethren almost always use the Sicilian vernacular. Since this in itself is almost a code, and is further obscured by the use of ancient code phrases of the brotherhood, it is virtually indecipherable to outsiders. Telephone conversation is never straightforward either. Whether he is placing a bet on a horse, making a date with a woman or asking his wife what groceries to bring home, a *mafioso* rarely gives his full name and uses circumlocutions whenever

# have you heard...?

That's my factory down there.  
*Your factory? Have you come into property?*

Perhaps I'm exaggerating a little.  
I mean I hold a few shares in the company that owns it—The Alkali & Chemical Corporation of India Ltd.

*And what does this company of yours do?*

It makes chemicals—chlorine, caustic soda and hydrochloric acid, and also paints and insecticides.  
And that big plant by the railway is their new plastics factory.  
Altogether, about Rs. 640 lakhs are employed in that business.

*I should have thought that with a factory that size they'd be making hundreds of different chemicals.*

No. You need large-scale plants to make chemicals economically.  
And you also need a great deal of technical knowledge—which is where I.C.I. come in. A.C.C.I. is one of their subsidiaries.

*How does I.C.I. help?*

Well, they've had a long experience of chemical manufacture, and nobody has greater research facilities.  
They spent Rs. 18 crores on research last year.

*Sounds like a useful partnership.*

It is. You can't thrive in this particular business without that sort of backing. Science, enterprise, and production experience—that's what makes for success in the chemical industry.



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possible. To a perfectly legitimate car salesman on a perfectly honest deal he will say, "That matter we were talking about," never "Now about that car I want to buy."

It is standard practice for a *mafioso* to have several names and several different ways of spelling each one. Don Giuseppe Bonanno, for example, signs and identifies himself variously as Giuseppe, or Joseph, or Joe Bonnani, Bonono, Bananni. Miranda unexpectedly becomes Mirandi, Morando, Maranda. The names of parents are purposely misspelt, birthplaces and dates never given correctly. It is all part of a well-tested system for confusing police files, reporters and investigators.

Business deals are equally flexible. The *dons* arrange their meetings according to the needs of the moment. Ten of them may suddenly gather in San Francisco to organize the shipment of drugs from the Orient; a dozen may meet in Chicago to talk over new possibilities in the labour rackets; 20 may converge on New York to set up a new gambling syndicate. The continual ebb and flow in the brotherhood's operations, the continual change of personnel in the various rackets and the fluidity of their associations are among the factors which have made it so hard for the Press, the police and the legislative committees to get a clear picture of the always writhing octopus.

In 1948 Commissioner Anslinger decided on a drastic move. After the war the Mafia had for the first time secured an effective monopoly on the import and distribution of drugs; and with high-level direction from Italy, the set-up was appallingly efficient. To combat it, the commissioner sent some of his men to Europe and the Middle East to try to choke off the supply of drugs at the source by enlisting the help of Italian, French and Turkish police.

Penetrating and untangling the intricacies of a drugs network is painfully slow business, but it can be done. An arrested smuggler talks to reduce his sentence. Pedlars here and there add small bits of information. The dissatisfied mistress of a gangster occasionally contributes details, and gradually a general picture emerges.

One typical Mafia syndicate, for example, whose dealings Anslinger's men were able to trace to its supply sources in Europe, consisted of half a dozen large drug distributors in New York. All were Sicilian, and all had countless aliases. They also had imagination and skilful techniques—worked partly through contacts in Paris and Marseilles, partly through others in Palermo, Naples and Milan—and were careful never to use quite the same routes twice. By agreement they maintained a permanent fund of at least 300,000 dollars (Rs. 15 lakhs) for sudden advantageous purchases of heroin and

emergency expenses for couriers and lawyers. But this reserve went as high as 500,000 dollars (Rs. 25 lakhs) on occasions when big buying was expected.

Couriers sent from New York were selected with extreme care. He or she never had a police record, and sometimes was even an innocent dupe. One grateful and unsuspecting nephew, for example, was sent to Italy by an uncle, to visit relatives. He was even to take his car along. Thrilled by this unexpected generosity, Nephew sailed joyously and with an absolutely clear conscience. He and his wife were given several introductions, and in Marseilles they stayed with hospitable friend No. 1, who happened to be a garage owner. Nephew's car was, of course, whisked away for thorough servicing free of charge. The servicing consisted of building concealed compartments into the body of the car. In Naples, Nephew was again royally entertained—while bags of heroin were put into the hidden receptacles. Nephew completed his pleasant tour and eventually returned to the United States.

From even the most practised smuggler can emanate an involuntary nervousness which alert customs inspectors often detect. Some very large seizures of contraband have been made in this way. But Nephew, in his innocence, exuded nothing. His car, one of a hundred to be inspected on the ship, was

quickly searched and passed. A week later Uncle borrowed it from Nephew—his own car was being repaired, he said—and shortly thereafter the heroin was on the market.

Such elaborate procedures are expensive, but drug importers can well afford them. High-purity heroin can be bought in France and Italy for at most 2,000 dollars (Rs. 10,000) a kilogram (2·2 pounds) and sold to dealers in New York for up to 15,000 dollars (Rs. 75,000). The international power of the Mafia is such that the European price has purposely been held down—this price fixing seems to be one of Luciana's functions—so that the American *mafiosi* can make really big profits.

Many of Anslinger's men are of Sicilian origin and have much the same family background as have the Mafia people. In time, some of these agents worked their way into New York gangs with the aid of stool pigeons and, after months of preparing for the role, were actually sent to France and Italy as bona fide couriers. A picture of the new courier would be sent ahead in a letter of introduction (which would seem entirely innocuous to anyone outside the brotherhood), and half a torn dollar bill would also have to be presented to a contact in Paris or Naples who held the other half. The new courier would then go through interminable questioning by minor gangsters in countless cafés, on street



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Johnson's Baby Soap for bath-time—pure and gentle, specially made for delicate skins.

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gum health  
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fresh breath

use Forhan's toothpaste  
*and be proud of your  
sparkling white, healthy teeth*

In the recent Forhan's Sparkling Smile Contest, many letters of testimony were received from all over India commenting on the *outstanding* value of Forhan's Toothpaste. And no wonder...for Forhan's is the *only* toothpaste containing Dr. R. J. Forhan's special astringent for the gums. Forhan's Toothpaste will ensure gum health, sound teeth and fresh breath. Use Forhan's Toothpaste and be proud of your sparkling white healthy teeth.

# Forhan's

THE TOOTHPASTE CREATED BY A DENTIST

Geoffrey Manners & Co. Private Ltd.



corners and in hotel lobbies, before they would consent to introduce him to the higher-ups.

"You say you know Shillitani," a grim Corsican, flanked by a couple of equally menacing *mafiosi*, would remark in Marseilles. "Well, when did you see him last? And how is he?" If the agent answers satisfactorily, the nerve-racking testing continues. "I hear Alfredo is in jail," says the tester. The agent must know who Alfredo is and that he is not in prison—or else.

No one is ever in a hurry in well-run rackets; the successful racketeer knows that haste is dangerous. A heroin sale means danger for both buyer and seller in any case, and the haggling over price, dates and places of delivery is drawn out over several days. Sometimes agents are exposed during this tense period. One man had almost reached a source in Paris willing to negotiate the sale of 60 kilos of heroin—a huge amount—when a visiting New York gangster recognized him as a drug agent. All the carefully cultivated contacts at once vanished like smoke, and the agent was lucky to escape with his life. But there have been substantial successes, too, which sometimes led to spectacular arrests by local police.

Within two years Anslinger's men managed to track down Luciano's growing rival in the Italian underworld—Francesco Coppola, another deported American racketeer and

brother *mafioso*. In co-operation with the *Guardia di Finanza* (Italy's Treasury Police), they trailed various of Coppola's men for months until they had traced his long, devious and well-protected trade route from a drug-supply house in Milan to a depot near Rome and thence to his headquarters in the hills behind Palermo, the Mafia's historic stronghold.

When a buyer from Detroit was caught red-handed purchasing six kilograms of heroin from one of his men, all of the gang except Coppola were arrested. He himself managed to escape, but was caught later when Luciano gave away his hiding-place. Luciano hated his loud-mouthed rival so bitterly, and considered his brashness so perilous to the whole drugs set-up, that he was willing to break the Mafia code to be rid of him.

To this day, neither Bureau of Narcotics agents nor Italian police have been able to pin anything on Luciano. Having been burned once, he is determined not to be caught again. He never handles a grain of any drug himself, writes no letters, seldom makes or receives a telephone call. All his important business is conducted on a beach where no one can approach without being seen, no microphones can be planted, no wires tapped. Thus far he has remained invulnerable.

Despite this frustration, the Bureau of Narcotics had managed, by

1957, to reduce U.S. imports of heroin from Europe by roughly 40 per cent. The resultant loss of income, together with a tempting rise in the price of drugs in the United States, caused disruptive stresses in the hitherto smoothly running Mafia organization. Stresses that eventually led to the ill-fated policy meeting at Apalachin.

The first public evidence of internal conflict was the killing, in New York City on June 17, 1957, of Francesco Scalici, a powerful *capo mafioso* in the Bronx.

OFFICIALLY Don Francesco Scalici was only a director of a relatively modest plastering company, and he liked to say that he was "just a little contractor." But he had a tight grip on the whole building industry of the Bronx—a New York City borough of more than a million and a half people. On construction jobs, supervisors and labourers alike stood at almost military attention when he spoke to them. No one questioned his authority.

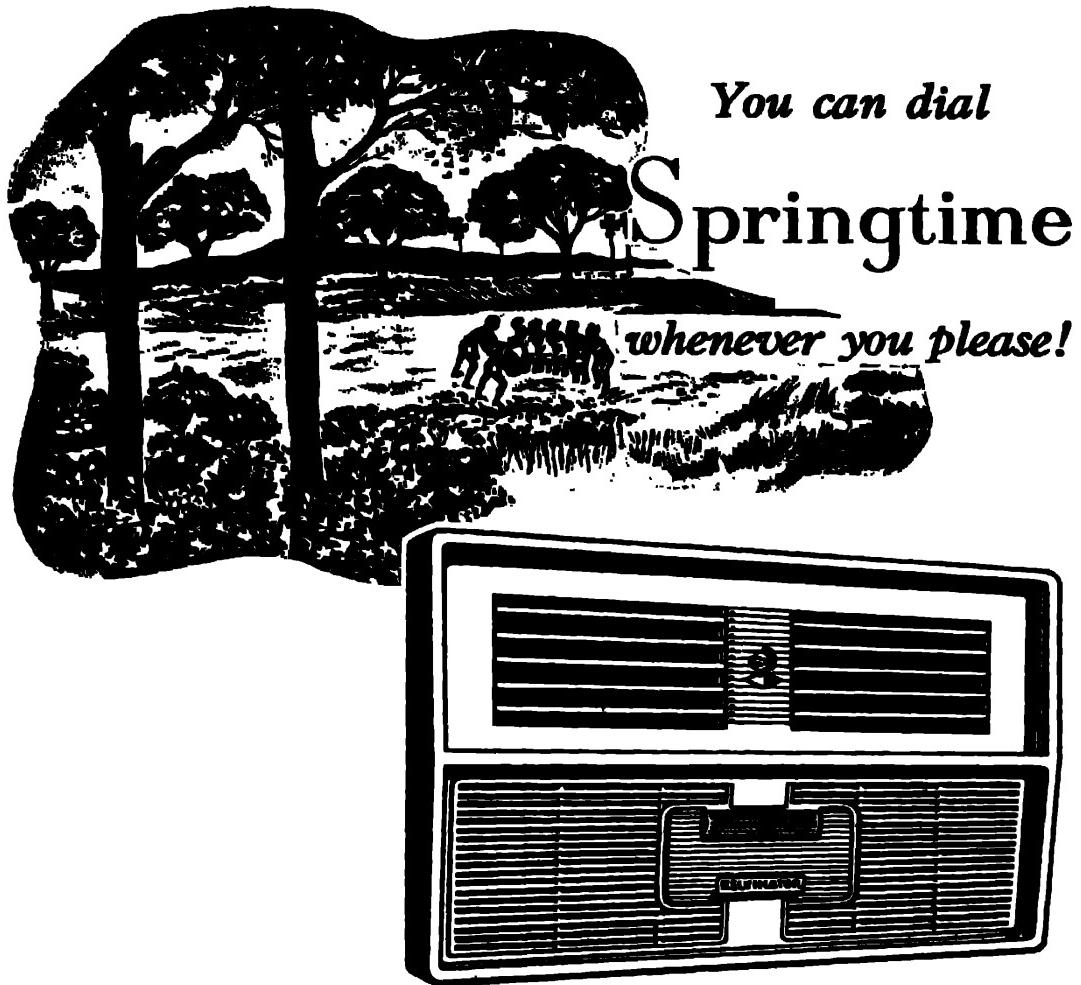
There was nothing obviously menacing in Scalici's manner. The trio of assistants who usually accompanied him looked like accountants. He himself was an apparently mild man of 55, almost bald, with a thin moustache, a big nose and a persuasive smile. "But you had to watch his eyes," as one of his former associates put it. "They was kinda hooded, ya follow me? They could

be friendly as hell, when he wanted. Then he'd get sore all of a sudden. He'd never say nothing, but how them eyelids would come down! I seen him start or stop a strike without hardly a word. All he done was look."

No important underworld racket could function in the Bronx without Scalici's permission. Lotteries and other gambling interests paid regular tribute, and if a bookmaker or numbers operator was embarrassed by heavy losses and needed a loan, Scalici advanced it at a monthly interest of 25 per cent. Losers could apply nowhere else. It was understood that Scalici had a monopoly in such business.

Early in 1957 Scalici decided to try his luck in drugs. Normally he rarely dealt in this field. But the sharp reduction of imports from Europe, together with several recent losses by seizure in New York, had caused a sudden shortage of heroin. The price had shot up accordingly and there were huge profits to be made. Almost all the big traders were too nervous to exploit the situation. Scalici was not. He summoned several associates, and suggested that each put up a substantial sum so that they could order 20 kilograms of heroin in Naples. His fellow *mafiosi* nodded approval. The deal was on.

In due course the heroin was carefully concealed in a scaman's locker on the S.S. *Excambion* of the Amer-



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ican Export Lines. But from the beginning Scalici and his syndicate were in trouble. In response to tips about smuggling, federal agents swarmed over every incoming U.S. vessel until the seamen-couriers did not dare to bring their valuable cargoes ashore.

Three times the *Excambion* made her complete circuit without delivering the goods. Finally, Scalici became impatient and sent word that the heroin was to be transferred to a French or British ship which would not be under so much suspicion.

In Marseilles, the *Excambion* had just cast off her lines when her captain, leaning over the rail of the bridge, saw a sack fly out of a port-hole and thud on to the pier below. On a hunch, he eased back to the quay and sent one of his officers to pick it up. The sack, customs men discovered, contained heroin. The captain hastily handed over the embarrassing property and washed his hands of the whole matter.

When word of the catastrophe reached New York, Scalici was summoned to a meeting. He must have faced a circle of stern faces. It is an inflexible rule of the Mafia that whoever organizes such a venture is financially responsible if it fails. The rule is rigidly enforced, and no excuses are accepted. Don Francesco Scalici evidently promised full restitution. But it was a lot of money, and he waited to produce it.

He waited too long. The wheels of Mafia enforcement started turning. This is never a careless procedure, particularly in the case of a *capo*. A formal gathering of the offended *mafiosi* takes place before one or more disinterested and ranking elders. If death is decreed, a member of the committee made responsible for it writes to an uncle or cousin perhaps, in Chicago, Detroit or elsewhere, asking for "two good men" to do "some heavy work."

The "good men"—the *boia*, as the *mafiosi* call these professional executioners—arrived and began to study Scalici's habits with meticulous care. After shadowing him for days, the *boia* found one of his habits that never varied. Each day he lunched with his brother and afterwards walked up Arthur Avenue and stopped in Mazarro's green-grocer's shop. The *don* was as good as dead.

It was 1.30 on a sweltering June day when Don Francesco strolled unhurriedly along Arthur Avenue to enter Mazarro's shop for the last time. The street, lined with little Italian-American shops, was crowded as usual with busy men, prams and gossiping women. People nodded respectfully to the dapper figure in yellow slacks and matching sports shirt, immaculate as always despite the heat. Gravely the *capo* acknowledged every salute.

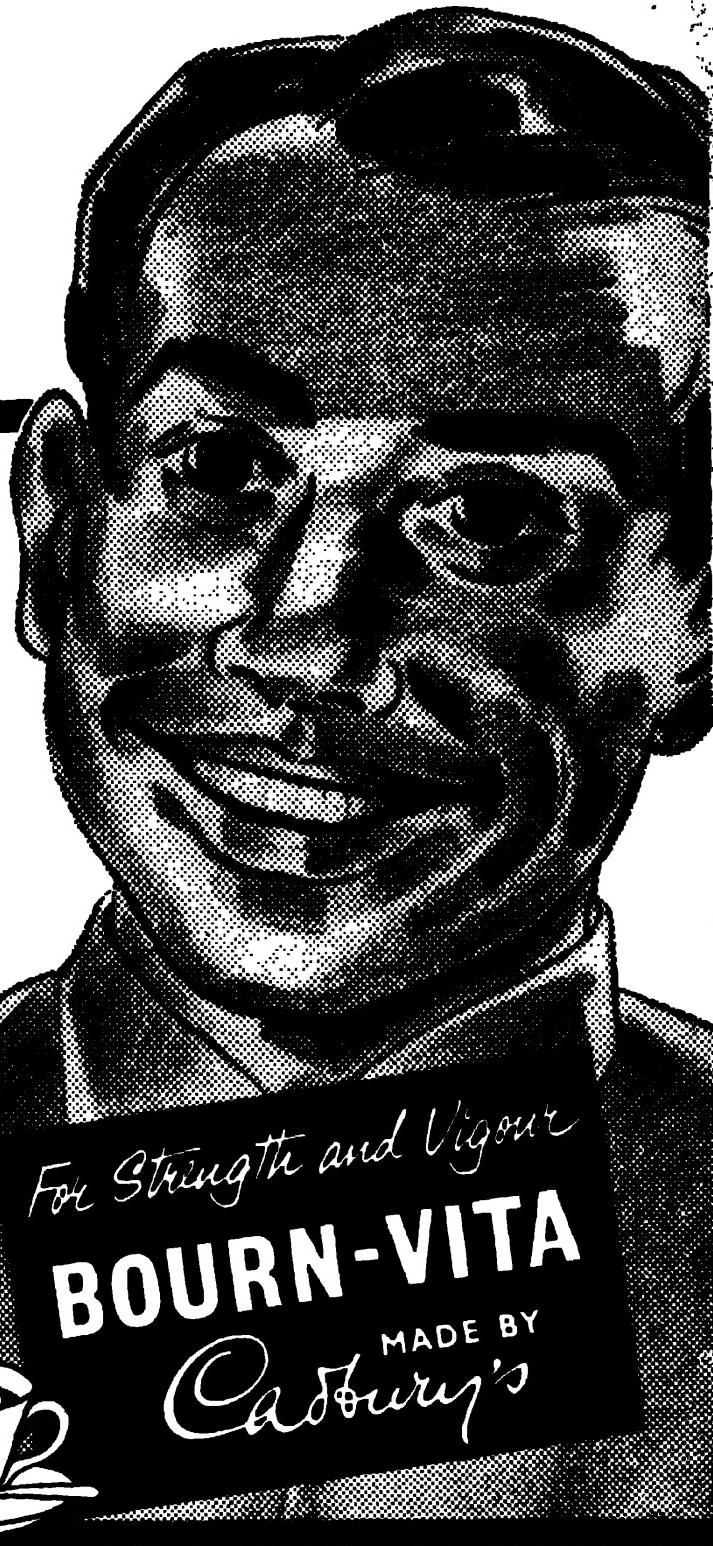
Enrico Mazarro, a fat, genial little man, bowed and beamed as the

I felt like an old man ...

## But now I'm on top of the world!



"I used to feel so tired...so listless. Couldn't concentrate. Appointments missed. Contracts lost. Business going downhill. Then my doctor put me on Bourn-Vita. It really has worked wonders. Now I feel on top of the world again — full of stamina and vitality. There's no doubt about it — for strength and vigour — BOURN-VITA every time!"



For Strength and Vigour  
**BOURN-VITA**  
MADE BY  
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*padrone* came into the shop. Knowing that Don Francesco did not like anyone to hover over him while he selected his purchases, the little Sicilian did not follow him inside. Signor Mazarro hardly noticed the two young men with rolled-up sleeves who suddenly brushed past him, their hands in their pockets.

The expert assassination was over in seconds. The *don* was counting the change given him by one of Mazarro's helpers when two .38-calibre revolvers roared five times in quick succession.

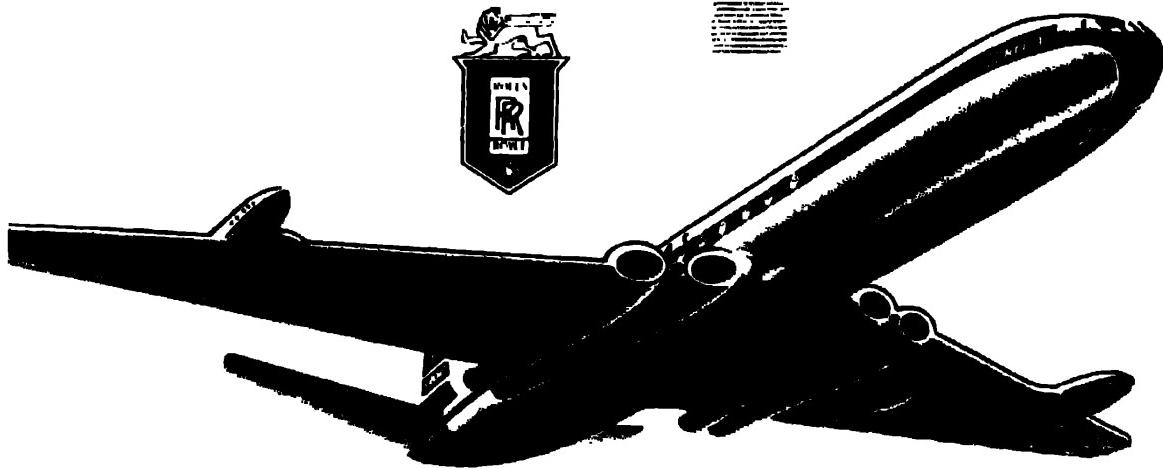
Immediately after the murder, picked detectives who knew the ways of the Mafia headed for Scalici's house with a search warrant. They did not expect to find anything of value to them. A *mafioso* does not, by tradition, keep records or letters which might possibly provide the police with any sort of ammunition. But Don Francesco

was exceptional. In his desk the amazed officers found photographs, letters and address books containing some 400 names, addresses and phone numbers. This haul formed the most complete picture ever discovered of a single *mafioso*'s operation in the United States and Europe.

Don Francesco's notebooks listed the top known racketeers of New York, Chicago, Boston, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Kansas City, Detroit and a dozen other American cities. Havana and Mexico City were represented, as well as Paris, Marseilles, Milan, Rome, Naples and various Sicilian towns. An impressive number of important officials and political figures in many of these places were apparently available to the *don* by correspondence or telephone.

For the Mafia, the killing of Don Francesco was a mistake. There were more mistakes to follow.

*by*  
**BOAC COMET**



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KARACHI, TEHERAN,  
BAHRAIN, BEIRUT, ROME,  
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LONDON, MONTREAL,  
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to SAN FRANCISCO\*

COLOMBO,  
RANGOON,  
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SINGAPORE,  
HONG KONG  
and TOKYO

**FLY EAST TO**

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**Britannia**

*See your local BOAC Appointed Travel  
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**BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION**



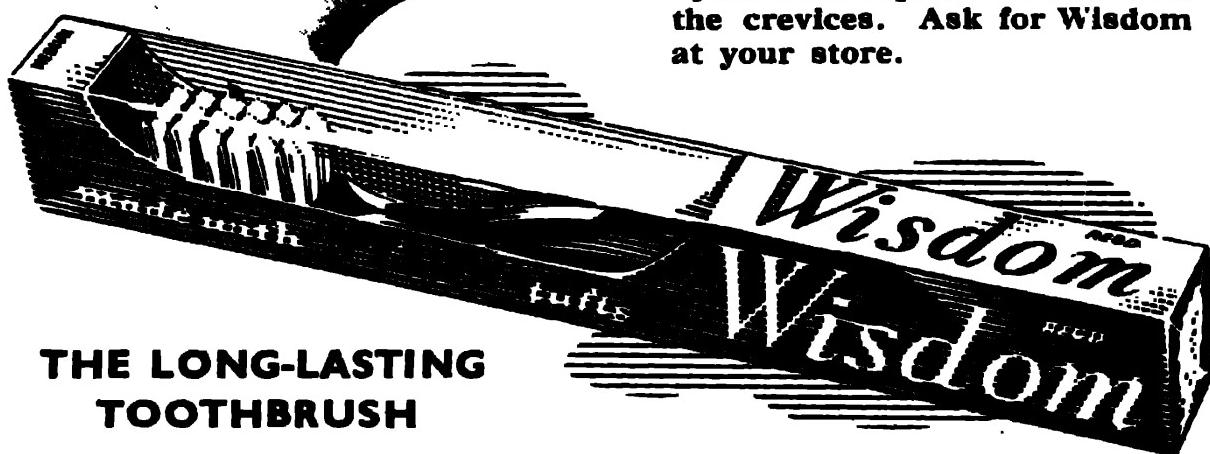
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Wisdom night and  
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This hard-wearing Wisdom  
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a short brush-head to fit all  
angles of the mouth and springy  
nylon tufts tapered to reach all  
the crevices. Ask for Wisdom  
at your store.



THE LONG-LASTING  
TOOTHBRUSH

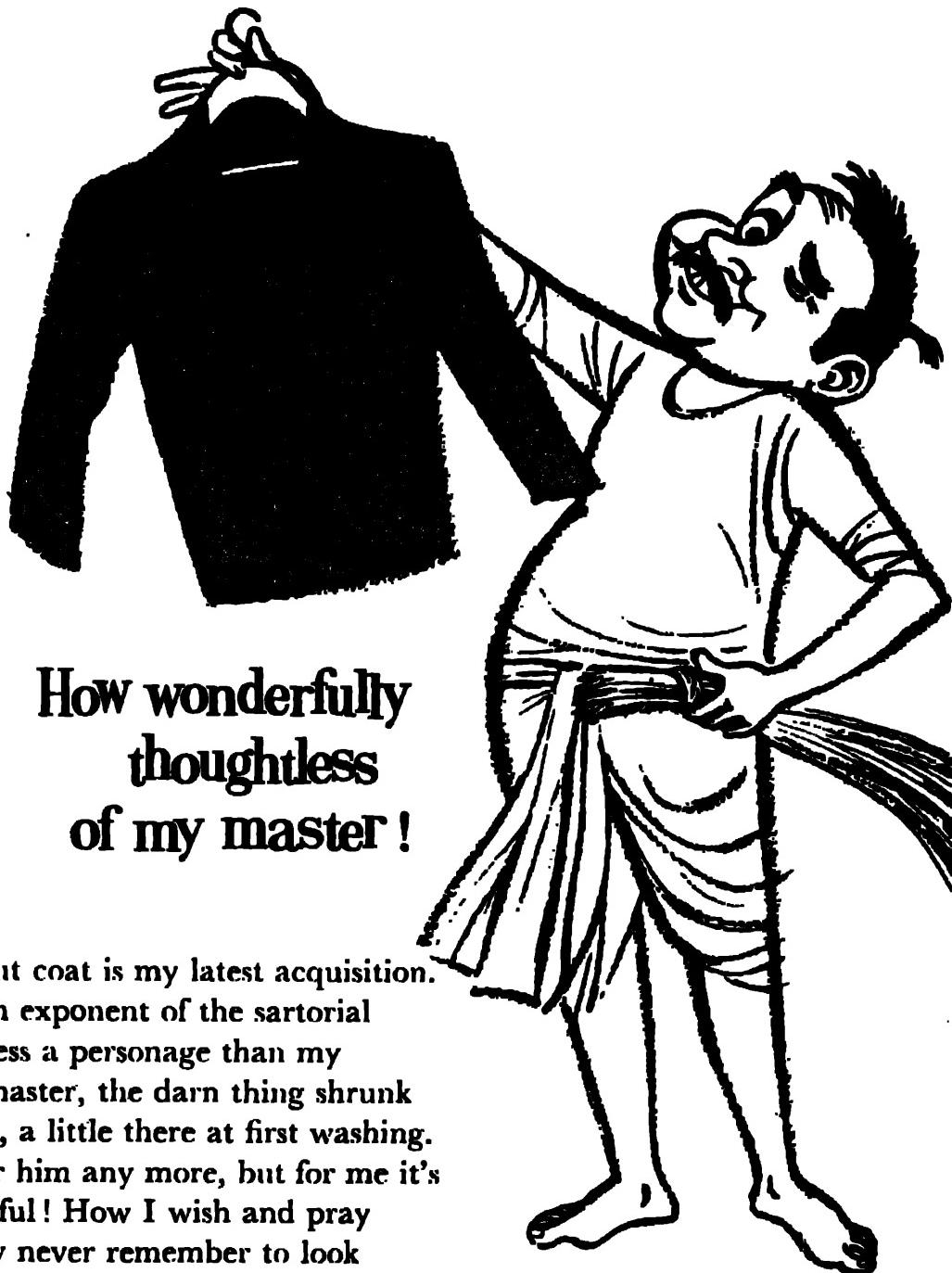
By autumn 1957, the American Mafia was in a state of severe crisis. Narcotics laws passed in 1956, which gave courts the right to impose severe penalties and sometimes even death on drug pedlars, were proving extremely effective, and income from the sale of heroin was continuing to dwindle. Mafia drug traders, maddened by this drying up of a hitherto boundless source of wealth, looked hungrily at safer fields such as gambling and labour racketeering. Their incursions were resisted by the brethren already established in these undertakings, and the resultant violent rivalries threatened to destroy the brotherhood's traditional discipline and unity.

Barely four months after Scalici's assassination, Don Umberto Anastasia, another of the Mafia's inner circle, was shot by two unidentified executioners as he sat in a barber's chair in a Manhattan hotel. His crime had been the attempted invasion of the enormously lucrative gambling operations in Cuba of several brother *dons*. The latter had brought their complaint before a council of *capi* in New York, Anastasia had been warned to no avail, and sentence had been pronounced. Other highly placed brethren had been liquidated for similar offences, with glaring and mountingly disastrous publicity for the brotherhood.

Magazines, newspapers and a government anti-rackets committee were all displaying an embarrassing

interest in Mafia affairs. Many big-city police departments, which had once discounted the influence of the brotherhood or denied its existence entirely, were now beginning to understand its pattern of operation. Apart from the fact that the new laws made handling drugs perilous, publicity about the insidious drug traffic had aroused and angered the public, and had also affected the brethren's accustomed anonymity by drawing attention to so many Sicilian names. Many highly placed *dons* thought the Mafia ought to get out of drugs temporarily and turn it over to affiliated gangs, taking a smaller cut but maintaining comparative safety.

Altogether it became clear that an emergency meeting would have to be called to devise means of escaping further publicity, of ironing out the dangerous rivalries and stopping bloodshed. The word went out for what the *mafiosi* call a grand council. Nobody wanted to meet in the obscure hamlet of Apalachin, New York, because of the obvious danger. The only way to get there was by car, and the presence of so many out-of-state number-plates would certainly be conspicuous. But Don Giuseppe Barbara (a wealthy merchant and long suspected master of the rackets in a large area along the New York - Pennsylvania border) was necessary to the conference. He was the one man, all agreed, who had the diplomatic skill, the impar-



**How wonderfully  
thoughtless  
of my master !**

This well-cut coat is my latest acquisition.  
Made by an exponent of the sartorial  
art for no less a personage than my  
illustrious master, the darn thing shrunk  
a little here, a little there at first washing.  
No good for him any more, but for me it's  
just wonderful! How I wish and pray  
that he may never remember to look  
for 'Sanforized' on the label... because  
if he does, his clothes will never shrink  
out of fit, even after many, many washings!

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tiality and the prestige necessary to conciliate the various conflicting factions. He had a heart ailment which made it impossible for him to go to Miami Beach, the usual meeting place. Hence the brethren agreed on the risky procedure of meeting in Barbara's large and isolated home at Apalachin.

Accordingly, on the morning of November 14—a day long to be remembered by all *mafiosi*—the remarkable conference at the Barbara establishment began. More than 60 of America's most important national and international racketeers had come together.

The conversation was mainly in Italian, in the Sicilian vernacular. According to strict protocol, there was much bowing and handshaking. There were also emotional embraces as cousins and other relatives met and greeted each other. The majority of the delegates were in their late 50's and early 60's—dignified, even pompous. The weather at Apalachin was unusually mild for November, and most of them were dressed in immaculate suits of Italian silk. The atmosphere soon became relaxed. Everyone seemed in warm good humour. The peaceful, rolling countryside around them seemed to hold no menace.

NEAR NOON an elderly fishmonger, Bartolo Guccia, delivered some porgies and mackerel to the Barbara kitchen. On the way back down the

hill he found a police car blocking the road, two grim men in plain clothes standing alertly beside it. As an ex-convict and former gunman, Guccia was horror-stricken, for he knew what this meant. The police waved his little truck through the narrow passage without question, however; nor did they challenge him when he decided to drive back up the hill to warn Barbara and his guests.

"Road-block!" he shouted to the group gathered around the barbecue pit. "Police! They're stopping everybody! They're all over the place!"

*Mafiosi* put down drinks and steaks. There was panic on every face. Most of the *dons* headed for their cars, some for the dense woods behind Barbara's.

A mile down the road which is the only exit from Barbara's to the main road stood a grinning police sergeant. "They've fallen for it," said Sergeant Edgar Croswell to his partner. "They're running. This is going to be a bad day for a lot of people." It was to be a very bad day indeed for the Mafia.

Sergeant Croswell had been watching Barbara on his hill for years. Patiently he had traced the man's career from the time of his arrival from Sicily in 1920, through his rise in the bootlegging era (when he was known as "Joe the Barber") —to his present status of affluent respectability. The sergeant could prove no criminal activity against

the arrogant, mysterious little man, but he had decided to keep an eye on him. Hence the converging of so many luxurious cars with out-of-state number plates had aroused his suspicion, and had led him to try his impish road-block ruse.

The next hours at Apalachin made headlines everywhere. As car after car full of *mafiosi* came down the hill, Croswell and his men shuttled them to a near-by police station at Vestal to be identified and searched. The brethren who had taken to the woods were easily rounded up, footsore and bedraggled. Even the Sergeant was amazed as one after the other, with a stony face, produced his driving licence. For the names on them—Profaci, Bonanno, Ormento and dozens of others—were the biggest in the underworld. What were these people doing here—all together? One after the other repeated the same story: he had just dropped in to see how poor old Joe was doing. The fact that they were all there at the same time was just coincidence, they said.

What to do with them was Croswell's dilemma. The whole New York police apparatus had swung into feverish action as the Sergeant's almost incredible reports began coming through. But the teletypes quickly revealed that only one of Barbara's guests was wanted by the police at the moment. It could not be proved that they were meeting

for an illegal purpose. Finally, the authorities decided there was only one feasible line of action—to turn the fullest possible glare of publicity on the *mafiosi* as they released them, and let the Press and public do the rest.

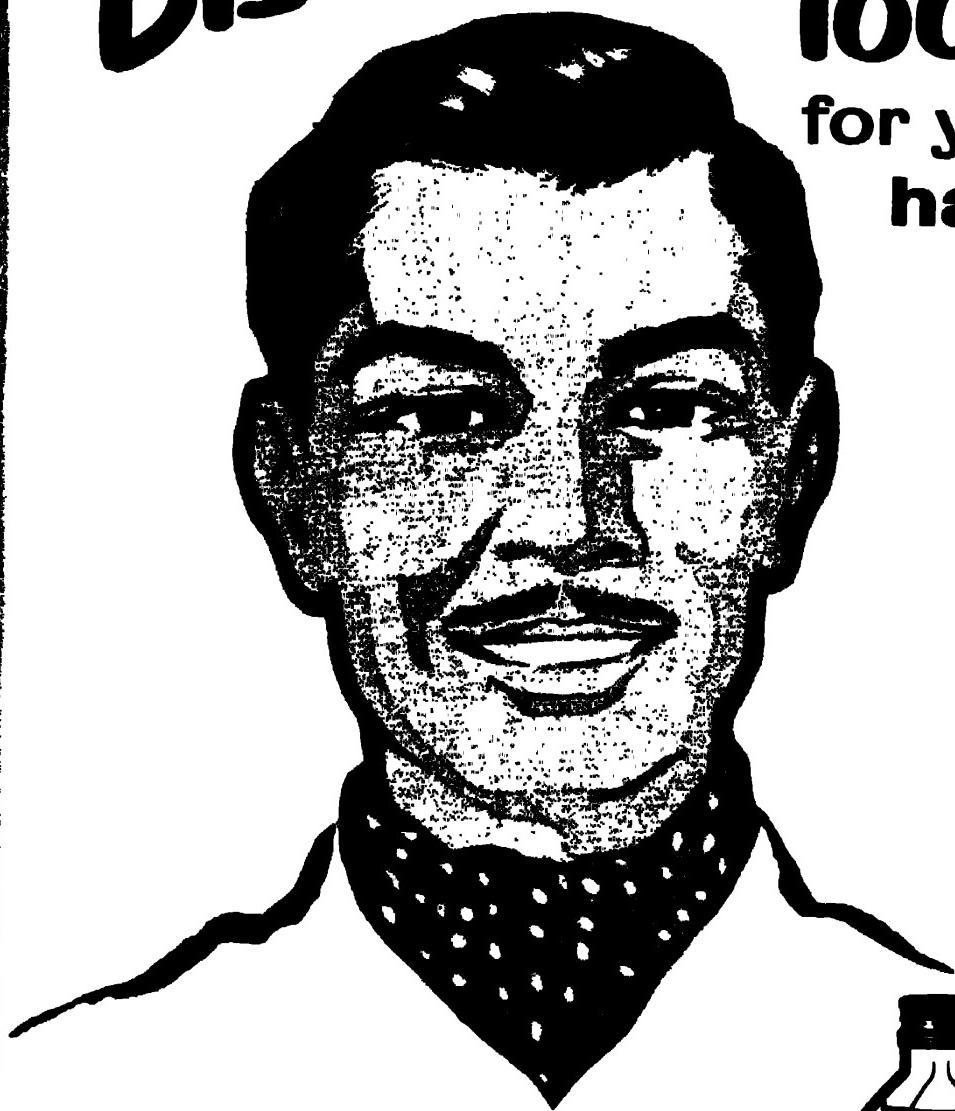
The tactics proved wise. From that day onward outcry against the Mafia has never ceased nor public anger cooled.

Various American legislative committees have attacked the organization relentlessly. The *mafiosi* have stubbornly refused to reveal a single scrap of information about the brotherhood. But it no longer matters; Americans now know about this fraternity, and are determined to be rid of it. The FBI, the Bureau of Narcotics and various other federal, state and city police forces, working through the Department of Justice, are pooling all their information to form an overwhelmingly powerful anti-Mafia force.

Mafia leaders, unhappily aware of this steadily gathering opposition, must curse the day they ever heard of Apalachin. For they can hardly escape the bitter conviction that exposure of their grand council there has severely damaged the once-invincible brotherhood.

But there can be no let-up in combating it, for the Mafia has a malevolent and all-but-indestructible vitality. And it still easily holds its well-earned and infamous place as underworld enemy No. 1.

That  
**Distinguished**  
look  
for your  
hair

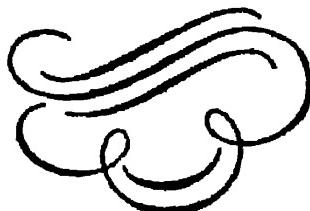


with  
**CALIFORNIAN**  
**POPPY HAIR OIL**  
—the hair dressing with  
the discreet perfume



BOOK SUPPLEMENT

# HAVE FAITH IN YOUR HEALTH



*By Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker*

EACH ONE of us has the power to affect the state of our health—for good or ill. The influence of the mind and the emotions on our physical lives is so profound that doctors frequently recognize it as their greatest ally.

How to use this force intelligently, how to channel it so that it will be constructive instead of destructive, is the message of this helpful, informative book, written by an authority on preventive medicine.

**F**OR A GENERATION now great doctors have been preaching that man is not a combination of parts put together on an assembly line, but one complex and mysterious whole. We are learning that mind and body are one, that in physical illness—from the common cold to cancer—emotional activity plays a crucial role.

The state of our emotional health is as important as our physical health, for in our emotions are buried the deeper roots of our will to live, and this is the vital force which does much to determine whether we are ill or well.

A leading psychoanalyst has stated the case eloquently "The fact that the mind rules the body is the most fundamental fact which we know about the process of life. All our emotions are accompanied by physiological changes fear, by palpitation of the heart, anger, by increased heart activity, elevation of blood-pressure, changes in carbohydrate metabolism."

Dr R. Rossle, of the University of Berlin, has issued a study which points out that the long-lived people are those whose tissues wear out at a harmonious rate, so that no one organ succumbs prematurely.

**FATIGUE** without cause, often in the absence of any exertion what-

ever, is an experience almost all of us have shared. The patient in a doctor's surgery speaks for millions with the words, "I don't know why, but I'm tired all the time." A man giving his case history says, "I was working too hard. I was overtired." Of one who succumbs we say, "He died of overwork."

Yet we know both from daily experience and from laboratory experiment that ordinary men and women can carry on heroic exertions over long periods of time with little or no rest, and yet suffer no great fatigue. Everywhere, every day, people go about their tasks without weariness if they are supported by enthusiasm and belief in what they are doing.

Medicine has tried to define the symptoms of fatigue but has immediately run into trouble. The weary man or woman describes a subjective feeling which rarely registers on a doctor's instruments. Yet the fatigue is none the less real. And it is a warning.

Think of fatigue as a sign of an inner war, consuming energies which would otherwise be available for our daily living. If we probe for it, we find under the fatigue a deeper problem—anxiety. The man who drives himself to the point of exhaustion is a man ridden by anxiety. Fatigue is the symptom we are aware of, because it is conscious.

The word "anxiety" comes up often these days in any discussion of emotional disturbance. Freud defined anxiety as "internalized fear."

Not all fear is harmful. It can be a healthy mechanism, a warning of impending danger. When an animal confronts danger, he pauses for an instant. Fight? Or flight? In that instant, in which he must make the decision on which his life may depend, he suffers fear. The heart beats faster; the blood-pressure rises. The entire physical system is galvanized into preparedness.

Man, a more complex animal, does not need to confront immediate physical danger to feel fear. He may fear an employer, a teacher, a war that threatens across the world. And so long as there is an actual threat, his fear is healthy, because it prompts him to preparedness. When the danger is over, fear disappears, and heart, blood-pressure, glands and nerves return to normal.

A store manager, whom I have known for some time, was strongly dominated by his ambitious wife. He liked his work, but he kept doggedly trying to better himself, out of fear that he might lose her respect. One Friday night he called me in great urgency. He was in excruciating pain from a sudden sciatica, so extreme that he cried out when I touched the skin. He told me that he had to be well by Monday. He had a crucial interview for an important business opening.

The drugs which are usually effective in such cases produced no results, and he could not keep the appointment. At the end of the week he dressed, moaning with pain, and went to the store.

A few days later the opportunity he had sought—but actually feared to grasp—was awarded to a competitor. He had conclusively missed his chance. He had nothing more to fear.

The following day he came to my office. He did not limp; his pain was completely gone.

There are times, however, when the fear does not subside with the passing of its apparent cause, when it dwells only in the fantasy of the sufferer. Then it is no longer healthy. Then we have that morbid, destructive fear which we call anxiety, with diffuse feelings of worry, pressure, tension.

All these subjective feelings are real, though the danger which arouses them is not. They can lead to such physical symptoms as higher blood-pressure, faster pulse, without apparent organic cause. The body is in a permanent state of preparedness to meet danger.

Anxiety is thus a predominant underlying symptom of many illnesses. Whether the complaint is fatigue, insomnia, indigestion, colitis, constipation or diarrhoea, or an allergy of one sort or another, this form of emotional disturbance generally lies behind it.

THE TYPE of physical disturbance which manifests itself depends frequently on the emotional make-up of the person. The chronic ulcer sufferer is perhaps the clearest example of the individual who "chooses" the kind of illness which suits his emotional pattern.

An elderly man came to me with peptic ulcers from which he had been suffering for 30 years. If he could only be rid of them! It was all he asked of life, he said.

"Suppose tomorrow you woke up cured—what would you do?" I asked him.

"Why, I would enjoy life," he answered.

"How would you enjoy it? What would you do?" I persisted.

"Why—" he floundered, "I'd enjoy it—the way other people do."

He could not be more specific. He had no driving desire to be well in order to accomplish something which was important to him. He had built his life around this illness. His colleagues in business catered to him, praised him for his devotion to his work despite his handicap. His wife and children cushioned him with attentions because of his "condition."

To take away his ulcer would deprive him of the special position he enjoyed, and of all the attentions which served him in place of mature relationships of mutual affection and responsibility. No, he could not say how he would enjoy life

without his ulcer, because he could not even imagine life without his ulcer. He needed his ulcer.

So often this is true of chronic sufferers from digestive disorders. Their need for love, or for the attentions which are their recourse in the absence of love, is stronger than any need to be well and to function at full capacity in the world of adult responsibility.

To say this is not to judge or blame the chronic ulcer sufferer, but rather to understand and help him. Clever and skilful as we may be in our medical treatment of ulcers, the emotional setting of the patient's life will balk all our efforts until we can awaken in him an understanding of himself. He must achieve an active, purposeful will to lift himself out of the dependent pattern which makes him ill. He will not live for his ulcer if he can find something better to live for.

Among the illnesses which derive from emotional problems we may also rank the allergies, those assorted afflictions which are rarely fatal but which give both patient and doctor so much trouble.

In one experiment, 30 unselected cases of urticaria were studied to determine if there was any relation between a "stressful life situation" and the skin processes which caused eruption.

The subjects' attacks of eruption were found to be "highly correlated with an emotional disturbance of a

particular kind." Contradicting the assumption of half a century, the research workers found "no relation between exposure to the allergens and the attacks of the disease." In other words, the foreign substance to which the patient was supposed to be allergic, the hair of the pet dog or the vase of roses, had no effect unless there was an underlying emotional disturbance.

What "particular kind" of emotional disturbance was found? "The life situations responsible were almost exclusively those in which the patient felt resentment because he saw himself as the victim of unjust treatment about which he could do nothing." To put it crudely, the patient could safely stroke his dog unless at the same time he was having an argument with his wife.

IN EVERY human life there is a struggle for independence—for self-assertion. The struggle for emotional independence begins early in life, and for many it continues long into adulthood. The emotional tensions involved, although they are normal stepping-stones to maturity, are often reflected in illness.

I recall the case of a woman of 29 named Audrey, the youngest of three sisters, all of whom had exhibited symptoms indicating that they were struggling to resolve their relationship with a too-dominant parent. She had noticed that it was increasingly difficult to get up in the

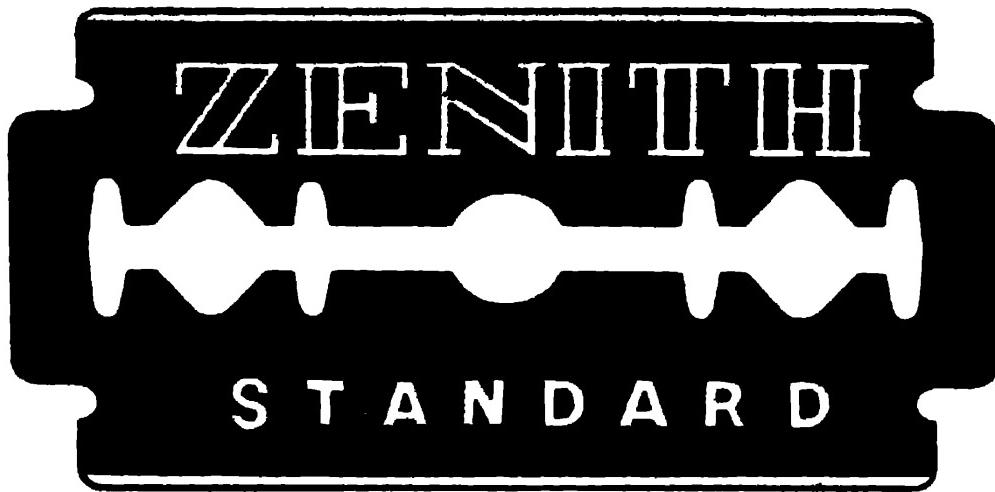
morning and get dressed, or go out and shop, or do any of the things that are natural tasks for normal people. She attributed all this to her lack of energy, about which she felt that she could do nothing.

Her metabolism was minus 30. She suffered intestinal irregularity to a troublesome degree. She had had an infection in her sinus which had persisted for nearly three years despite treatment, and she had recently put on considerable weight.

Her bitterness against her mother was intense. She said she had been driven to the point of choosing between killing herself and breaking with her parent. The specific issue in dispute was her impending marriage to a decent man making a decent living, but one whose social status was scorned by her mother.

Audrey was quick to see the relationship between her emotional and her physical suffering. She made a conscious attack on her emotional difficulties while co-operating in medical treatment. As a result, her physical symptoms began to diminish. Her weight came down gradually without strenuous dieting or radical medical treatment.

She married, went with her husband to the country for the summer, and when she returned I scarcely recognized her. She had become a beautiful young woman; Botticelli might have used her as a model. In five months she had lost over 14



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pounds in weight. She still has spells of fatigue, but traces them to emotional involvement, and finds that when she deals with her problem directly her fatigue disappears. She is on the way to realizing her full potentialities as a mature woman.

ONE OF my professors used to tell his students: "I may have erred many a time in diagnosis, but never in my therapy."

He was not merely making a joke. Medical therapy, or treatment, has of necessity been mainly directed at symptoms—something to bring down fever, something to alleviate pain. With vaccines we stir up the body to build its own immunity against a specific infection. With antibiotics, we kill germs. We rarely attack the condition which made the patient susceptible to the germ in the first place. We rarely attack illness at its source.

The fight against illness must be an alliance. The sufferer who goes to the doctor cannot passively say, "Here I am. Cure me." He must try to understand what is making him ill. But the doctor, equipped with his arsenal of scientific weapons, fights the first battle.

At one end of the medical scale there are the acute cases of organic illness which require the quick action of the surgeon. At the other end are patients whose emotional conflict is such that it may best be helped by the psychiatrist. Between

the two extremes is the large mass of men and women, who properly come within the province of the general practitioner, all the people who are struggling with the ordinary problems of living and who have reached a point where the weaknesses in their emotional constitution and their physical constitution have together brought them to the point of illness.

Mrs. M., a trim, chic woman approaching 40, a model of the vital modern woman, came to me with complaints of colitis, fatigue and migraine.

After thorough physical investigation, I assured her that there was no organic illness. Like most patients when they are relieved of their primary anxiety, she relaxed and began to talk. If there was nothing wrong, why was she ill?

"Don't tell me," she said, "that it's just nerves. I've heard that one too often."

She really wanted to know why she was ill, so we talked about functional disturbances, and their origin in the emotions. Like so many of her contemporaries, Mrs. M. had undertaken rather more responsibility than she should have. Now she was rebelling against this burden while still conscientiously continuing to carry it. All her ailments were symptomatic of this conflict.

We set up a regimen of diet and medication. Then I asked her to

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keep a record of her symptoms: when they recurred, with what intensity, and some notes about the background of events or of her emotional reactions to events.

Mrs. M. was typical of the great mass of people who, once they know why they suffer, are able and eager to work towards the emotional health which will lead them back to physical health. At first the medication showed only moderate results. Her symptoms abated but did not disappear, and with every new situation which produced emotional stress she suffered intense recurrences of her ailments.

As she faithfully kept her record, however, she began to see a relationship between the events in her life and her attacks of colitis or headache or spells of fatigue. With each visit, she wanted to know more about the way emotional disturbance affects the body, about the pathways from the emotional to the physical, about the effects on the organs of chronic emotional stress. She remained in good health for many months.

Then one day she was back in my surgery. All in one week, her daughter had gone away to boarding school; her stepson, of whom she was very fond, had gone into the army; and her sister had moved to another town. Her colitis had come back, and she felt her old state of fatigue. But she had no headache, and no anxiety. All she wanted was

a little help over this spell of trouble.

"Now I know why I'm ill," she said.

It wasn't necessary to make another appointment.

THE DOCTOR'S first task, that of breaking through the vicious circle of illness, is not often as easy as it was with Mrs. M. Frequently it is next to impossible to persuade a patient that he must help himself to health.

An ulcer patient who has been to many doctors comes in with resistance bristling under his good manners. He waits for the doctor to say, "Barium test." He has made up his mind he is not going through *that* again, for the sixth or tenth time. He waits for the doctor to say, "It's all in the mind." But his pain is in his stomach, and it is real.

The wise doctor does none of the things the patient is waiting for him to do. He does not dismiss tension and anxiety with the useless advice, "Stop worrying, take it easy," since these are precisely the things such a patient is unable to do.

He gives the patient a pill. Precisely what the pill is does not matter. Some doctors use one, some another; it is designed to relax the stomach spasm which causes the pain. The pill, says the doctor, will not cure you. Your ulcer is the end result of a number of things, both emotional and physical. You cannot tackle all that now. First we must

give you a breathing spell, a release from pain. Then we'll see.

The doctor, aware of all the possibly dangerous connotations of the patient's condition, badly wants his tests done. But he must weigh the value of waiting. Such a patient does not want to be pushed. He is disarmed when the doctor does not even offer to make an appointment for the next visit. The patient goes away knowing that the decision to tackle the larger problem of his illness is still in his own hands.

Usually this patient calls for his next appointment in a very different frame of mind. The pill has relieved his pain and the explanation has relieved his hostility. "For the first time, I can think," he says. "What do we do now?" From then on—not always easily, not without setbacks—this patient is able to be a cooperative, intelligent partner in the larger task of changing the physical and emotional patterns which brought about his illness.

Fear is another obstacle which the doctor must remove before the patient can become his ally. Fear turns discomfort into pain, and turns severe pain into unbearable pain. Fear, built up over days, weeks, even months, has become acute by the time the patient has nervously himself to go to the doctor, and it must be dealt with promptly.

The fear that we are harbouring a fatal disease is common. Many people delay going to the doctor, unable

to face the moment when their fear will be confirmed. This in itself is a self-destructive act. If there is a disease, the delay has wasted time during which the disease may be arrested or perhaps cured. If there is no disease, the continued fear is a needless torture.

Terror can hide behind a calm, composed face. The doctor, assembling his diagnostic findings, must deal with it, because the sooner he can dispel fear with knowledge, the sooner he will have the patient as his ally against illness. The man with his inner eye fixed on the spectre he fears is demoralized. Most of his energies are diverted to controlling his terror and displaying a calm exterior to the world.

Take, for example, one of my patients, a successful business executive. His tense face revealed that he was in the grip of fear. For a month he had felt a soreness in his throat, which caused a constant tickling sensation.

There was no need to mention what he feared: cancer of the throat. In such a situation, a delay of a few days, even a few hours, is too much. Such a patient should not be sent home to suffer additional nights of self-torture before the diagnostic round of tests can be completed.

So within the next 20 minutes this patient was in the radiologist's room being X-rayed. The films showed that there was no growth. The more detailed tests took longer, but at this

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first reassurance his fear receded, and he could talk.

He was smoking some 60 cigarettes a day. In addition, an overconscientious housekeeper was spraying the cupboards at home with DDT, and one such cupboard was beside the head of his bed so that he was probably breathing the irritating fumes at night.

The spraying was stopped and the patient gave up his cigarettes. In a few days all his troublesome symptoms had entirely disappeared.

**WE SAY,** "He makes me sick!" of someone we dislike, and often we mean it quite literally. We are conscious of the rising stab of indigestion pain, or of the throbbing which forecasts a headache. What comes as a surprise to most patients is that it is not the other person but our own emotional response to him that is the cause of the indigestion or migraine, and that we can learn to change this response.

The physical pain is the body's response to the emotional stimulus. If we can adjust ourselves to a situation so that the stimulus does not arise, then the physical reaction will not follow.

I have seen a man refuse to get upset by his mother-in-law or landlord or business partner. He does it by recognizing that to get upset means bringing on physical suffering. He then builds his defences—develops his mental antibiotics—against that

situation and his emotional response to it.

How can we learn to apply this kind of positive technique, to meet our own problems of stress and emotional tension?

To achieve the best that is in us, the most in accomplishment, happiness and health, we must learn to cultivate the will to live.

This is so powerful a force that we may think it can very well take care of itself. Yet we can see in our own lives and in those around us how people lay hidden traps for this vital force. Though the will to live is mostly unconscious, the product of many biological and psychological factors, it can be strengthened, nourished, cultivated—and *this we can do consciously*.

Each of us is the sum of what he was born with and everything that has happened to him up to this moment. He is the product of his inheritance, environment, cultural background, the personality of his parents, school influences, religious influences, the customs and morals of the society in which he lives.

Most of the factors that have made us what we are were beyond our control. We realize this, not to weep over it, but also not to let it pursue us through life. We cannot rewrite the past, but we can modify the present, and shape the future.

Suppose, for instance, you were to recognize that you need love—most of us do. Why not ask for it?



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hide your need and expect those around you—your wife, for example—to guess what you want. When she disappoints your unexpressed demand you are resentful, or you try to dominate her, to prove that you are stronger than she and to earn her respect. But respect is a poor substitute for the love you seek.

There are good ways of asking for love. The best is to *give* love. How much thought have you spent during the past month on your wife's happiness and contentment? How much interest do you show in her achievements? How do you show her that you really care about her?

One thing you can be sure of: from the moment you recognize and accept your need for love, you are on your way to independence and inner health.

Well-being has its symptoms—of joy, kindness, and interest in life and people. A healthy adult, like a healthy child, is interested and curious and wants to learn things and do things. The enjoyment of both work and play are symptoms of a flourishing will to live.

Too many of us, when we finish our youthful preparation for the way in which we will earn our living, discard most of the activities and interests of our youth, even though they could continue to give us both pleasure and profit. We put them aside, we say, until we have more time. This is the moment at

which we begin to grow fatty tissues in our muscles.

We can keep our bodies young by using them habitually in enjoyable physical activity. Muscles so used do not age until late in life. And a mind which is used need never age at all. How many musical instruments, how many collections and tools and books are gathering dust in your attic? How many arts and skills are withering in you, not from ageing, but from neglect?

I know a man in his 60's who recently began to study philosophy. He took private tuition and degree courses, and has collected a library which is a pride and pleasure to him. He is far too absorbed to let destructive emotions spoil his life.

When we stop learning, we begin to grow old. When we stop being interested, we begin to grow old. When we stop using our bodies, we begin to grow old. There is no physiological age at which we must stop all activity. Hence there is no age at which we *must* grow old.

But if we are to enjoy a long life in which there is health and wisdom and inner peace we must first grow up. We must deal with immaturities left in us from childhood, and consciously seek maturity.

To live long, not only in years but in the enjoyment of them, we must understand and control the forces which shorten life. Both early and late, we must allow ourselves time to cultivate the will to live.

## The case of the unconventional toothpaste

A LEARNED book tells us that some fish have teeth all over the roof and floor of their mouths. And pythons — those vast serpents that hang motionless from trees by prehensile tails, and have a nasty habit of dropping soundlessly on to unsuspecting prey passing below — they have long and lethal teeth that actually push up or recede at will. Birds, however, are totally toothless, and "chew" their food with their gizzards.

Although birds seem to thrive minus teeth, we humans who have teeth are anxious to preserve them. The twentieth century is a toothpaste-conscious one. What have *you* been looking for when buying toothpaste? An exciting flavour? Oceans of foam? Gibbs SR lays claim to none of these. That's what makes it unconventional, different. Gibbs SR hasn't the popular toothpaste flavour either, yet lots of people keep on asking for it. Why?

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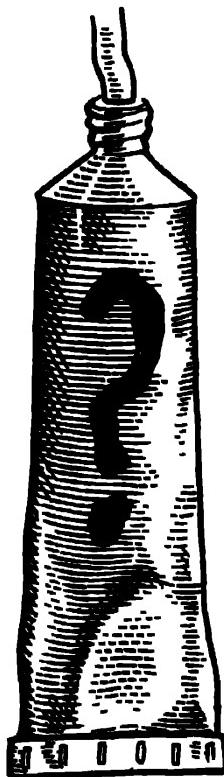
People use Gibbs SR because it contains 'SR'—Sodium Ricinoleate. Those who know about mouth care go for SR, and ours is the only toothpaste that has it. SR is a special substance used by dentists the

world over to combat and guard against gum diseases.

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Our toothpaste tastes as it does because of the SR in it. We could, of course, add less SR for the sake of a better taste, or even remove SR completely and put in an ice cream

flavour. But we're in the business of fighting dental troubles. We consider gleaming white teeth and hard, healthy gums much more important than pleasant flavours. That's why we keep SR — and our Gibbs SR users. You can tell who they are : they're never afraid to smile !



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That's a lovely colour.

*It should be. I dyed it myself.  
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new principle.*

You're getting very technical.  
Been to college ?

*Not exactly, but I've had some  
training from I.C.I.—the people who  
invented that dye you've been  
admiring.*

You can't tell me they bother  
about a small man like you. You're  
not important enough.

*Don't you believe it. Big or little,  
their technical service is always there*

*to help. That's how I learnt to use  
this new 'Procion' dye, which reacts  
with the fibres...*

You can stop showing off. I don't  
understand a word of it.

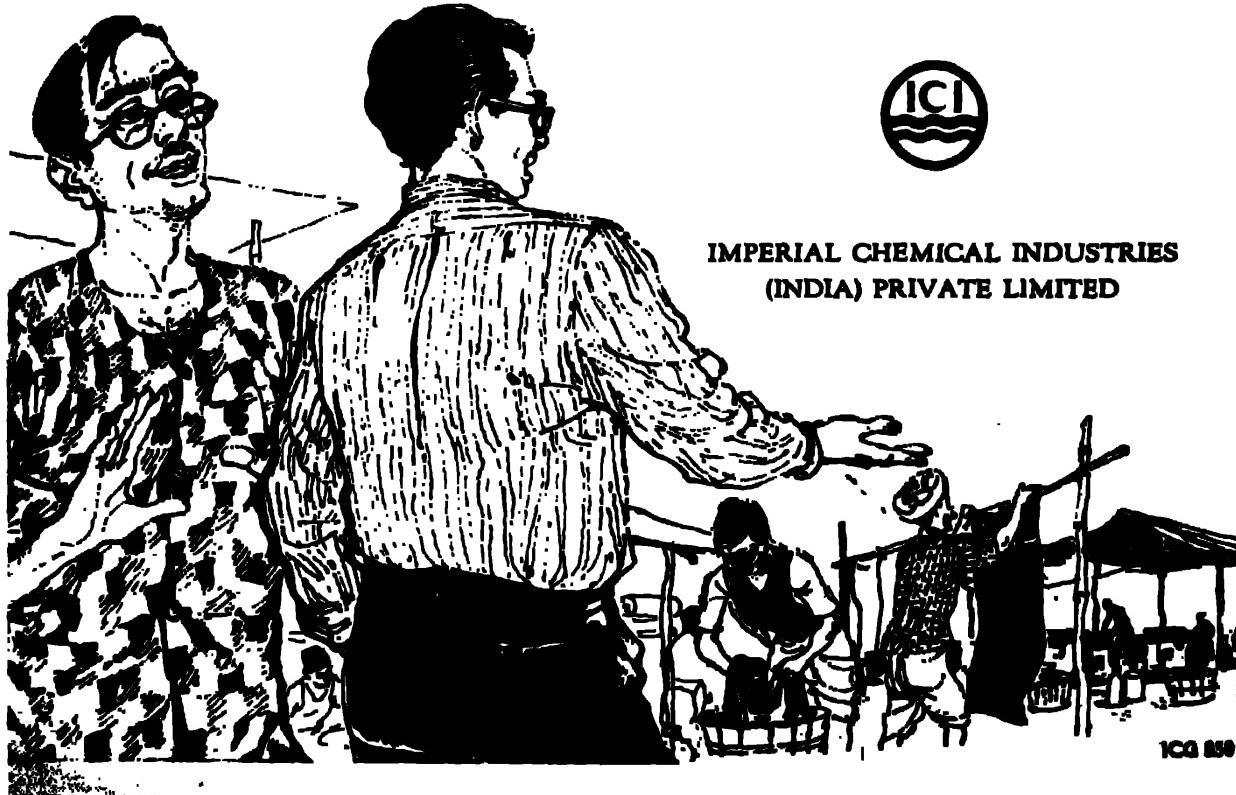
*Then you'd better not talk to my son  
when he comes back from Bombay  
next week.*

What's he doing there ? Enjoying  
himself ?

*I hope so, but he's also on a  
technical course at the I.C.I. dyes  
laboratories there.*

It sounds as though these people  
help you dyers quite a lot. I knew  
they sold dyes, but I hadn't heard  
they did anything else.

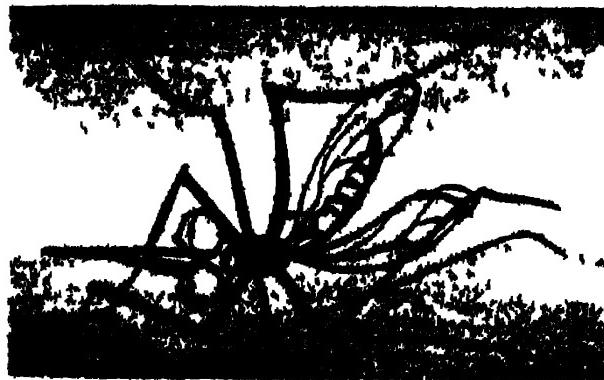
*They do much more than sell.  
You see that brilliant green over  
there ? Well, it was made here  
in India by one of their associate  
companies. And I.C.I. know it's  
no good making dyes of that quality  
unless customers like me have  
enough technical training to make  
the best use of them.*



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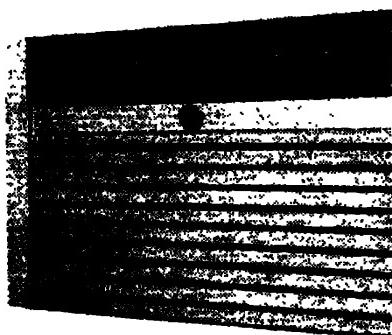
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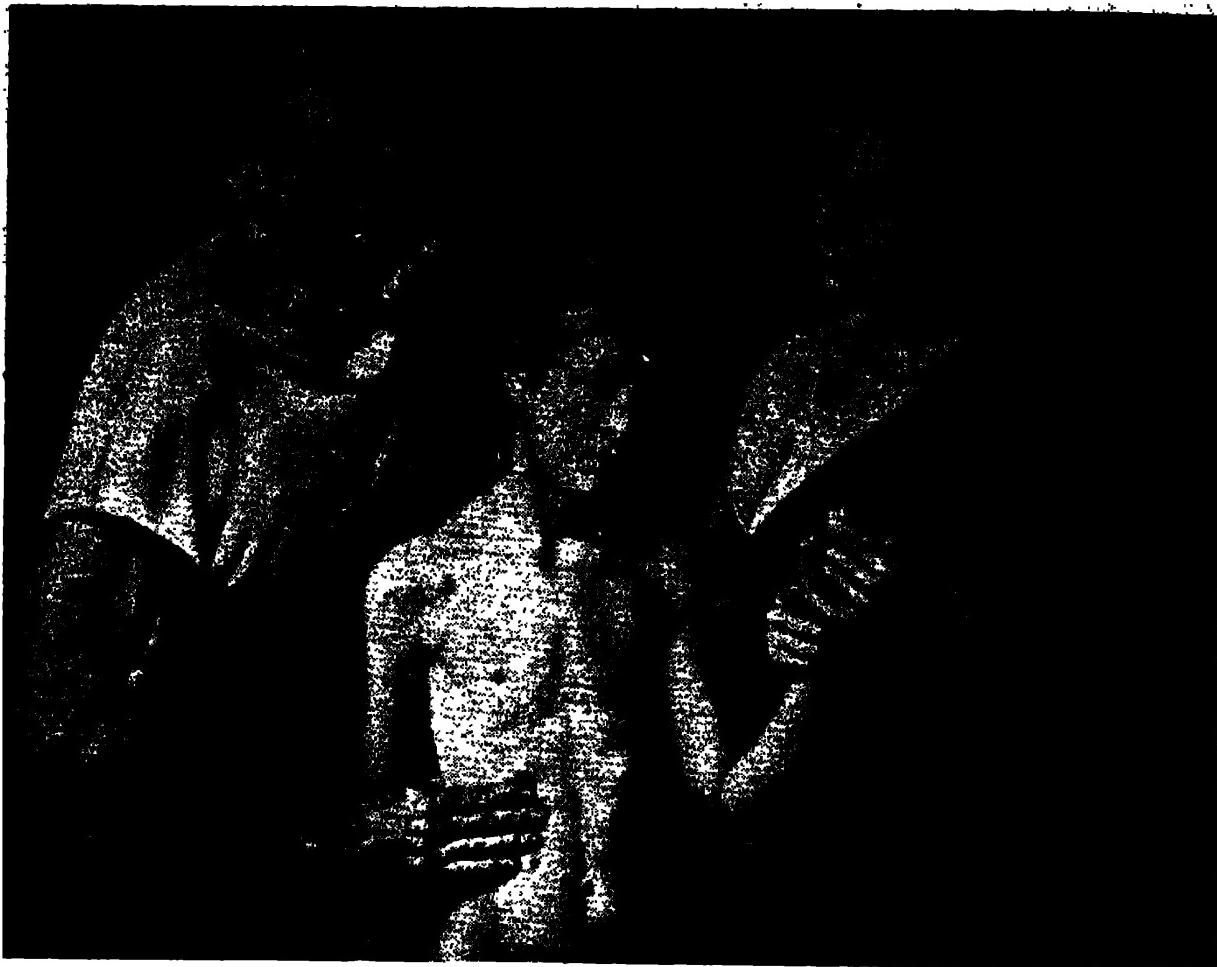
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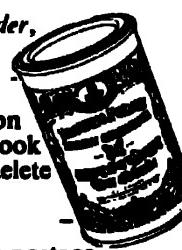
$\frac{3}{4}$  cup Karo Syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons Brown & Polson Patent Cornflour,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 6 drops vanilla essence,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon Rex Salad Oil.

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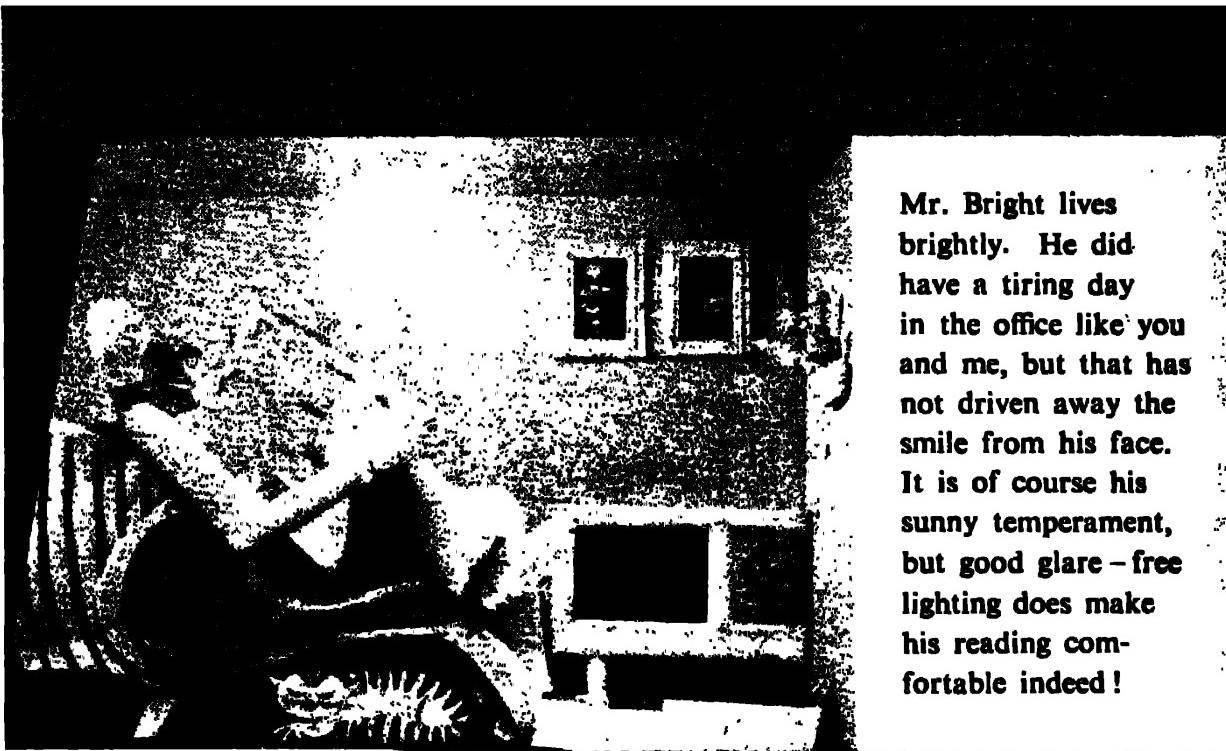
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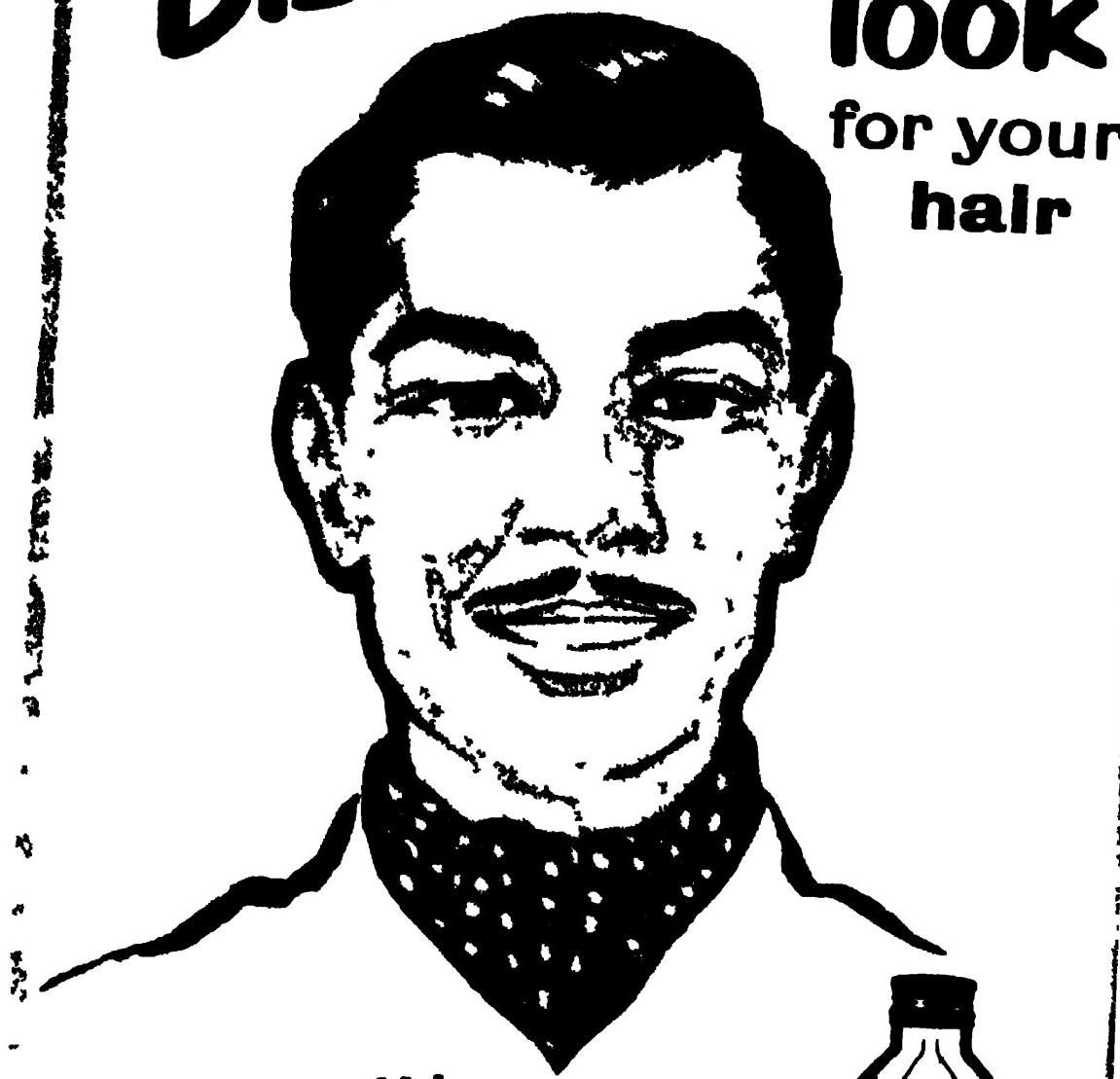


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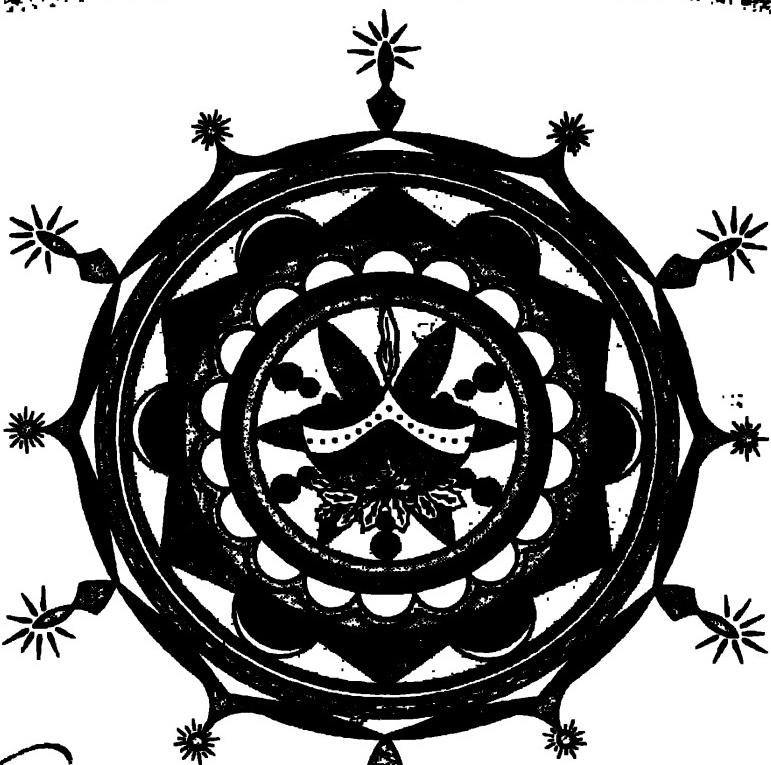
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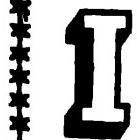
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# THE MANY FACES OF NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

Actor, politician, buffoon, gambler, ruthless dictator, he plays a vast variety of roles; his mind, character and temperament have life-and-death importance for the whole world

*By Eugene Lyons*

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**I**N THE course of an interview in late 1958, Nikita Khrushchev and his prominent British guest touched on the subject of Soviet missile bases. "I need only

EUGENE LYONS, a senior editor of *The Reader's Digest*, was a newspaper correspondent in the U.S.S.R. for six years. Author of *Our Secret Allies* and other books, he has long been recognized as one of the most acute interpreters of Soviet affairs.

push a button," Khrushchev said quietly. "and up you would go!" It was neither a boast nor a threat—just a plain statement of fact.

The point is not that Soviet Russia has terrific nuclear striking power, a claim generally conceded. It is that the present Kremlin boss has the power, alone, to unleash that force. He is the only person in the U.S.S.R. who can make final decisions—and

it is with him that the West must deal, whether negotiating directly in a summit conference or indirectly at lower levels

Never before in history has this capacity to touch off world-wide apocalyptic destruction been held by one human being. Never before, therefore, have the mind, character and temperament of one human being been of such life-and-death importance to the whole world.

What manner of man is this Khrushchev? The West knew from long experience what it was up against with Stalin a ruthless, hate-filled tyrant, but slow-moving and prudent. Khrushchev's likely reaction in time of crisis is wide open to speculation. On the surface, he is more impulsive, more of a gambler and braggart. Is there in his nature enough stability and caution to keep his finger off the fateful button in a moment of fury, frustration or miscalculation? To obtain answers to questions such as this, I have assembled impressions and appraisals of the Soviet dictator from men who have had the chance to study him at close quarters.

**I**N APPEARANCE, the 65-year-old Khrushchev is far from attractive. A short, obese man with a conspicuous paunch and a large bald head, he looks rather like an ageing ex-wrestler. He has been described as "remarkably ugly, with his blue-black eyes, the three prominent

warts on his cheeks and two gold teeth in his loose-lipped mouth."

"He walks like a bear, rolling a bit as he goes," writes a reporter who met him.

Nearly all who have questioned or argued with Khrushchev credit him with "charm." Adlai Stevenson reports that "his manner is unpretentious and jovial, his laugh quick and infectious, and there is an unmistakable ring of authority in his voice." Visitors are put at ease, often emerging from his presence chuckling over some parting sally. He bubbles over with the folk wisdom of homely proverbs and, unlike the typical Soviet official, readily talks about his children and grandchildren.

But his charm and urbanity can be cracked without warning by a choleric streak, and he swings from cordiality to flaring anger. An Italian writer, Alfredo Todisco, stresses the contradiction between his "extraordinary good sense" and an "emotive instability."

No modern dictator has opened himself so uninhibitedly to inspection. In startling contrast to Stalin, he rampages noisily across the USSR, and almost any other country that cares to invite him. In the past year he has received more foreign journalists, political leaders and prominent tourists than Stalin did in a quarter century.

But Khrushchev's voluble exuberance probably conceals as much as it reveals. His folksy manner, crude

humour and Niagara of words—what one writer called his “public role as a genial buffoon”—have tended to screen from view the brutal hardness, intelligence and skill beneath Virtually no one picked him as the likely heir to Stalin after the old despot’s death in 1953 Western diplomats had dismissed him as an “amiable chatterbox” Colleagues in the interim collective leadership wrote him off as *nedostoinyi*—unworthy, lacking in stature—for sole command

Since then he has liquidated his Kremlin detractors Beria by physical extinction, Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich and the rest by political extinction And foreigners have been making loud amends by warning all and sundry never again to underestimate the man

“Believe me, Khrushchev is a ‘pro’, next to him, Macmillan is the amateur,” says a London journalist who covered the Moscow meetings between Britain’s Prime Minister and the Soviet Premier early this year Malcolm Muggeridge, who was also there, is even

more emphatic “This man is at least as able as Stalin at the height of his powers, and probably abler”

Antoine Pinay, France’s former Prime Minister and current finance minister, summed up Khrushchev as “a brute, a boor, but highly intelligent” After his meetings with Khrushchev in April, Field-Marshal

Montgomery wrote in the *Sunday Times* “The Soviet leader is a very remarkable person

a brilliant political leader, with all the arguments at his fingertips You would have to get up very early in the morning to get the better of him in discussion.”

In a letter describing a session

with Khrushchev, one columnist said that the dictator was “in control from the start, quick minded, sharp, altogether most impressive I thought him one of the most intellectually powerful, tough, pragmatic and energetic-minded men I have run into”

While foreigners are impressed by his keen mind and his dexterity as a “popular” politician, Soviet émigrés—better acquainted with



Nikita Khrushchev

his long record as Stalin's devoted henchman—emphasize the cruelty and moral callousness underneath. They regard his post-Stalin posture of moderation as cynical "play-acting."

Most observers have noted Khrushchev's ability to assume with zest the rôle best suited to the occasion. They find in it a clue to the contradiction between his jovial façade and his record of brutality. He can act the homespun, tipsy *muzhik*, as he did when he and Bulganin went to Belgrade to make up with Tito, or the relaxed, reasonable statesman met by most eminent visitors. Perhaps his favourite rôle with the Soviet people is that of the benign peasant-czar, concerned with the trivia of their everyday life. Abroad, he relishes the part of a simple, democratic soul. In Finland, he climbed into a locomotive and lustily tooted the whistle. In India, he took a sickle out of a peasant's hands and demonstrated how a Russian cuts grass.

But, as John Gunther warned, "One should not pay too much attention to the antics and effervescence. The chief elements in his character are robust common sense, ruthlessness, a drive to get things done and, above all, optimism and confidence." A refugee who once worked under Khrushchev, Yuri Gudin-Lefkovich, says "his basic traits are craftiness and ruthlessness" and that he is a "master of deceit."

Dr. Leo Dudin, who was a college teacher in the Ukraine when Khrushchev was ruling it with an iron fist, adds. "This man is utterly unprincipled, without a trace of Communist or any other kind of idealism. He has killed thousands, including his closest friends and comrades. Remember that only those for whom lying and brute force became second nature could rise under Stalin."

Khrushchev's "secret speech" in February 1956 denouncing Stalin helped to throw a false aura of moderation round Khrushchev. Few Western observers have been fooled on this score, however. They cannot forget, among other crimes, that he unleashed the Red army against the people of Hungary. Actually, Khrushchev did not indict terror, as such, but merely Stalin's choice of victims. He even approved of terror, on Lenin's terms, "when necessary." Addressing Soviet writers early in 1958, he said, "If the Hungarian government had shot a few writers, they wouldn't have run into that trouble. I might remark that in a similar case my hand would not tremble."

"BECAUSE Khrushchev seems so obviously a practical hardliner or fixer," says Sir William Hayter, British Ambassador to Moscow from 1953 to 1957, "there is sometimes a temptation to overlook the fact that his approach even to practical questions will be conditioned by Marxist

conceptions." His fixed assumptions are that Communism is right, pre-ordained by history, "scientifically proved," and that capitalism is on its deathbed. But his faith is practical rather than theoretical. His contempt for intellectuals is notorious. Turner Catledge, managing editor of the *New York Times*, says, "My own feeling is that ideology with him is more of a tool than a doctrine."

Unlike the first generation of Soviet leaders, Khrushchev did not come by his faith through study or soul-searching, or even through angry revulsion against the status quo. He became a Communist through circumstances. The movement was sweeping across Russia. It picked up this clever but uneducated peasant millhand, then in his early 20's and already feverishly ambitious, and carried him along. He swallowed Communism in one heady draught.

The result of this sudden conversion is that his Communism is primitive and unsophisticated. He believes, literally, that a profit-mad "monopoly capitalism" enslaves and exploits the workers, and that Communism—the Soviet brand—is destined to rescue them. The democracies' policies are fixed by "magnates and capitalists interested only in armaments and profits." In fact, the more illogical some Communist premise or distortion of recent history, the angrier is Khrushchev's defence of it.

Yet, according to Gerd Ruge, a German journalist who left Moscow recently after a three-year sojourn, Khrushchev is intensely curious about the West. The paradox is, says Ruge, that like all Russians, he secretly admires the West, its abundance, its technical competence. His understanding stops, however, when the facts collide with his propaganda stereotypes. And we may be sure that his admiration does not imply in his mind any reprieve of the death sentence expressed in his promise to "bury" us.

WE COME now to the central question: Will Khrushchev's innermost character drive him to risk nuclear war to achieve his ends?

The most pessimistic answer was set forth recently by Ernst Kux, a Swiss analyst of Soviet affairs. Khrushchev, he wrote, resembles a gambler who wants to double his bet after each loss, and is likely suddenly to stake all on one card.

But Kux is almost alone in this dire foreboding. Nearly everyone else with some right to an educated guess appears convinced of Khrushchev's common sense and basic realism. Edward Crankshaw, the London *Observer's* expert on Russia, has written: "There is nothing in his career to suggest the fanatic. There is everything to suggest the practical man guided by inspired opportunism."

Khrushchev has as yet given no sign of megalomania. He does not, according to the evidence on hand, harbour Napoleonic or man-of-destiny complexes. A psychiatrist who observed him during his visit to Britain diagnosed: "No Hitler." His "sense of humour and puckish spirit of mischief," the psychiatrist explained, should make him proof against the paranoia of a Hitler or a Stalin.

A Frenchman who observed Khrushchev for a number of years said, "He is a gambler—but the calculating type, a player who takes risks when the odds are overwhelmingly favourable." The key word, "calculating," appears in other estimates, too. Sir William Hayter has written, "He seems impulsive, bull-headed, excitable. But, in fact, beneath the surface lies a shrewd, calculating and powerful mind." Another diplomat until recently in Moscow told me, "First and foremost, Khrushchev is a realist. It would go against his very practical nature to provoke the possible destruction of the Soviet Union by a major war."

The moral for the non-Soviet world, if this judgement is valid, should be obvious. It must maintain military strength and political unity to prevent a miscalculation by Khrushchev.

His very conviction that a universal Communist state is inevitable, some point out, should operate against a showdown gamble. He can afford to wait, and push his economic and political advantages in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Another brake on Khrushchev is the fact that the Soviet people hate and dread war. To that extent the cynical Communist "peace" campaign has boomeranged and limits the Kremlin's freedom of action.

Soviet leaders have a chilling memory of the last war. Millions of Red soldiers, in the early stages, surrendered without real fighting, and the Soviet people at first welcomed the German invaders as liberators.

The danger of war, it would appear from this analysis, lies less in the character of Khrushchev than in the state of preparedness and the policies of the West. Should the West permit itself to become militarily weak and psychologically soft, there would be a temptation for Khrushchev to overplay his hand. The Kremlin would step up its demands and pressures until a decision by force became almost inescapable.

For all his menacing talk and habitual rattling of hydrogen bombs, Nikita Khrushchev's policy, as a German writer summed it up, appears to be *Welt sieg ohne Weltkrieg*—world victory without world war.

# BED

By Rose Macaulay

*Author of "They Were Defeated," "Potterism,"  
"The World, My Wilderness," "The Towers  
of Trebizond," etc.*

## 1. Getting Into It.

WHENEVER I consider how, in a normal life, each day, however weary or merry, circumstanced by whatever disconcerting chances of destiny, ends in getting into bed—whenever I consider this, I wonder why each day is not a hopeful and triumphant march towards this delicious goal, this recumbent bliss. If it were a bliss less recurrent, more rare and strange, its exquisite luxury would surely seem a conception for the immortal gods, beyond any man's deserts.

Climb into this paradise; push up the pillows, that they support the head at an angle as you lie sideways, your book held in one hand. A shaded light illustrates the page with soft radiance, so that it shines out of the environing shadows like a good deed in a naughty world. You are

reading, I would suggest, a novel; preferably a novel lightly titillating, but not furrowing, the surface of the brain. Not poetry, history, nor essays, not voyages nor biography. These are for daytime reading. They stimulate the mind; they wake you up, light a hundred candles in your brain. A story will hold your attention gently on the page, leading it from event to event, drowsily pleased to be involved in such fine adventures, which yet demand no thought. Let the story amuse, thrill, delight; but let it not animate or disturb, for sleep, that shy night-bird, must not be startled as it hovers over you, circling ever nearer and nearer, until its feathers brush your eyes, and the book dips suddenly in your hand. Lay it aside then; push out the light; the dark bed, like a gentle pool of water, receives you; you sink into its encompassing arms, floating down the wandering trail of a dream, as down some river that softly twists through goblin lands, unsearchable and dark to waking eyes.

## 2. Not Getting Out of It

It is probable that all has been said on this inexhaustible theme that can be said. Yet one is bound to contribute one's little stream of eloquence to the flood of praise for this great joy. The point is, once in bed, why get out of it? Humanity sees this point clearly every morning, yet nearly every morning de-

serts the sheltering couch (where so much of the business of life might be transacted if we so chose, and at so much less cost of labour and distraction), and steps into the cold embattled world without.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Yes, but the ant's bed is a miserable resting place compared with ours. We must not be surprised therefore if ants rise betimes. Not for them the drowsy exit from delicious dreams to a world of soft down, box springs, and sheets that gentlier lie than tired eyelids upon tired eyes. Not for them the lively cup that disperses the somniantory clouds from the brain, the clean newspaper hot from the press, discreetly waiting to unfold its strange matutinal tale, the pile of letters, each throbbing with its little human message, each shut behind its enveloping veil, which need not be torn asunder until, or unless, we choose.

Here, breakfasting, you may lie and reflect on all the occupations which man has pursued in bed; how Milton therein composed much of *Paradise Lost*; how Dido and her court feasted Aeneas and his warriors, and listened to his mournful

Dame Rose Macaulay, D. B. E., who died last year at the age of 77, wrote 22 novels and several books of essays. A witty conversationalist, a delightful broadcaster, a scholar and traveller, she once wrote an "auto obituary" describing herself as "an old lady of no great talent, but who managed, on the whole, to put in a pretty good time."

travelogue, all reclining on their couches; how emperors and dictators have lain on beds while damsels danced before them and made music; how Sir John Suckling practised and perfected in bed that card-playing by which he lived; how Hobbes did mathematics, drawing lines on the sheets; how generals have planned victories and ordered attacks; how the Kings of France received their ministers in bed and dispensed affairs of state; how Lady Mary Wortley Montague received poets, and prime ministers the news of victories; how Samuel Pepys lay late with great pleasure, and Samuel Johnson lay all his life until noon or until two, purporting to rise at eight and telling young men that nobody who did not rise early would ever come to good. Indeed, so much of the world's business has been performed in bed, that even to begin to consider it will be a morning's work.

But the luxury of pleasure is marred, as time creeps on, by a bitter foreknowledge born of experience. Sooner or later one of those under your roof will inquire if you are ill. Why, in the name of all the great bed-lovers, should I be ill because I prefer to remain in so charming a refuge as my bed? Lie back, then, among pillows and, gently yet firmly encouched, await the onslaught of the bellicose day, whose buffets jar less rudely those who take them lying down.

With infinite pains and abundant genius, an art-loving nation has reclaimed from the rubble the treasures that were ruined by war

# *Italy's Masterpieces Live Again*

*By J. D. Ratcliff*

**I**TALY took a fearful drubbing during the final two years of the Second World War. Among the chief casualties were some of the world's richest historic and artistic treasures. Bombs gutted ancient churches and crumbled famous frescoes. Priceless paintings were scattered; irreplaceable sculpture was smashed. Incendiaries set the torch indiscriminately—to military arsenals and lovely Renaissance palaces, to railway stations and opera houses, to supply dumps and to collections of ancient manuscripts.

Could Italy—and the world—ever recover from this devastating blow to mankind's cultural heritage? Many experts felt that the answer was no. Events—and Italian artistic

genius—are proving them wrong.

The night of August 15, 1943, was one of horror in Milan. Waves of Allied bombers dropping high explosives were followed by planes with incendiaries. Almost inevitably a bomb fell near the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, once part of a Dominican friary, and home of the world's most famous painting, "The Last Supper." Painted by Leonardo da Vinci, this mural depicted the sublimely dramatic moment just after Christ had spoken the words to His disciples: "One of you shall betray me."

When dawn came on August 16, the refectory where monks once took their meals was a smouldering pile of rubble. The roof was gone, and a side wall. But the north wall, upon which the masterpiece was

' painted, still stood! Feebly protected by sandbags, it had somehow managed to survive the blast.

The best covering that could be immediately provided for the mural was a tarpaulin. Later a tar-paper shelter was built and, after the war, a permanent roof. But, meanwhile, rain and snow had made a sodden jelly of the painting; sand from the bags had stuck to it, and a film of white fungus had grown over it. Many experts were convinced that the painting was doomed. Others, led by Mauro Pellicioli, Italy's greatest art restorer, disagreed; with will and skill, they felt, it could be brought back.

In April 1947 Pellicioli, contributing his services free, climbed on a scaffolding and set to work. Over a period of months, heating units behind the painting had gradually dissipated moisture. Now, to bind the crumbling plaster together, Pellicioli sprayed and injected it with a de-waxed shellac mixed with alcohol. By the summer of 1952, satisfied with the results of this treatment, he was ready for the delicate task of restoration.

It was known that the painting had been restored frequently since its completion in 1497. Many of these efforts had been bungling smears, however. Pellicioli decided to get down to da Vinci's original.

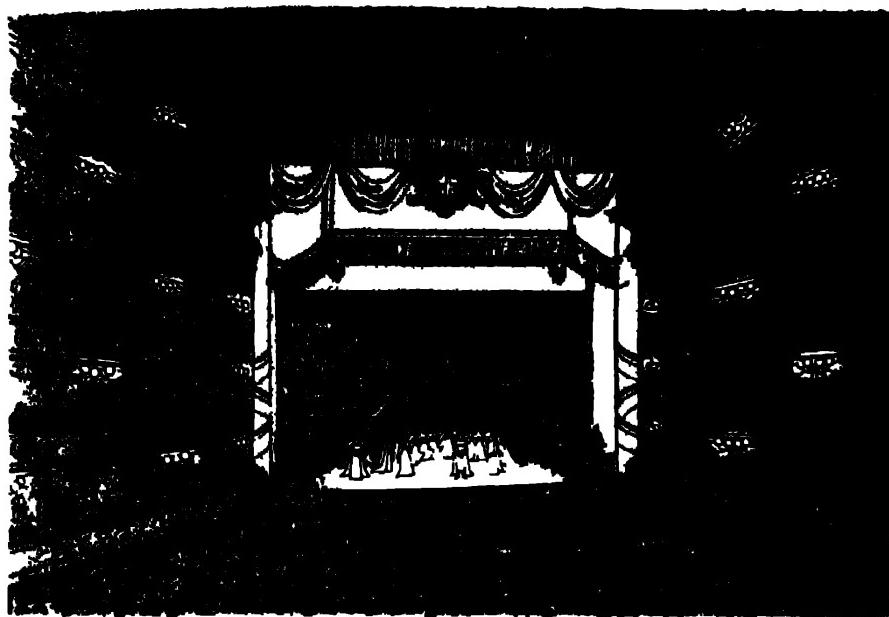
X-rays can penetrate paintings done on canvas to show what layers lie hidden beneath the surface. But

this technique will not work with paintings done on a plaster wall; Pellicioli had to rely on a surgeon's knife. Working on a few square centimetres at a time, he gently scraped away layer after layer of paint and delicately swabbed the surface with cotton-wool soaked in solvent. "You scrape until you reach the real Leonardo," he explains. "The only difficulty is knowing when to stop."

For two demanding years the work of love continued—with extraordinary results. An early restorer had clothed Christ in a robe of a dirty dark-red colour; hidden beneath was da Vinci's brilliant vermillion. This now came into view, as did a delicate gold tracery on the robe of Judas. St. Bartholomew's sleeve appeared as a soft blue instead of an indifferent green.

Today the painting is in better condition than before the war. Art experts say that it will remain intact for generations to come—an inspiration to the millions who make reverent pilgrimages to see it.

On the same night that "The Last Supper" was taking its punishment, high-explosive and incendiary bombs crashed down on La Scala, the world's most famous opera house. With a roar the wooden roof collapsed, and burnt debris ultimately filled the 165-year-old theatre to the level of the second-tier boxes. An old watchman wept openly, "This is the end of La



*Milan's magnificent La Scala, after restoration*

Scala" Yet, even while a dying war still swirled round Milan, plans for rebuilding were begun.

"We didn't want a *new* theatre," says architect Luigi Lorenzo Secchi "We wanted the old one back, exactly as it had been."

La Scala's great domed ceiling had been credited as the major factor in giving the opera house the world's best acoustics. Secchi sorted through wreckage for fragments of the old roof trusses. He used these to help design a model for the new ceiling. Fragments of the velvet seat covers, swatches of silk-brocade wall coverings served as samples for textile manufacturers. The huge Bohemian crystal chandelier had been totally destroyed, but Secchi found a photograph of it in a dentist's waiting-room to serve as the model for a replacement.

About a month after war ended,

the reconstruction of La Scala began. Shops and factories had been smashed and tens of thousands of Milanese were without homes, but there was not a murmur of complaint when rebuilding of the opera house was given priority. State and city, firms and individuals contributed funds. Labour worked overtime. Even the Communists, busy stirring industrial strife elsewhere, gave quiet co-operation.

Then, on May 11, 1946, a little man with a mop of white hair and a beautifully chiselled face stepped to the centre of the stage in the rebuilt opera house. To test the acoustics he clapped his hands sharply, waited for the echo. "It is the same," he said. The master had spoken. Arturo Toscanini, after almost eight years of self-imposed exile, was home again.

That night he lifted his baton to conduct the orchestra and a 200-voice chorus in a programme of all-Italian music. There was scarcely a dry eye in the great theatre, or among the 12,000 people who jammed the square outside to listen to the programme relayed over

loud-speakers. Although mountainous tasks of reconstruction lay ahead, Milan *lived again*.

Elsewhere in Italy individuals have undertaken certain reconstruction jobs alone. This happened in the beautiful little Tuscan town of Prato, a few miles from Florence. Here, 450 years ago, the great Renaissance painter Fra Filippo Lippi built a small tabernacle and decorated it with one of his loveliest frescoes, "The Saints Adoring the Madonna and Child."

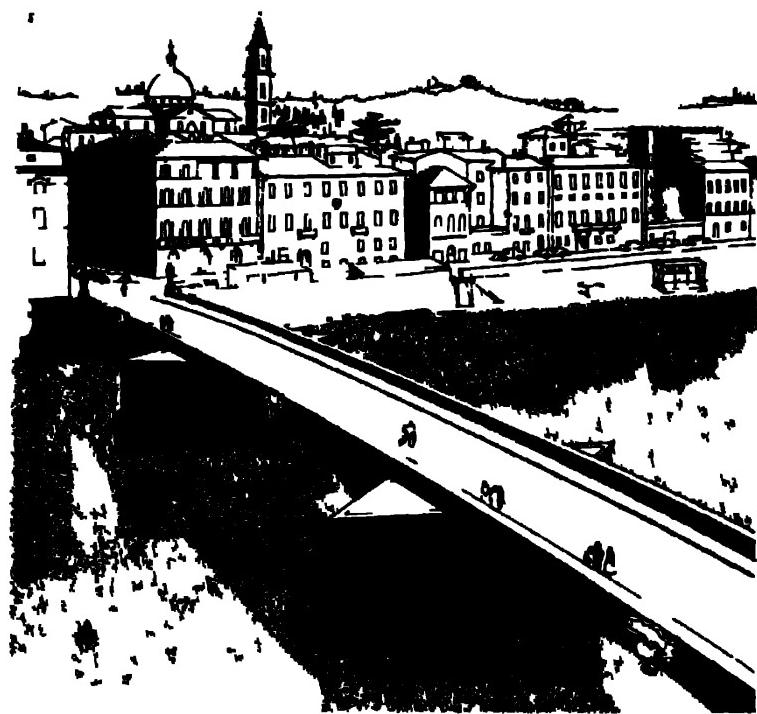
In March 1944 a bomb shattered the magnificent fresco. Almost before the dust had settled, Leonetto Tintori, a sculptor and restorer of paintings, began picking up the fragments of coloured plaster, some

no larger than a fingernail. Seeking shelter whenever bombers returned, he and his wife sorted through rubble for five days and finally collected all the pieces that had not been reduced to powder.

Then, hauling the debris to his studio, Tintori began the task of fitting together a jigsaw puzzle with some 8,000 pieces. In two years it was done. Next came the problem of fastening fragments together. Since no canvas was available for backing, Tintori used bed sheets from his home. Some were dipped in hot water and pasted to the front of the fresco. Then the fresco was turned over, the plaster was scraped off, and sheets were glued to the back of the painting. When the glue set, the sheets were delicately soaked away from the front. Today the fresco, a glory for generations to come, is installed in the Prato Museum.

In August 1944 retreating Germans blew up four bridges across the Arno River in Florence. The greatest loss was the Ponte a Santa Trinita, widely considered to be the world's most beautiful bridge. With artillery still rumbling in the distance, Florentine architect Riccardo Gisdulich started wading through the muddy waters, dragging marble

*One of the glories of Florence, the Ponte a Santa Trinita, viewed from the north bank*



ornaments to safety, taking measurements of the remaining stubs of piers, numbering stones that were still standing. He was obsessed with the idea that the delicate, shallow arches of Santa Trinita would rise again. At the end of the war, the Ministry of Public Works wanted to put up a bridge that would look like the old one but would be built of steel and concrete, and could be constructed quickly and cheaply. Gisdulich would settle for nothing less than an exact copy of the original—built in 1566-69 by Bartolomeo Ammannati, with suggestions from Michelangelo. He was backed by numerous Italian personalities and by the art critic Bernard Berenson, who offered a contributed fund of £30,000 if the bridge were rebuilt along the original lines. On a similar condition, the people of Florence contributed hard-earned lire to "buy a brick for Santa Trinita."

Under these pressures the Public Works Ministry gave in. Gisdulich dug out construction notes nearly four centuries old. Existing photographs of the old bridge were expanded to near life-size, and exact



*The centuries-old Benedictine abbey, Montecassino, viewed from the northwest*

calculations were made of the arches' curvature. Gisdulich set a rigorous standard: a margin of variation from the old bridge of no more than half an inch at any point would be permitted! Some arches in the old bridge were slightly out of true; Gisdulich faithfully included these errors.

Wherever possible, old stones were dredged up from the river bottom. To replace missing ones, quarries which provided the original stone were reopened, although they had been abandoned for more than three centuries. Workmen were even required to cut stones according to ancient methods.

In August 1957, 27 months after the actual start of reconstruction, the bridge was opened to pedestrian traffic. Except for one detail it is

exactly as it was before: at the four corners of the bridge are statues of the four seasons; fragments were pieced together to complete all but one—Spring's head was never found.

Of all the grim destruction wrought in Italy none was so complete as that of Montecassino, the historic and lofty Benedictine abbey between Naples and Rome. Hardly a stone remained in its original place, for the Allies suspected that the Germans would use this 1,800-foot perch, dominating the Liri River valley, as a gigantic roadblock.

It was here that St. Benedict founded his order in the sixth century. During the Dark Ages, when the lamps of civilization were flickering and going out elsewhere, they continued to burn brightly at Montecassino. Its library was one of the earth's great cultural repositories, containing manuscripts of works by such individuals as Homer, Ovid, Cicero, Vergil. By good fortune the Germans anticipated the Allied assault and ordered the evacuation of all art treasures and irreplaceable manuscripts to the Vatican for safekeeping.

In April 1949, with funds supplied

mostly by the Italian government, rebuilding of Montecassino got under way. It was by far the largest of all the reconstruction jobs undertaken. Some 400 workmen built new roads up the mountainside, opened quarries to provide building materials. Fortunately, exact plans were available—drawn in 1939 by a monk with engineering training. In September 1952, the Benedictines reoccupied the new abbey. Today Montecassino's bells again clang their sonorous message to the valley below, and when dusk removes the sheen from new stone the abbey looks exactly as it did centuries ago.

Hundreds of rebuilding jobs have been completed in Italy during these post-war years. Others are under way. Two years ago £10 million was appropriated for work yet to be done. The world owes a debt of gratitude to war-torn countries which have helped to create a new prosperity by rebuilding mines, mills and factories. Present and future generations owe an even greater debt to Italy for rescuing from oblivion some of the richest elements in man's cultural heritage.



### Full Circle

SOMETIMES it seems that in this mechanized world we are being outwitted by our inventions. Not long ago a friend of ours found that the horn of his car had gone dead. A gentleman of resolute action, he set out at once to have it repaired. But then he found himself balked by a sign on the entrance to the garage: "Stop! Automatic Door. Sound Horn."

From an unexpected source one parent finds unimpeachable advice on how not to embarrass the younger generation

## Oh, Mother!

By Rita Eng

I AM 38 YEARS old, of average intelligence, mild-mannered, with conservative tastes. In fact, I have always—until now—been led to believe that I am a reasonably attractive, rather ordinary person. Now I have a 14-year-old daughter and suddenly I feel like a pariah. The only acceptable thing I have done for six months is not to wear ostrich feathers.

I talk too loudly (or not loudly enough), laugh too hard (or give sickly smiles). I wear the wrong colour lipstick, call policemen "officer," put tomato sauce on scrambled eggs in public. I say "cool"

when I really mean "tough." I once talked to a salesman at the front door in my bare feet. I am afraid of horses.

In short, I was just about to get myself some army camouflage material for my next season's wardrobe when I discovered a book.

It was a book more comforting than anything the child psychologists ever wrote to assuage the anguish in the breasts of mothers. Unfortunately this book is not generally available. It was written by me when I was 14 years old, and it was called simply, *Journal of My Real Self*.

On the first page I encountered a unique resolution. It read, "Resolved: that I will never be too busy to look at a sunset." Then followed several pages of explanation. It seems that I had been asked to lay the table for dinner and, in the process of getting out the silverware, I noticed that the world looked as if it were situated in a glass of iced tea. I rushed out of doors to find the sky awash with amber light and all the green world strange and waiting. I couldn't have been out there for more than 20 minutes when suddenly a great caterwauling arose in the house. It was my mother, urging me to finish laying the table. I tried to explain what I was doing, even urged her to come and see for herself. To which she replied, "If I took time to stand and gape at every sunset that comes along,

no one would get anything to eat in this house."

I could almost feel the old despair and bafflement rise up in me again as I read that passage. Until I recalled the morning, not so long ago, when my own 14-year-old, dispatched to the dustbin with a large package of rubbish, stopped stock-still in the back yard and stood there, head cocked, eyes vague.

"What are you doing? It's going to drip!" I bawled out of the kitchen window.

"The birds, Mother. Listen to them!" At which point the soggy newspaper gave way, and the package disintegrated into a *mélange* of eggshells and coffee grounds.

"See!" I yelled. "Now clean that up or the place will be swarming with flies."

And that was the end of the birds.

It became apparent to me as I read that it's even worse for a 14-year-old's mother to try to be up-to-date than to be sadly old-fashioned. I read the following in my journal: "If Mother says just once more that she thinks 'The Music Goes Round and Round' is a good number, I think I shall scream. By the time a tune is No. 1 on the Hit Parade, it's dead. Over. Done. Finished."

I was also driven to distraction whenever she or Dad interjected into the conversation the phrase, "Want to buy a duck?" Actually, I suppose this is no worse than replying, "In a while, crocodile" to a child who has just said, "See you later, alligator."

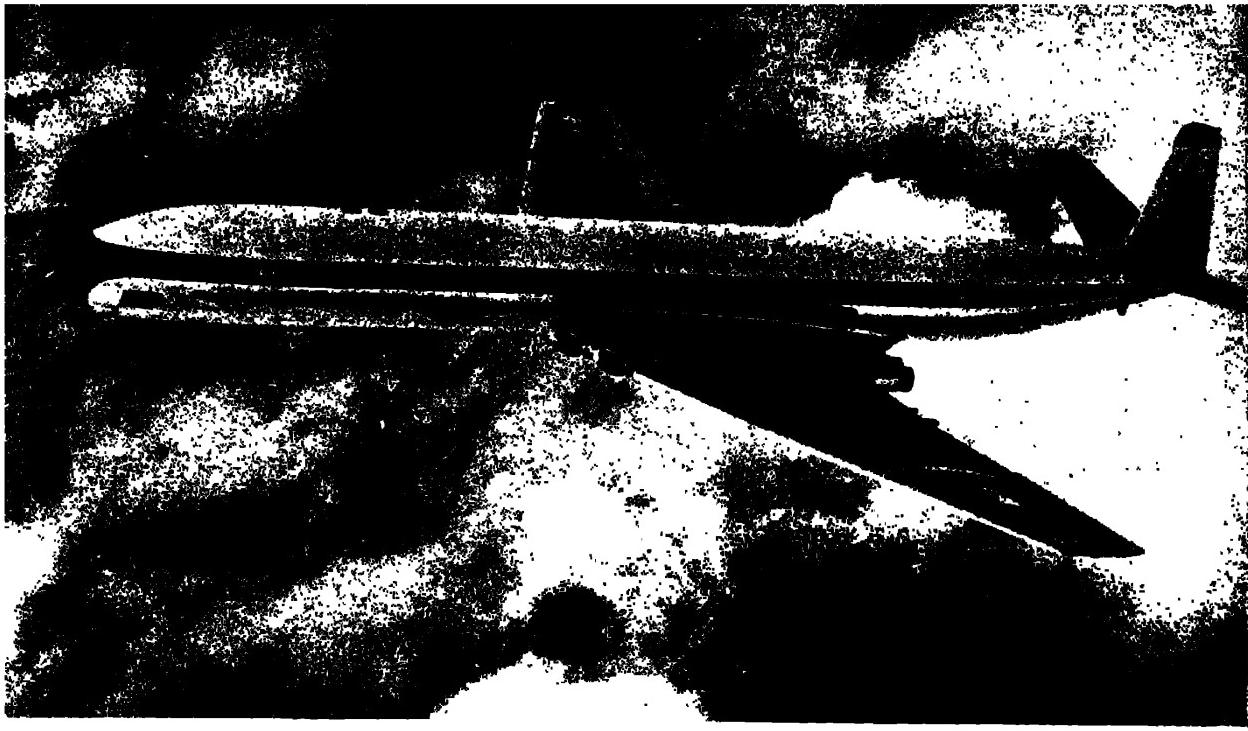
I am aware that, when I visit my daughter's school for one reason or another, I am a source of embarrassment. I either beam too much or look bored. I talk too gushingly to the teacher, or perhaps I even talk to the wrong teacher.

It makes me a little sad too, since, according to my journal, I had resolved never to embarrass my children when I visited their schools. (According to my journal, in my 14th year my mother once visited my French class at school.) But I am full of new insight now! New confidence.

And I am not going to buy that army camouflage material. Or stick my head in the oven I'm going to go on believing that I am normal in every way. Even a little above normal perhaps. For after all, how many 38-year-olds have the intelligence and foresight to provide themselves with their own guide to the 14-year-old mind?

### *Deft Definitions*

*Home movies:* The strange views people take of things (s. s. b.) . . . *Atmosphere:* What the quaint little restaurants use instead of fresh air (Bill Vaughan) . . . *Las Vegas:* Where the odds are you won't get even (Marion Marlowe) . . . *Gardening:* An early symptom of lumbago (c. t.)



## Geoffrey de Havilland, Father of the Comet

*Disaster took the lives of two sons and threatened to ruin his life's work—but Britain's master aircraft designer proved himself unconquerable*

By Francis Vivian Drake

GUARDS AT the huge de Havilland air craft factory at Hatfield, near London, birth place of the Comet jet airliners, have long been accustomed to salute a humble little car as it slips inconspicuously through the main gate each morning, heads into the steel and concrete city that comprises the factory, and makes for the flight line. Out

steps a tall, wiry man with a thin, intense face and blue eyes. Behind the mile-long flight line lies the panorama of his career: at one end the little shed where he designed wood-and-wire aeroplanes 40 years ago; at the other the vast cantilever caverns that turn out highly polished jet monsters that now nudge the speed of sound and span

the oceans and continents of the world. The man's name is Sir Geoffrey de Havilland; he is regarded by flying men as the boldest aircraft designer in the world.

But it is not professional skill that has endeared this man to all who know him. It is fortitude. In a lifetime of hair-raising pioneering de Havilland conquered the air in all its storms and furics, only to have it take from him two sons and hasten the death of a beloved wife. Then, because of the disasters which struck his early Comets, it threatened his life work and reputation. Yet today, at 77, he has re-established his career, and his name stands once again at the summit of aviation—a rare triumph of the human spirit.

De Havilland reached manhood in an age of change, when the first motorbuses were beginning to jerk noisily past horse-drawn trams. He went to engineering school, and the first result was a hand-made motor-bike, on which he roared off every weekend to his home in Hampshire. He took a job designing buses, and got married. The pattern of his life looked unremarkable. Then came one of those awakenings that can change a man beyond recognition. The first flights of the Wright brothers and the French aerial pioneers

Reader's Digest Roving Editor FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE, as a Royal Flying Corps fighter pilot in the First World War, flew the first operational combat plane designed by Geoffrey de Havilland, the DH 2.

triggered a strange, almost mystical compulsion in the young motor engineer. He became a man possessed.

In those days "aeronauts" were rated on a par with performing monkeys. Still, de Havilland was able to persuade his grandfather to advance him £1,000 so that he could leave his job and design an aero engine. Then, together with a friend, Frank Hearle, who has remained his partner for 50 years, he built an aeroplane out of wire, wood and linen. Young Mrs. de Havilland stitched the fabric for the wings, conscious that her husband's life might depend on every seam.

When the plane was finished in 1909, de Havilland took off in it, flew 40 yards—and crashed. Undaunted, he built another, and he and that plane learned to fly together. Sitting unprotected on the wing, cap jammed backwards on his head, his sharp face seeming to cut into the wind, the tyro pilot knew his first sweet victory over his lifelong friend and enemy, the air. It coincided with the birth of his first son, Geoffrey, destined to become one of the most famous test pilots in Britain.

The heady excitement continued until the £1,000 ran out; then he and Hearle set to work to produce some of Britain's first military planes. The DH 2, a primitive "pusher" machine with no wind-screen, no brakes, a switch but no throttle, flew all over the Western

Front in the First World War. It climbed as high as 14,000 feet, went 93 miles per hour, fought vicious battles, survived the most violent manoeuvre without breaking. The pilots had to be optimists, however, for the planes were made of wood, the fuel tank was unshielded, incendiary bullets were in use and there were no parachutes. Nevertheless, air power became a reality. De Havilland's later models, the DH 4 and DH9, were the work horses of the war; 33 per cent of all Allied air strength and 95 per cent of America's entire wartime production were aircraft of de Havilland design.

In 1920 de Havilland struck out for himself as a plane builder. With Hearle and a few other devoted young men, he moved into a wooden shed on an abandoned aerodrome. Working capital was under £2,000, and the land owners were soon threatening eviction unless the company bought the land for £20,000. Then occurred one of those miracles that save people with faith. A young stranger named Alan Butler drove up and asked if they

would build him a private plane. De Havilland sketched out a design, made an estimate of £3,000 and the order was clinched. As Butler turned to leave he paused, hand on the doorknob, and offhandedly mentioned that he would like to put, say, £50,000 into the company if they cared to have it. Stunned, de Havilland replied rather stiffly that they might make use of a little capital. Butler was still chairman of the company years later, when its capital was reckoned in millions.

De Havilland soon saw that aviation would never become respectable until more people learned to fly. He designed and built a light two-seater named the Moth, a simple, tough flivver of the skies. It was a masterpiece. De Havilland test-flew it—as he did all the company's planes until 1937—and there seemed to be nothing it would not do, and at 20 miles to the gallon. He took one up to the small-plane record altitude of 20,000 feet, with his wife as passenger. He stalled another and deliberately crashed into the ground—without breaking it.



*Geoffrey de Havilland*

A Moth flew the Atlantic in 22½ hours. Now flying clubs sprang up everywhere, and thousands of men learned to fly—a fact that was to help win the Battle of Britain, when pilots were needed in a hurry.

When that war started, de Havilland looked past the threat of invasion, and set to work to design the tools of victory.

He whipped out an extraordinary twin-engined fighter-bomber, the Mosquito. The hard-pressed government could give him no steel, so he again built his planes of wood. The Mosquito became the sensation of the R.A.F. When de Havilland's son Geoffrey, test pilot for the company, flew it, he reached 420 m.p.h. It was the fastest plane in the war until 1944—so fast that it even overtook the V-1 flying missiles. In a nightmare 60 days it shot down 600 of them.

Of the planes that saved Britain, 23,000 carried the DH symbol on their tails. De Havilland was knighted, and his name evoked respect and gratitude from his countrymen. Then, at this high point, the treacherous air hit back. His son John, also a company test pilot, was killed in a Mosquito collision in 1943. And another disaster was in the making.

During the war the British engineer Frank Whittle invented the jet engine, and de Havilland built the first production-type model. He produced a jet plane named Vampire, the first to exceed 500 m.p.h.

Then he built the experimental DH 108, and released it to young Geoffrey for test. In the first cautious trials the new plane behaved beautifully; but as Geoffrey stepped up the speed he unsuspectingly drew closer to an invisible wall in the sky then unknown to anyone, later named the sound barrier, which can destroy a plane not designed to pierce it. One evening he hit the speed of sound, and the plane disintegrated. Young Geoffrey's body was not found for ten days.

De Havilland was unable to go near the factory for two weeks. Lady de Havilland, already in poor health, was so hard hit that she died three years later. There was one son left, not a test pilot, and he and his father took up their lives again with a dreadful sense of having paid too much to the air.

At the time of Geoffrey's death, Britain had for five years been forced to concentrate on military planes. De Havilland realized that if he was to resurrect British commercial aviation, it was hopeless to try to catch up with American propeller planes in design. Instead, he resolved to overleap the entire field and build the world's first jet-liner. Ahead lay extraordinary design problems, since no one knew just what stresses would pound the big hulls at high speed and altitude. There was only the half-understood lesson of young Geoffrey's death.

But de Havilland's reputation was

such that B.O.A.C. and its affiliates ordered 14 of his new "Comets" from the blueprints. The factory worked day and night shifts, and in July 1949 the prototype was test-flown. It was a strikingly beautiful thing. For nearly three years de Havilland crews "wrung out" the plane with every test that men could devise. Finally, in 1952, production models were released to B.O.A.C.

At once the globe seemed to shrink in Britain's hand. Comets roared about the world on schedules that people found hard to believe, while passengers sat in quiet, pressurized cabins balancing coins on edge. The Comet became the pride of Britain. Orders streamed in—and American operators made pilgrimages to the de Havilland factory. Britain had come from behind to surpass all competitors. De Havilland had never stood higher. But it seemed his fate to be raised to the heights only to be dashed to the ground.

On January 10, 1954, a Comet took off from Rome with 35 people aboard. Twenty minutes later there was a tremendous explosion in the sky, and a cloud of fragments fell into the sea near the isle of Elba. The accident was so sudden that the pilot was cut off in the middle of a normal radio report. What caused the tragedy? Faced with one of the greatest mysteries in the history of flying, B.O.A.C. grounded all its Comets for tests. After two months

and some 60 modifications, the planes were restored to service. But not for long.

On April 8 Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C. was aroused in the middle of the night by a dreadful message. Another Comet had taken off from Rome, reached 28,000 feet and exploded. Sir Miles rushed to the B.O.A.C. operations centre and suspended all Comet operations. The bright dream of world leadership in the air had faded in a night. It was a national disaster.

At this point de Havilland had Comet I's worth £7 million back on his hands, never likely to fly again, and £10 million of Comet II's nearly finished. All orders were suspended. But these financial worries seemed to him minor compared with the torture of not knowing *why* his planes had exploded. The crashes were not only tragic but humiliating beyond words; there was no pilot error, no proven sabotage, no weather to blame. His planes had suffered the unforgivable fate of breaking up in the air.

Now began an exhaustive post-mortem. Three Comets were selected for the test. One of them took to the air every day, manned by the bravest of the brave, who strove to break it in flight. They were accompanied by a jet bomber to report how they died, if an accident happened. A second Comet was wrencheted to pieces, inch by inch, in the factory. To find out if pressure in-

side the cabin had burst the structure, a third was immersed in a specially built tank where it was pulsated with high-pressure water day and night, to simulate a 30-minute climb to 40,000 feet, a two-hour flight and a descent to earth—with giant hydraulic rams battering the wings to simulate stormy air.

Week after week the tests continued, without result. Then, at the end of June, without a second's warning, the water-tank Comet split. The equivalent of 9,000 hours of flight had fatigued the metal round the forward windows; had the plane been high in the air it would have burst like a bomb! It was as though, at a place of stress, and at a precise second of fatigue which no microscope could foretell, every atom of the metal had released its hold on the next atom, and the cabin disintegrated. In simple language, the Comet had not been strong enough.

This crowning blow hit de Havilland in his 72nd year. Thousands of crank letters called him a murderer. Sir Miles Thomas was urged to make B.O.A.C. abandon Comets. But these were tough men. They knew that they had gained priceless knowledge for the future. They were not prepared to give up. Lord Brabazon of Tara, a man of 70 who held pilot licence Number 1 in Britain, spoke up in words that rang throughout the land. "You know and I know the cause of this acci-

dent," he said. "It is due to the adventurous, pioneering spirit of our race. It has been like that in the past...and I hope it will be in the future!"

De Havilland, his thin body vibrating with a youthful energy, presented the executives of B.O.A.C. with the specifications of a new plane, to be called Comet IV, containing almost double the seats and double the power of the old ones, embodying all the lessons so dearly bought. Sir Miles Thomas, defying public opinion, ordered an entire fleet of the new planes, to cost £19 million.

De Havilland subjected the Comet IV's to the most severe tests in aviation history, and finally received certificates of airworthiness from both Britain and the U.S.

On October 4, 1958, nine years after the first jet-liner test flight, a Comet IV took off from New York. In mid-ocean it passed another Comet IV headed for America. When the eastbound jet flashed over London Airport, a mere six hours and seven minutes from Idlewild, the passengers stood up and cheered. The Prime Minister of Great Britain telegraphed 76-year-old Sir Geoffrey de Havilland: "The resurgence of the Comet is a fitting reward for faith in the future...the whole nation takes pride..."

The applause was sweet to the ears of the man who had fought through crushing personal and professional disasters to such a victory.



# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Wilfred Funk

Few writers are more versatile in the use of English than dramatic critics. Here are 20 words chosen from play reviews. Tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **palpable** (păl' pă b'l)—A: weak B: obvious. C: foolish D: trembling.
- (2) **maudlin** (mawd' lin)—A: corrupt. B: slavish C: tearfully sentimental. D: humorous.
- (3) **toady** (tō' de)—A: to blacken B: carry. C: flatter in a fawning fashion D: tamper with
- (4) **bromidic** (brō mid' ik)—A: trite. B: sarcastic C: quaint D: pungent.
- (5) **prototype** (prō'tō type)—A: main headline in a newspaper B: photographic print C: model. D: dignitary.
- (6) **sombre**—A: serious. B: quiet. C: pallid. D: gloomy.
- (7) **fragmentary** (frag' men tri)—A: disconnected B: temporary C: refractory or unruly. D: frail.
- (8) **somnolence** (sōm' no lēns)—A: wakefulness. B: oppressive drowsiness C: stupidity D: sympathy.
- (9) **innuendo** (in ū en' dō)—A: wit B: decrease in volume C: innocence D: insinuation.
- (10) **spawn**—A: to reject with distaste. B: produce. C: spatter. D: spit out.
- (11) **categorical** (kăt' ē gôr' i kăl)—A: severely critical B: uncertain C: direct and explicit D: pertaining to teaching.
- (12) **ultimate** (ü'l' ti mit)—A: size B: final point. C: exaggeration. D: despair
- (13) **intermittent**—A: impatient. B: familiar C: periodic D: continuous.
- (14) **peculation**—A: theft or embezzlement B: petty imitation. C: thought or reflection D: complaint.
- (15) **gaucherie** (gō shü' rē')—A: witty remark. B: puzzling statement. C: disappointment. D: awkward or tactless action.
- (16) **philanderer** (fi lān' der er)—A: time waster. B: spendthrift. C: male flirt. D: wanderer.
- (17) **enmesh**—A: to ensnare. B: crush. C: weave. D: disentangle.
- (18) **matriarch** (mă' tri ark)—A: ancient priestess. B: woman who rules a family. C: woman of wealth. D: woman of wisdom
- (19) **legerdemain** (lĕj' er de mān')—A: sleight of hand. B: nonsense C: theft. D: telling of legends
- (20) **disintegration**—A: deception. B: loss of interest. C: penetration. D: gradual decay.

*Answers to*

## "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **palpable**—B: Obvious; apparent; manifest; as, *palpable* miscasting. Latin *palpare*, "to touch."
- (2) **maudlin**—C: Tearfully sentimental; over-emotional; as, a *maudlin* scene. A contraction of Mary *Magdalen*, whom artists often depict with eyes red from weeping.
- (3) **toady**—C: To flatter in a fawning fashion; treat servilely; as, "He is always the one to *toady* to the boss." Short for "toad-eater."
- (4) **bromidic**—A: Trite; commonplace; banal; as *bromidic* dialogue. Refers to the sedative effect of medicinal bromides.
- (5) **prototype**—C: Model; pattern; original from which a copy is made; as, "Shakespeare's Ophelia was the *prototype* of Shaw's heroine." Greek *protos*, "first," and *typos*, "type."
- (6) **sombre**—D: Gloomy; dismal and depressing; as, "The play left the audience in a *sombre* mood." French *sombre*, "shaded."
- (7) **fragmentary**—A: Disconnected or broken; incomplete; as, a *fragmentary* script. Latin *frangere*, "to break."
- (8) **somnolence**—B: Oppressive drowsiness or inclination to sleep; as, "The third act was conducive to *somnolence*." Latin *somnus*, "sleep."
- (9) **innuendo**—D: An insinuation; indirect aspersion; as, "The *innuendo* hurt his reputation." Latin *innuere*, "to intimate."
- (10) **spawn**—B: To produce; bring forth, especially in great quantities; as, to *spawn* mediocre plays. Latin *expandere*, "to spread out."
- (11) **categorical**—C: Direct and explicit; without qualification; as, a *categorical* statement. Greek *kategoria*, "assertion."
- (12) **ultimate**—B: Final point; the last step beyond which there is no other; as, the *ultimate* in wit. Latin *ultimus*, "the farthest."
- (13) **intermittent**—C: Periodic; occurring at intervals; as, *intermittent* flashes of insight. Latin *intermittere*, "to leave an interval."
- (14) **peculation**—A: Theft or embezzlement, often of public funds; as, "We soon discovered his *peculation*." Latin *peculari*, "to embezzle."
- (15) **gaucherie**—D: Awkward or tactless action or speech; as, "An embarrassed silence followed his *gaucherie*." French *gauche*, "left-handed, clumsy."
- (16) **philanderer**—C: A male flirt; one who makes love without serious intentions; as, an inveterate *philanderer*. Greek *philos* "loving," and *andros*, "man."
- (17) **enmesh**—A: To ensnare or entangle as in a mesh or net; as, to *enmesh* all the principal characters.
- (18) **matriarch**—B: A woman, usually a mother, who rules a family or group; as, to play the relentless *matriarch*. Latin *mater*, "mother," and Greek *archos*, "ruler," "chief."
- (19) **legerdemain**—A: Sleight of hand; any artful deception or trick; as, by some *legerdemain* of stagecraft. French, "light of hand."
- (20) **disintegration**—D: Gradual decay and wasting; as, a study of moral *disintegration*. Latin *dis-*, "away from," and *integre*, "to make whole."

### Vocabulary Ratings

|                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 20—19 correct ..... | excellent |
| 18—16 correct ..... | good      |
| 15—14 correct ..... | fair      |

*Solar energy is now being used in many parts of the world to heat and cool houses, to power radios, cookers, furnaces—and who knows what next?*

## PLUG IN TO THE SUN

By Morgan Monroe

OT LONG ago I watched a 13-year-old schoolboy cook a sausage—with “fuel” that originated 93 million miles away in space. Some of the boy’s colleagues in this “Junior Solar Symposium” exhibited even more amazing devices—a razor that operated on electricity generated by the sun’s rays, and models of “solar furnaces” that (built full-scale) could generate heat almost as fierce as the temperature of the sun’s surface.

These were no schoolboy gadgets, but typical products of a revolu-

tionary technology—applied solar energy. Solar cookers are already serving people in fuel-poor India, Mexico and parts of the Middle East. Sun-power is operating beacon lights, telephone lines, hearing aids, portable radios, electric clocks, ciné-cameras.

Many scientists consider solar energy the *only* long-term source that can satisfy the world’s enormous and growing demands for power. Recent studies have revealed that fossil fuels—coal, oil, natural gas—will be depleted sooner than we

think. Atomic energy, which may replace them in industrialized nations, is still too expensive and complex for underdeveloped parts of the world where power is needed urgently to raise the standard of living. Moreover, solar energy is abundantly available. Enough pours down on 100 square miles of desert in one day to operate all the industries of any highly developed country round the clock. How to capture and employ this boundless energy has been a challenge to man's ingenuity ever since Sir Henry Bessemer built the first crude solar furnace, in London, in 1868.

In 1954 a group of American industrialists and scientists formed the Association for Applied Solar Energy (AFASE)—with heavy accent on *applied*. The first world symposium on applied solar energy, held in 1955, was attended by 130 delegates from 36 countries including Britain and the Commonwealth.

Dr. Farrington Daniels, solar scientist from the University of Wisconsin, told the gathering that practical development of solar energy might be divided into short- and long-range projects. "About half solar energy is light, half heat," he said. "Let's start now on large-scale experimentation plants using the heat of the sun for heating, cooling, distillation, and for solar-heat engines. The greatest long-range hope (utilizing the light) lies in photochemistry and photoclecticity."

Following this first AFASE symposium, Dr. Daniels' "long-range hope" materialized sooner than expected. Bell Telephone Laboratories had already perfected a silicon cell, about the size of a half-crown, which converts sunlight into electricity. Light rays striking the surface of the wafer dislodge electrons which are drawn off as electrical current. When a number of the cells are connected to form a "solar battery," substantial voltage is generated. Dr. Bronowski demonstrated a battery of this type on a recent British television programme; it drew enough energy from the studio lights to power a radio receiver.

In America new techniques and mass-production of these batteries have shown the way to lower costs. A Los Angeles firm has successfully tested solar cells as a source of power for harbour and mountaintop beacons, portable radios and hearing aids. The U.S. Army Signal Corps has tested solar cells for walkie-talkies and field radios, and in a self-contained radio transmitter and receiver incorporated in a soldier's helmet.

In March 1958 the solar cell achieved its highest distinction when it was rocketed into space in the first Vanguard satellite. After the first weeks in orbit, conventional batteries powering the satellite's radio transmitter went dead. The solar batteries took over and signals continued to come in loud and clear.

## PLUG IN TO THE SUN

Experts say that the solar cells will last as long as the satellite itself—about 200 years.

Solar stills for purifying sea water, solar pumps and solar engines are already in being, although still dogged by high initial cost. Over 200 prototypes of solar cookers have been demonstrated. One simple model now being tested in Mexico, boils water in ten minutes. "Efficiency is very good," Dr. Daniels says, "and the 'fuel' is cheap and abundant."

Rapid progress is being made in the development of solar furnaces for space research, subject of the second AFASE conference held in 1957. The solar furnace uses the "concentration effect" to trap the sun's rays —a method known to every schoolboy who has focused sunlight through a magnifying glass.

But to achieve the temperatures necessary to test missile and rocket materials (which must withstand heat as high as 2,000° F.), huge parabolic reflectors are needed. Most universities and research institutes found the cost of this equipment prohibitive.

One solution was to convert surplus military searchlights into small solar furnaces capable of generating a "hot spot" (about the diameter of a pencil) of 8,000° F. Another solution has been the development of a plastic which can be spun into parabolic shapes and coated with reflecting materials. The new process

is expected to reduce the cost of small solar furnaces by about 60 per cent.

A massive solar furnace has been built in Massachusetts and another is planned in New Mexico; the new one will consist of a massive parabolic concentrator, 108 feet in diameter, containing 4,836 spherically ground mirrors. Sun rays will be bounced into this concentrator from an adjustable wall of 1,162 larger mirrors which will follow the sun. The concentrated heat is expected to reach 7,500° F. The Massachusetts furnace can simulate the heat flash of a nuclear explosion for the purpose of testing materials to protect military personnel.

I asked Dr. Paul Jose, the U.S. Air Force civilian scientist: "Apart from high temperature, what are the other advantages of the furnace?" His answer was revealing.

"The extreme purity of the heat," he said. "There are no contaminating products of combustion. That, plus the ease of controlling the heat-flux, makes the solar furnace an invaluable research tool."

In the Pyrenees a French-built solar generator, served by a mirror 150 feet in diameter, is used to test the heat resisting qualities of materials for industrial furnaces. Russia is reportedly building an even larger solar installation in the Ararat Valley of Armenia. Some 1,300 mirrors will be wheeled round 23 concentric railway tracks so that they

always face the sun. They will focus its rays on to a huge boiler which, it is planned, will provide enough heat for a settlement of 20,000 people.

A year ago the AFASE held a series of discussions on "solar houses" — an application of sun-power filled with promise and problems. The solar house (heated, cooled, air-conditioned by sun-power) usually utilizes "flat-plate collectors" — metal or plastic panels that absorb the sun's heat. Within the panels water or air carries the heat to a storage unit from which it is later distributed through the heating or cooling system.

A number of experimental solar houses have been built. Massachusetts Institute of Technology has built four, an entire office building in New Mexico is heated by solar energy, and last year the AFASE built a handsome solar home in Arizona's Paradise Valley.

Chief problems encountered in early designs were the cost and size of the flat-plate collectors. On one house, for example, the collector consists of 640 square feet of glass (covering expensive aluminum-sheet and copper tubing), which gives one side of the structure the appearance of a greenhouse.

In the Paradise Valley house these problems were solved by the use of two heat-resistant materials in water-circulating collectors that serve as louvres over the central

courtyard and two verandas. By integrating the outdoor swimming pool into the system, a "heat pump" \* ensures maximum efficiency in heating or air-conditioning the house, even on overcast days.

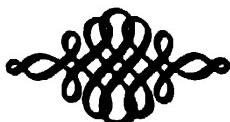
In Colorado, Dr George Lof, a consulting engineer, has built the only functioning privately owned solar house in the United States. The Lof house utilizes air instead of water as a "heat exchanger," but since air does not retain heat for long, special storage facilities have been provided. Two enormous fibre-board drums rise the height of the house alongside the stairwell. Inside the drums are ten tons of orange-size chunks of granite. These stones will hold the collected heat for as long as four days, when the sun fails to shine, fans distribute this "heat-on-the-rocks" throughout the house. There is an auxiliary heating unit for use in long spells of bad weather.

No one expects the solar house to become popular tomorrow, even in the United States where research has been intensive and where there is often enough sunshine to provide year-round energy. In Britain the opportunities are more limited; even so one firm is already selling a small number of sun-powered water heaters for auxiliary use in the home. These flat-plate collectors can provide up to 80 gallons of hot water a day for much of the

\* See "Heat Pumps Promise New Home Comfort," *The Reader's Digest*, May, '52.

year—more than enough for most households. Individually built, they cost £75 each; Dr. Harold Heywood, Britain's leading expert on solar heating, reckons that with increased demand, mass production could make solar heating more economic than electricity.

Research and development in the field is going on in many parts of the world. In the words of one American expert: "The energy from the sun's rays offers the greatest potential source of power for the improvement of standards of living known to man."



### *Cartoon Quips*

**TEEN-AGE** youth to mother: "You shouldn't be out in the hot sun mowing the lawn, Mum. Where's Dad?" —B. L.

**FATHER** calling to daughter as teen-age youth waits in the living-room: "Emmy! Something's here to see you!" —M. L.

**WIFE** to husband fishing from boat: "It seemed to me that the old boot put up a better fight than the tyre." —S. F.

**FATHER**, feeding toddler, to mother: "She wants more strained prunes. Shall I give her a second coat?" —F. F.

**YOUNG** thing to friend: "She's the sweet, shy, quiet type—the kind you can't trust alone with your boy friend." —J. M.

**MOTHER** to small boy, whose father is within earshot: "You're not as clever as your father yet, and you won't be for two or three years!" —A. K.

**SMALL** boy to mother, at dressing-table, still in curlers and face covered with cream: "Daddy wants to know—what time does the butterfly emerge from the cocoon?" —F. C.

**PERSONNEL** manager to prospective employee: "Oh, we have our own special type of incentive plan, Mr. Fenton—we sack at the drop of a hat!"

—W. S. J.

# *Getting On with Women*

Anonymous

**A**s I HAVE seen my fellow males fall away one by one into marriage, I have come to the conclusion that men practically always marry because they reach a time when their glands impel them to fall in love and at that very moment accident propels some woman into propinquity. Then, after the heat and fury subside, habit takes hold of the married man and binds him as tight as a mummy. He thinks, "Thank God, now I don't need to worry about women any more. I can proceed with the main business of life, the carving out of a career." More and more, his wife slides into the back of his consciousness. When

she moves forward, as like as not he becomes irritable and peevish, and he says to his friends, "What does she want anyhow? I give her a good home and provide for the children. But women can't leave a man alone when he comes home tired; always at him to do something. It's this restless age; they haven't got enough to do."

No wonder there are divorces! The marvel to me is that any woman of sense and sensibility continues to live with a pur-blind creature who, by refusing to try to understand her, throws away the opportunity for enriching both her life and his own. Woman is in man's life from the cradle to the grave. She gives him physical birth and, when he mates, she gives him spiritual birth. It is true the latter usually does not last for long, yet most men experience it once. And through all man's life activities woman wields an influence which may be imponderable but, nevertheless, is vast. Yet men continue to say, "I can't understand women."

The men believe it, but the women know better. They know they can be understood and they yearn for the man who will bend himself to the effort. When a woman cries in anguish to her lover, "You don't understand anything about women or you wouldn't do that," she really is trying to tell him that he could understand her if he only would try and that then he would be in sym-

pathetic harmony with her. She is showing him how cruelly stricken she is by his stupid failure to see her hurt. But does he hear all this? Not he. His masculine vanity is pricked. He understands her well enough! Let her see what it's like to get on without him. He's finished! Off he goes in a huff. It's a little-boy sulk.

One chief reason for the failure of a man in love to get on with his woman seems to him her tendency to ask too much. He considers her possessing, placing demands upon his presence and his very thoughts and loyalties which, were he to grant them all, would leave him no time to prosecute his career and, indeed, no will of his own. He grows resentful, they quarrel, and then what? He turns to some other woman for comfort, not because he is in love elsewhere but because it is in the nature of man to like being petted. I have seen it happen many times, and always with the same result. The other woman, surprisingly, proves to be a woman too, just as demanding as the first; and the last lot of the unhappy man is very sad. Now and then, however, I have met a man who acted reasonably instead of emotionally.

Charley Calder, for instance, was a newspaperman turning 30 when he married. His wife Nan, taut, tiny, and vivacious, was five years his junior. When I met them they already had been wed a number of

years. It was almost unbelievable, the easy way in which Charley managed his wife even though he could give her so little of his time. Outside his long newspaper hours he was forever at the typewriter or else knocking about with friends to whom he loved to talk.

"Getting on with Nan," Charley told me, "is my job and I practise it. Every woman wants to possess and absorb her man. That's feminine nature. And, similarly, every man balks against it. That's masculine nature. But the fellow who understands these things can get on very well and yet keep from being blotted up. He's got to be diplomatic and considerate, however, and he's got to have a sense of humour. As a matter of fact if you borrow one of woman's weapons and practise guile now and then, that's fine. There are lots of times when it's advisable to withhold the truth; if you really are intent on getting on well with your woman anything you do to help things along is justifiable. Don't fly off the handle because she wants to possess you. Let her see at all times that you love her, and you'll be able to manage her all right."

It must be both a terrible and a beautiful thing to see inside a human soul, and I cannot believe that anyone can wholly do it. Yet some forever try, and I among them. It is an effort I especially recommend to the man really determined upon trying to get on with women, for out of

it he will win a compassionate understanding of woman's difficulties in a man-made world, and of the valiant heart of her, and all this will make his object easier to achieve.

For it is a man-made world, and man is mentally muscle-bound by masculine vanity. In the mass he thinks of the sexes not in terms of equals but of master and slave. Blinded by masculine tradition, he is unable to evaluate woman and so usually assigns her in his thoughts a place in the scheme of things little more than that of mistress and minister to his well-being. Any manifestation of superiority on her part seems to him abnormal, and he suspects that if he relaxes his vigilance she may fling her coils about him, and absorb him.

Much of this masculine point of view is due to the fact that man is given to vain (if sometimes glorious) imaginings, where as woman is realistic. For confirmation of this truism that imagination is peculiarly masculine, one need only recall that all the fairy tales of the world have been, and continue to be, written by men. I give you Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm, Andrew Lang, Homer, Virgil, and the nameless spinner of Scheherazade's adventures. Women, on the other hand, while emotional and "psychic," are actually rock-bottom realists. They have been the subservient sex since the beginning of time, and so have been compelled to study realities in

order to manipulate their masters. Their position has made them harder than men in certain ways, and far more discerning. Almost any woman indeed knows how to manage men; the knowledge is instinctive.

Let a man once understand fully that his man-made thought processes cannot possibly move with the lightning-like swiftness and surety of woman's instinct based upon a facing of realities since the dawn of time, and he will gain a respect for her which will ease their mutual relationships. Frequently a man will introduce to his wife another male with whom he plans to embark upon some joint venture, and will be surprised later to hear his wife say scornfully, "People make such a fool of you; you cannot judge them at all. Oh, yes, he talked fair; but he'd cut your throat in a minute."

No man likes to be considered a fool. But if he displays his resentment in such a case, there frequently occurs another manifestation of woman which is hardest of all for a man to face and outlast. She turns upon him a jet of anger before which he feels lost. Anger is part of a woman's kinship with Nature, to which as keeper of the life-tides she is far closer than man, and after the storm she can emerge as fresh and brilliant as a new-washed morn. But man cannot come up smiling. After a bout with his woman he is

soured for days. The row curdles his disposition, addles his brains. Once let a man understand, however, this relationship between woman and Nature, and he will bow down before her outbursts and condone them. And he will think the better of himself for doing so Is he not showing her that he is a strong and forgiving man?

In the course of this century there has been a material change in the manner in which many women face life and man. There is a growing number of women who make their own way and ask no odds of any man. That vastly complicates man's problem, for it calls upon him to discard the traditional and acquire a new technique. Yet the key to understanding is not so hard to discover; it is simply that a man continues to recognize the essential femaleness of any woman with whom he is trying to get on and at the same time pay a decent respect to her brains.

For this woman is every bit as much a female as the old model. She may have discarded the arch glance, the furtive touch of the hand, the clinging-vine pose as lures with which to sway men. Yet the cleverer she is the more she reverts to her birthright of femaleness at every opportunity. And if you marry such a woman, you will be happy or miserable according to the measure of your understanding of her essential quality.

I have seen this very outcome in the case of a friend who was all mixed up in his thoughts about his wife. She was the self-sufficient kind of woman, but his ideas about women were those of an older generation He believed they were only precocious children who must be humoured and lied to for their own protection. When his affairs were going badly he would attempt to deceive his wife, and she would become furious at being denied a mate's privilege of sharing a burden. Their physical happiness was great at first, but it gradually died down simultaneously with the weakening of their spiritual happiness in each other, for the woman came to lose her respect for a man who would not treat her as an equal outside the bedroom.

There are men who grossly flatter women but privately declare, "Women are hell" They think of women primarily as bodies sent for man's gratification Given a pretty woman and a drink, they become clumsily chivalrous, two drinks, and they seek to embrace her; three and they try to lure her to a rendezvous.

Such men enjoy a kind of success among women who sell their favours, but that is not getting on with women That attitude simply betrays the insane idea held by many that at heart all women are prostitutes. Yet the men who so believe are no more ridiculous than their numerous brethren who in

attitude place women on pedestals. Both philosophies hold only a warped little bit of the truth. Women in love are generous, which is what makes the unthinking consider them prostitutes. As for their being saints, however, nothing could be farther from the truth; and if there are but two choices of position open to a woman, I am pretty certain she will prefer the knee to the pedestal.

For woman is warmly human; she has no desire to be worshipped from afar. She wants to be possessed and enwrapped in the strong mantle of maleness. Within that protective fold, with its desired security, she can give her man the tenderness and the release from workaday strain that he requires. But her man must open his heart to her, if life is to be a fine affair for both. It is a case in which he surrenders in order to win. Let him set his will against hers, be it ever so secretly, as with my friend who tried to delude his wife about his worries;

let him be stubborn in his masculine pride, and she will become a bitter antagonist.

To get on with the women you do not love is another matter altogether, and yet different only in degree. For the clever man lets the same qualities in him be apparent to all women, whether sweetheart, friend, or business associate—his maleness, his consideration, his understanding. And towards all women alike, if he be wise, he exhibits a genuine appreciation, because most women can be managed with praise but criticism makes them rebellious.

Above all, let him understand that men and women really are creatures who of themselves are incomplete and who must come together to make life a full circle. Indeed, if a man be so endowed spiritually as to see in every woman something of the woman eternal, that is best of all. He already knows how to get on with women, for he was born with the answer.



### *Dedications With a Difference*

FERNANDE GARVIN dedicated her book *The Art of French Cooking*: "To Jan, my husband, because there are no men like the ones his mother used to make" . . . Gossip columnist Earl Wilson dedicated a book: "To the wonderful woman who cooks my meals, darns my socks and rears my son —my mother-in-law."

He was old  
and almost blind,  
but he knew  
his responsibilities



## *The Dog who Came Back* By Erik James Martin

WAS BORN into a family of three, my mother, my father—and Rover. Before I was a day old, I became Rover's complete responsibility. He was of no known breed, middle-aged and set in his ways, but he took dedicated care of me.

Mother could leave me in my pram anywhere in the garden, confident that no one could get near. When I was old enough to walk, Rover supervised my expeditions. He dictated safe boundaries, and whenever I tried to cross them he would take my hand in his mouth—gently and firmly—and pull me back. After I saw my first cowboy film, his life was complicated because I decided that he was a horse. He was the most understanding friend a boy ever had.

When I started school Rover had some time of his own, and I believe that he began thinking about himself and realized he was getting old. His eyesight began to fail and he lost his zest. As long as possible my parents ignored the vet's advice to put him to sleep. They agreed it was the best thing to do, but in their hearts they loved Rover as much as I did.

Then one Sunday in the autumn we set out in the old car for the place where Dad liked to go shooting with Rover. I didn't notice anything unusual until Mum said to Dad, "It's better this way, Jim."

Dad took a big breath, but he didn't answer. These trips were always a sort of holiday, but that day Dad didn't joke or anything. And when Rover got out of the car,

Mother patted him on the head and opened her book right away and started reading. Dad walked off through the trees without looking back or waving. As usual, Rover stayed close to his heels.

We heard Dad's first shot soon after he left the car.

"Gosh, Dad must have seen something straight away," I said to my mother. She just nodded her head and without looking up from her book she blew her nose. I could never understand why Mother read those books that made her cry.

"Oh, good Lord!" Mum's voice scared me. I looked round. Rover was trotting back towards us.

"What's the matter, Mum? It's only Rover."

When he got within about ten feet of the car he stopped. Just below his hip we could see a big red spot growing in his fur. "Look, Mum—he's hurt!"

We both started to get out of the car, but Rover showed his teeth and growled, as if we were his worst enemies. Mum pulled me back into the car.

"Why does he do that?" I asked. "Doesn't he want us to help him?"

She took my hand. "Dear," she said, "Rover's very old and sometimes old dogs go a little mad." Then Dad came running through the trees. Rover turned on him, snarling and barking.

"God help me, what have I done?" Dad said. "I wanted to do

it right—and clean. But I just couldn't see him—I was crying!"

"I know, dear, I know," Mum said softly. "But he won't let us help him, so you'll have to ."

Dad didn't answer. He tried walking round to the other side of the car, but Rover kept going round with him. He wouldn't let us get out and he wouldn't let Dad get in.

Dad got down on his knees and started to talk gently, trying to coax him away from the car. Rover wagged his tail, then turned and barked at something under the car. Dad's mouth opened and he had the strangest look on his face.

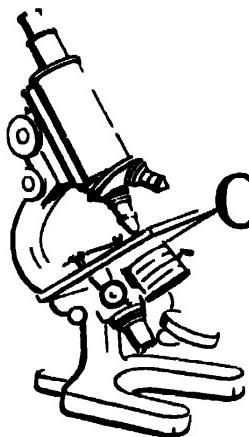
"Good dog!" he said with excitement. "I see him. Come here, boy!" Rover ran to him, Dad raised his gun and shot at something under the car.

I still have the 16-segment rattle that Dad cut off the snake. I keep it to remind myself that things aren't always what they seem.

Mother drove us back to town while Dad held Rover on his lap. The vet bandaged him up, and within a week Rover was as good as new. He seemed happiest with Dad—as if he couldn't do enough to let Dad know he understood and forgave him.

Rover stayed with us for another year. Then he quietly left us one night in his sleep. No amount of tears would wake him, so we buried him under the tree where he had brought me up as a child.

# SUPERMARKET FOR MICROBES



By David Stone and Richard Match

ONE OF THE world's most important collections of living creatures is housed in a modest prefab at Colindale, North London. Its millions of captives fit into their small quarters comfortably, for all are too small to be seen by the naked eye. This is the National Collection of Type Cultures, Britain's major germ library, a menagerie of living tools of science.

The NCTC and its allied collections breed, preserve and supply to scientists all over the world microscopic moulds, yeasts, algae, bacteria and sub-microscopic viruses. Some of these organisms, too small to be seen even by the most powerful microscope, are incalculably important to the living standards and well-being of the human race.

Because of the living chemistry of processes like fermentation, micro-

organisms are essential for bakeries, breweries and dairies. Microbes flavour butter and make vinegar. They "manufacture" antibiotics, vitamins and synthetic hormones for wholesale chemists. They are indispensable to sugar refiners, plant breeders, tanners, medical schools and researchers.

Medical laboratories must have a source of supply for precise microbial strains in "cultures" (test-tube colonies) known to be pure and authentic. A contaminating organism could cost patients' lives. Before any antibiotic reaches the local chemist, its germ-killing potentialities must be "assayed" against cultures of a standard test microbe.

One of the principal organisations of its kind in the Free World—America has its American Type Culture Collection, and Holland has a similar collection at Barrn—the NCTC is administered by the Medical Research Council on behalf of the Ministry of Health.

Started in 1920, it had grown so large by 1950—with over 5,000 cultures in its "files"—that it had to be decentralised\*, today the NCTC itself retains the bacteria of medical and veterinary interest

This and the subsidiary collections are listed in the official directory of British collections of micro-organisms. Between them the collections supply thousands of cultures each year to several hundred clients. The NCTC alone has sent out nearly a quarter of a million cultures in its 39 years of existence.

During last winter's influenza epidemic in Britain, virus researchers anxiously checked samples of the flu virus as they were rushed to the Mill Hill laboratory from all parts of Britain. Their fear that the outbreak might be caused by Virus "A"—the killing Asian flu. If so, emergency health precautions would have to be taken. Only one sample of Virus "A" was isolated—  
 \*\*\*\*\*

\* Fungi and yeasts harmful to man are kept at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Viruses are held by the National Institute for Medical Research at Mill Hill. Plant-harming fungi are at Kew, Harpenden has the National Collection of Plant Pathogenic Bacteria. Non-harmful yeasts are maintained by the Brewing Industry Research Foundation. Industrially-important bacteria are with the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research's National Chemical Laboratory at Teddington. Dairy organisms are held by the National Institute of Research in Dairying at Shinfield, and wood-rotting fungi are kept at the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough. There are lesser collections at other research centres.

it came from Bolton; most cases of flu were found to be caused by the less harmful "B" and "C" viruses.

The NCTC's infection-causing bacteria are ordered by manufacturers who want to make sure that the germ-killing power of their antiseptics is at the level of effectiveness laid down by the British Standards Institution.

Other bacteria are used to test the efficiency of hospital sterilisers. For this purpose, germs which flourish at high temperatures are necessary. The NCTC supplies specimens that thrive at 20 to 25 degrees centigrade above normal body temperature.

There are hundreds of known microbial species. Fortunately, at least 99 per cent of them are indifferent or friendly to man. Listed in the pages of the directory of Britain's microbe collections, you can find microbes which disintegrate water mains, rot potatoes and break down glue. There are bacteria that put the shine in patent leather and the holes in Swiss cheese. The micro-organisms which are thought to have a bearing on dental decay are listed and so is *Pasteurella pestis*, the bacillus of bubonic plague. The deadly virus of Foot and Mouth Disease is also available though it is unlisted and cannot be sent by post.

To British and Commonwealth customers micro-organisms in the collection are provided at a nominal

price—or even free. Foreign firms pay up to £2 a culture. Only recognised laboratories staffed by trained bacteriologists are supplied. Curators are reluctant to let even trained bacteriologists have particularly dangerous organisms, like *Corynebacterium sepedonicum*, which could destroy much of Britain's potato crop, without assurances that special safeguards will be taken.

The provision of bacteria for schools and medical colleges is an important NCTC function. One of the most frequent orders is for the bacillus of diphtheria. Immunisation has almost completely eliminated diphtheria as a human ailment, so that the organism causing it has become a bacteriologist's curiosity.

Bacteria from one of the collections are providing researchers with new knowledge of how sulphur—a key substance of the chemical industry, and many others—can be made by microbes. World supplies of sulphur are being used at an increasing rate.

Researchers at the Chemical Research Laboratory, Teddington, having established that most sulphur was originally made by bacteria, are now able to manufacture it artificially in the laboratory, using sewage as "food" for the microbes. Such a process could prove invaluable to industry, particularly in underdeveloped countries.

A few decades ago, the Danish

scientist Sigurd Orla-Jensen uncovered a startling fact of microbe nutrition: microbes respond to vitamins just as humans do. This microbial hunger has been put to work. Today, every vitamin producer feeds his preparations to a series of standard strains. If they thrive, he can be sure that his vitamin preparations are effective.

A recent discovery by chemists is proving of incalculable value to victims of pernicious anaemia. In the past, Vitamin B 12—as important to anaemia sufferers as insulin is to diabetics—was always extracted from liver or hog stomach; and it took several tons of liver to produce a few ounces of pure vitamin which then sold for hundreds of pounds an ounce. Researchers found that the discarded residue of streptomycin fermentation—one of the greatest microbe-made antibiotics—was a cheap and plentiful source of Vitamin B 12. Practically the whole of Britain's supply of the vitamin is now provided in this way.

The curator's staff keep up a constant watch for harmful micro-organisms. When a mysterious disease struck Kent pear orchards in 1957, researchers identified it as the deadly Fire Blight. Unchecked it would cripple Britain's apple and pear orchards. Thanks to prompt recognition at Harpenden's Plant Pathology Laboratory, remedies—primarily the burning of diseased

trees—were got under way before the damage became too widespread.

At Colindale, a collection of tissue-cultures is now being planned—the first of its kind in Europe. It means that researchers will no longer have to rely exclusively on living animals as a source of healthy or diseased tissues. Such a collection should be of great value to scientists who are seeking, for example, to discover the virus which causes hepatitis. Hepatitis only

affects man, which means that hepatitis-diseased tissue can never be transplanted to monkeys for observation and experiment. But with a tissue-culture collection, researchers will be able to have a living strain of the disease available.

The versatility of the microscopic creatures in the national collections is enormous. Once feared as man's enemy, the microbe is taking its place as an important tool of medical and industrial science.



### *Revised Version*

EACH WEEK a youngster would bring home from Sunday school an illustrated card that dramatized one of the Ten Commandments. The first week showed people worshipping at church. Another week, to illustrate "Thou shalt not kill," the picture showed Cain in the act of slaying Abel.

"I waited with considerable alarm for the seventh week," reports the child's father. "But fortunately, tact and delicacy prevailed. Under the caption 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' was a picture of a dairyman leering villainously as he poured a huge pail of water into a can of milk!"

—Michael Gross

### *Dream House*

AFTER years of scrimping and saving, a friend of mine managed to have her house redecorated. Shortly after it was done, her five grandchildren, who are all under five, came to spend the day with her.

"I'm afraid I wasn't very nice to them," she told me unhappily the next morning. "They kept tearing things to pieces and I kept saying, 'No! No!' and by the time they left I felt that they all disliked me. Then last night I had a horrible dream. I thought that I'd died and was in purgatory and that I was compelled to live all alone in my house. There was a high glass wall round the garden, and outside I could see my grandchildren playing. They couldn't get in to me, and I couldn't get out to them."

"What an awful dream," I murmured sympathetically.

"But you don't understand," she wailed. "The thing that made it so awful was that I liked it!"

— Contributed by Mrs. F. Logue

"No," replied the shepherd laconically. "This is about as high as they'll go—until they reach the butchers' shops."

—W. S. I.

# Laughter the best medicine

THE SHYEST fellow I've ever known was my friend Ken. One summer we both worked as filling station attendants and I soon discovered that, although he had never spoken to her, he was mad about the daughter of one of our customers.

But, whenever she and her father drove in, Ken got such a case of jitters that he made me wait on them.

One day he finally mustered up enough courage to do the job himself. Outwardly he seemed fairly calm. He filled the tank and cleaned the wind-screen.

Then, stepping briskly up to the car window, he asked, "Check your oil and daughter, sir?"

—Contributed by J. S. O.

PUFFING their way towards a jagged peak, two pack-laden mountain climbers were surprised to come upon a shepherd grazing his flock among rocks below the summit. One of the climbers said, "You're not going to take those sheep up to the peak, are you?"

MY COMMANDING officer was the son of a well-known-politician—a fact that he never let anyone forget. He was shouting at a lanky country boy one day, and in the course of his tirade asked, "Do you know who my father is?"

The recruit looked him straight in the eye "Why, no, sir," he replied. "I don't you?"

—Contributed by H. L. Y.

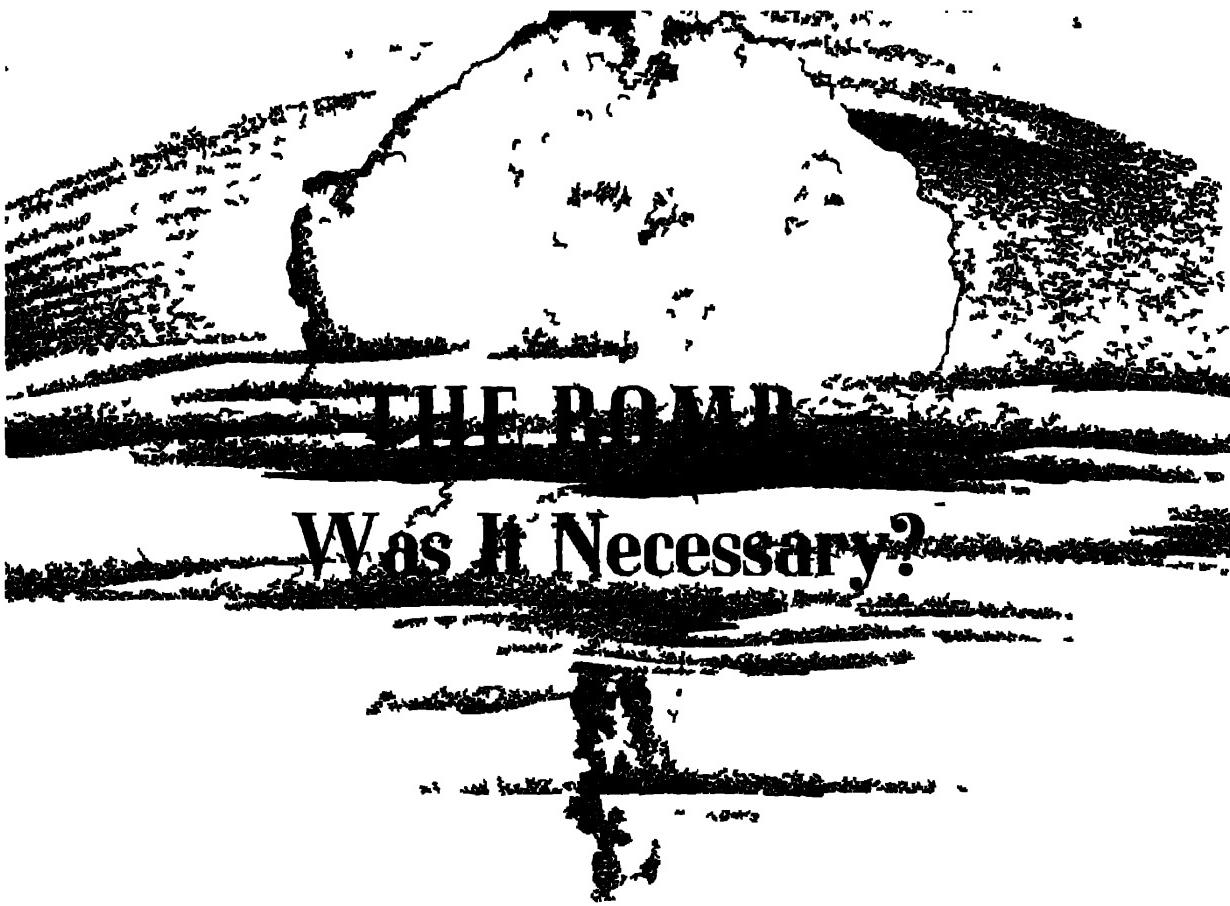
AN INTELLECTUAL type stopped for a drink the other day and asked for a martinus "Don't you mean a martini?" asked the barman. The intellectual looked at him coldly. "If I had wanted two," he said, "I would have asked for them."

—E. W.

FOR MANY years our vicar has had a reputation for his fine sermons, which are not only inspiring but unusually short.

He once told me how, as a young man, he learned the importance of being brief and to the point "One Sunday I was delivering a sermon to my first congregation," he said, "and I became so carried away by the sound of my own words that I didn't realize how restless people were becoming until a small boy, who had been squirming and fidgeting in the front pew, caught my attention. I saw him tug at his mother's sleeve and then, in a voice that could be heard throughout the church, he said, 'Mummy, are you sure this is the only way to get to heaven?'"

—Contributed by F. D.



## THE BOMB Was It Necessary?

*A distinguished scientist reveals to a distinguished novelist the momentous decisions which faced him before Hiroshima —and which now face all mankind*

By Pearl Buck

*Author of "The Good Earth," "Sons," "Letter from Peking," etc  
Winner of Nobel Prize for literature, 1938*

THE MOST important thing that faces us all today is the atom. On the one hand it threatens us with annihilation, on the other it holds out the promise of a life of plenty. How did we get into this situation? Is it within our power to choose between the alternatives?

Haunted by these questions, as everyone must be, I sought out a

man well-equipped to answer them. He is Dr Arthur Holly Compton, a Nobel Prize-winner, an educator and former director of the metallurgical laboratory of the Manhattan Project, which developed the first atomic bomb.

"You had, more than anyone else, perhaps, the responsibility for deciding to kill thousands of people in

one great flash of fire," I said. "Was it necessary?"

A shadow settled on Arthur Compton's handsome face as, step by step, he began to outline for me the development of the atomic project. In 1941, he said, it became apparent that nuclear energy might have wartime significance. Allied scientists reported that the Nazis were experimenting with it. The Allies must develop the energy first. The forces of science, industry and government were assembled and went to work.

Each day's work included decisions of terrifying magnitude. For example, after it was learned that atomic explosion by fission was possible, there was the question of control.

### Would It Be the Ultimate Catastrophe?

One weekend in July of 1942 Compton went to his summer home in Michigan for a few days' rest. His wife and son were with him as he followed the quiet road to the local shop where the keys to their house were kept. As he entered, the telephone was ringing an urgent call from the research centre at Los Alamos, New Mexico.

Compton heard the anxious voice of Robert Oppenheimer, the scientist in charge of actually devising and building an atomic bomb. Something dangerously disturbing had been found. No, it could not be

mentioned over the telephone. Could he come to see Compton immediately?

Oppenheimer arrived early next day. The two men drove to a beach where no one could overhear, and there Compton heard an appalling story. The scientists had discovered the possibility of nuclear fusion (as distinguished from simple fission). It was the supreme danger, tremendous and unknown.

"Hydrogen nuclei," Compton explained to me, "can fuse into helium nuclei with a large release of energy, as they do on the sun. To set off such a reaction would require a very high temperature—but might not the enormously high temperature of the atomic bomb be just what was needed? Might not the explosion of an atomic bomb also explode the hydrogen in water and perhaps the nitrogen in air?"

"The earth would be vaporized," I said.

"Exactly," Compton said. "It would be the ultimate catastrophe."

The two scientists talked together for a long time that morning. Never before had men faced such a terrifying decision.

During the next three months, as work went on, scientists in secret conference discussed the dangers, but without agreement. Compton took the lead in the final decision. If, after calculation, it were proved that the chances were even as small as one in a million that the earth would

be vaporized by the atomic explosion, he would not proceed. Calculation proved the probability to be much less—and the project continued.

Three years later, on July 16, 1945, the first, all-or-nothing test was made in Alamogordo, New Mexico. It was successful. The bomb worked, and it was not the ultimate disaster.

### The Decision to Drop the Bomb

Meanwhile, the need for another decision had arisen: Should the atomic bomb be *dropped*? Germany had already surrendered. The Japanese were still fighting desperately, beaten but unwilling to acknowledge it. An American invasion of the Japanese home island of Kyushu, set for November 1, seemed sure to meet suicidal resistance. It was conservatively estimated that two million Japanese and one million Allied troops would die.

"The destruction from incendiary bombs had already been fearful," Compton said. "In a single raid on Tokyo, for example, on the night of March 9, 1945, 16 square miles of the city were devastated. Great fires exhausted the air of oxygen, and even people far away were suffocated. More than 80,000 died, and a million and a half were left homeless. Japan was feeling the effect of a war she had inflicted on others."

"Now, too, tens of thousands of our men were dying on the islands of the Pacific. The war had to

be stopped and stopped abruptly. But we all hoped that we could avoid an atomic attack on Japan. There was the simple reason of Christian compassion."

The scientists and even the military men were divided about use of the bomb. President Truman appointed a committee of civilians to consider the matter, with scientists Robert Oppenheimer, Ernest Lawrence, Enrico Fermi and Compton as advisers. This committee discussed the possibility of arranging a non-military demonstration of the bomb to impress the Japanese with the hopelessness of continuing the war. But, if previous notice were given, Japanese air power could interfere. Moreover, the bomb was an intricate device, still in the development stage; we could not afford a dud.

The civilian committee concluded its report with these words: "We can propose no technical demonstration likely to bring an end to the war. We see no acceptable alternative to direct military use."

Some scientists still would not yield, and Compton took a poll of those who knew what was going on. Among 150 scientists, over 80 per cent voted for the military use of the atomic bomb if, after other means were used, there was still no surrender. The Joint Chiefs of Staff agreed unanimously.

"Washington asked for the results of the scientists' opinion poll, and I

summarized them," Compton said to me "An hour later word came back, 'Washington wants to know what you think'"

The narrative stopped abruptly I could not move my eyes from Arthur Compton's face Under the firm discipline I saw real agony What a question to answer!" he said "A firm negative stand might still prevent an atomic attack on Japan I knew the human suffering the bomb would cause But I wanted the war to end I saw a chance for an enduring peace that would result from the very destructiveness of this weapon Finally I made my decision

"My vote," I said, "is with the majority It seems to me that, as the war stands, the bomb should be used"

He lifted questioning eyes "You understand? We had to compel the Japanese to surrender before the invasion in November We knew they would surrender only under circumstances that they could consider honourable"

What he said was true, because the Japanese are the proudest people on earth They had never been defeated in war To surrender was unthinkable, unless there was no escape

Still it was agreed that the atomic bomb would be used only as the last resort On July 26 an ultimatum for surrender was published and broadcast On the 27th millions of leaflets were dropped, warning the Japanese people that 11 specified cities would

be heavily bombed unless Japan surrendered The Japanese military replied that such a demand was unworthy of notice On that same day six of the cities were bombed Special warnings were again issued on August 5 There was no reply

On the island of Tinian in the Marianas the atomic bomb was assembled by 30 young engineers and scientists On August 6 it was ready Three hours before daylight three planes took off—one with the bomb, one with instruments to observe the effects of the explosion, the third with powerful cameras It was 8:15 a.m. when the planes soared over Hiroshima The next instant the city was in ruins

"The human cost of war had become intolerable," Compton said

"And yet we dropped another bomb on Nagasaki," I commented

"Not without every possible warning," he replied "We made a series of radio broadcasts saying that we would accept surrender on the most honourable terms Again we dropped masses of leaflets We had no reply So, on August 9, a plane dropped the second atomic bomb, on Nagasaki, and on August 14 the Japanese government surrendered We had achieved our goal"

"Have you ever been sorry that we dropped it?"

Compton's eyes met mine "In 1954 I went to Japan, and Japanese reporters asked me the same question I told them that the use of

the terrible weapon made it possible for Japan to surrender with honour. In spite of the great damage it caused, I believe it saved many lives, both Japanese and Allied. This was not the answer they wanted, but it was the only one I could honestly give. They wanted me to say I was sorry... Yes, we had to drop the bomb."

### The Happier Side of the Story

"But now," I asked, "what of today?"

The brooding look left Compton's face. His eyes lit up. "It took half a century for electricity to develop from a toy to electric generators for power," he said. "It will take far less time for our power-hungry world to turn from its diminishing stores of coal and oil to the endless resources of controlled atomic power.

"Before the end of the century atomic energy will heat and light our homes and our industrial plants. Some day the sea will be mined by atomic power. Gold and silver and platinum will then be so plentiful that they can be used for non-rusting pipes and tanks, and the deserts of the earth will be reclaimed with pure, unsalted water."

Aircraft, he went on, will be propelled by atomic power. Atomic energy will free city streets and

*airports of snow and fog, and weather itself can be guaranteed long in advance. Fruits and vegetables will grow and ripen by atomic light instead of sunshine.*

Already we are benefiting from radio-isotopes, useful in the study and treatment of certain diseases. Rays from irradiated cobalt, cesium or gold can attack cancerous tissue. In plant life, radioactive isotopes speed up evolution and produce changes that would take men at least a century to produce by selective breeding. Atomic energy can preserve foods so that countries without refrigeration can have a balanced diet. And these are only a few of the marvels to come.

We are already firmly and inescapably embarked on the atomic age. We must decide whether it will be an age of unlimited destruction or unlimited well-being. One symbol of a hopeful future is the growing co-operative effort to pool accumulating knowledge for the beneficial use of atomic energy.

Arthur Compton spoke earnestly of a world dream of "a place where every man and every woman can grow to the best that is in them." He concluded: "Freedom and human dignity for all, a co-operative world venture, is our best hope. That dream can now be made into a reality."



### **Drama in Real Life**

A new rule of the road in America is: never give a stranger a lift. Here is the story of one journey to terror with a hitchhiking highwayman

## ***A Stranger in the Car***

By John Davis

*Detective, Kansas City, Missouri, Police*

August 16, 1957, dawned hot in Kansas City. I was a traffic officer then and went on duty at 7 a.m. At 9.30 I parked my motor-cycle combination at the corner of Fifth Street and Grand Avenue, where the shade of a building was a welcome relief as I watched the flow of traffic at the cross-roads. Suddenly a man got out of a car and came running towards me.

"Officer," he shouted excitedly, "there's a cream-and-green Pontiac going west along Fifth Street with a hand sticking out of the boot. The car has an Indiana licence plate."

Here is the drama in the middle of which I found myself—as its details were unfolded later.

AT ABOUT 2.30 a.m. that day a 21-year old airman, Carl Wagner, and his 18-year-old wife, Molly, were driving west on Highway 40

from Kingdom City, Missouri Wagner had been home in Indiana on a 15-day leave, and was returning to duty at an air force station in Salina, Kansas. Just west of Kingdom City, where highways 40 and 54 intersect, he noticed a young-looking hitchhiker, dressed neatly in sports shirt and grey slacks "Shall we give him a lift?" Wagner asked his wife

"I don't know, Carl. It might be all right," she replied

"He looks okay," said Wagner "He may be another serviceman" He stopped and shouted, "How far are you going, buddy?"

"Denver," the man answered

"We can take you as far as Salina, Kansas," said Wagner "That's over halfway"

"Yeah," the man answered, clambering into the back seat of the two-door Pontiac saloon

The airman wondered at the hitchhiker's reluctance to enter into conversation As minutes passed, he remembered things he had read about hitchhikers and began to worry mildly He could see that Molly, who was expecting their first child, was worried, too

But miles rolled by and nothing happened, so Carl and his wife began to relax The man in the back seat, who looked older than he had first appeared to be, had fallen asleep Had the Wagners known they had befriended a convicted killer they would not have been so

complacent as they drove through the night towards Kansas City

James Richard Esson, 36, had been released from reformatory after serving a three-year sentence in 1943 In 1944 he began another prison term in Michigan In 1948, convicted of murder in Cleveland, he started a life sentence in the Ohio State Penitentiary and was later transferred to a prison farm From there on May 27, 1956, Esson had escaped

At about 4:30 a.m. Wagner read a road sign "Kansas City, 65 miles" He nudged the accelerator gently

Suddenly, without warning, the bonnet of the car flew up in front of the windscreen Wagner jammed on the brakes and stopped the car

The man in the back seat sat upright "What happened?" he asked

Wagner told him "It's a good thing there's no traffic tonight," he added

As Carl walked to the front of the car, Molly felt something press against her shoulder She turned and saw, terrified, that it was a pistol in the hitchhiker's hand

Carl slammed the bonnet down and got back into the car As he reached for the ignition key, Esson hit him on the side of the head with the pistol Carl felt a searing pain, and blood started running down his neck

"Do exactly as I say or I'll kill you both," Esson snarled, his pistol at Wagner's head "Now just drive on down the highway"

At the junction with a small country road Esson ordered Carl to turn. Then, after a couple of hundred yards, he said, "Stop. Both of you get out."

Molly was crying as she and her husband stood in the road with their hands up. Esson again struck Carl with the pistol, knocking him to the ground. Blood streamed from another head wound. The escaped convict kicked Wagner in the side, saying, "Get up and open the boot." Carl dragged himself to his feet and did as he was told.

"Now get in." Esson slammed the lid.

"Please," Molly pleaded. "Just leave us here and take the car."

Now the pistol was pointed at the girl. "Get in front."

Esson drove a short distance back towards the main road and stopped. Molly screamed as he slid over and pulled at her maternity blouse. Now she became hysterical and pleaded with him to release her husband. Esson ordered her out of the car.

"Okay, you want to be with your husband, so get in with him," he said, opening the boot. The lid slammed shut. Soon the car began to move.

Carl and Molly could scarcely breathe in their cramped positions. After what seemed an eternity the car stopped again. The boot lid opened, and Esson told them to get out. After tying their hands and gagging them with strips torn from

clothing he found in the car, he pushed them back into the boot. With gags cutting at their mouths, the young couple struggled for every breath.

Five more times during the night Esson stopped the car. Twice he hit Carl with the pistol; twice he pointed the gun at him and snapped the trigger. Each time the gun failed to fire. The last stop Esson made was for petrol, after warning the Wag- ners that he would kill them and the filling-station attendant if they made a sound.

As Esson drove on again, Carl managed to free his hands and untie Molly. He tried to force the lock on the boot, but it wouldn't move. Finally, he prised open one corner of the boot lid with a tyre lever. They breathed deeply of the fresh air.

It was daylight now, and they began to hear the sounds of traffic. "We must be in Kansas City. There are cars all round us," Carl whispered. He prised frantically at the boot lid.

"Maybe if we drop some things out we'll attract attention," said Molly.

They dropped the strips of cloth they had been bound with; they dropped small hand tools—everything that would go through the opening. Their efforts went unnoticed. In desperation, Carl forced his blood-drenched hand through the opening and began to wave. It was

then that the man saw Carl's hand and alerted me.

I STARTED my motor-cycle, snapped on the radio transmitter and swerved into the westbound lane. After weaving my way round cars for a couple of hundred yards I spotted the Pontiac. The sight of a bloody hand waving from the boot made my pulse quicken as I reached for the microphone in front of me. "521 to headquarters—emergency."

The dispatcher answered almost immediately. "All cars stand by. Come in, 521, with the emergency."

I gave my position, direction of travel and a description of the car I was following. As he called other units to assist me and gave their positions, I realized that there were no other units in the vicinity. I was on my own.

As I crossed Washington Avenue, I turned on my red emergency lights and stepped on the siren. Traffic slowed down and came to a stop. The Pontiac was sandwiched between two other cars. I was off the motor-cycle and moving towards the Pontiac almost before the driver had stopped it. There were screams from the boot of the car. "Kill him, kill him." The cries were hysterical.

Through the left rear window I

saw the driver of the Pontiac grab a pistol on the seat and start to turn as I levelled my revolver.

"Don't do it, fellow. One quick move and I'll shoot," I warned.

He hesitated. Self-preservation told me to pull the trigger and play it safe. The abhorrence of taking a human life—any human life—told me to wait. I could see the hatred in his eyes as he slowly made his decision. Finally, deliberately, he laid the pistol on the seat and raised his hands.

With a deep feeling of relief I ordered the driver to step out. I handcuffed his hands behind him. The key to the boot was in his pocket. Now other policemen were arriving to assist me. I took the key and unlocked the boot.

Bloody, dirty, soaked with perspiration and weakened from their ordeal, the Wagners were immediately sent to a hospital. Esson was taken to police headquarters. Later, he was sentenced to 22 years in Missouri State Penitentiary—after which he will be returned to Ohio to finish his sentence there. Carl and Molly Wagner have a fine baby son now. But perhaps their harrowing experience with a hitchhiker will be a warning to others who are tempted to offer a ride to a stranger at the side of the road.

*We have a funny society in which we all want to be young, but "immature" is about the only insult that will make us fight.*

-Bill Vaughan



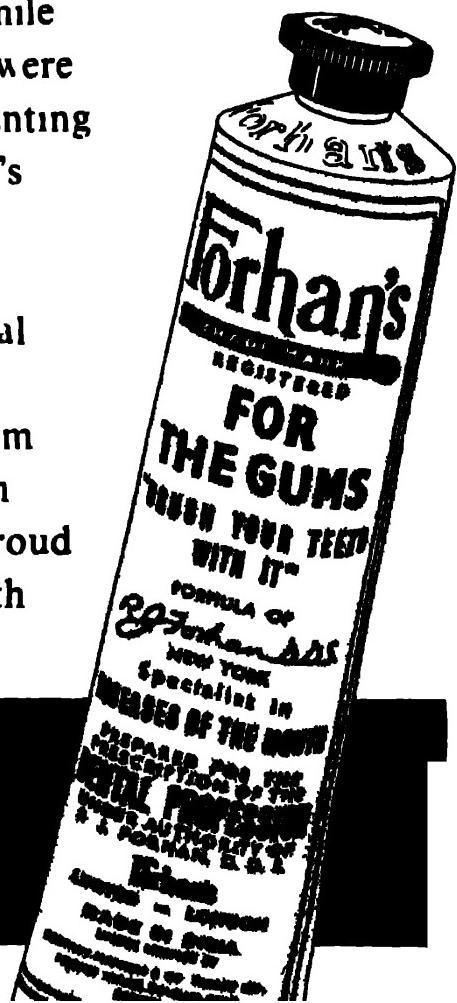
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*Recent research has refuted many erroneous notions—and is bringing reassurance to thousands of prospective mothers.*

## Truths and Untruths About Miscarriage

*By Dr. Edith Potter*

Professor of Pathology, Obstetric-Gynecologic Department, University of Chicago

**E**ACH DAY more than 150 British women pregnant for less than six months lose their babies through miscarriage. Indeed, death before birth is the commonest death of all. Now large-scale research is going forward in Britain and America to curb this tragic wastage of unborn babies' lives.

I have been concerned with the miscarriage problem, medically called "spontaneous abortion," for a quarter of a century. As a woman, I know the sadness of a hopeful married couple when miscarriage occurs. As a doctor, I know the forebodings about future pregnancies. Let me provide a word of reassurance:

Most miscarriages are *not* the result of something seriously wrong

with the mother or father; they are the result of bad luck, which is unlikely to strike the same couple more than once. Of all the women who lose their babies, at least four out of five can look forward to an uneventful pregnancy and successful birth the next time.

There are many causes of miscarriage. Sometimes, for example, one occurs because the fertilized egg or ovum has the bad fortune to implant itself in a part of the mother's uterus not properly prepared for a pregnancy. When this happens, the pregnancy may continue for a few weeks or months; then nature erases her mistake, and a miscarriage follows. There is every reason in such cases to be confident that next time everything will be normal.

Sometimes the male sperm reaches

the egg at the wrong moment. One egg leaves a woman's ovaries each month, and moves down the tube towards the uterus. To give rise to a pregnancy, the male sperm must reach the egg within approximately 24 hours of the egg's departure from the ovary. If sperm and egg meet close to this deadline, a pregnancy may begin—but the likelihood of miscarriage is high. Again, simply bad luck.

Some doctors seek to reassure a woman who has miscarried by telling her that it is all for the best: the egg, they say, probably wasn't a good one and the baby might have been defective had it survived. Far from comforting a woman, this theory often arouses new anxieties. She may say to herself there is something wrong with my genes, perhaps my next baby will be born with a serious defect.

Having carefully examined more than 1,500 embryos from miscarriages, I am quite sure that miscarriages are rarely, if ever, due to "bad genes." Almost all can be attributed to factors which are not inheritable. Studies have established this basic fact: *Even a long series of miscarriages does not significantly increase the chance that a woman's next baby will be born with a defect.*

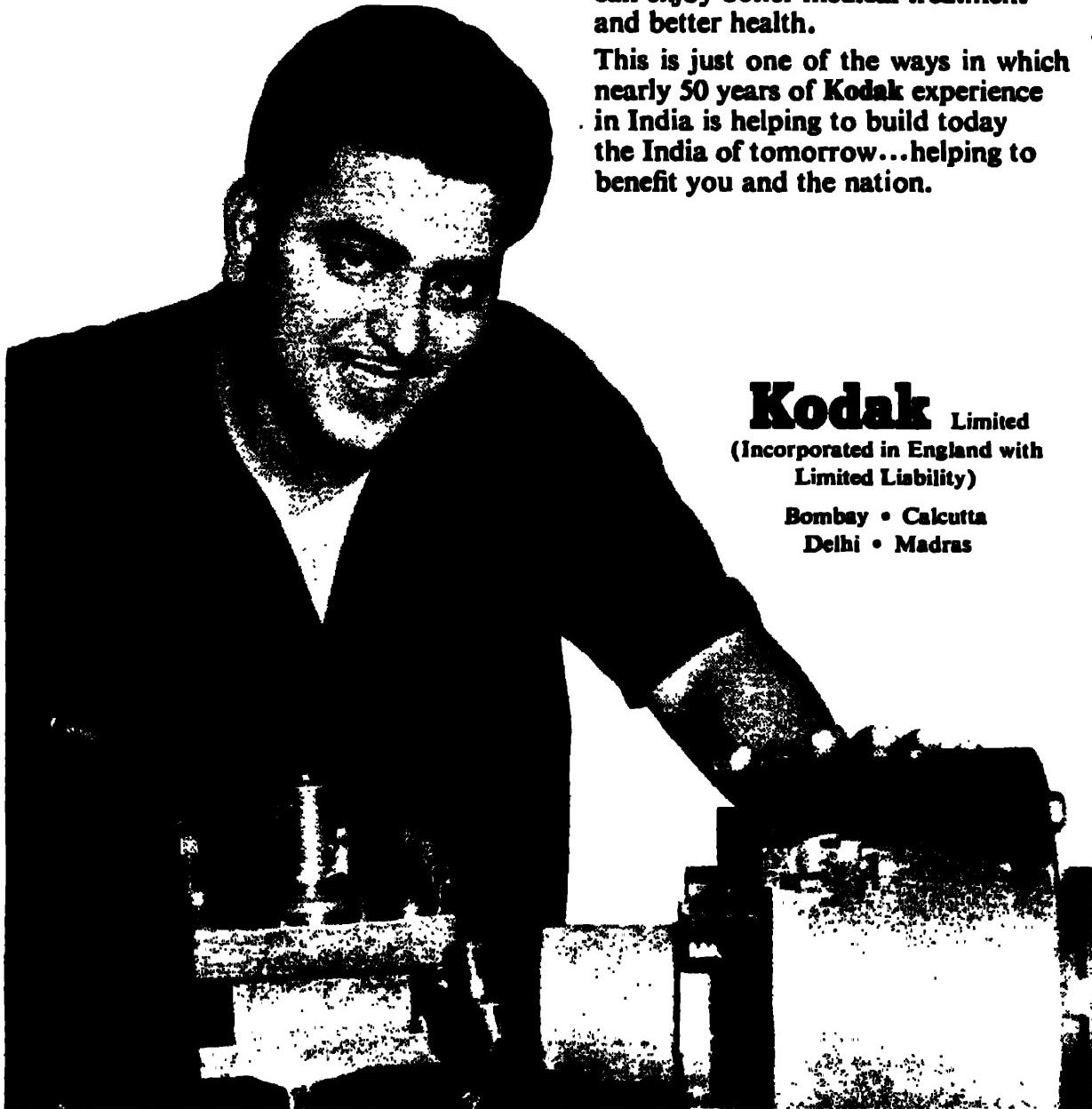
We have also learnt of late that, contrary to an old wives' tale still widely believed, a mother's activities during pregnancy rarely cause damage or miscarriage. An unborn baby

is "packaged" in a manner which is one of the marvels of nature. For outside wrappings it has the mother's skin and her tough abdominal muscles. Then comes the muscular wall of the uterus, lined by a thick layer of velvet-soft mucous membrane. Within these multiple protective layers lies the amnion, or "bag of waters," acting as a hydraulic shock absorber, insulating the unborn baby from the rough-and-tumble of the mother's daily life.

A study which dramatically illustrated the effectiveness of this protective packaging concerned more than 400 wives of American servicemen stationed at Robins Air Force Base in Georgia. During their pregnancies these women had travelled an average of 2,000 miles each, by car, plane, train and bus. Some had crossed North America in jolting trucks, some had driven to Alaska and back. Five had been in serious smash-ups; one was catapulted out of a car. Twenty had been extricated from houses demolished by a tornado. Yet the miscarriage rate among these much-buffeted women was no higher than would be expected among women who spent their entire pregnancies placidly sewing little garments in their own homes.

As a result of such studies, obstetricians increasingly are telling their pregnant patients that they can continue to swim, play tennis, do house work or work at most jobs as long

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## THE READER'S DIGEST

as they feel comfortable and don't get overtired.

What of sexual intercourse during pregnancy? Many a woman, convinced that intercourse during pregnancy was responsible for her miscarriage, is prey to deep feelings of guilt. In the overwhelming majority of cases, such feelings are absolutely groundless. Almost all obstetricians are agreed that intercourse during pregnancy is normal and harmless, and advise against it only during the very last weeks of pregnancy. If a woman has lost two or three babies in succession, however, she may be advised not to have intercourse during pregnancy.

The commonest symptoms of something wrong during pregnancy are bleeding and abdominal cramps. These symptoms, known as "threatened abortion," are perhaps commonest between the 10th and 14th weeks, but they may occur earlier. Whenever they occur, a woman should go to bed immediately and get someone to phone her doctor.

Threatened abortion is a serious matter. Yet, roughly one half of all women with threatened abortion proceed to carry their babies for the full term, and deliver healthy babies. Many doctors prescribe complete bed rest in such cases, and this may be the safest course. However, one recent study of 1,797 American women with symptoms of threatened abortion showed that the 464 who were permitted to resume

moderate activities after the symptoms subsided did about as well as the 1,333 who were kept in bed.

All in all, research into the problem of miscarriage shows that much can be done to save an unborn baby's life *before the pregnancy begins*. Just as babies have benefited from the improved prenatal care most mothers now receive, so a good many miscarriages can be prevented by a pre-pregnancy examination. This examination may reveal some problem in the uterus which can be corrected by surgery. It may reveal that a woman who has had a miscarriage has a previously unsuspected deficiency of some hormone--perhaps that secreted by the thyroid gland. The prescription of a thyroid supplement may help her to carry her next baby for the full nine months.

In the vast majority of cases, a pre-pregnancy examination turns up no one physical factor responsible for previous miscarriages. Obstetricians therefore concentrate on helping the woman--and her husband--to attain the best possible state of overall physical and emotional health, in anticipation of the next pregnancy. Good nutrition is stressed--a point which should be remembered by all young women.

The method of treatment of a woman who has had several miscarriages may vary widely. Some obstetricians report excellent results with progesterone or the other

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hormones. Some cases respond to a particular mixture of vitamins. Obstetricians who use these and other types of treatment may succeed in breaking the miscarriage habit among four patients out of five.

Such diverse treatments have one common factor—the obstetricians' great confidence in them. Confidence is contagious, and patients face their next pregnancy without the fears which formerly plagued them. Can it be that anxiety or fear may cause miscarriage? A number of outstanding obstetricians are beginning to think so.

However contrary to views once common sudden emotional shock is rarely responsible for miscarriage. Many women suffer such shocks during pregnancy without ill effect. A husband may desert their other children may fall ill death may claim someone they love they may witness some catastrophic incident—all without any damage to their unborn babies. The kinds of strains

which may lead to miscarriage are the chronic, nagging, day-in-day-out problems which breed anxiety, resentment, guilt feelings, lack of confidence.

No obstetrician today believes that we have found all the facts about miscarriage and its prevention. With this as one factor in mind, scientists of 16 major American medical centres early this year launched a collaborative "perinatal research programme." This study of the problems of pregnancy and child health will follow more than 40,000 women throughout their pregnancies, and their babies for several years thereafter. Similar studies, though on a smaller scale, have been undertaken in Britain by the National Birthday Trust and by Professor Sir Dugald Baird in Aberdeen.

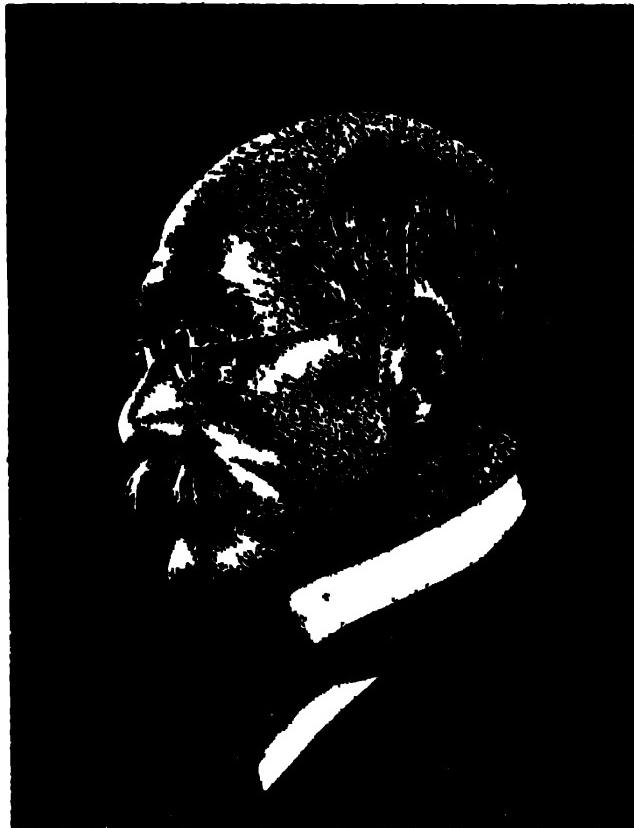
From these long-range research ventures it is hoped that substantial additional insight into the miscarriage problem will be achieved.



### *The Customers Always Write*

Our printing house supplies letterheads and envelopes to business firms. One morning the post included a neatly typed envelope made of a white rough-textured paper, the sides and flap sealed with transparent tape. The enclosed letter courteously inquired when delivery of a long overdue order of envelopes could be expected. There was no need to say more—we got the message. The odd looking envelope had been carefully fashioned from a paper towel!

To a troubled and uncertain young American, a great writer offered more than advice—he gave something of himself to carry away



## *Interview*

# *With Rudyard Kipling*

By Arthur Gordon

THE YEAR was 1935, the month was June, the English weather was blue and gold. The world was young, and so was I. But driving down from Oxford in the old Sunbeam I had borrowed for the occasion, I felt my assurance deserting me.

The great man was almost a recluse now, and it was said that he did not care for Americans. Through a mutual friend I had managed to secure permission to visit him. Now as I neared the little village of Burwash, in Sussex, where he lived, I

began to experience something like stage fright. And when I found the sombre 17th-century house and saw my host walking down to the gate to meet me, I grew so flustered that I hardly knew whether to shake hands or turn and run.

He was so small! The crown of the floppy hat that he wore was not much higher than my shoulder, and I doubt if he weighed 120 pounds. His skin was dark, his moustache was almost white. His eyebrows were as thick and tangled as marsh grass, but behind the gold-rimmed

glasses his eyes were as bright as a terrier's. He was 69 years old.

He saw instantly how ill at ease I was. "Come in, come in," he said companionably, opening the gate. "I was going to inspect my navy."

A Scottie came bounding down the path and stopped short when he saw me. "Now, this," his master said, "is Malachi. He's really quite friendly. But of course, being a Scot, he hates to show it."

He led me, still speechless, to a pond at the end of the garden, and there was the "navy": a six-foot skiff with hand-cranked paddle wheels. "You can be the engine room," he said. "I'll be the passenger list."

I was so agitated that I cranked too hard. The paddle wheel broke and there I was, marooned in the middle of a fishpond with Rudyard Kipling. He began to laugh, and so did I, and the ice was broken.

A gardener finally rescued us with a long rake. By then my host had me talking. There was something about him that drove the shyness out of you, a kind of understanding that went deeper than words and set up an instantaneous closeness. It was odd: we couldn't have been more different.

He was British; I was American. He was near the end of an illustrious road; I was at the beginning of an obscure one. He had had years of ill health and pain; I was untouched by either. He knew nothing about

me—there was nothing to know. I knew all about him, and so to me he was not just a fragile little man in a toy boat. He was Kim and Fuzzy Wuzzy and Gunga Din. He was Danny Deever and the Elephant's Child. He was the dawn coming up like thunder on the road to Mandalay; he was the rough laughter of the barrack room, the chatter of the bazaar and the great organ tones of "Recessional." To me he was, quite simply, a miracle, and no doubt this showed in my dazzled eyes, and he felt it and was warmed by it.

I had had an ulterior motive in coming, of course. I wanted to meet him for himself, but I was also a puzzled and unsure young man. I had in my pocket a letter offering me a job as instructor in an American university. I didn't really want to be a teacher; I knew I didn't have the selflessness or the patience. What I wanted to be, ultimately, was a writer. But the teaching job was the only offer I had. I had no other prospects, no money at all. At home, the dead hand of the Depression still lay heavy on the land. Should I play for safety, and say yes to the offer?

What I wanted desperately was for someone of great wisdom and experience in the field of letters to tell me what to do. But I knew this was a preposterous responsibility to thrust upon a stranger. And so I waited, hoping that the miracle of certainty would descend upon me.

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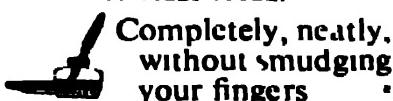
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While I waited, he talked. And, as he talked, I began to forget about my problems. He tossed words into the air, and they flashed like swords. He spoke of his friendship with Cecil Rhodes, through whose generosity I had gone to Oxford. "They say we were both imperialists," said Kipling a little grimly. "Well, maybe we were. The word is out of fashion now, and some Englishmen are weak enough to be ashamed of it. I'm not." He questioned me almost sharply about some poets of prominence: Eliot, Stein, Cummings. I said I thought they were good.

"Do you?" he asked guilelessly. "Quote me a few lines."

I sat there, helpless, and he laughed. "You see," he said, "that's the trouble with verse that doesn't rhyme. But let's not be too harsh where poets are concerned. They

have to live in no man's land, half-way between dreams and reality."

"Like Mowgli," I said impulsively, thinking of the brown-skinned boy torn between village and jungle.

He gave me a look with his blue eyes. "Like most of us," he said.

He talked of ambition, of how long it took to master fully any art or craft. And of secondary ambitions—the more you had, he said, the more fully you lived. "I always wanted to build or buy a 400-ton brig," he said reflectively, "and sail her round the world. Never did. Now, I suppose, it's too late." He lit a cigarette and looked at me through the smoke. "Do the things you really want to do if you possibly can. Don't wait for circumstances to be exactly right. You'll find that they never are.

"My other unrealized ambition,"



*View from the garden of Kipling's house in Burwash*



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he went on, 'was to be an archaeologist For sheer, gem-studded romance, no other job can touch it Why, right under our feet here in Sussex '"

He described how he had decided to sink a well A few feet down, they found a Jacobean tobacco pipe Below that, a Cromwellian latten spoon Still farther down, a Roman horse bit And, finally, water

We went back to his study, a large square room lined with bookcases on two sides There were his desk, his chair, an enormous waste-paper basket and his pens—the kind you dip into ink At right angles to the fire place was a small sofa "I lie there," he said with a smile, "and wait for my demon to tell me what to do "

"Demon?"

He shrugged "Intuition Subconscious Whatever you want to call it "

"Can you always hear him?"

"No," he said slowly "Not always But I learned long ago that it's best to wait until you do When your demon says nothing, he usually means no "

Mrs. Kipling called us to lunch, and afterwards I felt I should take my leave But Kipling would not hear of it "I'm still full of talk," he said "You've eaten my salt, so now you must be my audience"

So we talked Or rather, he talked while I made superhuman efforts to remember everything He had a

way of thrusting a harsh truth at you and then, in the next breath, beguiling you into a wry acceptance of it "If you're endowed," he said at one point, "with any significant energies or talent, you may as well resign yourself to the fact that throughout your life you will be carrying coat tail riders who will try to exploit you But instead of fuming and fretting about this you'd better thank God for the qualities that attract the parasites, and not waste time trying to shake them off'

We talked of friendship, he thought young ones were best and lasted longest "When you're young," he said, "you're not afraid to give yourself away You offer warmth and vitality and sympathy without thinking Later on, you begin to weigh what you give "

I said, somewhat diffidently, that he was giving me a lot, and his eyes twinkled "A fair exchange You're giving me attention That's a form of affection, you know "

Looking back, I think he knew that in my innocence I was eager to love everything and please everybody, and he was trying to warn me not to lose my own identity in the process Time after time he came back to this theme "The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe To be your own man is a hard business If you try it, you'll be lonely often, and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for

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the privilege of owning yourself."

Suddenly the shadows were long on the grass When I stood up to go, I remembered the letter in my pocket and the advice I had thought I wanted But now there was nothing to ask *Do the things you really want to do. Don't wait for circumstances to be exactly right* When your demon says nothing, he usually means no. No price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself

I knew, now, that I would refuse the teaching job and wait for my demon to speak clearly to me

We walked to the gate, Malachi scampering ahead of us My host held out his hand "Thank you," he

said "You've done me good.

The thought that I could have done anything for him was beyond my grasp I thanked him and climbed into the old Sunbeam I looked back once He was still standing there in his floppy hat, a great little man who forgot his own illness and his own problems and spent a whole day trying to help a troubled and self-conscious boy from across the sea

He had a gift for young friendships, all right He gave me much more than advice He gave me a little bit of himself to carry away. After all these years, I feel the warmth of it still



### *Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing*

FROM a tourist brochure of a small Italian mountain village "We offer you peace and seclusion The paths to our hills are passable only to asses Therefore, you will certainly feel at home in our secluded spot"

FROM the Augusta, Georgia, *Herald* "Youth choir of St Paul's Episcopal have been disbanded for the summer with the thanks of the church"

FROM the Little Neck, New York, *Ledger* "Patty Piellusch celebrated her sixth birthday with a party in her home There were ten litter guests"

FROM the Wildwood, New Jersey, *Independent Record* "One of the most interesting events for ladies will take place when there will be a petting and approach contest on the golf course"

FROM *The Postal Transport Journal* "He was president for one term and did not choose to run for second term Anything he could do for the improvement of the Association he could be depended on to do."

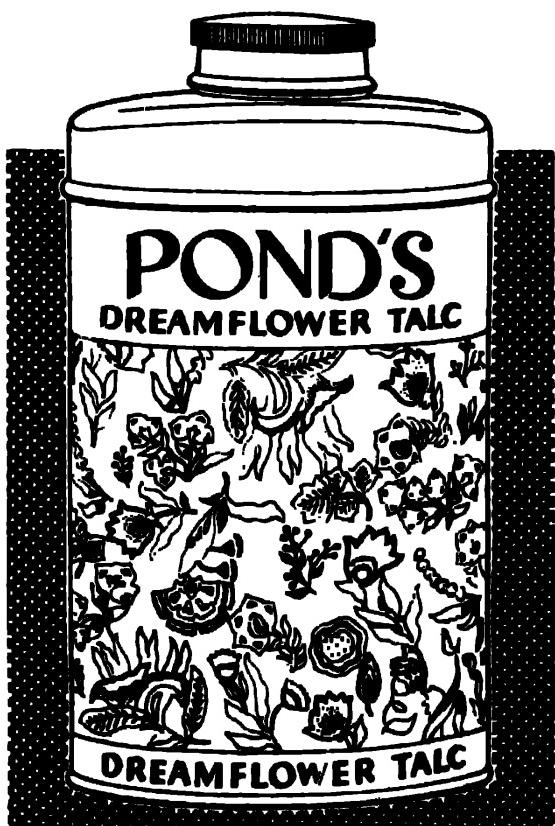
FROM the Meredith, New Hampshire, *News* "It was rather pleasant to hear their voices and realize that they were 3,000 miles away."



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The solution to a back-breaking problem

## Gardener's Farewell

By Phyllis McGinley

IT IS ten o'clock on a Saturday morning and the air smells sweet of lilac and lily of the valley and weed killer. Outside the windows of the kitchen where my husband and I are lazily pouring ourselves second cups of coffee we see the world at work—the bee raiding the blossom, the robin advancing on the worm, and our soil-stained neighbours in their week-end fury of cutting, dividing, spraying, heeling in, grubbing out and propping up. Automatically my husband reaches as if for his gardening shears. I shake my head warningly. He relaxes and butters another slice of toast.

This year the week-end fever is not for us. After 18 years we are giving up a habit that is as obsessive as drugs, and we are reducing our garden to little more than a "green thought in a green shade."



Not that we do not love gardens. We know how it feels to see one's own crocus pushing through the snow earlier than any other crocus in the town. We know the dubious delights of raising perennials from seed. We know, too, that gardening has compensations out of all proportion to its goals. It is pure creation. That dungareed figure scrabbling in the earth, with dirt under his fingernails and thorn scratches on his arms, is no figure of fun but half a god. The sun beats on him, the rain wets him, arthritis lurks under his kneeling pad. Still, it is the task he has chosen and loves. To be able to walk round a border after dinner and smell the fragrance of his mignonette, to speak a personal word to each painted daisy, to congratulate the tuberous begonia he has steered into preposterous flowering

—these are pleasures past explaining. But the pleasure can turn into dissipation. We are finished.

The beginning, of course, was all hopeful delight. With the zeal of the True Believer we built cold frames, nursed seedlings and slips. We laid out borders for perennials and beds for annuals. We studied the techniques of transplanting, grafting, bedding and massing for effect. And crops grew for us obediently. We had the tallest digitalis, the most sentimental bleeding hearts and the tinkliest coral-bells of any garden in the neighbourhood. We grew herbs, we grew broccoli. Every year we added or changed or enlarged—at a cost in money and effort which only the devotee will believe.

We gave up summer holidays. When it came to a choice between new clothes and a rock garden, we thought there *was* no choice. Clothes became unimportant anyhow. We had no time to visit friends.

For the trouble with gardening is that it does not remain an avocation. It becomes an obsession. I don't refer to those undedicated souls who throw a few seeds into a back-yard patch and hope for the best. The real devotee will dip into capital and send his children out to work before he will relinquish the double pink Dutch hyacinths he has on order. He is vassal, not lord, of his land, and he is at the mercy of all his enemies.

His enemies are legion. Birds fly

off with his labels and ties, eat up his grass seed. His trees, his fruit are quite literally for them. For every vegetable there is a parasite or a disease, and for every flower there is a blight.

Yet flowers, in spite of all adversaries, do flower, and the gardener's heady pleasure in creation gives way to a kind of desperate post-natal care. The narcissus spends itself, then he must snip off those wizened heads. Poppies have to be staked. Alarmingly soon it is time to divide the iris, pinch the chrysanthemums, examine the peonies for blight.

And pansies! Give a pansy an inch and it takes a back yard. Every time I went outdoors I would shudder at the sight of all those sulky, staring little faces. I felt as if I had no privacy. Besides, they had to be picked so that they wouldn't run to seed and stop blooming. And what do you do with them after you have picked a daily fistful? Give them to friends? All your friends are having pansy trouble, too. There are just so many vases which will hold their stubby stems, just so many low bowls that can be filled.

But if flowers become a burden, how much more wearing is a harvest of vegetables! Peas have to be eaten, cabbages gathered, beans preserved.

I can't recall exactly when it was that we decided we had to reform. It may have been the time my husband was recovering from a slipped

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NP/P/42

disc sustained from having lifted one too many spadefuls of mulch It may have been that day at lunch when we suddenly agreed that we didn't like radishes and so why were we growing them? Or perhaps it was the hot afternoon when I rebelled at having to clip off one more dead flower We had probably also been poking into the garage where all the costly tools of our obsession were stored In one fateful moment we looked back over 18 years and decided a garden wasn't worth it

I think I never knew the feel of freedom better than on the glorious morning when I gave away all the young digitalis plant. I had been nurturing in a semi-shaded spot Our blueprint of destruction was simple We returned the land to greenery, just as we had found it Borders went into ivy or periwinkle, flower beds became lawn

We've left the hedges—after all, a man has to have *some* exercise—and we've left the roses so long as they climb up trellises where they behave themselves

True, we never pass a border in full bloom without feeling a pang of envy—mixed with gratitude that it is not ours to spray and weed But for the most part we are content with our roles as elder statesmen to whom our toiling younger neighbours can come for advice and for what they really want—praise And we don't miss a single harvest In summer we do our friends the favour of accepting their flowers, and in the autumn we gladden their hearts by eating up their tomatoes It's a nice change all round And since I have all those low bowls in the china cupboard, I'm a godsend to all the women in the road

I pick their pansies for them

### *Spirited Encounter*

AN OLD trapper I knew made a stock of raisin wine and, when he judged it was fully matured, invited a friend over to help him sample it The only trouble was that each time he uncorked a bottle of this violent brew, it exploded with a loud bang and spewed its contents round the room while the bottle spun and slithered across the floor

Finally, when the room was dripping with wine, the trapper reached for another bottle and turned happily to his guest

"Normie," he said "this is sure going to be great wine if we ever get 'er cornered!"

—Bruce West

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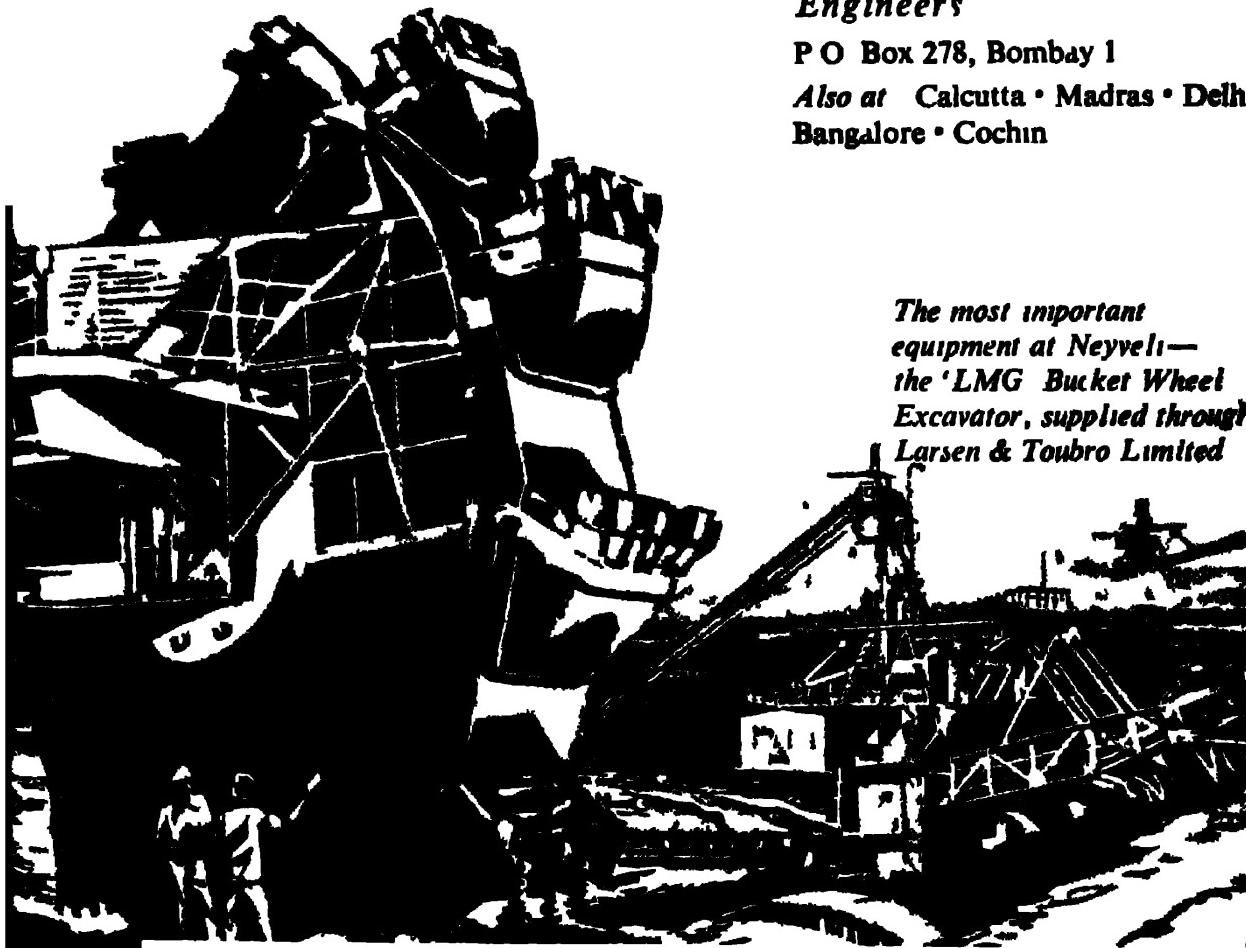


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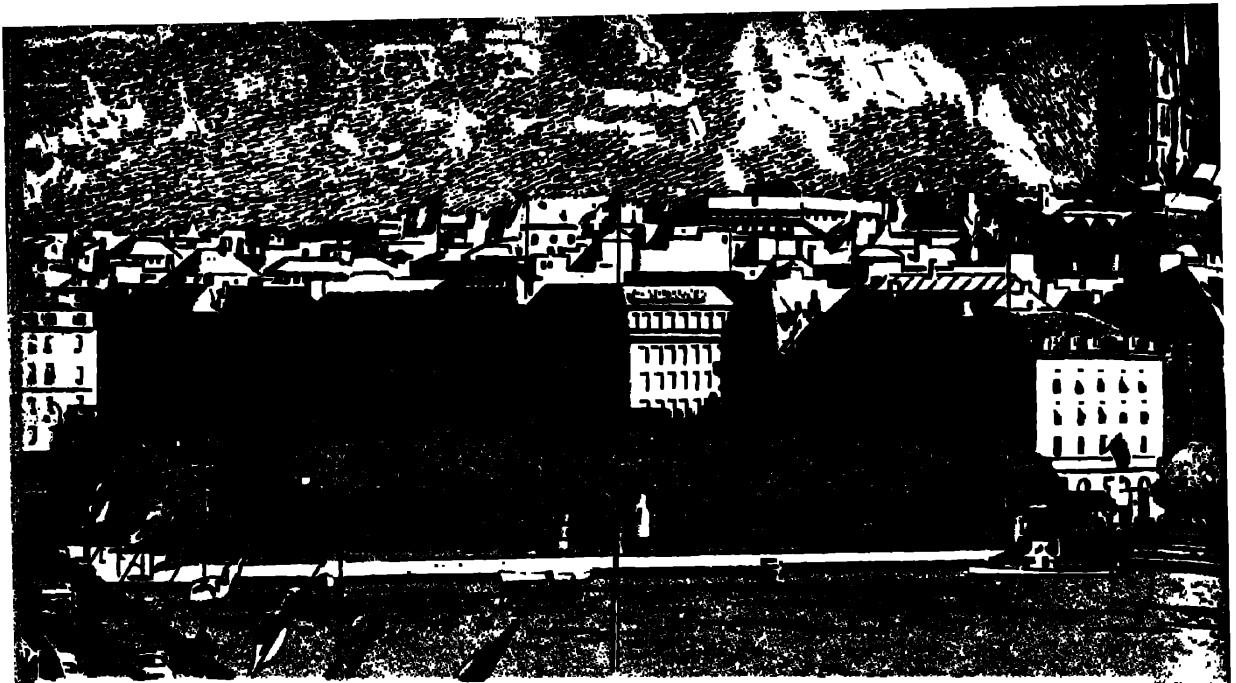
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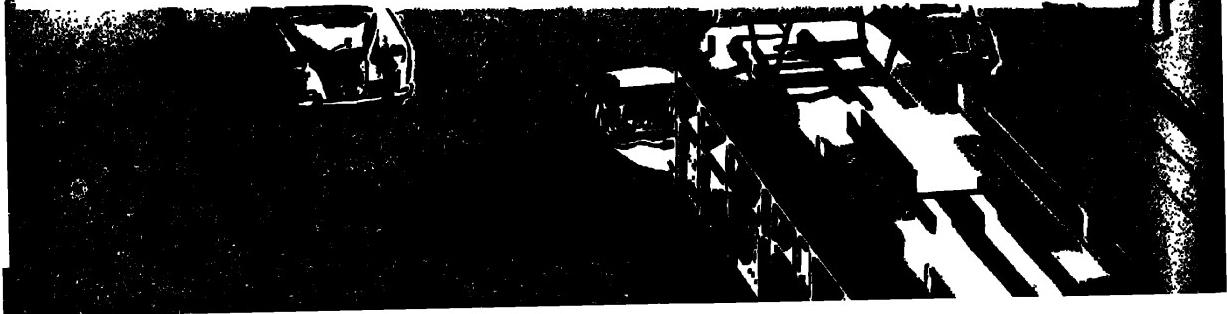
*For nearly a century the world powers have been convening in this beautiful crossroads city—"open to the sky and humanity"*

## Geneva, Home of the Conferences

*By George Kent*

**G**ENEVA is one of the first ten cities of the world in international importance and, astonishingly enough, one of the smallest of that elite group. You can walk across it, from end to end, in about an hour. With an area of only nine square miles and a population of less than 200,000, it is, among cities, the mighty atom—a power for the good of humanity totally out of proportion to its measurements.

So many world-significant treaties, conventions and acts have emerged from the town that you could almost spell Geneva with a small



"g"—as a word meaning "international." It has become a synonym for "summit," for "high-level meeting," for "conference in time of crisis"

Such meetings have been taking place there ever since 1864, when Henri Dunant, a Genevan, called the nations together to amend the rules of war. Out of the conference came the Geneva Convention (which stated that the wounded in battle must be cared for, regardless of the uniform they wear) and the International Red Cross. Later, Geneva became the logical seat for the adventure in peace-making called the League of Nations, and it is to-day the European seat of the United Nations.

The nations of the world need a place where they can wrangle rather than kill, and the reasons why they have chosen Geneva are easy to explain. The city is almost exactly at the centre of Europe. It has a first-class airport which probably suffers fewer fogbound days than any other in the world. It is part of a stubbornly neutral country. Switzerland, avoiding all alliances, is not even a member of the United Nations.

Then there is the clear, brisk climate. Geneva, 1,000 feet above sea level, seems to encourage sanity and common sense. And there is the city's tradition of tolerance and hospitality which has made it not only a refuge for the persecuted, starting with the Huguenots in the 16th

## GENEVA

*I* though Governments remain estranged,  
*I* though ultimatums are exchanged,  
*And* arguments are acid,  
*And* peace or war at stake  
*I* though dice are cast, and cards are  
*stacked,*  
*And* unpacked packages repacked.  
*The* citizens are plaud  
*So also is the lake*  
  
*And that is why, though they adjourn,*  
*The Ministers when they return*  
*To yet another meeting*  
*Will choose that neutral shore,*  
*When, viewing that familiar scene*  
*Set for the conference routine.*  
*They will be heard repeating*  
*"We have been here before!"*

— Mercutio in the *Manchester Guardian*,  
 England

century, but the most cosmopolitan city in the world (a quarter of the population is foreign, and the University of Geneva is unique in having more students from abroad than from Switzerland).

No other city knows so well how to deal with a big international meeting. Its Palais des Nations has an admirable auditorium with earphones at every seat, and a staff of interpreters that can cope with any language. For the 1,000 to 2,000 correspondents who gather to report a conference, a Maison de la Presse (press building) is equipped with desks, typewriters, telephones, telegraph and teletypewriter connections. There are studios for radio and

television crews, facilities for photographers and auditoriums for press conferences.

In addition, the 500-man police force is so well trained that there has yet to be an unpleasant incident at a conference. At least 100 of the men wear plain clothes for conference duty, to cover hotel foyers, attend meetings and banquets. All hotel employees, down to the humblest washer-up, are investigated and when cleared, given a card with photograph and fingerprints.

To the inhabitants of Geneva the presence of an Adenauer or a Khrushchev means relatively little—they feel they have seen them all. Ideal hosts, they have the gift of leaving their guests alone.

Geneva lies at the west end of the 45-mile-long Lake Geneva, almost half of which is bordered by France. Steamers—and swans, both black and white—ply its quiet waters. In summer it is a place for swimming and sailing, or simply for sitting in a restaurant on the shore to eat freshly caught perch. Mountains rise on all sides: the sheer wall of the Salève, the saw of the Jura, and higher above, visible from all parts of the city, the white witch hat of Mont Blanc, the tallest peak in Western Europe (15,781 feet).

The part of the city most tourists see is the bustling business area of shops and banks and hotels. It is a more pleasant business centre than most, because the buildings are

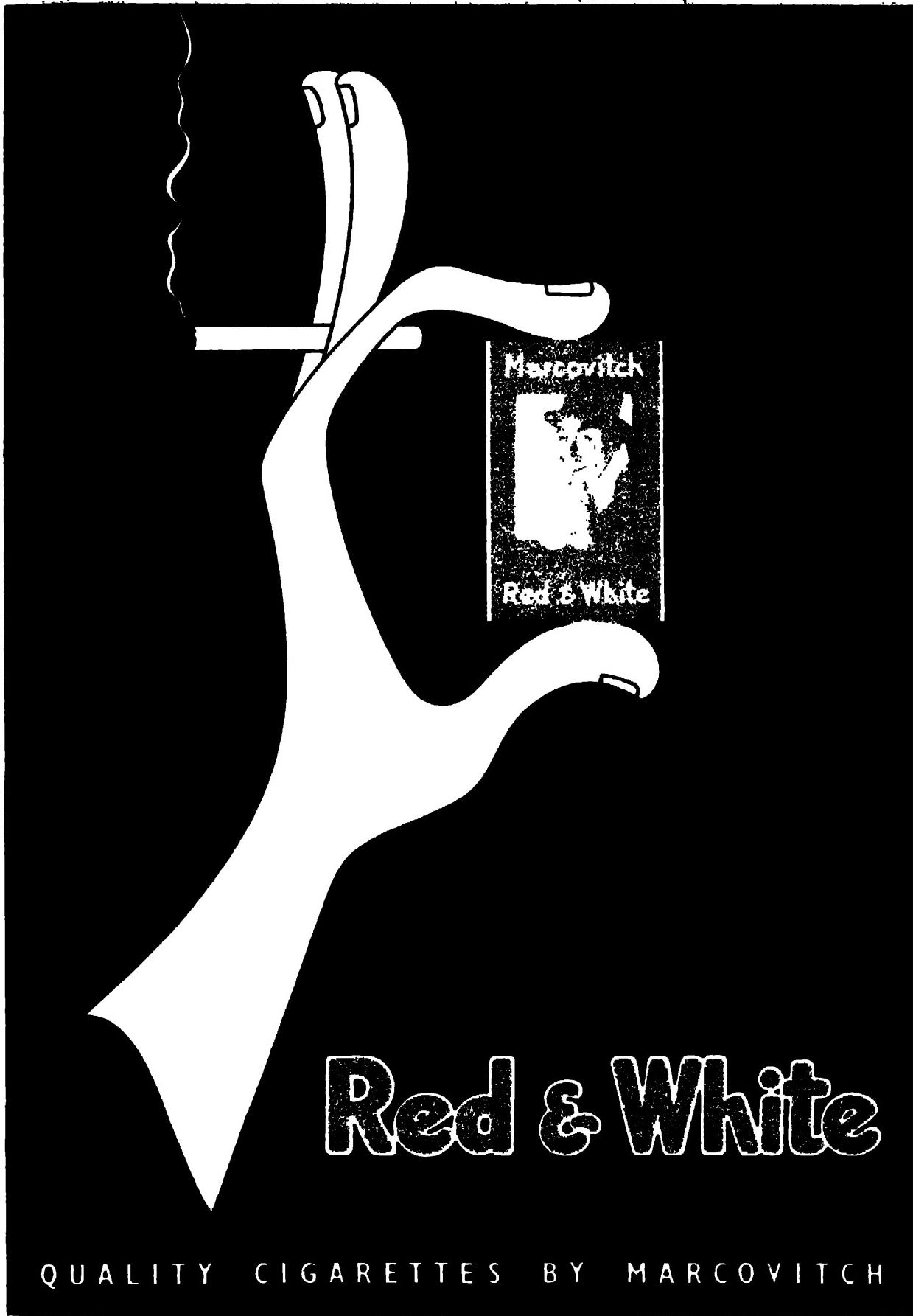
low, and from almost anywhere one sees the rushing waters of the River Rhône (which divides the city), its gleaming bridges, and the blue and silvery plain of the lake. Just as every city has its trademark—London, its Big Ben, Paris, its Eiffel Tower—Geneva has its Fountain. This is a plume of water that shoots up out of the lake to a height of 425 feet, spilling into the air 8,000 gallons a minute. Floodlit, it is a brilliant spectacle.

"A city open to the sky and humanity," Geneva has been called. It is also the only city in the world which keeps an official record of spring—specifically of the first green leaf. In the City Hall, as winter comes to an end, Henri Fontaine, keeper of the seals, begins watching a branch on an old chestnut tree outside his window. When the first bud opens into a leaf, he hurries to the telephone to inform the press. Then he inscribes on a 150-year-old plank the date of the perennially exciting news: spring is here!

The city's greatest date is 1536, the year that John Calvin made it the chief centre of the Reformation—the Protestant Rome.

Geneva became an independent republic with a flag and a coat of arms of its own. In 1815 it joined the confederation of cantons that is now Switzerland, but in all official documents it calls itself proudly the Republic and Canton of Geneva.

The "republic's" great impact on



other nations came from the spread of Calvinism, which mothered the liberty-loving churches of Scotland, Holland and Northern Ireland and sent the Pilgrim Fathers to America on the *Mayflower*. Everywhere it was a force for freedom—freedom to worship as one pleased.

The home of the Great Reformer and the church where he preached can still be seen in the old part of town, its most delightful quarter. Here are narrow streets, the 1,700-year-old walls, and cafés where the drinks are mostly beer and pop and the food is *fondue*—the blend of melted cheese, wine, kirsch and garlic which is a Swiss national dish.

Strategically situated at a cross-roads of Europe, Geneva has always welcomed the foreigner, and her generosity has paid off. The artisans of France and Italy—Protestants all—who found refuge there in the 16th century brought with them the arts of watchmaking, of fashioning fine jewellery, of painting on enamel; and what had been a city half-bankrupt became prosperous overnight. It became also a sophisticated and cultural centre, for many of the persecuted minorities who came were learned men and artists.

Others who were not refugees found the city congenial. Byron, Shelley, George Eliot and Longfellow wrote there. There were also Goethe, Balzac and Dostoevski, and musicians like Liszt and Wagner.

In 1876, Britain and the United

States were feuding over the problem of the privateer *Alabama* which, aided by Britain, had sunk some 70 merchantmen during the American Civil War. The two countries met in Geneva City Hall and submitted the question to a neutral commission, establishing the principle that disputes between nations could be settled by arbitration rather than by war.

Britain made apology and paid the U.S. government an indemnity of 15½ million dollars. The room where the decision was made is still called Alabama Hall. In it is the bell that rang to open the first session of the League of Nations.

When, in 1945, because of the League's failure to prevent the second world war, Allied leaders decided that another organization in another city would be better able to make a fresh start, Geneva was by-passed in favour of New York. But the handsome Palais des Nations became the United Nations' European headquarters.

The official and unofficial organizations headquartered in the city now number 152, and cover virtually every phase of human activity.

There can be no doubt that Geneva is a city of genius. How else can you explain the importance of this relatively tiny place? Perhaps Talleyrand, the French statesman, was right when he said, "The world has five parts: Europe, Asia, Africa, America—and Geneva."



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As I PASSED a stunning blonde a sleek car slid by and the driver gave her a wolf-whistle. The young lady smiled and at the same moment caught my eye "I certainly get a thrill out of that," she said "Imagine two thousand pounds' worth of car whistling at half-a-crown's worth of peroxide" —L J Bradley

DURING AN especially dry summer I was invited to visit a luxury ranch in Texas. When I arrived hot and dusty from the trip, my hostess took me immediately to the sumptuous guest quarters I was to occupy.

"Oh," I exclaimed, on seeing the beautiful bathroom with a sunken tub, "I'm going to fill that to the brim and just soak!"

She looked horrified "No, dear," she said nervously, "no more than two inches. Out here we just can't spend water like money" —S D

OUR FRIENDS set out for some honest-to-goodness camping, and when they got within range of wilderness, they enlisted the aid of a local

"We want to get out into the woods miles away from people, before we pitch camp," one of them said "Which pitch would you recommend?"

"It doesn't make much difference which one you take," he said "Just watch your time. When you've gone for an hour without seeing an empty beer bottle, then you can be sure you're alone in the woods" —W C

A GROUP OF undergraduates were inspecting the girl students as they walked by and calling out numbers for each one. "Five hundred" "Two hundred at the most." "Minus ten"

Being curious, I asked them what they were doing

"We're testing a new way of measuring the attractiveness of a woman," one of the students explained "You remember Helen of Troy, 'the face that launched a thousand ships'? In our new measurement technique, a millihelen is the quantity of feminine beauty necessary to launch one ship. We're trying to see what kind of general agreement we can reach among ourselves so that we can describe any girl in plus or minus millihelens—and know just what we're talking about" —D M



I TOOK the children to a small refreshment stand for ice cream, and the man who runs it gave us the inevitable choice, "Strawberry or vanilla?"

"Why don't you have more flavours?" I asked. "I get so tired of those two."

"Lady," he said patiently, "if you knew how much time it takes 'em to make up their minds between strawberry and vanilla, you'd never have no other flavour." —M. R.

DURING the trout season, I was in a pub when an Izaak Walton type strode in beaming over his catch. Depositing rod and reel at the door, he walked over to the barman, flipped open the lid of his creel and waited for applause.

The barman's face hardly changed expression. "Look," he said, "there ain't trout—there's hors d'oeuvre."

—J. P. G.

MY HUSBAND and two of his friends were involved in a serious road accident in which the car was demolished but no one was injured. As they pulled themselves out of the overturned wreck, a farmer appeared and asked, "Anybody hurt?"

"No," they replied.

"Well—you should have been," he snapped, and went off about his business.

—M. M. P.

THE MAN tried on several pairs of shoes in the shop where I work, and I was struck by the fact that he seemed fatigued to the point of not being able to make a decision. I told him I thought he looked done in—why not come back the next day?

"You're right," he admitted. "I am tired. I've been trying on suits, hats and

coats for the last three hours." Then he added apologetically: "I really don't want to buy anything. I'm experimenting to find out how it is that my wife can come home looking ten years younger after going through hours of this sort of thing" —T. R.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD was sleeping out for the first time with three pals. Bent on roughing it, the boys hiked some three miles from home to pitch camp. Feeling that their son was a little young for this kind of adventure, the ten-year-old's parents decided to sneak up on the camp and see how the boys were faring. They found the four squatting round the flickering fire, their faces aglow with excitement, each holding a grill over the flames with, not sausages or bacon, but a frozen chicken dinner! —B. A.

A SUMMER resident of a fishing village was standing on the quay, taking in the beauty of the scene. Unable to contain herself, she turned to an old fellow working nearby.

"I don't suppose you appreciate what a wonderful view you have here," she said loftily.

"Well," he replied, "I appreciate it enough to live here all the year round."

—J. P. F.

TAKING a favourite dress to the dry cleaners after a festive evening, I proceeded to explain each spot, thinking it might help them.

"This one is cream cheese," I pointed out. "This one is a martini I suppose the other one is steak juice . . ."

Then the man behind the counter leaned forward and patted my hand. "That's all right dear," he said. "As long as you had a good time." —G. C.

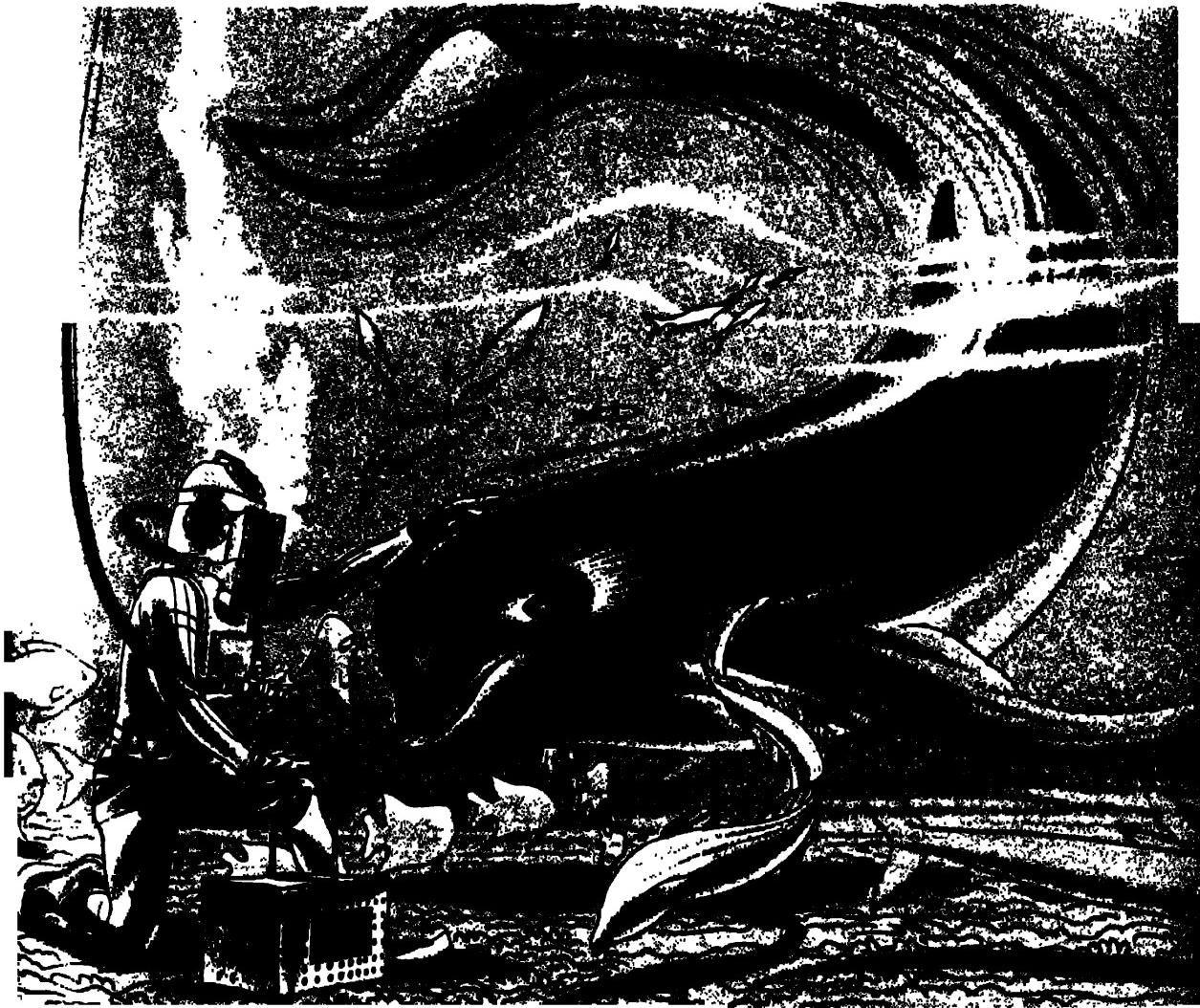
**She's a buxom showgirl, a whale of an enchantress—this charmer  
in a tank who dazzles and delights her human admirers**

## **I'm in Love with Bubbles** *By Arch Oboler*

**I** LEFT my first beloved in Africa. I had gone there on a photographic expedition and it was love at first sight. In memory I can see her now, snuggled deep in a mud bank along the placid Tsavo River, with only her great head and bullfrog eyes visible above the ooze. I gave her the name of Tessie; she was the Jayne Mans-

field, the Gina Lollobrigida of her hippopotamus world as she lay voluptuous, indolent. While the other hippos snorted and cavorted, Tessie dozed in her mud pack, content, except for an occasional slow-motion move after food, to let the river and the world flow by.

I spent many a fly-bitten hour



sitting on the opposite bank of the river looking down at Tessie and admiring her pleasant existance. She had found a restful rut, a perfect way of life in as beautiful an environment as Africa had to offer Back home, for the next half-dozen harried years, whenever the tension grew too great I would tenderly contemplate Tessie and her wonderful mud bank soluuion

All that was yesterday, because Tessic has been dispossessed from my heart Her place has been taken by a new girl, by the name of Bubbles

Our first meeting took place on a slashing, rain-wet day when, slightly work-and-world-weary, I wandered into the "Marineland of the Pacific," high on an ocean headland south of Los Angeles, largest of the world's three Oceanariums

On that day, as I peered through the heavy glass in the lowest level of the tremendous oval tank, I saw a great school of yellowtail scurry by, followed by a paddling sea turtle as large as a barrel hoop A garibaldi, looking like an ocean-going gold-fish, scratched his back against the glass, then retreated goggle-eyed from a leopard shark

As I peered skywards, suddenly something grotesque was falling slowly through the water. It was a rubber-suited diver, his head encased in a heavy copper helmet from which an air hose snaked upward. In his hands was a metal basket like

an ice-cream seller's tray, from which he started doling out food.

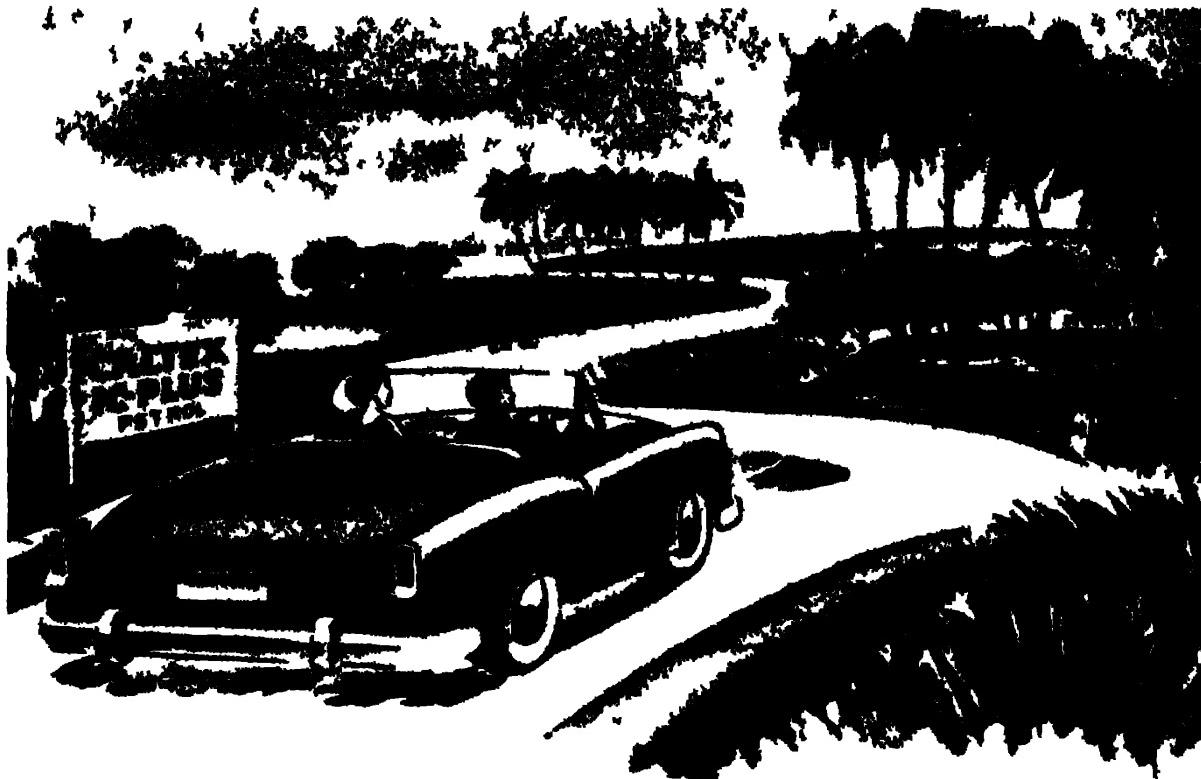
Instantly the water darkened as if a thundercloud had gathered overhead. The diver looked up. Something monstrous was moving towards him, and my eyes widened in amazement. What I saw was, unbelievably, a pilot whale, its great blue-black jaws agape as it moved closer and closer! The diver appeared rooted there in horror akin to my own. The huge toothed jaws were about to engulf him—and then, incredibly, the gaping mouth closed and I saw the creature shake its massive head up and down, then nuzzle the diver like a giant dog pleading for attention. The man's gloved hand patted the huge snout affectionately. A quiver of ecstasy ran up and down that tremendous bulk, and with a thrust of its tail the whale swerved upward like a circling aircraft.

I rushed up top and joined a handful of fascinated spectators peering through the rain into the tank. The whale was swimming slowly round and round just beneath the surface, its head angled so that one huge gleaming eye circled the tank like a calculating actress counting the house.

A young man walked out on to a platform which projected over the water. He bent down and called softly, "Come on, Bubbles!"

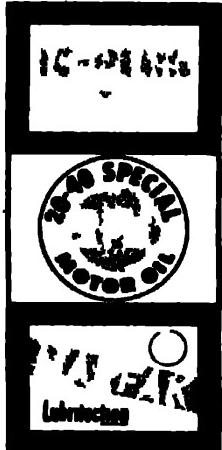
At once the massive black satin head thrust out of the water and a

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mouth, as wide as the curve of my outstretched arms, opened into a black cave. As I watched, fascinated, the trainer picked a squid out of a pail and thrust his hand and arm far into that terrible, toothed gape.

But did that whale close its jaws and swallow fish-food, arm and all? Not at all, Bubbles slowly closed her jaws, felt the arm gently with her lips, then quickly opened her mouth and waited until she was certain that the squid alone was in her lips before she shut those tremendous crushing jaws again.

Squid after squid went down that toothy tunnel, and always there was that careful testing. Finally there were no more, the trainer called out, "That's all, Bubbles!"

Bubbles lifted herself out of the water, examined his empty hands with one gentle saucer eye, looked around at the spectators, blew a farewell plume of air and water and waved a farewell flipper to the crowd of dazzled admirers before she sounded—like an inflated Esther Williams submerging happily after the finale of a successful aquacade.

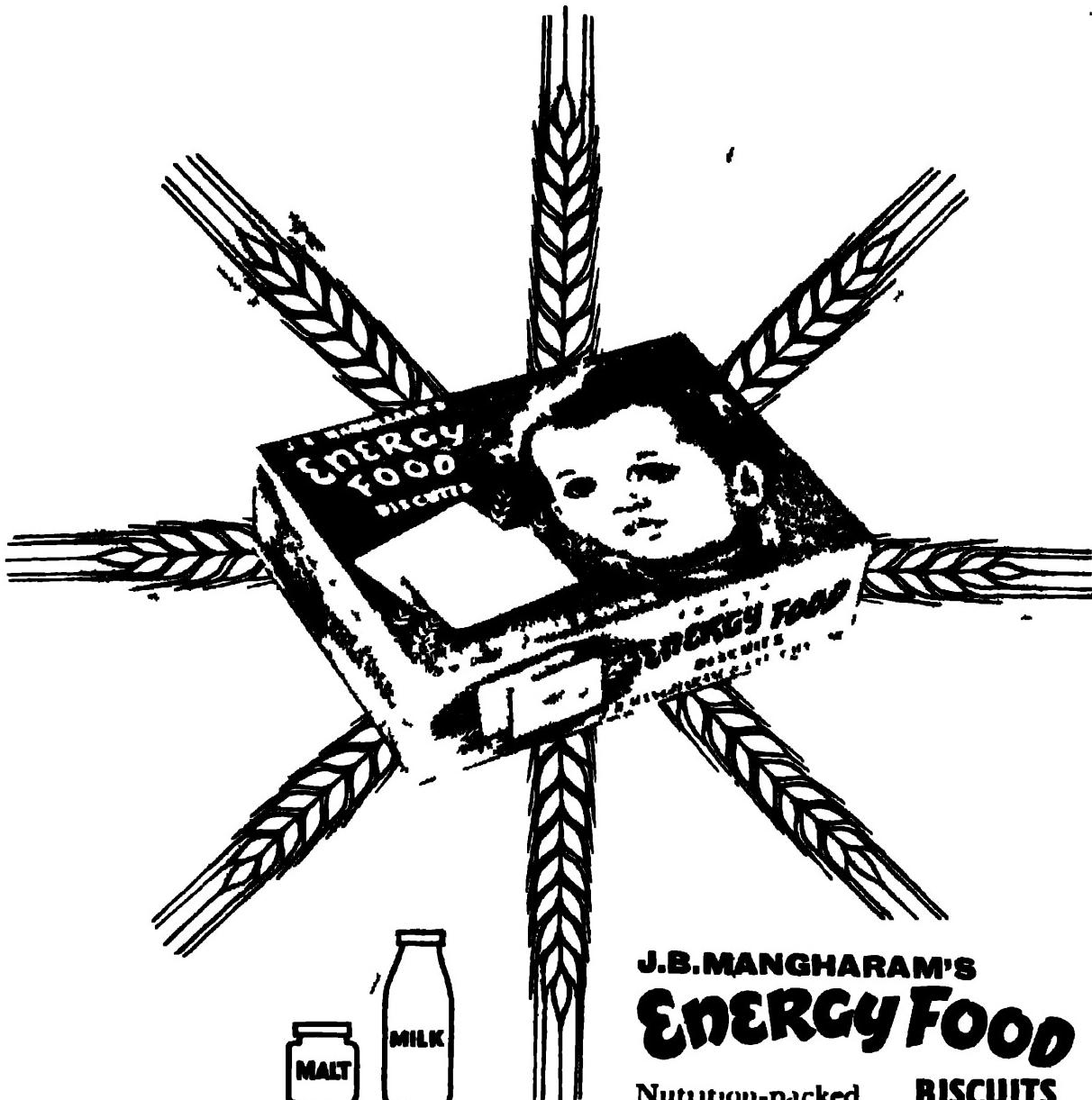
I returned many times to Bubbles' playground by the sea, and learned her story. How she was net-entangled off Catalina Island, and finally lifted by derrick, all 1,200 curvaceous pounds of her, into the Oceanarium's training tank. At first she did not move, she did not eat. Days went by as she lay unhappy and bewildered on the surface of the water.

Her back became sunburnt from exposure and great swabs coated with zinc oxide were used to treat her as she lay there without motion, apparently determined to starve herself into the release of death.

And then suddenly, as if deep within her she had been thinking things out and had come at last to a decision, Bubbles came to life again. She began to swim about and to eat—voraciously—endless parts of squid. She made a personal survey of every one of the hundreds of varieties of other sea creatures, like an enormous and benevolent Saint Bernard puppy nuzzling mice. It was as if she was determined to know the circumference and content of her new world and find a way to truly relate herself to it.

Then one day she found the happy answer. Instead of slowly surfacing as usual and poking her head out for titbits, Bubbles sounded 22 feet to the very bottom of the tank, then thrust upward like the blast-off of a space rocket. She broke the surface in a tremendous leap that carried her 15 feet in the air to pluck the squid neatly out of the astonished trainer's hand as he stood on a projection high above the water. She fell back with a gargantuan splash, and happily swallowed the squid, as she contemplated the excitement and applause above her.

From that time on, the blubber of Bubbles became the most delightful



J.B.  
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and purposeful ham. When a life belt was thrown in the water, she retrieved it in her mouth like a king-sized aquatic Mexican hairless dog. When a rope hurdle was hung over the water, she leaped over it like an airborne submarine.

Today, a year and a half after her arrival—a few hundred pounds heavier and a growing 14 feet in length—she plays ball with her trainer, salutes the circling crowd with waves of her flipper and does a vertical water ballet to music, a vast 1,700-pound prima ballerina pirouetting on her tail, a joyous grin over the width of her lustrous whale face. But for me her greatest accomplishment is her singing. She lifts that stupendous head out of the water, and by manipulating the lips of her spout-hole, she bubbles a happy

whale song at life, and at the thousands who crowd round daily to see her. For them and for me she is an Enchantress in Whalebone, a Cinderella in Blubber who has become beautiful without the benefit of a fairy wand.

I must now explain my change of affections to a certain African lady on the Tsavo River. Thus:

I am not a fickle man, my dear Tessie. But I have reached the conclusion that Bubbles' philosophy of life is far better than yours. Because you turn your back upon everything but self-indulgence, yours lacks honesty and purpose. But through Bubbles I am continually reminded that we humans must learn, with common sense and good humour and love for all, to relate ourselves to the realities in which we live.

### *Reports to the Home Front*

A YOUNGSTER's first card from summer camp read: "Dear Mum, I told you if you made me go to camp something terrible would happen. Well, it did. Love, Bonnie."

Bonnie, the frantic mother discovered, had forgotten to take her pet turtle.

—R. S.

CARD from a 12-year-old camper: "Dear Mum, three of the girls in my tent have the dire rear."

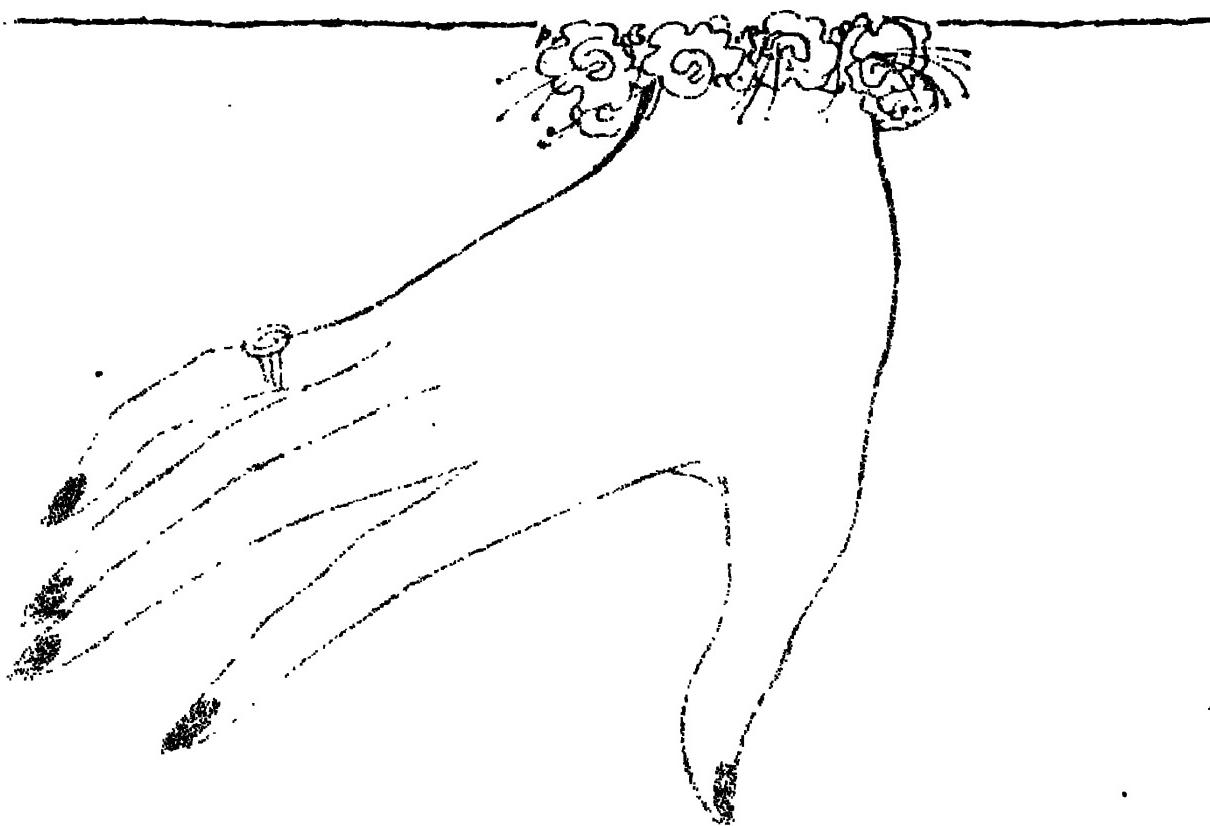
—W. M.

ANOTHER camper sent her grandmother this card: "I received your nice long letter. Thank you. I will answer it as soon as I can find time to read it."

—Contributed by Mrs. A. H. Strickland

My niece wrote from camp: "I'm having a wonderful time. The girls (1) Donna, (2) Susan, (3) Anne, (4) Charlotte, (5) Carol, (6) Cathy, (7) Marsha and (8) Heather are all nice except for 4, 5, 7 and sometimes 3."

—Contributed by C. S.



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Clues to improving  
the effect of your personality

## What to Do About Your Voice

By Flora Rheta Schreiber

Few of us realize how the quality of our voices can affect our relations with others in everyday situations. Still fewer realize the delicate interplay between voice and emotion, or the extent to which voice reveals personality. The fact is that to use your voice well you must learn to handle your emotions well.

A recent large-scale study gives evidence that our voices, perhaps even more than the words we use, reveal the state of our emotions. Try, for instance, speaking endearing words in a strident tone to your dog; he will react as though you were angry. Use insulting words in honeyed tones and he will sense that you are expressing approval.

It has been demonstrated that the

voice will reveal serious emotional disturbances, and from this finding we can take clues for our lesser ills. To try and trace the progress of a mentally ill patient, two psychiatrists spent long hours listening to tape-recorded interviews with a patient at different stages of his treatment.

The doctors found that the clue to emotions is not only in what is said but in *how* it is said. Anger caused the voice to be too high, too fast, too loud. Depression, in contrast, caused it to be too soft, too slow, too low. Anxiety produced humming and hawing. Fortunately the patient himself caught the most important point of all: the inter-relation of voice and feeling. And, as he became more aware of his hidden feelings and motives, his voice improved too.

This is a lesson from which each of us may well profit. And when we seek to improve vocal quality, the first thing to do is to have a recording made, and then listen to it. Often the personality that emerges is a shock. I know an executive who considered himself amiable in all his dealings. He was dismayed and incredulous when he heard the notes of impatience and hostility in his most casual remarks.

Of the emotional traits revealed in the recording, single out those you like least. Note them as they show up in your ordinary conversation, and then try to free yourself from

them by going to work within yourself and letting the change filter through your voice.

You may, for example, find an edginess, an irritability, a whine you were not aware of. One businessman was aghast when he heard a recording of his "Hello" or "Yes?" on the telephone—the unconscious betrayal of his resentment at interruption. Once he started thinking of what the recording revealed, he found that he disliked the rudeness of his voice more than he disliked the telephone. He began to practise telephone greetings, silently to himself as well as on the phone. In this way he softened his whole disposition.

A psychoanalyst who has worked with many patients who have voice problems says, "Few of us use our true voices until we find our true selves." Having achieved a tone of voice more harmonious with your true self, you will constantly find ways to improve it. Read aloud in a family group, for instance, and you'll find that the imagination needed to communicate proper meaning will give your voice texture, even depth and beauty perhaps. You begin to acquire a new vocal music that will carry over into your everyday voice.

Pitch is important. Those of us who tend to speak shrilly should lower our voices, in key as well as in

volume. The imitation of dialects will help here because it shows the possibilities of range. As you try to speak with the sonorous melody of the Irish or the deliberate pace of the German, your vocal range expands.

Other devices can be used to improve the quality of the voice, of course. Humming is excellent when you are under tension. Your voice will be better for it and it will also give you immediate release.

Proper attention to breathing helps to co-ordinate voice and emotions. If you are to speak effectively, your voice must be properly produced by the even flow of exhaled air that makes the vocal cords vibrate. When you are irritated, for example, take a breath before you speak. Your anger may resolve itself before you have exhaled. Even if it does not, you will speak more temperately after that self-renewing pause.

Your voice, becoming more pliant to your will, has almost limitless possibilities for improving your personality. Make it represent your best self. Give it as much conscious thought as you give your appearance. Since your voice gives clues to how you feel at any moment, the best way to achieve peace of voice and to cultivate the power of positive speaking is through inner emotional harmony.





*The pretty Rajasthani women are unsophisticated performers and their art has its roots in the myth and symbolism of India's ancient rural traditions. Their whirling skirts express the gay abandon of their elegant dance movements.*



*The fisherwoman of Bombay, a familiar figure in the market, wears a nine-yard saree. The style is indicative of the freedom and strength these women draw from the ocean.*

## **The dress of the people . . .**

Costumes, whether they are for occasions or for daily wear, vary all over the world. Climatic conditions, natural materials available, religious demands and individual ingenuity are some of the factors that determine the dress of a people.

Many varied costumes are worn in India but different costumes need different qualities of cloth. The Mafatlal Group of Mills manufactures a wide range of cloth for everyday use in all parts of the country.

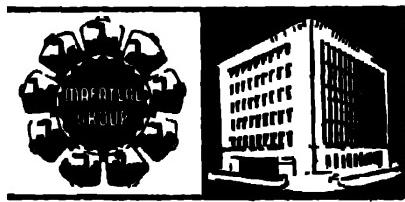


*Over her salvar and kameez the beautiful Punjabi woman very often wear a heavy Pulkari chaddar, a colourful, richly embroidered home-made garment.*

*Women from different parts of the country wear the saree in their own special way. The pretty Maharashtrian women of Western India for instance, wear a nine-yard saree, like a dhoti, taken between the legs and tucked in at the back.*

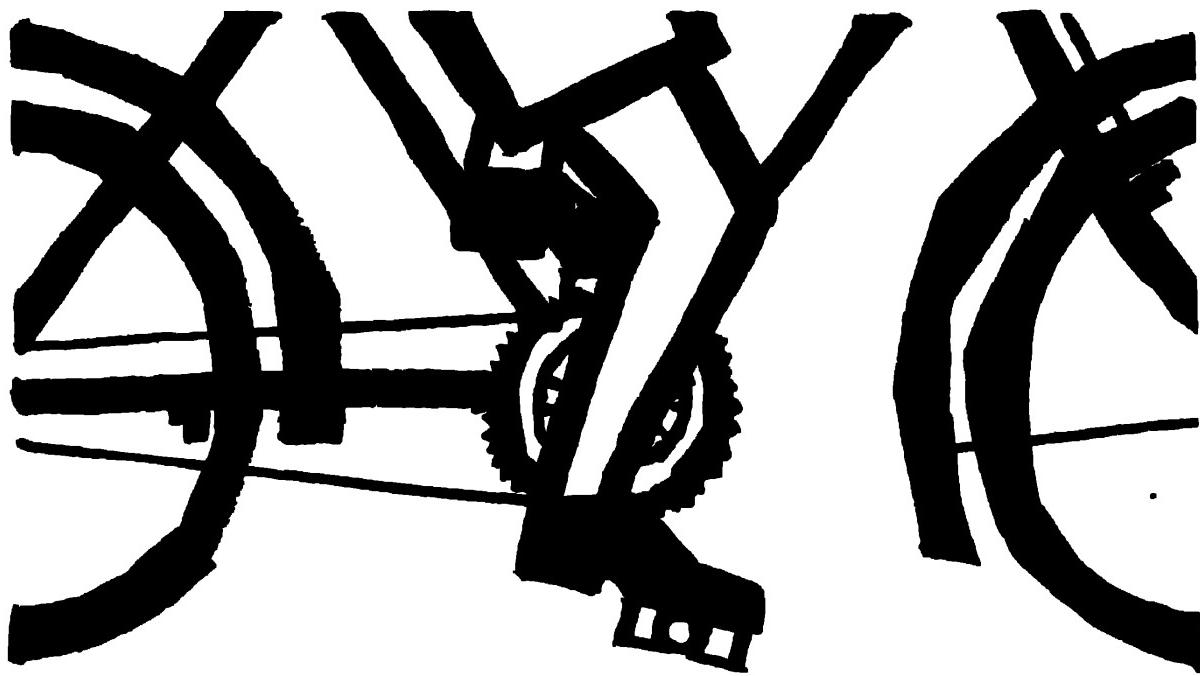
**SHORROCK**, Ahmedabad. **NEW SHORROCK**, Nadiad. **STANDARD**, Bombay.  
**NEW CHINA**, Bombay. **SASSOON**, Bombay. **NEW UNION**, Bombay.  
**SURAT COTTON**, Surat, and Dewas. **MAFATLAL FINE**, Navsari.  
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## **THIS JOURNEY TOOK FORTY YEARS**

It's a long way from a students' cycle rally to India's most modern bicycle factory. A young man, a keen cyclist, started off in life way back in 1910, opening a cycle trading firm with a capital of a few hundred rupees. The venture matured in time into the Rs. 1 crore Sen-Raleigh factory near Asansol, opened in 1952.

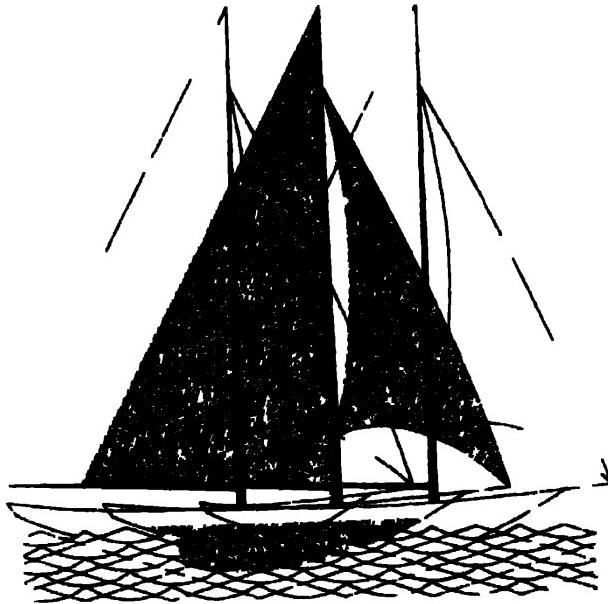
A truly national enterprise—with Indian capital and management and technicians, almost all Indian—which is progressing vigorously. The imported value of components has dropped from 80% in 1952 to a bare 3% today; production of bicycles has jumped 300%.

The Sen-Raleigh factory is not only helping to make India self-sufficient but has put the Indian bicycle industry on the world map as regards quality and technical excellence.

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## Points to Ponder

What's so remarkable about love at first sight? It's when people have been looking at each other for years that it becomes remarkable —Anonymous

### Arthur Godfrey:

My credo? I'd say it's "live life to the fullest." That's something most of us don't do until we've been on the brink of death. I have I feel as if I'm living on borrowed time, and sometimes that makes me do silly things. I can look at a bouquet of flowers, for instance, and become all choked up. I become grateful to God for the privilege of being alive to enjoy it. If you look at a bird, a tree, the miracle of birth, how can you deny the existence of God? Everywhere you turn you see this everlasting life.

Every year in winter, I look out at the bare woodland, and then in spring

I see it all bloom into the most beautiful mass of greenery ever conceived. Everlasting life? Of course there is!

### Wallace Brockway in *Moment of Destiny*

The Chinese language has no separate word for crisis; the ideograph for danger and that for opportunity must be combined to make crisis

—Alvin Redin in

### Van Wyck Brooks in *From a Writer's Notebook*

Fairness people are often people who habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side. Dent

### William James:

Nothing is so fatiguing as the eternal hanging on of an uncompleted task

### Mark Twain:

Life does not consist mainly—or even largely—of facts and happenings. It consists mainly of the storm of thoughts that is forever blowing through one's head.

### Hal Borland in *This Hill, This Valley*

There are laws of nature that I doubt we shall ever understand. Take such a simple matter as the twining of vines that climb by twisting their limber stems around a stronger support, even as our pole beans climb the poles we set for them. In this Northern Hemisphere they twist, with few exceptions, counter-clockwise. Why is this so?

There are other examples. Smoke rising from a chimney also twist when it rises in still air and has any twist to it, counter-clockwise. Cyclonic storms, such as hurricanes, move in the same direction. And water whirl-

pooling down the kitchen sink or through an outlet at the bottom of a dam usually makes the same counter-clockwise motion.

It is all very well to say that it is a result of the turning of the earth, and to find other parallels; and it even lends a kind of reasonable air to say that in the Southern Hemisphere the twist is usually in the opposite direction. These are facts, not ultimate answers. That is the way things happen, not why they happen.

Is a wild morning-glory aware of the turning of the earth? Is a pole bean so endowed with this knowledge that I cannot force it to twist the other way? Is such knowledge embedded in the seed itself? Winds I can understand, and their inevitable direction. Vines are something else. Vines are living things, not air forced this way or that by outside forces. No, there is some law beyond, some way of life, some necessity in nature that I can recognize but not wholly understand.

### *It's Your World*

*"The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face."* —Thackeray

I HAD to live a long time before I found the courage to admit to myself that we—all of us—make our own world. I take frequent trips to New York and I had decided that all New York taxi drivers were impatient and bad-tempered. Hotel and railway employees were the same. I found them all difficult to get on with.

Then one day in New York I came upon the words from Thackeray quoted above. The very same day, when a taxi driver and I were snarling at each other, this thought occurred to me: could this whole situation be the result of my own outlook?

I began to live Thackeray's idea. On my next trip, I encountered not one unpleasant taxi driver, lift boy or railway employee! Had New York changed or had I? The answer was clear.

To abandon excuses for one's own shortcomings is like journeying to a distant land where everything is new and strange. Here you have to assume the responsibility for failures or difficulties yourself. Of course, outside pressures do influence our lives, but they don't control them. To assume they do is sheer evasion.

Since that day in New York, I've come to believe that this idea is the basis of all human relationships. The quickest way to correct the other fellow's attitude is to correct your own.

Try it. It works. And it adds immeasurably to the fun of meeting people and being alive.

—King Vidor, *the film producer*



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# The Devious Art of Place Dropping

*It's a fascinating indoor sport—and the skilled player wins the right to monopolize the conversation*

*By Corey Ford*

HERE'S an indoor game that is bound to be very popular at social gatherings this winter, now that practically everybody is travelling abroad.

It's called Place Dropping, and the object is to work into your table conversation (very casually; that's the whole game) the name of somewhere you've been. If nobody else has been there, it counts ten and you can talk without interruption through the rest of the dinner.

The trick is to sort of slip in the fact that you've been to a Place without actually stating so. You never say to your dinner partner, "We

went to Europe," for instance. Instead you glance at your watch and remark: "Well, at this moment it would be one o'clock back in Paris."

Or else you observe with a rueful shake of your head: "I just can't get used to these modern aeroplanes; only a day or so ago we were having lunch in Wien—or, as you probably call it, Vienna." (Part of the game is to use a foreign name and then explain that München is really Munich, you know.)

There are various ways to manoeuvre into a good scoring position. One Place Dropper I know hits the jackpot every time by referring to his weight. "I bet I put on ten pounds this summer—that good old German *Dunkelbier*."

Water is usually a good opening—"I got the worst case of dysentery in Chile"—and food is always a winner. "Have you ever eaten baby squid? We found the quaintest little restaurant in Athens . . ." "I never thought I'd like fried seaweed, but in Hong Kong . . ."

As a rule, female Droppers prefer the underhand throw. "What a pretty tablecloth, dear; did you get it in Portugal? Oh, really?" with a condescending smile. "You ought to go to Lisbon sometime, they have the most beautiful linen."

On the other hand, male Dropers like to try a forearm drive. "Pretty good stuff, hah? Brought it back from Scotland myself."

Sometimes a successful Drop can be achieved without mentioning the Place at all. A skilful player simply pulls a matchbox out of his pocket with "B.O.A.C." or "The Raffles Hotel, Singapore" on the cover, or absently hands the taxi driver a couple of drachmas or a French franc. A direct hit can be scored by carrying a tweed coat inside out so that the Edinburgh label shows.

Dropmanship is a highly competitive sport. Topping another Dropper counts double, and the strategy is to steal the opponent's play. The other night at dinner the lady beside me said she simply adored Fraunts (Place Droppers are also Accent Droppers) and oh! to be back in la

belle Parc, sipping a glass of shab-ley on the Shonz L S A.

The man on her right said that speaking of wine, they had a coco-nut drink in Ha-wyec that would knock your hat off, and the lady beside him wondered if it was anything like the distilled cactus juice she had in May-heeco. A man sitting opposite said quickly that in Iceland he once drank fermented seal-blubber, and the hostess inquired triumphantly whether anyone had ever tried Mongolian yak milk.

I didn't hear how the game finished, because I ducked round the corner for a glass of beer. The bartender said it wasn't like the stuff you get in Dublin, though.



### *Little America*

IN THE Ukraine there is an exact copy of an American small town. There, according to a report in *Contact With the Army*, a Swedish army journal, the Russians are training more than 1,000 students for spying in America.

The students at the spy centre, situated at Vinnitsa, live the lives of average American students. They have their meals at snack bars or restaurants which provide only American-style food. Cinemas show only Hollywood films; shops sell only American made articles. The students drive cars according to U.S. traffic rules.

The first stage of the training is devoted entirely to the study of American dialects, which they must be able to speak perfectly. They study the history of the United States with American textbooks, and talk about baseball and the latest scandals in the United States.

The pupils are hand-picked from the best students in Soviet universities. The training goes on for years, in some cases even ten years, and when these agents go to the United States—as diplomats or in other ways—they are ready at once to fulfil their mission.

—AP



## The Best Advice I Ever Had

*By Donald Campbell Holder of the world water speed record*

IT WAS July 23, 1955. My jet-propelled speedboat, *Bluebird*, was hurtling along the glassy surface of Ullswater, in the English Lake District. I was trying, as I had done for six years, to win back from American hands the world water speed record which had long been held by my father, Sir Malcolm Campbell.

This gruelling attempt meant far more to me than a simple speed crown. I was hoping to prove that man, using jet propulsion instead of conventional engines, could move on water safely at more than 200 m.p.h. I was trying, as so many pilots of planes, boats and cars had

done before me, to prove with this test of endurance and timing that the machines we humans could build we could also control.

The day was ideal, the water barely rippling. Yet every inch of the surface was like concrete as *Bluebird* sliced through it, for at enormous speeds the "water barrier" hammers at boats in the same way that the sound barrier buffets planes. I was being shaken and battered relentlessly, but there were only seconds to go to complete my runs.

Suddenly it was over. As I climbed from the cockpit, the grins on the faces of the engineers and mechanics who had worked so long and

tirelessly with me told me that this time we'd finally pulled it off. It was official—202 32 m p.h. I was flooded simultaneously with joy and relief. The long, difficult quest had ended.

Then a reporter edged his way through the crowd of friends. "What next?" he asked. "Will you try to beat your own record?"

I was unable to reply, for I hadn't thought beyond this moment. Later, when I was alone in my hotel room, exhausted by the strain of the run and the arduous preparations for it, I still had no answer. On near-by Coniston Water almost four years before, at 170 miles an hour, *Bluebird* had hit a submerged railway sleeper which had smashed the boat and only miraculously spared the lives of my chief engineer, Leo Villa, and myself. Other men had died attempting the dangerous speed that I'd reached today. Wasn't it time to be content?

Then I thought back to a letter I'd received from my father 23 years before, at preparatory school. I was 12 at the time, an enthusiastic marksman with one ambition—to be the best shot in a school which was noted for its riflemen. I had smugly written to tell my father that a score of 205 out of a possible 210—which I'd already achieved in practice—was sure to win the coveted silver medal in our target competition. I would shoot for that figure, and victory would be in the bag.

"You've been there already," my

father wrote back with typical bluntness. "Shoot for 210." Then he went on. "Whatever you do in life, never rest on your laurels. Once you've reached a goal, set yourself another."

I shot for 210. The score I achieved, 208, still stands as a school record.

I began to understand my father's advice as the years went by. He had been knighted in 1931 for having been the first man to drive a car at more than four miles a minute. On the hardpacked sands of Daytona Beach in Florida, in a car also named *Bluebird*, he had sped along a measured course at 246 miles an hour, not simply in a race against the clock but in an effort to further motor engineering. His use of what was then considered radical streamlining to achieve such speed helped to bring about important changes in car-body design.

But, having reached his goal and received the recognition of his government and the world, he had not stopped.

Instead, he was determined to drive an incredible five miles a minute, and he worked day and night towards that end.

I was with him at Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah when he did it. This seemed to be the end of the road, for Father had frequently promised his family and his friends to retire when he reached the 300 mark. But after a few months of retirement he was miserable. Somehow, he found, life

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had lost much of its savour because there was no challenge. I reminded him of the advice he had sent me at school "You reached your goal all right," I said. "But you didn't set yourself another."

Remembering his own counsel had an electrifying effect on Father. He emerged from retirement ready to apply his unique skill and ability to achieve new speeds on water. The lessons he had learnt with cars—the value of streamlining, lighter materials, smaller and more compact bodies—he would use in the construction of an aquatic *Bluebird* which he was determined would be the fastest boat in the world.

At Lake Maggiore in Italy in 1937 he piloted his craft at 129 miles an hour, five miles faster than the existing world record held by the American sportsman, Gar Wood.

Father now held both land and water speed records, but he had no intention of ever again resting on his laurels. The eruption of the war stymied his ambition. As an officer on Mountbatten's staff at Combined Operations Headquarters, his imagination was fired by the revolutionary use of jet engines in fighter aircraft. Why couldn't jet propulsion be applied to boats? When the war ended he began to tackle the myriad problems involved. Despite snags and difficulties and numerous failures he was convinced that it could be done safely.

It was a conviction he did not live to prove. He died of a coronary thrombosis on New Year's Eve, 1948.

At that time I was establishing a new engineering business. I was settled in a comfortable rut and quite happy with my lot, I thought. Then, some three months later, I saw an announcement that Henry Kaiser, the American industrialist, had built a new speedboat. He intended to beat Father's record.

Suddenly I was rummaging through my desk for a long-buried marksman's medal from prep school. The silver had tarnished, but its message was bright and clear:

"You wanted a job in business," I heard myself saying aloud, "and you got it. But then what? Did you fix your eye on the next goal? As a matter of fact, what is your goal?"

I couldn't answer that instantly. But half an hour later I was talking to Leo Villa, who had been my father's chief engineer. Could we start up the old team and carry on the fight? For the time being, we forgot about jet propulsion and rebuilt the old *Bluebird* with a piston engine.

It was as if my life had been given a high-powered injection. There followed months of work and innumerable runs, often rewarded by disappointment.

Meanwhile, in June of 1950, an American named Stanley Sayres broke Father's record, doing 160.23



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m p h with the same type of engine. We carried on for another year, only to end in a complete disaster when we crashed on Coniston Water.

Then we started experiments with a jet-propelled boat. It was a long struggle. There were countless wind-tunnel experiments to determine the design of a hull which would prevent *Bluebird* turning turtle in her jet thrust her over water at immense speeds. And endless tests to find the right engine. And practical attempts as well — punishing

runs one after another — to prove on the water what had been theorized on the drawing board.

It was not until that July day in 1955 on Ullswater that the jet proved itself and I recovered the record. And in my hotel room I was weighing the question "What next?"

I had inherited an ambition from my father, I told myself, and I had satisfied it. But now, nudged by my reminiscences, I realized that satisfaction should be a place to pause only — not to stop. Suddenly I knew my answer for the reporter

A few minutes later I called the members of my team together.

"There's a lot of work ahead," I said. "This time we go for 250!"

It took me almost four years to get to that figure, but at Coniston on May 13 of this year I set the present world water speed record of 260.35 m p h. And at present my sights are set on 300 for the nautical *Bluebird* and a simultaneous record of 400 m p h in a land-going, jet-driven *Bluebird*, now being built. These speeds won't be sought

for speed itself, but for what they can tell us about improved design for tomorrow's everyday boats and cars.

Once this goal has been attained, what then? It will be time to get out from behind the wheel, for the realm of speed calls for lightning-fast reflexes, and each advancing year takes its toll of those. What comes afterwards worries me no longer, however. Of this I am sure I shall set myself a brand-new goal.

This is something, I now know, that everyone should do — for when we stop trying we stop growing.



Donald Campbell



## MY HUSBAND—HUNGARY'S HERO

HIS IS the story of my husband, Colonel Pal Maleter, leader of the heroic 1956 uprising against the Soviets in Hungary. Now that they have killed him—the Communists announced his execution in June, 1958—I can no longer harm him by telling that story and my own. And the record deserves to be set straight.

Our families had long known each other, but I did not meet Pal Maleter until I was 21 years old. At the time I was destitute and homeless, a refugee in my own country.

It was April 1945, and the Soviet armies, victoriously sweeping west-

wards, had already passed through my home city of Kassa. My family belonged to the Hungarian middle class, which the Reds considered "unreliable," and the local Communist regime which sprang up had confiscated our house and ordered my arrest. But in the confusion of the mass round-up I managed to escape from the police and flee south towards the city of Debrecen, first in a hay cart, then on foot.

After three days on the road I reached Debrecen—only to find burnt-out ruins where the houses of my friends and relatives had stood. I was completely alone. My father



was dead, the rest of my family scattered. But friends in Kassa had given me the name of Captain Pal Maleter, who commanded the First Battalion of Hungarian frontier guards here; although I had never seen him, he was the one human being to whom I could now look for help.

When I sought out his battalion headquarters, a suspicious sentry refused to let me enter. I had spent the night huddled in straw in an empty building; my face was dirty and no doubt streaked with tears. I was wearing old boots and ill-fitting clothes of my mother's (the fashion for young Hungarian women in those days, if they travelled near Russian soldiers). I might never have got in had not Captain Maleter himself appeared at the door. His towering six-foot-three frame was gaunt, his manner grave beyond his 28 years. He took in the situation with a sweep of piercing grey-blue eyes, and as soon as I gave my name ushered me into his office.

"Sit down," he said, in a deep voice that somehow gave me a feeling of comfort and absolute security. "I have been expecting you."

He had heard of my arrest and subsequent escape and asked what I now planned to do. I told him I wanted to get to Sopron; Mother

"PAL MALETER, outstanding hero of the 1956 Revolution, had first to fight himself before he could fight the Soviets. His wife, Maria Maleter, bares these inner conflicts with utter frankness and in her whole story speaks for thousands of other Hungarian women who were caught in the toils of history. She has rendered a tremendous service to the cause of freedom in telling of the tragedy and triumph of Pal Maleter's life. In her pages the conscience of Hungary speaks." —

JOZSEF KOVAGO, Mayor of Budapest, 1945-47, prisoner of the AVO from 1950 to September 1956; Secretary-General of the Small-holders Party, Mayor of Budapest, November 2-4, 1956

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had gone there to stay with my sister Helene, and I hoped to join them.

"But that is impossible," Captain Maleter said firmly. "It would mean crossing the whole of Hungary."

At Budapest and elsewhere to the west German and Russian armies were locked in battle, and travel through that area was out of the question. For the present, he said, I would have to stay in Debrecen. The young captain pondered the problem for a moment, frowning, then offered me a job as a typist in his battalion office so that I could support myself.

Nor did his solicitude stop there. That afternoon he found lodgings for me in a near-by peasant cottage. I was hardly settled there when the woman of the house knocked at my door and handed me an offering of flowers. They were lilies of the

valley, obtained God knows how in that war-torn city. On the accompanying card the captain had written: "Chin up, Maria. Have a good rest. P.M."

THE WEEKS that followed were a time of aching, almost unbearable sweetness. Although I was among strangers, in a city more than half destroyed, employed at a new and taxing job, I was hardly aware of these circumstances. For I lived in a private world in which everything sang and laughed and danced, a world filled and bounded by Pal Maleter.

Many things about him were exceptional. He was remarkably handsome, carried himself with the grace and leashed strength of a tiger, and there was something peculiarly fascinating about his eyes. Eloquently alive, they displayed profound warmth—and sometimes a flinty hardness—with an expressiveness I have never seen in another human being. In the office he remained strictly aloof and soldierly, but in our free hours we began to spend more and more time together. He was invariably gentle and considerate and made not the slightest move to exploit my defenceless situation.

At the end of a month Pal spoke of marriage. I was dubious. His proud Huguenot family had been Protestants for 300 years, whereas my own people were devout Catholics. I myself had been educated in

a convent and considered such things important, but Pal would not listen to my fears.

Next morning when I entered the office he seized my arm, announced that we were taking the day off, and led me to the house where he lived. As we entered his room my breath almost stopped. The table was bursting with red roses, white lilacs and lilies of the valley; and in the centre, framed by this profusion of blooms, stood a picture of his parents taken on their wedding day. We both stood silent, deeply moved, as if in church. Then Pal placed an engagement ring on my finger, gently raised my chin and lowered his lips to mine. It was the first time he had ever kissed me.

We were married three months later, in August 1945, in a small Catholic church. Our honeymoon we spent in a tiny farm cottage near Szeged. It was earthen-floored and we had to sleep on a straw mattress, but the Hungarian countryside was surpassingly beautiful, and for three weeks we lived there in incomparable happiness. The simplicity and unbroken quiet particularly appealed to Pal, who as a soldier had already experienced so much violence.

"If only we could spend our whole life in such peace," he said wistfully; "I could ask for nothing more."

But in Hungary, in our turbulent era, such longings were vain.

Even the most ordinary train trip was apt to be marked by violence;

and on a journey up from Debrecen to Budapest before we were married I had already learnt that Captain Maletter was not one to stand idly by and see injustice done.

We were travelling in a luggage van which was crammed to the roof with package-laden civilians. Hungary was then in the grip of ruinous inflation; money was all but worthless and there was almost nothing to eat in the cities. Consequently townspeople bundled up their personal possessions and went out into the country by train to barter with the farmers for food. Exploiting this situation, Russian soldiers often descended on the trains to rob the helpless people.

When our train stopped at Szolnok, a group of such raiders fell on the travellers on the station platform and began to rifle their suitcases. A Hungarian woman protested tearfully, but she was roughly shoved aside. A huge Soviet soldier pawed through her belongings, and when he found they were worthless to him, contemptuously scattered along the rails nappies, nursing bottles and baby clothes—irreplaceable items in the Hungary of 1945. Drawn by the wails of the young mother, Pal leaped from the door of our luggage van and, white-faced with rage, ordered the hulking soldier to stop. When the Russian refused and merely mocked him, Pal knocked him almost senseless with one blow. Other Russian loot-

ers then attacked Pal. He fought with wild ferocity, but there were too many of them. Finally he wrested himself loose and jumped back aboard as the train pulled out.

I was immensely proud of Captain Maletter on that occasion, for his action showed both generosity and shining courage. But it did not foreshadow a life of peace.

WE BEGAN our workaday married life in Budapest, where Pal had now been transferred. Our quarters were a tiny bombed-out flat which Pal and some of his soldiers had roughly rebuilt. After we were well settled there, and I was five months pregnant, Captain Maletter was ordered to Vác, a frontier town 40 miles to the north. But he thought it best for the coming child that I continue to live in Budapest, where relatives could help me to obtain food.

Continuing inflation made that first year extremely difficult. The Communists purposely aggravated the situation in order to crush the Hungarian middle classes, and money depreciated so rapidly that sometimes Pal's whole salary for a month would buy only a few pounds of bread and perhaps a box of matches. Fortunately my brother Bela had a job as a driver for the Allied Control Commission and was sometimes able to give me American tinned goods. And almost every day I trudged across the city to have a nourishing lunch with Pal's aunt

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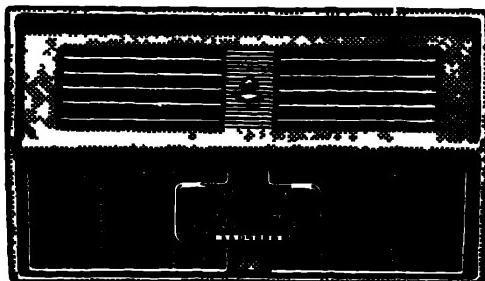


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Katalin, who was selling family jewels to buy food. Nevertheless I steadily lost weight.

In the seventh month of my pregnancy Pal insisted that I go to Szeged, where my mother now lived, so that she could look after me. No chances were to be taken: the Maletter line now ended with Pal and he hoped strongly for a male heir. Conditions were somewhat easier in Szeged, and I slowly began to regain strength.

The baby was born in June 1946, a month early because of malnutrition. Triumphant, however, it was a boy and thus an occasion for endless rejoicing. What matter that he was a frail child? Or that it would take months of careful nurturing before he caught up with normal infants of his age? The Maletter line was assured! Pal was ecstatic, and I can truly say that the day little Paul was born—we named him after his father, of course—was the happiest of my life.

From the start Pal took limitless pride in his son. A devoted husband, he now wrote nearly every day, and at week-end gladly endured interminable train journeys just to be with us for a few hours. He always came laden with flowers, and began to bring out bright-coloured toys long before little Paul was old enough to respond to them. And when we were able to join him permanently—Pal had found a house for us near his post at Vác—he was elated.

During the next few years my husband steadily forged ahead in his profession. This meant frequent transfers, and we moved seven times in four years, but it also meant promotions, first to major, then in 1948 to lieutenant-colonel. Our small family, which by now included two daughters, Maria and Judith, as well as our son, was close-knit and affectionate. Pal spent hours with the children, disciplining them without effort, telling them stories, taking endless trouble to amuse them.

But in the autumn of 1950, Pal was ordered back to Budapest, where he was to serve for the rest of his life. We were never to be so happy again.

**COMMUNISM** was the poison that was to canker and destroy our marriage.

There were other sources of tension, of course, inherent in our backgrounds. Pal Maletter's father was an idealistic university professor, of independent means, who made his son strongly conscious of social problems and of the inequalities of Hungarian life. But his home life was strange. Professor Maletter and his wife did not get on well, often did not speak for weeks on end. Thus Pal grew up, charged with idealism, in a beautiful home which was nonetheless a house of hate.

My own home was a sunny one, for my parents were highly congenial. My father was a businessman of great energy who owned the

largest hotel in Kassa. Mother came from a devout highly cultured Szeged family. She was active in civic movements and charity drives, a high-principled and most unselfish woman. But she had been brought up in feudalistic Hungary and, though enlightened, remained thoroughly conservative.

Early in our marriage Pal and I began to discover the built-in antagonisms our contrasting heritages had given us. But such conflicts were no greater than are met with and surmounted in almost any marriage. The real trouble, the unscalable barrier, was Pal's involvement with Soviet Russia and the Communist Party.

This began innocently enough in 1942 when Pal was a young second lieutenant just out of Ludovika, the Hungarian military academy. Like all Hungarian officers posted to the Russian front, he had orders not to be taken alive; reputedly the Russians applied horrible and ultimately fatal tortures to their prisoners. Pal remembered this when he found himself in a desperate situation. But just as he reached for his last grenade to kill himself, machine-gun bullets struck him down. He lost consciousness and was captured in spite of himself.

When he came to he was in a Russian field hospital, with wounded Russian soldiers on either side of him. With astonishment he realized that nobody had cut open his belly

or put salt in his wounds. Instead, the Russians had treated him with marked kindness.

This greatly confused Pal and since he hated the Nazis, made it easy for the Russians to win him over. In the prisoner-of-war camp to which he was sent on recovery, Hungarian Communists held propaganda lectures every day. They gave special care to such outstanding soldiers as Pal Maletec. And when Hungarians were asked to volunteer for training as partisans in order to fight against the Nazis and to liberate Hungary, Pal was among those who stepped forward.

After a few weeks of training he got his first assignment. He was to parachute down at Erdely with a small detachment, blow up Nazi trains, destroy bridges and persuade Hungarian units to surrender.

The mission was both dangerous and difficult, but Pal accomplished it. Having found him reliable, the Russians gave him other partisan assignments, all of which he carried out with equal daring.

He won decorations, a promotion to captain, and late in the war, after suffering an almost fatal case of dysentery—for days he lay unconscious in a hospital in the Ukraine—he was assigned to the frontier post of Debrecen. He arrived there in Russian uniform, and changed back to Hungarian uniform only a few days before I met him.

All his partisan exploits were

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undertaken for reasons which had nothing to do with Communism. Pal was intensely patriotic, put his country's good above all else and worked with the Russians only because he believed that was the best way to rid Hungary of the Nazis.

At the time of our marriage, Pal told me that he was not a Communist and that he never would be one. Thus it came as a great blow three months later when he announced casually one evening that he had just joined the Communist Party.

**WHY HAD he changed his mind? What had caused this sudden reversal of direction? I never knew for certain.**

But Pal's announcement came at the time of the election held under the Allied Control Commission—the last free election I was to see in Hungary. The Communists were anxious to make a good showing and used their most skilful propagandists to win every possible convert; they must have got their most persuasive people to talk to Pal.

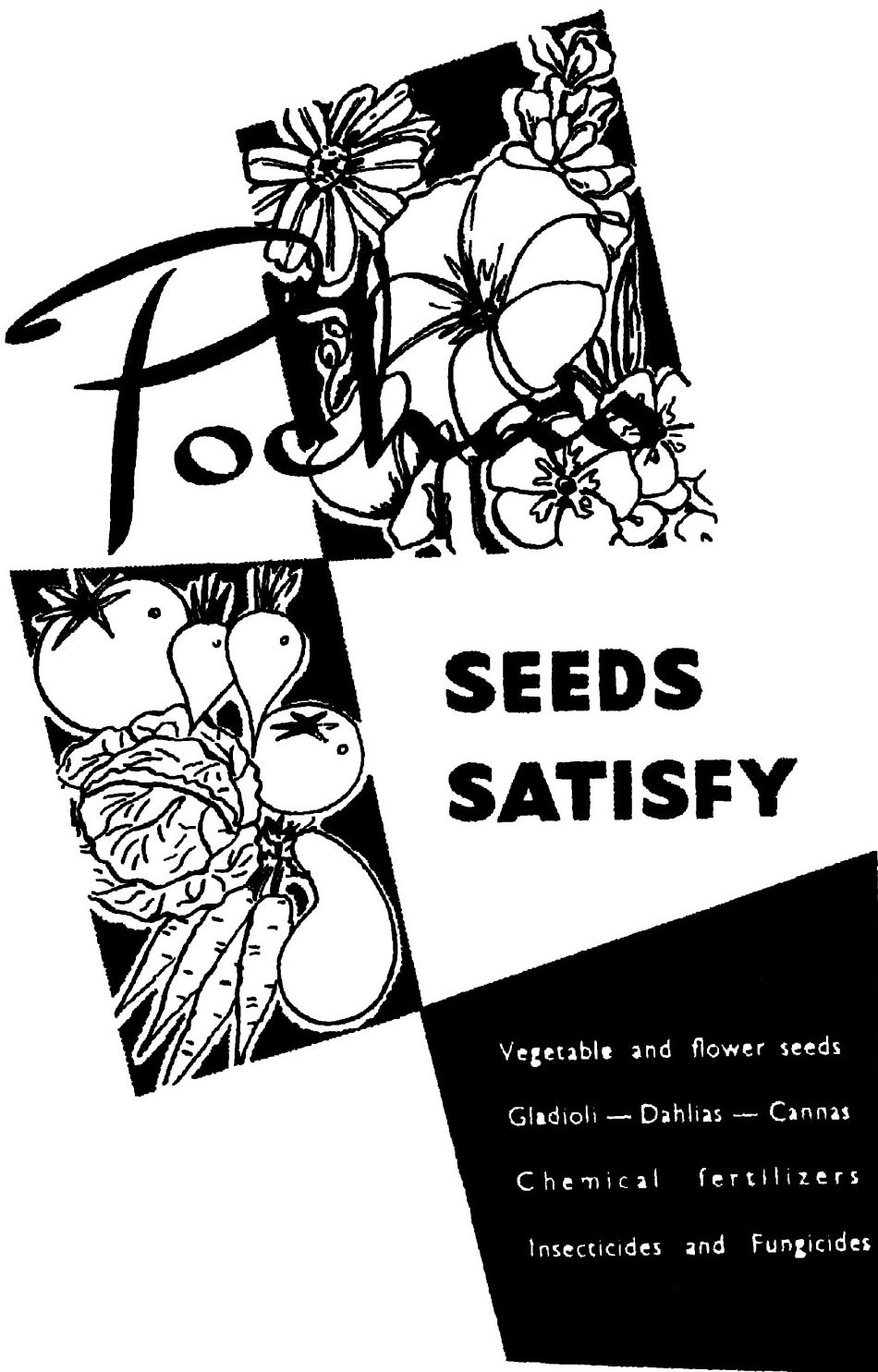
Actually, when the election was held in November 1945, the Communists made a miserable showing, getting only 17 per cent of the vote. Nevertheless, in the new government they held out stubbornly for one cabinet post—the Ministry of the Interior. This department controlled the police and conferred the power of arrest; when it fell into the hands of the ruthless Red careerist

Laszlo Rajk it was simply a matter of time before the Communist tyranny over Hungary became absolute. But this development was in the future.

The movement had evidently appealed to Pal's ever-present idealism. When I asked why he had joined the Communist Party, he replied that it alone offered all the Hungarian people a future—particularly now that Russia had won the war and there was no choice but to work with her. For ages the good things in Hungary had been enjoyed only by a small privileged group. Now this would be changed and the good things shared by all. This might cause hardship to a few, but it was better for the few to suffer so that the many could be happy.

I could not share Pal's illusions. Instead I was oppressed by a sense of impending evil, and I cried for days when he first told me that he had joined the Party.

For a long time, however, it made little difference to our lives. I had scant political consciousness and, although Pal occasionally gave me dutiful lectures on the Party line, I had the feeling that he too had limited interest in politics, that all he wanted was to be let alone in his profession. There was so much else to absorb us—our engrossing love for each other and for our children—that for five years the fact of Pal's being a Communist was often forgotten. It seemed a mere technicality—almost as if he were a member of



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the Smallholders or some other conventional Hungarian party.

But by 1950 things began to change for the worse. The Communists were beginning to get a stranglehold on the Hungarian Government, and they lost no time in putting the screws on such Party innocents as Pal Maleter. Under the pressure of their demands his whole manner and personality seemed to change. Always a lover of quiet and solitude, he now went for hours without speaking at all. He glanced at his watch constantly, he jumped at the slightest sound outside.

He spent much time studying Soviet ideology. When I scolded him for this waste of time, I learned how troubled he was, how divided his loyalties. "I must know their strategy and tactics," he answered darkly. "I must know how to counteract them, otherwise we are lost."

I grasped his arm impulsively. "Let us leave the country, Pal," I pleaded. "There is no future for us here. We can go to the West and—"

The look on his face stopped me. "No, Maria," he said, "now that Hungary is in trouble I cannot leave. I have to stay and share her people's fate, good or bad—even if it means the gallows."

He looked away for an instant. Then, in a softer tone, he added the words I was to remember later when the name of Pal Maleter suddenly meant hope for the captive world.

"Don't worry, Maria," he said. "When the time comes I shall be where I belong."

IT GREATLY IRRITATED the Party that my mother lived with us in Budapest. She had come to help me when an operation left me too weak to lift the children, and afterwards she had stayed on. She could assist us financially, as she had just sold a block of flats in Szeged (although very cheaply since it was in danger of confiscation), and her willingness to sit with the children made it possible for me to take a job. I went to the School of Creative Arts to learn photography and, in December 1950, started working at the Municipal Photographic Co-operative on Szent Istvan Boulevard.

Pal was fond of my mother and there were many advantages in having her with us. But she was undeniably *ancien régime*, and the Communists regarded her presence in our home with grave suspicion.

The Reds were trying to make the Hungarian army a reliable Communist instrument, but found a real stumbling block in the stubborn patriotism of the career officers. As rapidly as possible such officers were being replaced by hastily trained new ones, recruited from hard-core Communist cadres. The career officers who were retained were being intensively "re-educated" and watched for evidence of disloyalty. The Communists obviously hoped to

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keep Pal Maletter in their new army since almost everything about this dashing and magnetic soldier appealed to them; but he too came under relentless surveillance.

Fear was now becoming the normal climate of Hungary. The situation deteriorated almost from month to month, until finally Pal had no private life at all. He had to report in advance where and in whose company he was going to spend his spare time. Friends and acquaintances who resented being thus reported started to avoid us and I hardly dared see my own family any more. In spite of his tremendous courage, I could see that Pal was in growing conflict with himself, that he feared an enemy at his back. When we walked down the street he kept looking round to see whether we were shadowed. If I happened to raise my voice he cautioned me that other people might hear; that whatever I said might be dangerous.

With infinite deviousness the Party set traps for my husband. One day his long-trusted adjutant told him confidentially that he had been ordered to keep an eye on Pal because he was suspected of studying foreign languages in order to establish contacts in the West. I was touched by this friendly warning from a man my husband greatly liked. But Pal saw that it was a ruse and at once reported the incident to his superiors. They then admitted what he had guessed: that the situa-

tion had been engineered to test his Party loyalty.

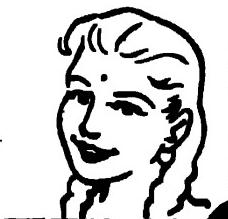
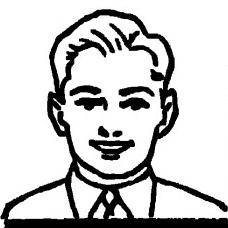
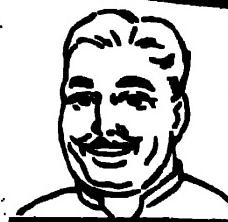
On another occasion the doorbell rang one morning as Pal and I were leaving for work. Pal went to answer it. He returned pale and obviously agitated, with a note signed by one of his former classmates in the Ludovika military academy. "We know you, Pal Maletter," it read. "We live in the Free World and we are fighting for the liberation of Hungary. It is your duty to help us and to join our organization." In short, they asked him to be a spy.

I was completely taken in. I begged Pal to let the man who brought the note run away—he must have a wife and children somewhere, and the Communists would certainly execute him for crossing the border and for espionage.

But Pal whipped out his gun and said he was going to take the man to the police. "This is something you don't understand," he said. And despite my continued pleas, he returned to the courier waiting in the other room and led him away at gunpoint. (Only later did it occur to me that during our argument, which he certainly heard through the door, the man could easily have run away.)

Of course it turned out that Pal was right again. The "man from the West" had been sent by the AVO, the secret police, as an *agent provocateur*. The next day, in fact, he appeared in AVO uniform and

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commended my husband for this "honest" act.

How could you cope with such baseness? Sometimes I felt as if we were in hell, with every trace of human decency missing.

ONE MORNING the doorbell rang at 5 a.m. All Budapest was then suffering from "bell jitters" and at that hour we fully expected it would be the AVO. When I opened the door, however, I found the wife of Pal's best friend, weeping inconsolably.

Her husband had taken too many drinks after dinner the night before, she explained, and in a café had spoken loudly against the Communist regime and against the Russians. She had tried vainly to quieten him but he was beyond reason. A few minutes later the AVO had come and taken him away.

Would Pal try to get him out of gaol, she asked tearfully. Pal promised to do what he could.

A short time after the woman left she called us on the phone. Speaking with obvious embarrassment, she said that her husband was already home. The whole thing had been less serious than she believed, and they had let him go.

Pal was much upset at this news. He turned pale and for a long time sat in silent thought, staring at nothing.

Finally I asked, "Aren't you glad that your best friend came out so easily from this incident?"

"No," he answered bitterly. "The Communists never let anybody go so simply and so quickly. He must have received orders. Most likely to watch me, since they know he is the only friend I see regularly."

"No, this can't be true, Pal," I remonstrated. "Please don't think such evil."

"Maria, believe me," Pal told me sadly. "I know the Communist methods."

Again he was right. For after that the other couple were strangely different—close-mouthed, tense, cold—and the relationship quickly turned to ashes. Thus Pal Maleteer lost even his best friend.

The strain on our marriage constantly increased as the Party put pressure on Pal either to convert me to Communism or to get a divorce. Anyone who was unable to "educate" his own family, they taunted him, was unfit to train and instruct the men under his command, and could not be considered a good Communist.

Sporadically Pal tried to indoctrinate me in Communist tenets, but of course got nowhere, and the frustrations and antagonism from these encounters often left us on edge. I remember one dinner when, as hostess, I tried to apologize because the potatoes were mildewy. Pal Maleteer leaped up from the table and shouted: "You are only saying this because you are a reactionary and are trying to discredit our Commu-

nist life! There is nothing wrong with this meal."

The potatoes, however, really were mildewy. They were part of a large shipment which had been allowed to spoil because of poor storage. After our guests had left I asked Pal why he could not acknowledge this fault of the regime instead of defending it. I begged that at home, at least, he should not be a propaganda leader.

Our relations worsened, and at last became intolerable. The final break came one evening when Pal was trying to convince me of the rightness of Communist ideology. I felt I couldn't bear it any more and burst into tears of hysteria.

"I will never follow you in this!" I shouted. "Please understand, I hate you when you come into the flat with these false ideals—I feel that I'm going to suffocate!"

I stood by our tile stove, leaning against it heedlessly, and I know that my eyes reflected hatred and despair. "I can't take it any longer," I cried. "Please leave me alone!"

Pal answered me through clenched teeth. "Yes," he said, "I see that you can't stand the sight of me. That's all right. I'm going to move out."

That same day he moved into another room of the flat. We both felt that the world around us had collapsed and that we were lost beyond help.

A few days later, while I was

away at work, Pal moved out of the building. He did not leave his new address.

THAT WAS the spring of 1953 and the beginning of a most desolate time for me. My mother, now 72 years old, was ill and unable to look after the children, and as I could not afford to give up my job at the photographic studio I was driven to the desperate expedient of boarding out the two girls. Pal did not want them hurt by our separation—he telephoned a few days after he had moved out to make clear that this was by no means final—and arranged to place Maria and Judith in a home for army children. He came to take them there, and each Sunday brought them back to spend the day—Pal himself then staying for dinner.

One Tuesday, however, I received a telephone call from the institution informing me that both girls had scarlet fever and that I had better take them home. I went with another woman to fetch them, and what we found there was astonishing and revolting. We arrived just as the children were being given their baths and saw that all the children, ill and well, were being bathed together despite the scarlet fever. This kind of irresponsibility sickened me and I decided then and there that, despite the difficulties, I would bring up all the children at home.

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Pal's attitude was unpredictable during this period. For a while he came to dinner every Sunday and telephoned almost every day to assure me of his love. But sometimes the calls were abusive and full of hatred. He would then telephone every hour, at my work and at home, threatening to take the children away and heaping up bitter accusations until I was almost crazy.

One day I was summoned to the Ministry of Defence. There I was ushered inside and seated at a table opposite an interrogating officer. Without preliminaries he at once began to talk about my marriage, which, it appeared, was a state problem. Where had I been born? Who were my people? My present friends? What did I think of my husband's work? Had I studied Marxist principles?

For hours the interrogating officer probed into my background and attitudes. Then quite bluntly he made the Party's position clear. I was hindering my husband's work; only by developing myself politically could I hope to stay married to him.

"Comrade," said the interrogator, "Pal Maleter's life is in such a state, so unsettled, that we can no longer tolerate it. A Communist colonel cannot live this way. He must either go back to his former family life or marry again." And if I could not adapt myself, my mentor made plain, the Party would be glad to find him a "more reliable" wife.

*This was the first of many such grillings at the Ministry of Defence. And then suddenly there were no more such summonses—and no more weekly visits from Pal. Did this mean that the Party had in truth found another woman for him?*

In my unhappiness I began to wonder if perhaps Pal had been right about Communism. Perhaps I was unable to fall in step with him only because I had not gone deeply enough into it. Perhaps I really did belong to an obsolete world and simply did not understand this rapid new development.

I decided to study it and began to attend a seminar which met twice a week. I listened carefully and often raised my hand to ask the lecturer questions. I learned about dialectic materialism—and how much baseness is behind these two words. I saw how the same man may be considered a hero today and a traitor tomorrow, or the other way round. And I saw how any crime could be covered up and presented as an action of justice and truth.

The course went on for two months, and for me this was more than enough for my whole life. I was disgusted by what I had studied, but I felt reassured too because my conscience was clear. For I now knew with certainty that Communist theories were not for me.

With a sadness which was now almost without hope, I was drawn north that September to spend my

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*brief holiday at the mountain resort of Matra* Pal and I had been there not long after our marriage, indeed we had spent almost all our holidays there, and we knew and loved the pine-clad mountains in summertime, in winter and in spring So my holiday was really to be spent in the happier past

But I had hardly arrived at Matra when I received a most disquieting letter It was from Pal's lawyer and it informed me that, since I was not bringing up the children according to the standards of the People's Democracy, divorce proceedings had been started, and the children would be taken away from me

In complete despair—how could people be so cruel?—I took the letter and went out into the forest Under the friendly pine trees I revisited one by one all the places where as young newly-weds we used to walk, and where we had been so happy I could find no succor from bitterness anywhere and I cried and cried

Next morning I received a telephone call at the hotel It was from Pal Maletter Had I received his lawyer's letter, he asked frantically When I told him I had, he asked me please to disregard it "Maria, I'm driving up to see you," he announced "I have to talk to you"

When he appeared at my hotel room he at once asked for the letter and tore it into pieces "Please don't be angry with me," he said "I never want to hurt you" After this we

*talked for a long time and I found I still loved Pal very much. And more than ever I hated those who had refused to let us live together in honour and decency*

The upshot of this tryst was that we decided that we would have another try at living together And for this second honeymoon we would move into a larger flat so that both my mother and the children could have space in which to be happy too The next eight weeks we spent, first in looking for a bigger flat, then in fixing it up Using army paint and soldiers to help decorate it, Pal seemed to find great pleasure in preparing the flat for occupancy

But in November 1953, just as we were ready to move in, the Communists informed Pal Maletter that my mother would not be allowed to live with us She was a reactionary, the Party secretaries said, and in their opinion was holding me back from embracing Communist ideology

Old and ill as she was, I could not abandon my mother, and unless he gave up his army career Pal could not defy the Party in this So there was, after all, no way back for us

I DID NOT see Pal again for six weeks Then at Christmas, he came to spend the whole day with us

We had had an exceptionally troubled year, and the months ahead were to be even worse But that Christmas of 1953 was a day apart, an oasis of love and flooding happiness

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ness Pal had brought gifts for our son, for the girls and for me, and with them he conferred the far more precious gifts of tenderness and warmth He seemed to take pride in his family, to derive great joy from us

Just before he left he entreated that we once again try to get together and fuse our lives in genuine marriage Surely, he said, there must be some way to resolve our differences with the demands of the Party

I agreed to try But two days later Pal telephoned and told me to forget it We could never live together because of my reactionary ideas He spoke with the utmost coldness Were jealous Communist ears monitoring that telephone conversation and dictating its harsh character?

I finally divorced Pal Maleter in the spring of 1954 The case came before a civil court which was uncorrupted by Communist penetration Maleter was adjudged at fault and ordered to pay all costs, including my lawyer's fee I was awarded the care of the two girls and 40 per cent of Pal's salary with which to support them We had agreed in advance that he was to have Paul Hungarian courts always award custody of the eldest son to the father in any case

I was away at work when Pal came to pick up his son He was in such peremptory haste that my

mother described the scene as almost a kidnapping Little Paul was allowed to take no clothes except those he was wearing, and Pal did not say where they were going

Disturbed, and determined to see that the child at least had all his clothes, I tried to telephone my ex-husband I was not allowed to speak to him I then began to look for the boy himself, combing the city's schools, orphanages and hospitals After a week of increasingly frantic search, I learned that Paul was at one of the city's transient shelters for lost and orphaned children

Paul burst into tears when I found him, hiding his face so that the other boys would not see—he was only eight years old! My time with him was cut short by a shelter official who said that there had been strict instructions that young Paul Maleter was to have no visitors It was a heartless and unreasonable rule, and I appealed at once to the Guardians Court to have it changed

Summoned to the court, Pal appeared with blazing eyes and angry mien He stated his case in a rasping voice charged with hatred He had put his son in the shelter, he said to remove him from his mother's bourgeois influence, and he now demanded that the mother be absolutely forbidden to see the boy The magistrate overruled him I must have access to visit my son

Next day Pal telephoned Speaking gently, in the greatest contrast

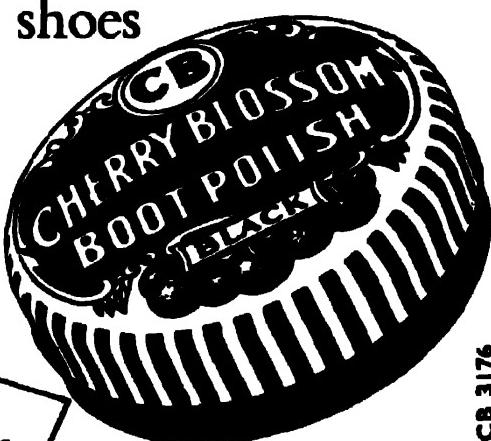


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to his courtroom snarling—had that uncompromising, public gesture been staged for his Party record?—he said he wanted me to take Paul back and bring him up with his sisters. So, with heartfelt relief, I welcomed my young son home again.

Ever since the divorce the Party had been subjecting me to its vengeful attentions. First a young woman with a new-born baby was billeted in our three-room flat; and I soon learned from the neighbours that she was a prostitute who entertained soldiers in her room while I was away at work. Then I received an order from the Ministry of Defence telling me to make room for a family of six to move in also. Friends warned me that it would be dangerous to protest against such an order, but I did anyway. I wrote a letter to the Ministry of Defence pointing out that it was impossible to maintain human decency if 13 strange people —among them eight children and an old woman who was seriously ill —had to share three small rooms. And I asked if such crowding were considered healthful and socially desirable by the People's Democracy.

Perhaps the audacity of such a letter had its effect. I don't know. But the order to make room for the strange family was cancelled. And by collecting affidavits from the neighbours, who attested that the young woman was practising prostitution, I managed to have that undesirable tenant evicted. In her place,

an elderly couple was moved in.

The divorce made a difference at my job, too, and here there was not much I could do about it.

A state enterprise, the photographic studio where I worked was one of the largest in Budapest. Formerly I was considered one of the best workers there, and at exhibitions my photographs had often been singled out for awards. After the divorce all this changed abruptly. The Communist bosses continued to load me with work—apparently they could find no fault there—but never again did I get a word of credit, and time after time I was passed over when others got pay increases. And I was often reproached for my "unbearable manners"—which, it seemed, had suddenly changed now that Pal Maleter and the Communist Party no longer stood behind me.

The divorce made a difference in Pal Maleter's job also, but in the other direction.

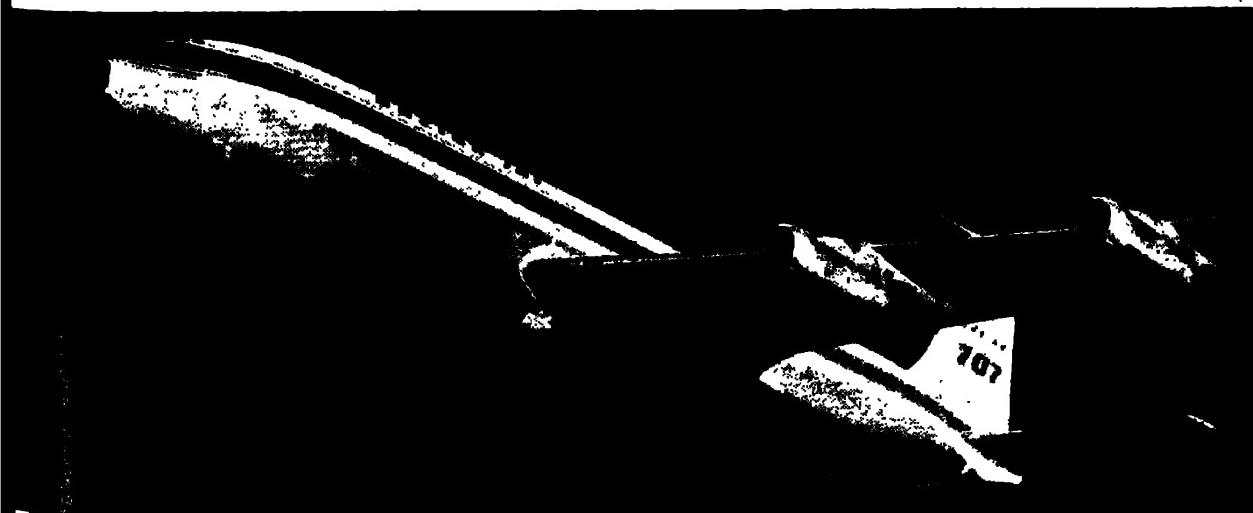
The regime often paid army officers two salaries, one being regular pay, the other a bonus for political loyalty. Thus a lieutenant who was considered a good Communist might get more pay than a major who was not. Pal Maleter now won such a bonus. The Party was so pleased to see him rid of me that they almost doubled his colonel's salary.

MY MOTHER had a severe stroke that autumn, and as I could not



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leave my job to look after her I appealed to my sister in Sopron Shortly before the Christmas of 1954 she took Mother there with her.

Now I was completely alone, there was no one to look after the children in the daytime. Little Juditka, the youngest, was in kindergarten, Marika in the first form, Paul in the third form Every other week I had to work the late shift at the studio, and as the children all came home from school at five o'clock, I actually had to bring them up by telephone They were permitted to play out of doors till seven o'clock I telephoned at exactly seven every evening, and if they were not there to answer I later scolded them severely.

I prepared dinner in advance, they warmed it up, ate alone, then went to bed When I came home at 9 or 9 30 they were sound asleep—except perhaps for Juditka, who often waited up for me She loved to crawl into my bed and tell me what had happened in kindergarten that day, then, her eyelids heavy, she would croon us both to sleep All the children were touchingly understanding and protective

My heart almost broke when I had to leave one of them at home with a high temperature—with tea, light food and carefully measured doses of medicine set out by the little bed. But they often brought home colds and other illnesses from school, and there was no help for it Paul

suffered from an inflammation of the middle ear, and as we could not afford visits by the doctor, he had to go to the dispensary alone for treatment He wasn't afraid, or if he was he didn't let on.

One morning the elderly couple who shared our flat told me that they had heard Paul crying during the night, and feared that he was ill. I found that my son indeed had a high temperature, and that he could hardly move his head, his ear hurt him so I asked why he hadn't come to me during the night for medicine and hot salt for his ear

"Mummy, you have to sleep," he explained, in a reply that wrenched my heart "You worked late and I didn't want to disturb you"

Eventually the thing I had dreaded most occurred, and I myself fell ill. For days I could keep no food down, and though I tried to keep going, I finally had to enter a hospital My condition, I was told, was due to complete physical and nervous exhaustion As a cure I was put under sedatives for two weeks, and meantime my poor children were left alone

An aunt took care of little Juditka, and a neighbour looked after Marika during the day But at night both Paul and Marika remained in the flat with the elderly tenants We had no fuel then, and it was so cold that water froze in glasses at night The children had to go to bed fully dressed, even wearing caps But they

did not complain, they did not cry; and when I returned I found them happily waiting to greet me.

Such children, far from being a burden, became my deepest source of courage and strength

IN THE two and a half years we lived in Budapest after the divorce, Pal Malter came to see the children only once. He soon married again, I learned, and one day while I was away at work he and his new Party-approved wife called in at the flat for a few minutes. The children never told me how that brief visit went.

When Judith was in hospital with infectious hepatitis I sent word to Pal that she had asked for her daddy. And I let him know when Paul too was acutely ill and wanted to see him. Pal Maleter did not even acknowledge the messages. Pal's own sister, I learned, was never able to communicate with him, and he had apparently cut himself off from all his old friends.

Just before Christmas in 1955 Pal telephoned me at the studio. It was the last time I was to talk to him, but he sounded like his old self again. My mother had died a few weeks before and when I told him this he knew at once how bereft I felt. He asked why I hadn't let him know. Was there anything he could do to help? Then he came to the reason for his call. He had something very important to tell me, he said, and he wanted to see me.

I refused—I could not take the chance of opening old wounds—but I did arrange for him to visit the children the day before Christmas. As we talked I felt again the old excitement, the old love for Pal surging through my veins. The sound of his voice erased all the resentment and bitterness, and I knew that, whatever happened, its special timbre would follow me all my days.

The people in the studio watched me curiously as I said good-bye. My hand holding the receiver was shaking so uncontrollably that I could barely replace the instrument in its cradle.

The children were thrilled by the prospect of seeing their father. They were up early on the day before Christmas, and they combed and scrubbed themselves hopefully. I had to go to work at the studio, but neighbours reported that the children spent much of the day with their faces pressed to the window. They waited in vain. Pal Maleter did not appear, that day or any other.

We had no word from him for 11 months. No word until all Hungary flamed into revolt against the Soviets.

OCTOBER 23, 1956, was a mild, bright day with a crisp smell of late-autumn leaves in the air. I finished work at five o'clock that Tuesday and, following normal routine, went outside to catch a bus for home. But neither buses nor trams were run-



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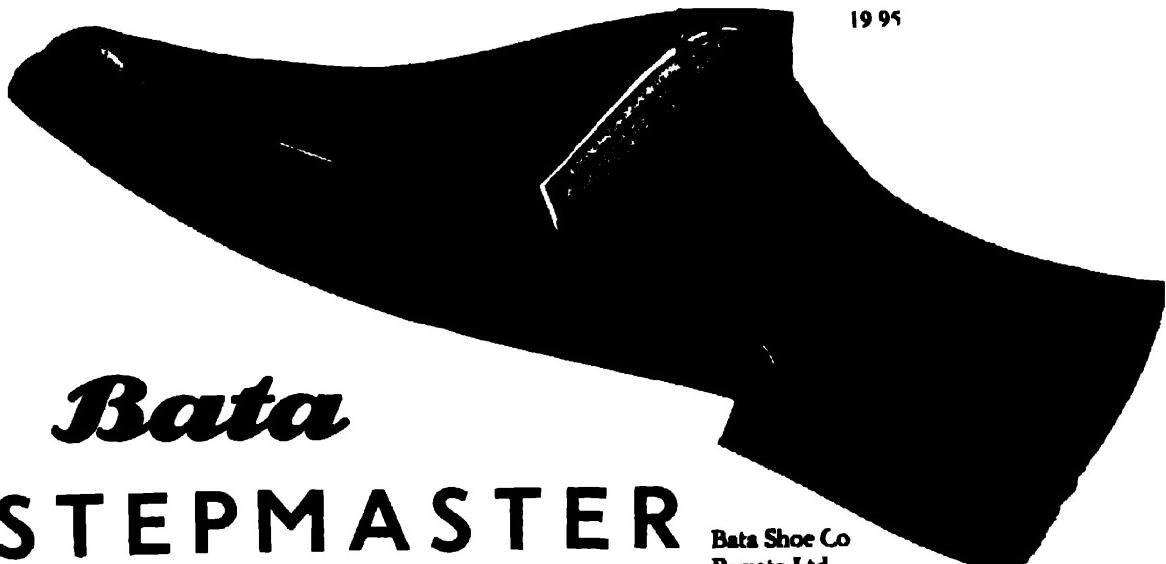


In Black or Brown



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ning, I discovered. Instead, Szent Istvan Boulevard was aboil with human life, with marchers who filled that broad street from kerb to kerb.

There was a feeling of vast but unpredictable power in that surging river of humanity. It was made up mostly of young people who appeared to be tremendously excited and joyously open to this suggestion or that. They carried placards on which had been hastily lettered such slogans as "We Want a Free Country"; red, green and white Hungarian flags from which the hated Communist emblem had been cut out; even an occasional Polish flag. As they brandished these symbols aloft, the young paraders sometimes sang patriotic Hungarian songs, or chanted in unison, "Out with the Russians! Russians, go home!" At other times they simply shouted at each other in sheer animal spirits.

This spectacle dumbfounded me. Work and domestic responsibilities had occupied my whole attention so that I was unaware of the ferment that had been working in Hungary. I knew nothing of the unrest that had been sparked among the students by the electrifying revolt in Poland, which had defied Soviet tyranny with seeming success.

Earlier that afternoon I had looked out of the studio windows and seen a small crowd heading in the opposite direction. It then consisted of thin and orderly lines of students marching six abreast. They had gone

to that half of the city called Buda to place a wreath before the statue of General Bem, Polish-born hero of the Hungarian War of Independence. Now with their numbers swollen to an awesome, seething mass of at least 200,000 people, they were heading back to Pest, to the House of Parliament where they would present certain reform demands to the government.

At the time I did not understand the implications of any of this.

A lorry crept past me in the crowd, travelling at a snail's pace. Sitting with feet swinging over the lowered tailboard was a young man I recognized as a fellow photographer. He had been filming the ceremony at the Bem statue.

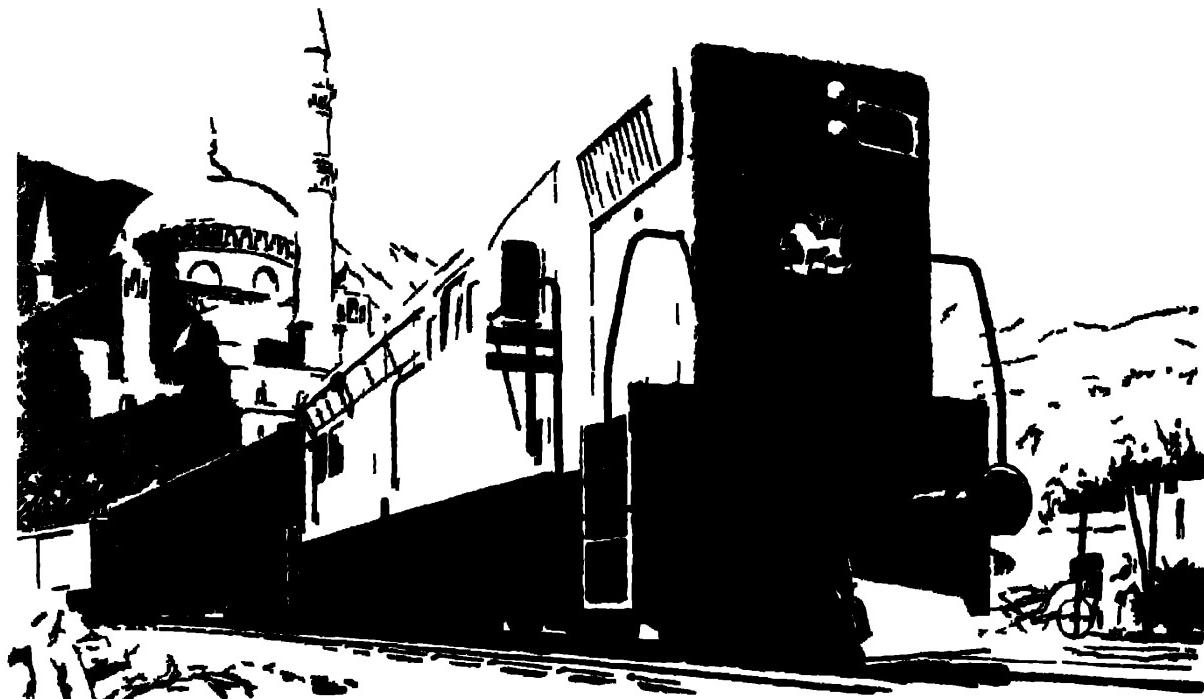
"Hello, Mrs. Maleteer," he called. "What do you make of it?"

"Make of what?" I asked blankly.

"The Revolution," he told me happily. "The Revolution is here!"

I thought he was mad. My ill-informed judgement might have proved right had not two events that night channelled the unrest into violence. The first was the radio speech of Ernö Gerö, First Secretary of the Communist Party, which offered no reforms whatever, referred to the young people as criminals and left all patriotic Hungarians fighting mad. The second was the AVO's action at the Radio Building, where demonstrators converged after Gerö's talk to ask that their demands be broadcast. The AVO tried to dis-

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perse the crowd, first with tear gas, then by firing into it from the windows and roofs. Some of the demonstrators wrested weapons from AVO men in the crowd and fired back, and from that moment the battle was joined.

From our flat later that night we heard scattered gunfire across the city. I looked out of my window and saw three lorries draw up at the indoor firing range across the street. As I watched, several youths went inside and began collecting rifles and ammunition. Their companions, already provided with arms, sang spirited patriotic songs as they waited in the lorries.

The "Freedom Fighters"—those valiant and incredible warriors whose barehanded courage was to capture the hearts of the whole free world—were already improvising their means of action.

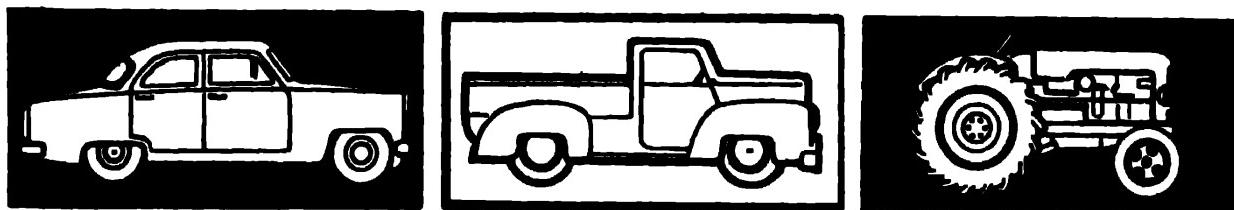
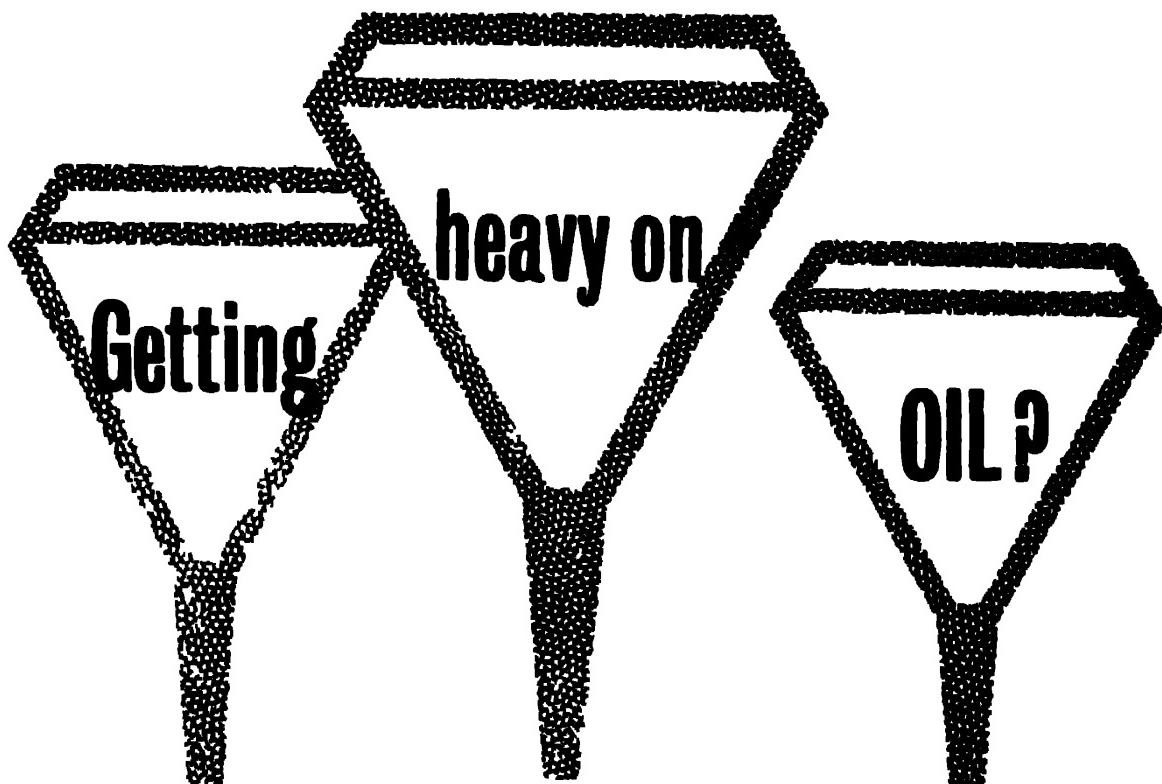
THINGS MOVED swiftly in the next few days. As the character of the uprising became clear—it seemed to form its own design spontaneously—there was a great sense of release, an upwelling of joy. For all Hungarians now stood together and it was possible to speak of freedom. It was a time of national greatness, and of pride.

The streets swarmed with people at all hours, despite the danger. Men and women—even the children—quickly learned to flatten themselves behind overturned trams or cobble-

stone barricades when gunfire threatened, to seek cover in doorways when Soviet tanks were ambushed with Molotov cocktails. There was little work done. At the Metropolitan Photo office we gathered very morning, discussed the situation for an hour or so, then went off to join a food queue. It was difficult to get food; indeed one had to spend hours waiting in line. But in the new atmosphere of tolerance and warmth nobody minded.

That Hungarians were above all else loyal to Hungary became evident on the first day of the uprising. When they learned that fighting had broken out that Wednesday, workers from the industrial suburbs of Csepel and Ujpest commandeered lorries, picked up arms from military stores and from the police, and joined in. These men were all hard-core, working-class Communists, but they fought so fiercely that they became one of the strongest bulwarks of the Revolution. Soldiers and police (except for the hated AVO) also hastened to cast their votes for Hungary. When ordered to fire on the Freedom Fighters they refused and instead handed over their weapons to the rebels or joined them themselves.

Early that Wednesday morning the Gerö government sent a colonel with five tanks to put down the insurrection at the Kilian Barracks—a four-storey fortress covering several acres, whose five-foot-thick walls



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made it a most formidable bastion. The colonel talked to the Freedom Fighters, then telephoned the Minister of Defence to say that he and his tanks were joining them. "These men are not 'bandits' as you claim," the colonel said, "but loyal sons of the Hungarian people." He then ran four of his tanks into the parade ground inside the Kilian Barracks and deployed the fifth in the entrance gate so that it blocked the way to Soviet tanks and commanded a sweep of the broad and strategically vital artery that was Ulloii Street.

I learned about this the next day, Thursday. I was crossing the Chain Bridge late in the afternoon when I met an old friend from Kassa.

"Have you heard about the colonel at Kilian Barracks?" he said excitedly. "Nobody knows who he is, but they say he fights like a wonder!" And he went on to describe at length the inspired leadership of this great soldier who was going to win the Revolution for us.

As I listened my heart beat faster and I felt an overwhelming glow of pride. For I knew with absolute certainty, though the conviction was unaccountable, that this legendary colonel was Pal Maleter.

I told my children the news as soon as I got home. "I believe it's your father," I said, "—I know it is. Soon you will see."

"Soon" was the next day. Now all Budapest resounded with the name of the heroic colonel, Pal Maleter;

and his fame grew daily. He was lionized in the newspapers. The adulation was even extended to me and the children. Our telephone was busy all day long as friends and acquaintances rang to congratulate us.

All the children were thrilled, and I too found deep satisfaction in this emergence of the true Pal Maleter.

Now it was plain that our lives, so full of struggle, were not in vain. My persistent faith in him was fulfilled. For this gifted and tormented man, after years of inner conflict, had at last found himself.

By the end of October, after only a week of fighting, the Revolution seemed almost to be won. The Kilian Barracks, with its 2,000-man garrison, was triumphantly held against all efforts to capture it. Bands of street fighters resisted the attacking Russians with a stubborn ferocity which exacted unexpected losses in men and material. Finally the Russians pulled their tanks and troops out of Budapest and announced that they would negotiate the withdrawal of all Soviet forces from Hungary. The smell of victory was in the air.

An independent government, headed by Imre Nagy, was formed and it promised many reforms. Political prisoners were released from the AVO torture cells and the AVO itself abolished. Freedom of speech



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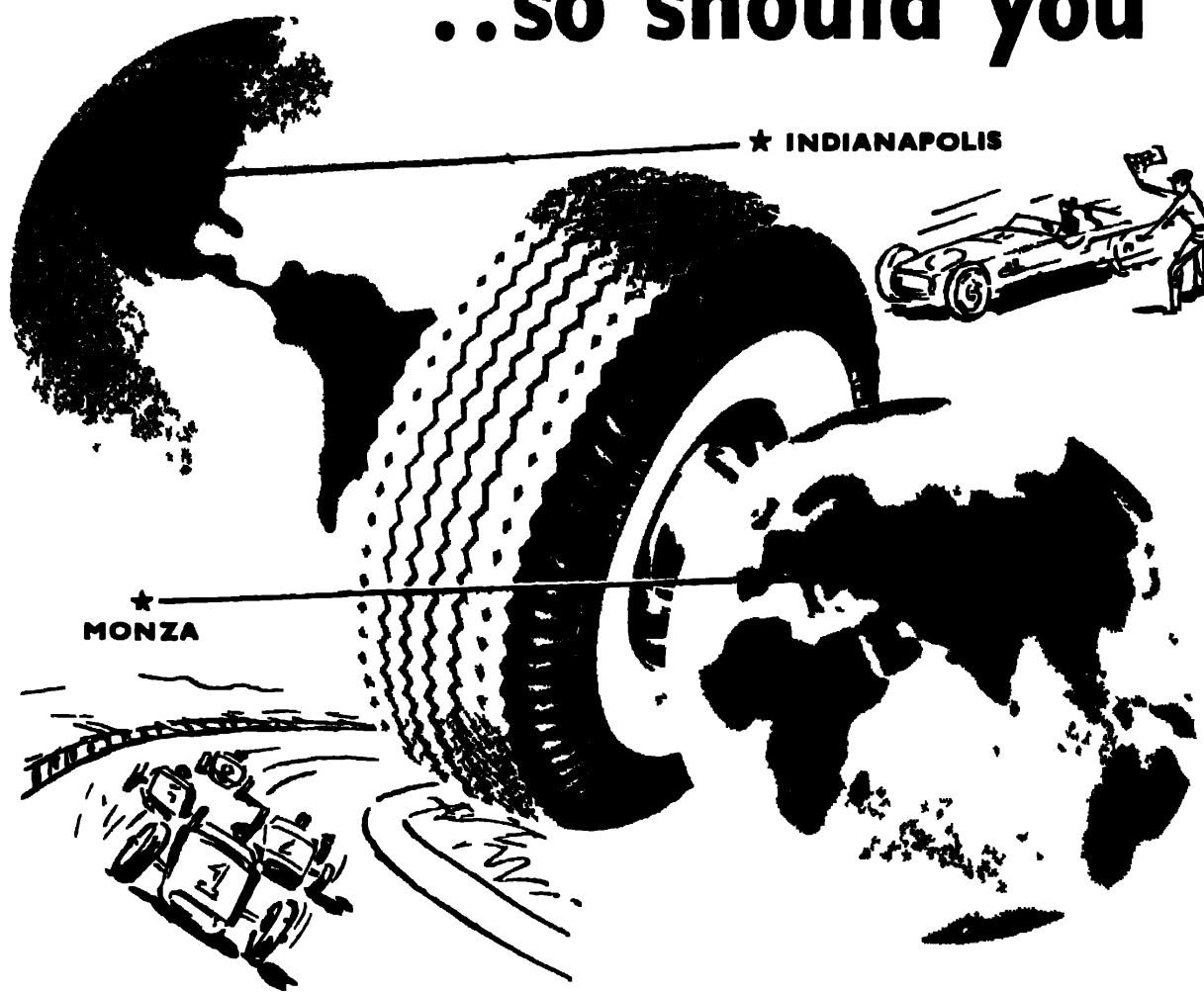


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was assured, also free elections as soon as conditions would allow. The new government was very popular, and one of its most popular members was the new Minister of Defence, Lieutenant-General Pal Maleter.

The future looked bright and we Hungarians felt that we had won a good life for ourselves. It was a marvellous feeling. State-enforced Communism, after 11 years, was vanishing like an evil dream. People were already cleaning up the rubble and broken glass in the streets; life was beginning to come back to normal.

On Thursday, November 1, General Maleter spoke over the radio to all Hungarians. "We must ensure milk for our children, coal for our factories, regular transport for our workers," he urged. "Strengthen our free, independent and neutral Hungary. Resume work!"

I happened to be out, but when I returned I found the children dancing with excitement.

"Daddy was just talking about us on the radio," Paul informed me, swelling with pride. "I'm going to write him a letter."

When he showed me his finished letter a couple of days later, it almost frightened me. For in it was the tell-tale mixture of the Maleter love and the Maleter hardness which I could recognize so well. Ten-year-old Paul was speaking as head of the Maleter family.

Dear Daddy,

We are very proud of you because you are a great hero and are fighting on our side. We still love you, though we cried very often when you didn't come to see us.

And where were you when Mummy was ill and we were left at home alone? Where were you when we phoned you and you didn't come? And where were you when Juditka was in the hospital and wanted to see you, why didn't you come then?

But we heard you talking to us on the radio, and when you said "We have to continue with our work, to give more milk and bread to the children," we knew that this you spoke to us. And I am writing to you because I want you to know that we love you, and we would like to see you soon.

Many kisses from your little son,  
Palcsı.

Unfortunately, Pal Maleter was never to receive this letter.

I had scarcely finished reading it when the doorbell rang. I could hardly believe my eyes when I recognized T. W., a brother officer of Pal's. I had not seen him since our early married days when he and Pal Maleter were stationed together.

"Maria," he said when I had ushered him in, "I have a message for you from Pal."

"You have come from Pal?"

General Maleter had summoned him from Vác, he explained, for orders on how to carry on the Revolution in the north. At the Ministry of

Defence he had found Pal surrounded by reporters and politicians. He was lean and straight as a sword and his eyes burned with their old grey-blue fire.

That morning Pal had talked to the top Russian Army commanders about the withdrawal of all Soviet forces from Hungary. But there were technical details to be settled and he was to confer with them again that night at the Soviet headquarters just south of Budapest. The Russians had suggested the conference be held there because they would then have direct telephone communications with their superiors in Moscow.

"We will talk after I return from that conference," Pal had said to T. W. "But meanwhile please go and see Maria and the children. Tell them I am well and that they should not worry, and that I will see them as soon as I can. If they need anything, please assist them." That was our last message from Pal.

WHEN T. W. returned to the Ministry of Defence that night, he waited in vain to talk to Pal Maleter. General Maleter and his delegation did not return from their conference.

Next morning—Sunday November 4—the Russians resumed their attack on Budapest. They had ringed the city with artillery and tanks and now began a massive bombardment. Prime Minister Nagy went on the radio with a direct appeal to

General Maleter. He pleaded urgently that the General now return to Budapest to defend Hungary. But General Maleter could not respond, for he and his delegation had been taken captive. With characteristic perfidy, the Russians had invited the Hungarians to their isolated headquarters waited until the conference was under way, then seized the unsuspecting visitors and placed them under guard.

Prime Minister Nagy made another broadcast that fateful Sunday morning—one the world cannot quickly forget. As endless files of Soviet tanks rumbled into the city firing vengefully and at random, Premier Nagy implored the free nations of the West for help. The message was repeated in English, Russian, Hungarian and French. "This time it is Hungary—this time the bell is tolling for Hungary—next time it may toll for you. S.O.S.! Save our souls! Save our souls!"

The Free World listened, agonized, and did nothing. And poor Budapest—and with it poor Hungary—was doomed.

It was not over immediately. For days the Freedom Fighters fought grimly and desperately, waging the fearfully one-sided war from every possible cover, giving ground only when they had to. And as the Russians systematically destroyed every house in which Hungarian fighters were suspected of hiding, the whole city of Budapest was a battlefield.

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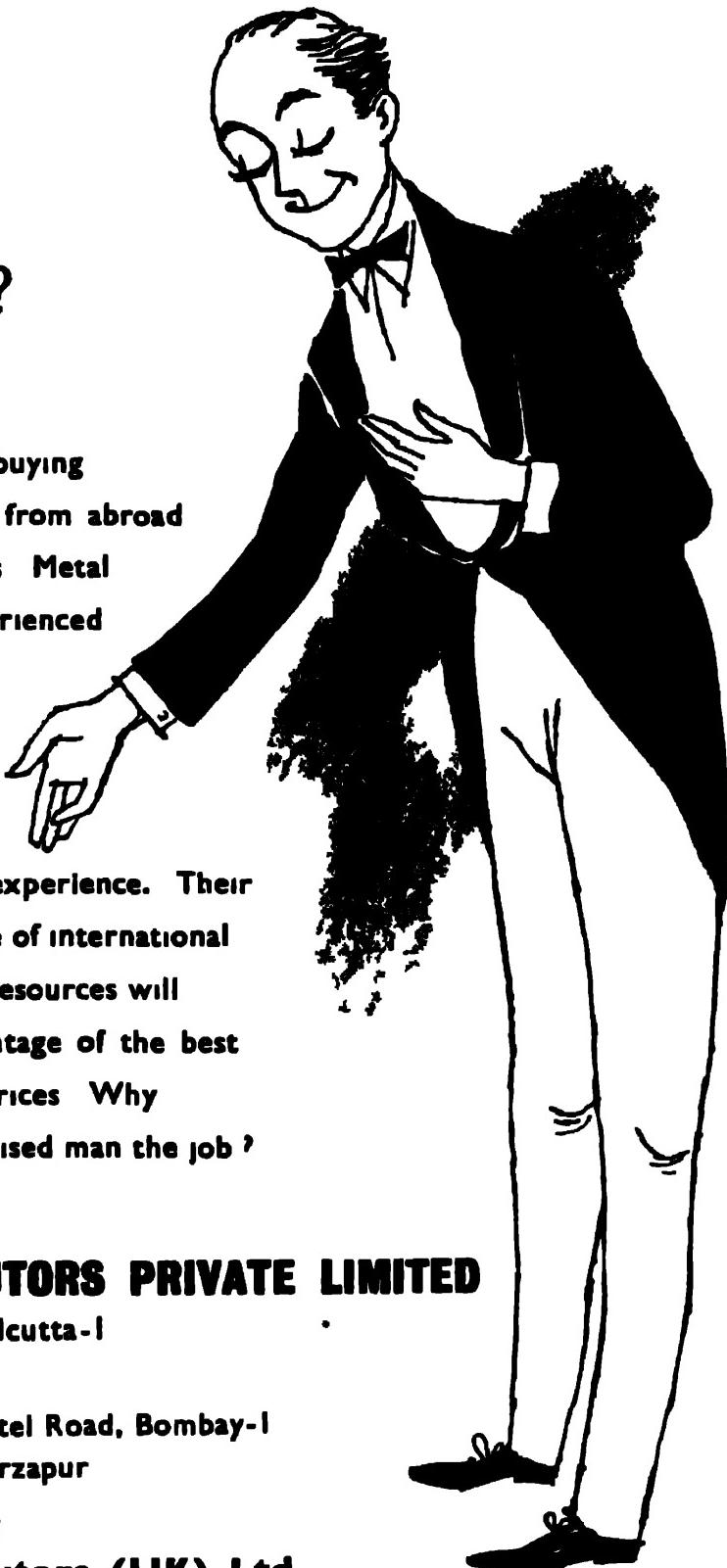
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ONE DAY, when Hungarian resistance had all but ceased, I met an old friend in the street. She looked at me aghast. "My God, Maria," she said, "are you still here and not arrested? You must think of the children, and go!"

It was good advice. The terror was creeping back over Hungary. Thousands of Hungarians were being deported in sealed goods wagons to the Soviet Union. The children of Pal Maleter would be a rare prize for the Russians, if only as hostages who could be used to bend General Maleter to the Soviet will.

Fittingly it was the Maleter name which indirectly secured us the means of escaping from Hungary. The name Pal Maleter was now so deeply venerated in our homeland that I even benefited from it in the food queues. When powdered milk was distributed and I showed my identity card, as was necessary to receive it, the reaction was instantaneous and unfailing. With embarrassing generosity they would press on me more than the ration, whole cartons of powdered milk.

I passed much of this extra food on to others, on one occasion to a woman whose husband was dying. I did not even know the woman and soon forgot the incident; but she did not forget. On the night of November 21 she knocked at my door and said quietly, "If you want to get out of Hungary, there is a lorry leaving from Pest in the morning. I will

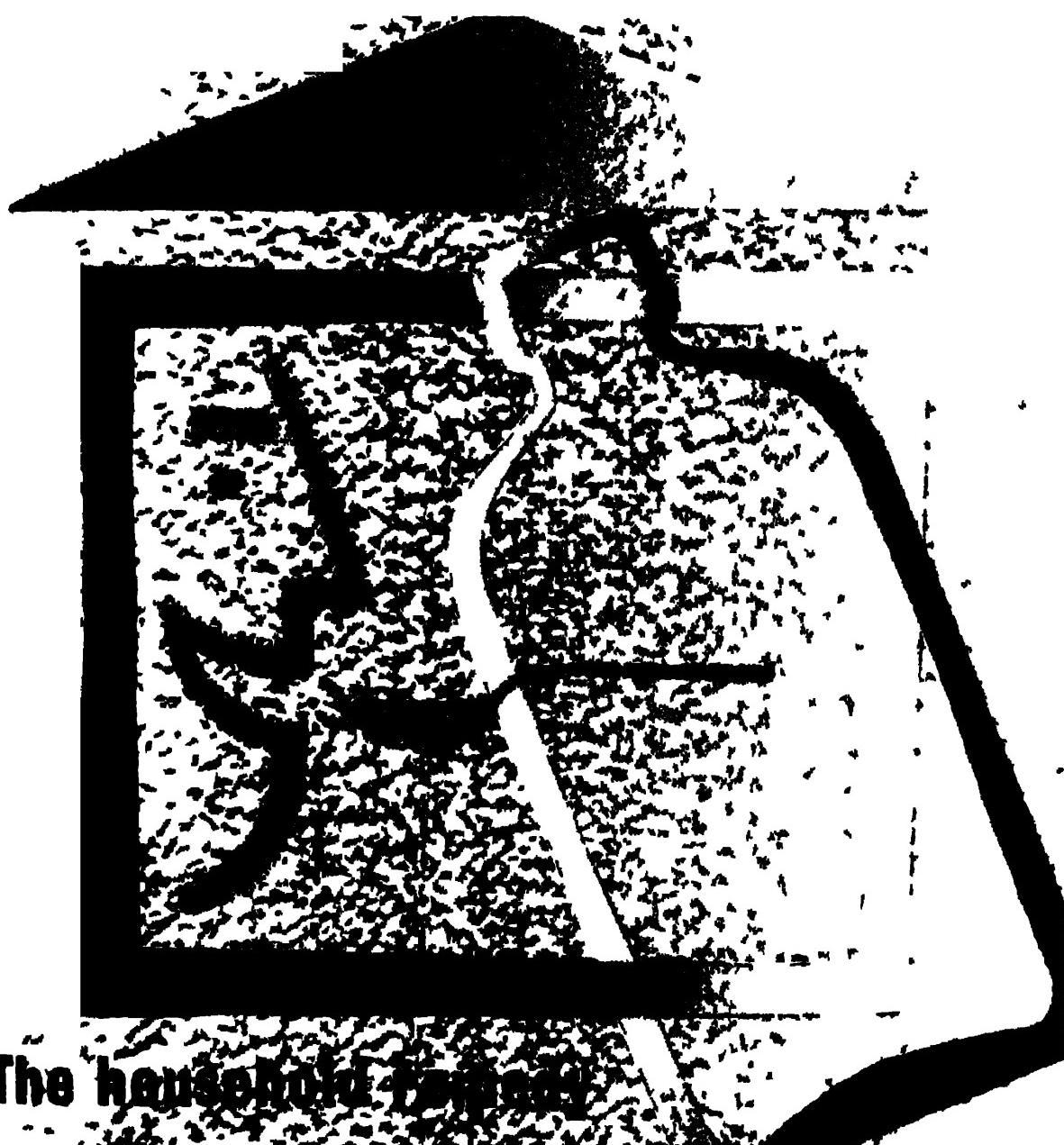
direct you to it. Mrs. Maleter—please go."

It meant making some swift and terrifying decisions. I knew I could not hope to escape across the border with *three* children; and Juditka who was just recovering from a case of 'flu, was too weak to travel. With a few telephone calls I arranged to leave her with friends. I knew that Paul, Marika and I might never see Juditka again. On the other hand—and this thought comforted me in leaving her—she might well be the only one of us to stay alive.

We got up at four the next morning. Paul could not understand why he had to wear two shirts and two pairs of trousers, or why he had to be so quiet. For three hours he, Maria and I trudged through deserted streets to reach the produce market on the far side of Pest. And there, as the woman had promised, we found an empty food lorry waiting.

The driver motioned us into the back between empty boxes, and drew a tarpaulin over us. He had no idea who we were, knew only that he was delivering us to a town near the Yugoslav border.

I had told the children that I was taking them to a boarding school in the country. Marika now questioned this—"why must we hide under a tarpaulin?" she asked—and I decided to tell both children that we were trying to escape from Hungary and for the sake of their father we had to succeed. I instructed them



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that if anyone questioned them they were not to give their name as Maleder, but to use my maiden name.

We drove almost without interruption until late in the evening. But after dark the lorry was twice stopped and checked by Russian and Hungarian soldiers. The first check was perfunctory. One of the soldiers merely glanced at the driver's papers, then waved him on.

But the procedure at the second check point was frighteningly different.

When we ground to a stop I could hear deep-throated commands of "Allj!" and "Stoi!" the Hungarian and the Russian words for "Halt!" Then there were questions about cargo.

The driver explained that the lorry was carrying empty boxes.

There followed a crunching of boots on the gravel road and the clink of a weapon as a sentry came round to the back of the lorry and tugged at the tarpaulin

His torch discovered us hiding between the piles of boxes, and for a long time—during which I did not breathe—we found ourselves staring into the eyes of a Hungarian soldier.

Finally he dropped the tarpaulin and called to his Russian counterpart, "There are only empty boxes back here, nothing else."

"Davai," grunted a Russian voice. "Move along."

AFTER THE lorry reached its destination, there was a long train journey to the Austrian border. And then there were still many chances to be taken, many arrangements to

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be made. But after a border passage which was complex and perilous—but not more complex and perilous than that which thousands of other Hungarians safely negotiated—we found ourselves in Austria.

It was a moment of exquisite relief; but I was also struck, as if by a physical blow, with the most compelling sadness. For I was saying good-bye to my native and beloved Hungarian soil with crushing finality I knew I could never go back.

A Red Cross van took us to the Jennersdorf camp for refugees. We were given dinner there and a room in which a stove burned hospitably. It was most comfortable until I absent-mindedly allowed the fire to go out. For already I was desperately trying to think of a plan for bringing out little Juditka.

A month later, with the help of God and many brave people, Judith was delivered safely to Vienna. I immediately telegraphed Pal, care of the Ministry of Defence, informing him of our escape and telling him not to worry about the children. "All my life," I promised, "I will protect them and take care of them."

Did he receive my telegram? I never knew. I do know that he soon learned, and with satisfaction, that we were safe in the West.

We tried in every possible way to get him released from Soviet captivity. From New York in the winter of 1957, the children wrote to Nikolai Bulganin, then Soviet

Premier, asking him to spare their father's life. Through Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, I tried to enlist the United Nations in the cause of Pal Maleter and the others whom the Russians had treacherously kidnapped.

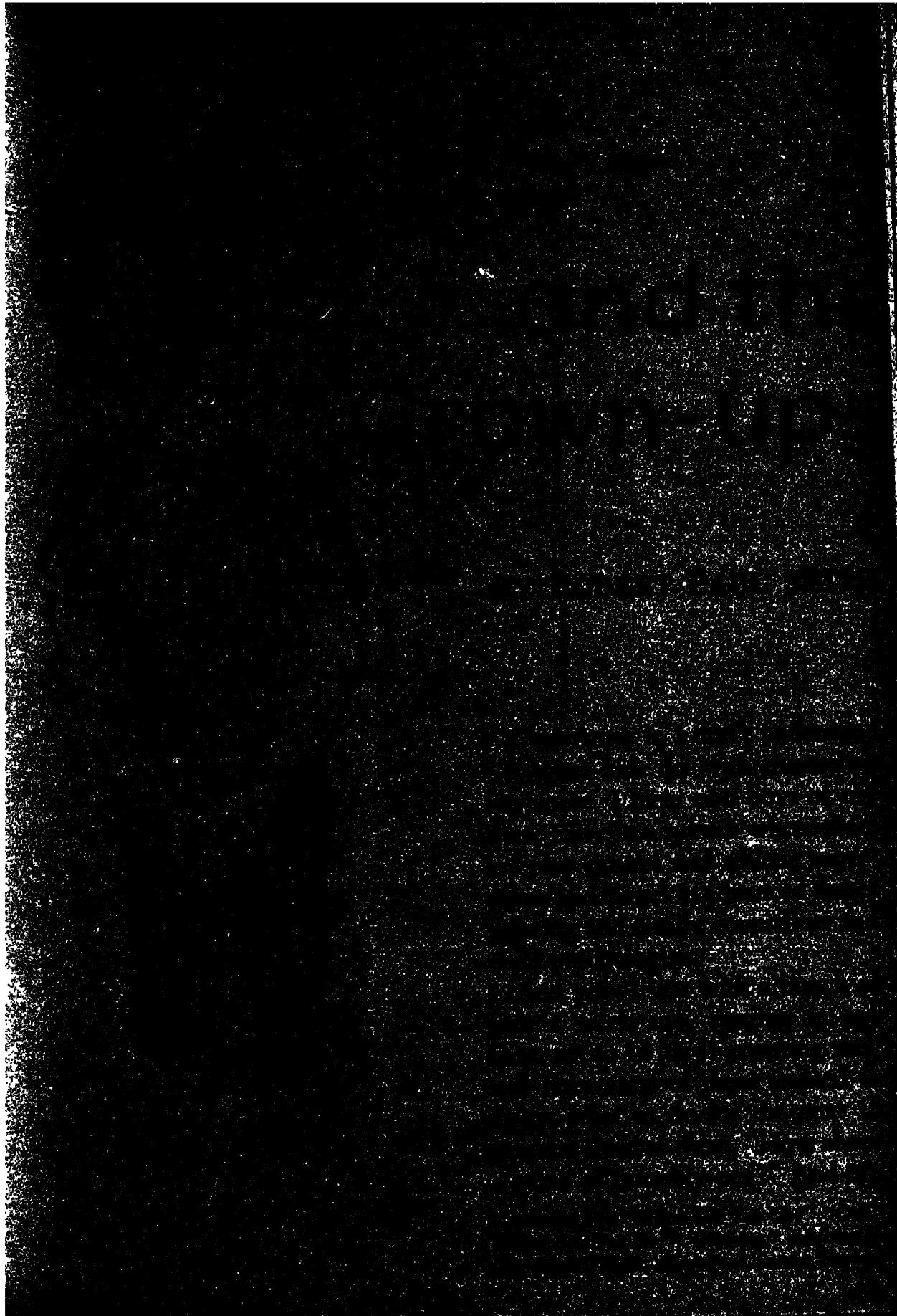
Reporters later crowded round me at the U.N. to ask why I was so anxious to help Pal Maleter, whom I had divorced years before. I might have told them the truth. That I had not wished to divorce Pal, but only the Communist Party. That then and now I still felt as close to him as I did at the time of our budding love in faraway Debrecen. But how to explain all this? I replied simply that I was trying to save the life of a man of Hungary.

Before they announced his execution in June 1958, the Soviets had imprisoned Pal Maleter for 18 months. He resisted all their pressures to make him confess mythical crimes which would allow them to stage a propaganda trial.

He knew that by "confessing" he might escape the death penalty. But he also knew that it would smudge the clear message of the Revolution that he had so gloriously helped to lead.

Thus he remained completely steadfast. For if circumstances and his own idealistic hopes had at one time conspired to make his record enigmatic, there was in the end no doubt as to where he stood.

He stood for Hungary. THE END



you believe that not one of these little siblings knew spank the baby from Johnny jump the fence!\*

In my street, when I was a kid, we heard a lot of loose talk about how a father was supposed to be a pal to his boy. This was just another of those stupid things that grown-ups said. It was our theory that the grown-up was the natural enemy of the child, and if any father had come around being a pal to us we would have decided he was either a little crazy or a spy. What we learned we learned from another kid. I don't remember being taught how to play mumbly-peg. When you were a little kid, you stood around while a covey of ancients of nine or ten played mumbly-peg, shifting from foot to foot and wiping your nose on your sleeve and hitching up your knickerbockers, saying "Lemme do it, come on, lemme have a turn," until some soft-hearted elder brother, never your own, said, "Go on, let the kid have a turn," and there, by all that was holy, you were playing mumbly-peg.

Well now, I taught those kids mumbly-peg, and for all I know, if I hadn't happened to be about



that day, in another 15 years they would have to protect mumbly-peg players like they do rare birds. Why don't the kids teach the other kids to play mumbly-peg? What do these kids do with themselves all the time?

So far as I can find out, they don't play immies any more. I see in the newsreels every once in a while that they're holding the national marble championships. What kind of an insanity is this? In the first place, any kid in my street who called an immie a marble would have been barred from civilized intercourse for life. In the second place, who cares who's marble champion of the world? The problem is, who's the best immie shooter in the street. And in the third place, they play some idiotic kind of marbles with a ring drawn in paint, and I'll bet a hat the rules are written down in a book. In my street, the rules were written down in kids. The rules were that, as soon as the ground stopped being frozen, any right-minded kid on the way home from school, or in break, planted his left heel in the ground at an angle of 45

\* The object of mumbly-peg is to throw a knife to the ground blade-first. There are several classic "throws"—underhand, overhand, backhand—each with its own nickname.

degrees and walked round it with his right foot until there was a hole of a certain size. You couldn't measure this hole. We all knew what size the hole was supposed to be. I could go outside right now and make a hole the right size. (I did. It's still the same size. The size of an immie hole. And while I was outside I drew a line with the toe of my foot the proper distance from the hole. It's still the same distance. It isn't something you measure in feet. It's the distance from the immie hole that the line is supposed to be.) Then you stood on the line and, to start, threw immies, underhand, at the hole.

All you people who are going to tell me about aggies, and the way you played marbles—peace. You played a different way. But whatever way you played, *that* was the way, that was the only way to play, and you would have had no more of me telling you then than I will of you telling me now. Most of all, did you ever in your whole life conceive of a grown-up coming round and having the effrontery to butt into a game? It wasn't only that he would be silly, he wouldn't know. I don't know things now like I used to know then. What we knew as kids, what we learnt from other kids, was not tentatively true, or extremely probable, or proven by science or polls or surveys. It was so.

We grown-ups are always pumping our kids full of what we call facts. They don't want science. They

want magic. They don't want hypotheses, they want immutable truth. If you cut yourself in the web of skin between your thumb and forefinger, you die. That's it. No ifs or buts. Cut. Die. Let's get on to other things. If you eat sugar lumps, you get worms. If you cut a worm in half, he doesn't feel a thing, and you get two worms. Grasshoppers spit tobacco. Step on a crack, break your mother's back. Some people are double-jointed, and by that we didn't mean any rot like very loose tendons or whatever the facts are. This guy had two joints where we had one

We cut our fingers in that web and didn't die, but our convictions didn't change. We ate sugar lumps, and I don't recall getting worms, but the fact was still there. We'd pass by the next day and both halves of the worm would be dead, our mother's back never broke, and we really knew that what came out of the grasshopper was not tobacco juice. But facts were one thing, and beliefs were another.

My LITTLE boy was mooning around the house the other day. He had no idea what to do with himself because his room was full of wood-burning kits and model ships to be made out of plastic and gramophones and looms and Fun Kits and giant balloons and plaster of Paris and coloured pencils and compasses and comic books and money. I will

straighten this little shaver out, I said, I will pass on to him the ancient knowledge of his sire. "Did you ever make a buzz-saw out of a button?" I opened brightly. "First thing we need is a big button," I said, and then we went into that thing about, "Of course there's a button around the house. Where? In the button box."

That's when I found out we didn't have a button box. And we don't have a drawer with pieces of wrapping paper and pieces of string. My wife doesn't save boxes or empty cotton-reels or bits of string, and she doesn't have a button box. We went to our neighbour's and they found a button box. Not their button box, but one that Grandma had had. We got a big button. I strung it with a loop of silk thread, and it didn't work and the thread broke. When I was a kid, silk thread was so strong you practically cut the tip of your finger off breaking it. *That* was thread. We went to look for string, but all there was was a ball of very good string that was too thick. We went back to the neighbour with the button box and in *her* kitchen drawer there was an assortment of bits of string. We made a buzz-saw. He showed the other kids and they wanted to know where to buy one. When my kid told them his father made it, they decided he was a liar.

You see, when I was a kid, the year was divided into times. There was a time when you played immies.

There was a time when you played stoop ball. There was a time when you built kites. There was a time when you made parachutes out of a handkerchief and some string and a stone. There was a time when you made cotton-reel tanks. There was a time when you played football. There was a time when you played Red Rover, and statues, and one and over and Buck Billy Buck and ring-leveo. There was something that clicked, and the gears shifted, and we all got up in the morning and put our immies in our pockets because that was the day everybody started to play immies. And when the immie season was over, we all knew it. We didn't even talk about it. It was just the end of the immie season, and one morning we stopped playing immies and started making kites, because overnight it had stopped being immie time and started being kite time.

There were other divisions: up until, say, seven, boys could play hopscotch. Then, the iron door slammed. From there on out, hopscotch was for girls. Down my street, no boy could ever, at whatever age, skip rope. Once in a while, a boy could play higher and higher, which was simply two girls holding the skipping rope (a piece of clothesline, and I'll get on to that later) higher and higher while a boy jumped until he got his foot caught in the rope and fell on his face. Girls could ride boys' bikes, but boys

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couldn't ride girls' bikes. Girls could play tag, but not leapfrog (My, we were backward children.) Girls could carry their books in both arms across their bellies, but boys had to carry them in one hand against their sides. Girls could play immies, occasionally, under great conditions of tolerance, but not mumbly-peg—until around 14, when boys would let girls do anything, having plans for later that night, under the street lamps.

But not today. The kids are at camp, because, for Heaven's sake, what are the kids going to do with themselves all summer? Well, it would be nice, I think, if they spent an afternoon kicking a tin can. It might be a good thing if they dug a hole. No, no, no. Not a foundation, or a well, or a mother symbol. Just a hole. For no reason. Just to dig a hole.

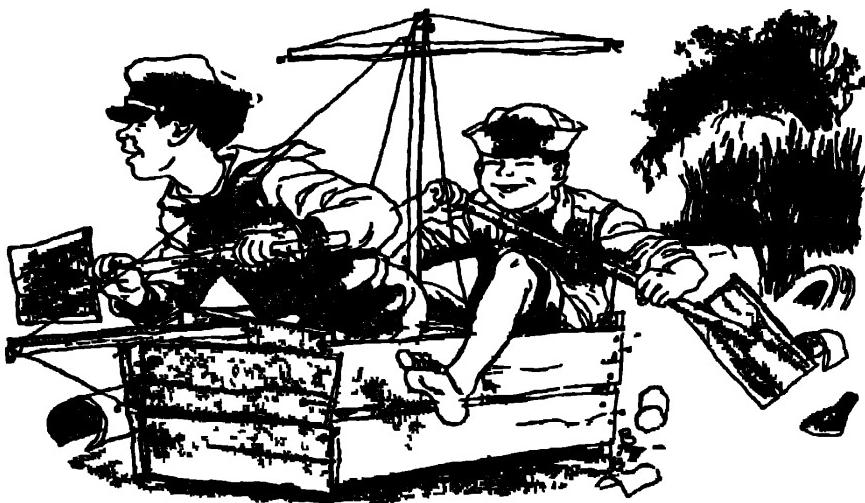
They might water the lawn. When I was a kid, you watered the lawn by standing there and holding the hose and spraying it to and fro. In arcs, and in fountains, and in figure eights, and straight up in the air, energetically, and drearily and absent-mindedly, washing the walk and the porch and the window screen and your father in the living-room reading the paper. And if it was a grown-up watering the lawn you hung around until he said, "Why don't you kids go and ask your mothers if you can get into your bathing suits and I'll spray you," and you pounded home and

got into the scratchy wool bathing suit and pounded back, and there, I tell you, was Heaven on earth, getting wet on a front lawn on purpose.

But now we have sprinklers that are scientific and you can sit indoors watching some people play games on television while your sprinkler crawls along its hose, spraying a pre-determined pattern.

The kids could have found their best friend and gone for a long walk, kicking a tin can, and after a while, lying on their backs against a hedge somewhere, looking up in the sky and speculating.

You see, it never occurred to us that there was anything wrong in doing nothing, so long as we kept out of the way of grown-ups. These days, you see a kid lying on his back and looking blank and you begin to wonder what's wrong with him. There's nothing wrong with him, except he's thinking. He's trying to find out whether he breathes differently when he's thinking about it than when he's just breathing. He's seeing how long he can sit there without blinking. He is considering whether his father is worse than Carl's father, he is wondering who he would be if his father hadn't married his mother, whether there is somewhere in the world somebody who is exactly like him in every detail up to and including the fact that the other one is sitting there thinking whether there is someone who is exactly like him in every detail. He



is trying to arrive at some conclusion about his thumb.

But when we were kids, we had the sense to keep these things to ourselves. We didn't go around asking grown-ups about them. They obviously didn't know. We asked other kids. They knew. I think we were right about grown-ups being the natural enemies of kids, because we knew that what they wanted us to do was to be like them.

THERE IS a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise. All I know about him is that he is reported to have said that the trouble with kids nowadays is that there are no vacant lots. Our vacant lot was the one at the corner. Its first feature was a rock-pile. The rock-pile was shaped roughly like the crater of a volcano. We mostly sat on the rim, and we mostly built fires at the bottom. The lot itself had a path through it, hacked out of the living jungle.

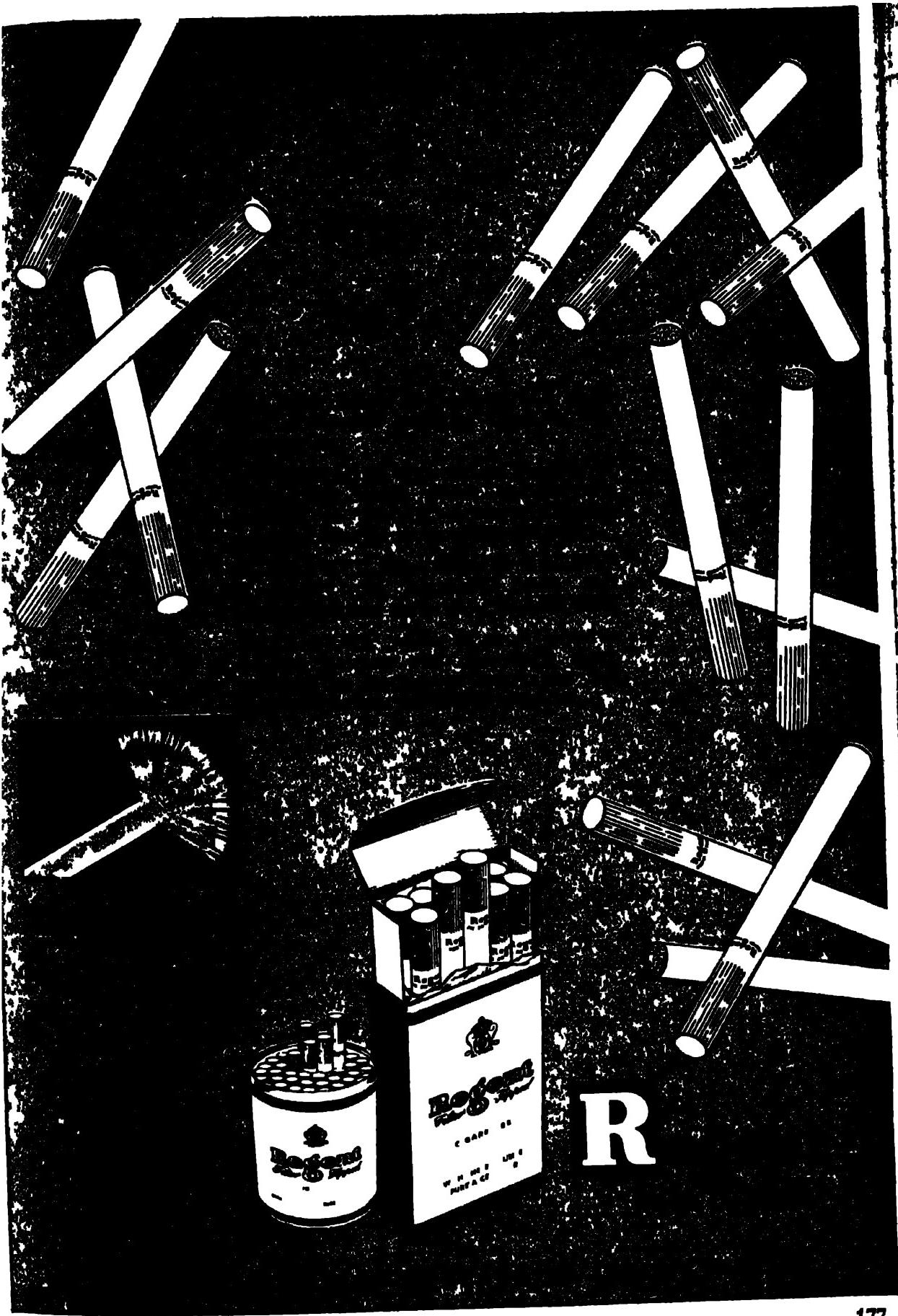
Tarzan-of-the-apes lived there.

Huckleberry Finn  
—I was Huck—  
built his raft there.  
Let's get this  
straight. I mean a  
real raft, made out  
of wood; we had a  
little trouble lo-  
cating the Mississ-  
ippi, but over in  
Hunt's Woods  
there was a brook,  
which almost float-

ed the raft, just as it almost floated the boat I made with the kid who lived on the other side. The boat was simple to the point of imbecility. It was an orange crate, with half-inch openings between the boards. The oars were broomsticks with shingles tacked on.

We knew it wasn't a boat, at the same time that we knew that it *had* to be a boat. We needed a boat so badly. We worked on it so hard. We hauled it all the way to Hunt's Woods, which was roughly half way across the continent. We put it in the water, we both climbed in, that's how little we were, and the stream was so low it grounded instantly, water poured in from the bottom and sides, the shingles came unstuck from the broomsticks—and yet, I cannot tell you how, because I am, it says here, no longer a child, Simon and I came back perfectly convinced that we had built a boat.

Let's get back to the vacant lot. We built a hut there. The way you



built a hut was this: some kid would, in his wanderings, come back to the street busting with news. We would skulk over to the rock-pile, exchange 14 or 15 passwords, swear 11 or 12 lifetime vows, and put our heads together. We whispered. There was nobody within sight, but we whispered because it was a secret. I still think that's right.

What the kid had found out was that somewhere in town a new house was going up. This meant two things to us.

First, it meant that for some time, whenever we didn't know what to do with ourselves, we could go over and watch the men building a house.

You could see men with wheelbarrows push a wheelbarrow across a plank that spanned an excavation. The plank went up and down very satisfactorily. You could see them make the mound of sand, and scoop a crater out of the top, and pour in the cement from the bag, and stir in the water and take a hoe and paddle for hours in this beautiful slop, like they kept telling us at home not to do with our gravy and mashed potatoes.

You could hear Italian being talked, you could see men climbing ladders and getting powdered absolutely white with cement, you could see muscles bulging and heavy things being lifted. You could smell sweat, and hear swearing such as you had never heard before, and

guys hollering at each other until they turned purple.

We sat on the sidewalk, and once in a while they swore at us, and one day—surely the greatest day in the history of the world—one of the men gave me a bite of his sandwich. He also gave me a small green object shaped like a fat leaf. It was an Italian hot pepper, and the inside of my mouth turned to fire and the tears ran out of my eyes. But I got a drink out of the very hose the men had been using, and they didn't stop laughing for more than three hours.

We sat and watched them, and every day when we went home we went to the rock-pile and gave the passwords and swore the oaths, and we told nobody about the new house. Because every day, sitting there, we were thinking about the other thing that a new house going up meant to us.

It meant that we could steal. Had we stolen when the house was still going up, it was possible that we might take something that was needed for the house. That was clearly immoral.

It was usually summer, and the evenings were long. You could skulk down to where the new house was, you could nonchalantly stroll to the corner, pretending you were not aware you were dragging a trolley behind you. We were superb actors, aided in no small measure by the total lack of an audience, other than ourselves.

# **Even in well-run companies, there's avoidable, wasteful expenditure**

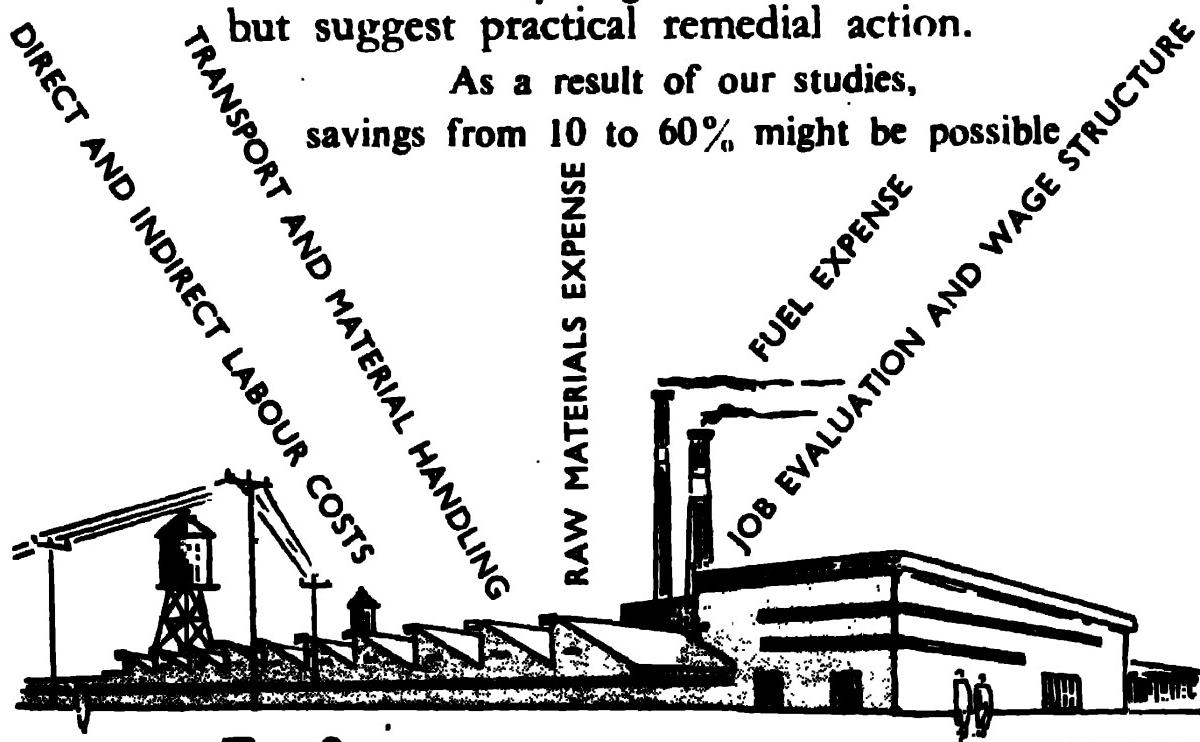
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We stole shingles, shingle nails, two-by-fours, once a keg, a whole keg, of nails, we loaded our pockets, our shirts, our knickerbockers. We stole rolls of tar-paper, lengths of pipe.

We took anything that was not nailed down. And that was, literally, the test.

What we took was what was left over. We were doing them a favour. We were cleaning up. We were public-spirited citizens. We were heroes.

We went back to the lot by different routes, we hid our loot. We went home and when somebody said, "Where were you?" we said, "Out," and when somebody said, "What were you doing?" we said, as always, "Nothing."

Tomorrow we would build our hut.

I DON'T really remember building the hut. I remember repairing it, and expanding it, and putting a better door in it, a hasp and a lock. I remember packing rocks from the rock-pile around the perimeter, to strengthen the hut—it was by then a fortress—against any attack. I remember trampling down the dirt floor, and finding a piece of linoleum and a sack to brighten the corner which was mine.

I suppose, when I come right down to it, none of us could stand upright in the hut, and I have a kind of idea that when there were more

than two of us in it, no one of us could move.

No matter. It was ours. It belonged to us. And if you were not one of us, you could not come in. We had rules, oh Lord, how we had rules. We had passwords. We had oaths. We had conclaves.

It was a pitiful wreck of a tar-paper hut, and in it I learned that other kids wondered, too, if you could dig a hole right to the centre of the earth, wondered if you could kill yourself by holding your breath. (None of us could.)

What else did I learn in the hut? I learned to smoke cornsilk wrapped in newspaper. I can taste it to this day. My recollection is that it bore no relationship to tobacco, but it wasn't bad at all. It had one big virtue. When caught, you had not committed a sin, as you did later when you smoked real cigarettes.

We pinched potatoes to roast at the hut. They were not exactly roasted: they were put in the fire until black on the outside, when they were called mickies. They were then broken open and seasoned with stolen salt. We hooked apples to cook the same way, but they were not very good.

Getting supplies was a problem, and when we could not buy, borrow, or beg them, we stole them. There were two kinds of stealing: there was the kind of stealing that we had to do continually for survival; we knew it was stealing, and



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we had been told it was wrong, but we could see no way of obtaining certain necessities without stealing, so we called it something else. Hooking, pinching, borrowing. The other kind of stealing was honest-to-God stealing, and thus criminal; and we did it only on extreme provocation. Extreme provocation was when we had been denied our birth-right, to wit, a lethal weapon. This was, most often, an airgun, next most often a hunting knife.

The obtuseness of parents is incredible. I never got an airgun or a hunting knife when I was a kid, because my parents said they were too dangerous. But how, then, was it allowable that we had a dart board and darts, and I tell you I ground those points on the front steps to better than a needle point, and any time we wanted we could borrow—and I mean really borrow—the ice pick? The ice pick was usually so sharp it could not be honed any better. It was the universal handy-dandy all-combination tool, for making holes in anything, and after you had used it for boring a hole in a belt to strap a kid to a tree while playing Red Indians, it was good for an hour of throwing into the garage wall, *thunk*. About darts: we used to get a kitchen match, loan ourselves a needle, force the needle into one end of the match and bind it with black thread. The other end was split, and two little wings of paper folded in. This was a dart that

stuck to anything, including other children's clothes, and occasionally other children. I shudder to think of it.

THE MAIN thing about kids then: we spent an awful lot of time doing nothing. There was an occupation called "just mucking about." It was no game. It had no rules. It didn't start and it didn't stop. Maybe we were all idiots, but a good deal of the time we just mucked about.

Many hours of my childhood were spent in learning how to whistle. In learning how to snap my fingers. In hanging from the branch of a tree. In looking at an ant's nest. In digging holes. Making piles. Tearing things down. Throwing stones at things. Spitting. Breaking sticks in half. Dropping things down drains. Catching tadpoles. Looking for arrowheads. Getting our feet wet. Playing with mud. And sand. And water.

When it rained, water ran along the kerb and we sailed twigs down the current, built little dams. In the winter, after the snowballs and the snow forts, after the sleighs and the toboggans, there was the crusty snow, and there the *thing* of seeing if you could walk on the crust without breaking through. We made slides on the pavement and damn near broke our necks, and then some grown-up came out and spread ashes on it, and we grumbled.

But about this doing nothing: we

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swung on swings. We went for walks. We lay on our backs in backyards and chewed grass. We watched things: we watched cars, we watched each other patch bicycle tyres. We watched trains at the station.

What I mean is, we did a lot of nothing. And let's face it, we still do it, all of us grown-ups and kids. But now, for some reason, we're ashamed of it. I'll leave the grown-ups out, but take a kid these days, standing or sitting or lying down all by himself, not actively engaged in any recognizable—by grown-ups—socially acceptable activity. We want to know what's the matter. That's because we don't know how to do nothing any more. When we were kids, we never thought that a day was anything but a whole lot of nothing interrupted occasionally by

something. My kids are bored. I was bored. But I didn't know the word.

I know the word all right these days. And the situation. And so do millions of other people, who try to get away from it by furious activity of all sorts. That they never escape it seems only to drive them on to more extended attempts, and they hunt it out of their children with the same intensity and the same results.

I saw a kid at a swimming pool the other day, frog-flippers on his feet, goggles and a snorkel tube on his head, a plastic inflated raft with a clear panel to observe through under one arm, standing on the edge of the shallow end of the swimming pool. This kid couldn't swim. He was watching with envy an infant of two or three who stood in a puddle, stamping with her left foot, getting dirty water in freckles all over her.

After a while the infant sat down in the puddle and did nothing. My little boy had gone swimming. My wife had gone swimming. I had gone swimming. We all sat in our own little puddles and did nothing. We were not particularly worried about it. That's one of the reasons you come to a swimming pool. To sit on your behind and swim and after a while, just sit on your



behind. There is a difference between doing nothing and being bored. Being bored is a judgement you make on yourself. Doing nothing is a state of being. Kids know about this, if you'll leave them be.

It is now time to talk about clothes-line.

Clothes-line was the universal matter. Clothes-line was what, when you decided on any project, you had to find first, unless you were indoors, when what you had to find was a hairpin. This you found by finding your mother.

Clothes-line was, for girls, skipping rope. It was used by boys for tying each other, and any girls handy, up. One of us had seen Houdini, all of us had read about him. We tied each other up to see how long it would take to get free.

Clothes-line was used to harness a batch of little kids together for use as horses with a delivery wagon. It was used the same way with a sleigh, and sometimes instead of kids we used the dog next door. It was used as a high-jump standard, and the day one of us found a bamboo pole in the centre of a rolled-up rug, it was used as a pole-vault standard too.

Clothes-line was a sort of natural resource, found in abundance, growing in back yards. Along with clothes-line were clothes-pegs—in a way, the fruit of this freely-growing vine—for which we had a number

of uses. In my town, they were the clothes-pegs without springs: they could be made into dolls, they were good for digging, they made fine tent pegs, and they could be turned into a sort of primitive pliers.

Clothes-line was also good for wrapping round things, for practising knot-tying with, and the frayed end was a very pleasant thing to stroke one's face with. It was pretty fair chewing. I hate to leave this subject but I have to tell about torture.

There was a definite series of physical tortures. There was the Red Indian Wrist Burn. This consisted of grabbing a kid's wrist in one's two hands, placed close together, One hand twisted clockwise and the other counter. It hurt like hell. There was the Red Indian Scalp Burn, done by placing the palm flat against the newly haircutted back of another kid's neck and pushing up against the grain.

There was the Red Indian Chest Beat. This was usually the climax of wrestling. You had another kid down. In the books like *Tom Brown's Schooldays* you were then supposed to have licked him and would let him up, but in our friendly circle, the minute you let him up he would walk away three or four paces and then jump on you or heave a stone at you. In all the books, the mild boy hammered the villain with straight lefts and right crosses until he sank on the ground

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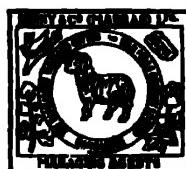
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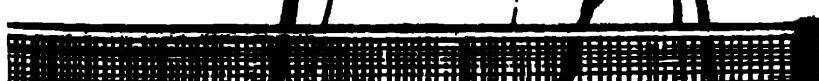
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never to rise again. Our fights didn't work out that way. Our fights never ended. I had a fight with Piggy that went on for two months, after school, every day. We were both heartily sick of it, but the other kids thought it was great and Piggy and I hammered each other day after tiresome day.

But the Red Indian Chest Beat: you were on top. You placed a knee in each of the underdog's elbows, as you sat on his stomach. You beat, alternately with each clenched fist, on his breastbone until he cried or you were tired, or somebody came along.

There was a game called Two-for-Biting. I understand the heathens call this two-for-flinching. It went on all the time. It involved walking up to another kid and thrusting your fist in his face without any warning. If he pulled back, or blinked, you then said, "Twofer-biting," and hit him in the upper arm, twice, as hard as you could. He then theoretically waited until you were off guard, and did the same to you. If by any chance he tried and you did not startle, you had to hit him. If he tried and, banking on your pulling back, touched you on the face, you got two free shots at him. It is my feeling that I walked around most of the years of my childhood with a constant supply of three wounds. A black-and-blue upper arm from this, a scab on my knee from falling down, a swollen

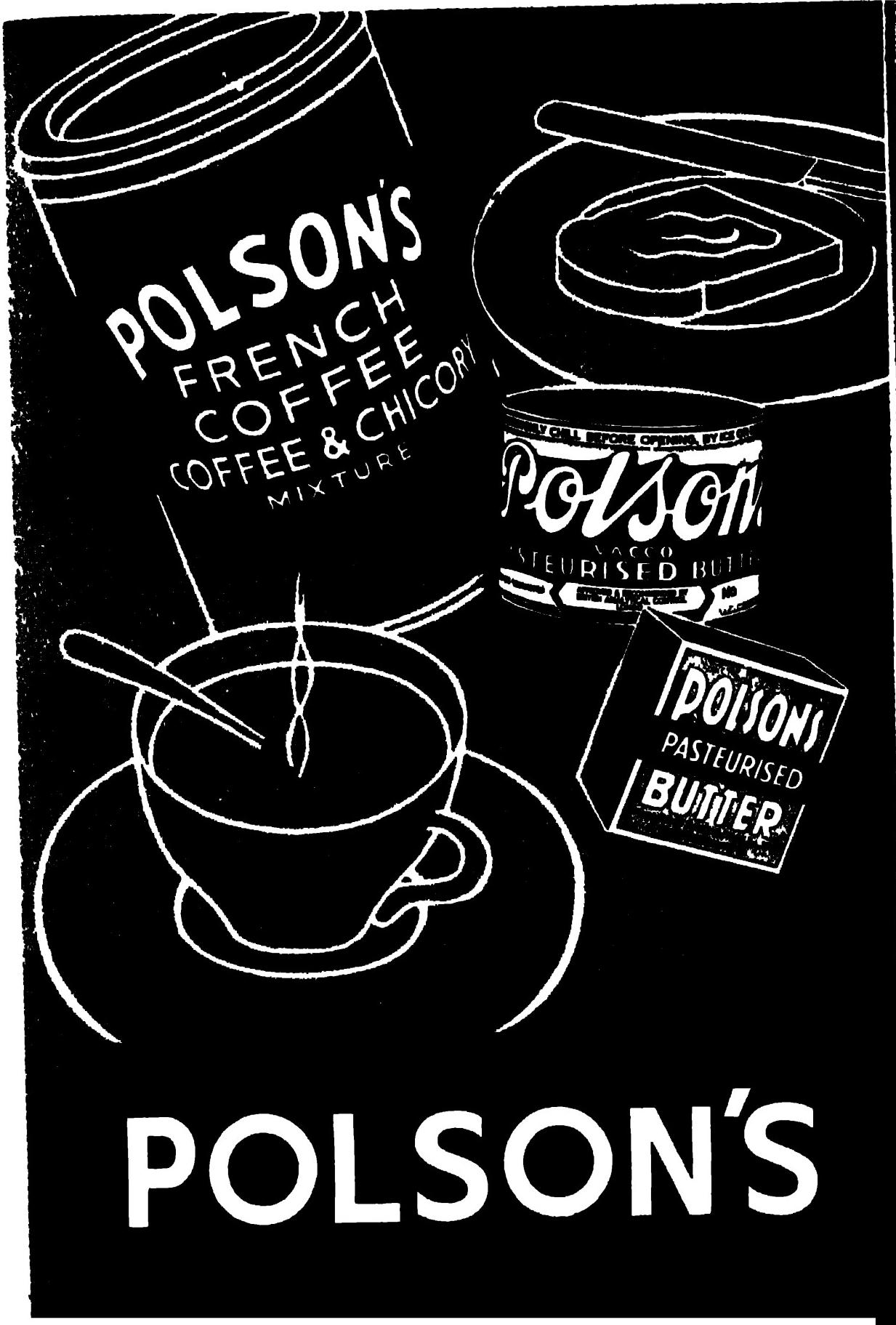
wrist from Red Indian Wrist Burn.

If I WERE asked what objects seem to me now to have loomed largest in my childhood, my answer would be prompt. Horse-chestnuts. Next to clothes-line, they were the most useful thing in the world.

When I started my love affair with horse-chestnuts there was only one Horse-chestnut Tree. We visited it for weeks in the autumn before it was time, tried to but could not resist pulling the early green husks off the lower branches. Later one day there would be husks on the ground. This was the day. You split the green husks and you saw the brown, marbled, wonderfully shaped nut, glossy but not shiny, made to rub your thumb over. On the other side, the dry woody button. The dullness of this irregular slightly rough patch was perfection. It is hopeless to try to describe perfection. I will try no longer. I will simply state that to me the noblest work of nature is a horse-chestnut.

We wore knickerbockers then, and we filled our pockets with horse-chestnuts, and when they were full, dumped them into our pants. There was a simple limit to the number of horse-chestnuts a kid could want: as many as there were.

Now what did we do with them? Well, first, we just got them. Then we carried them round in our pockets, and showed them, and traded them and polished them against the





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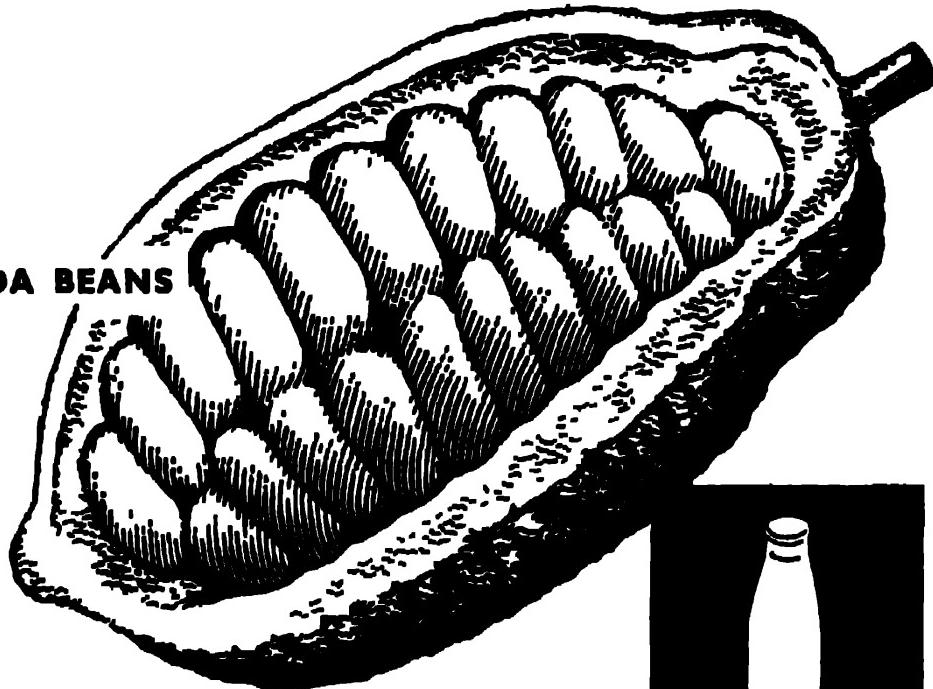
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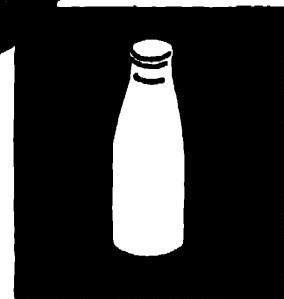
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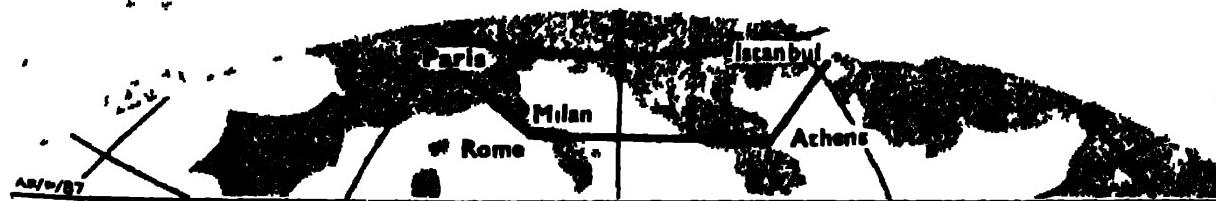
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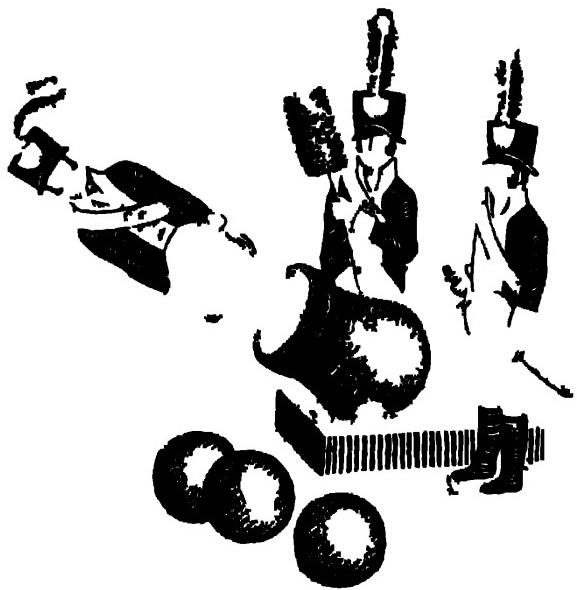
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## Humour in Uniform

I HAD recently been discharged from the Army when I met a pal still in uniform, who had served with me in the war. After a hearty exchange of greetings, I gestured towards the impressive row of ribbons on his chest. "What did your girl say about all your medals?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "the first thing she said was 'Ouch!'" J. L. RYAN

The C.O. at our camp burst into his office one morning in a temper. Grabbing the phone he called the camp hospital commander and announced,

"Colonel, I've just passed one of your young medical officers who failed to salute. When I stopped him to remind him of proper military courtesy I was shocked by his dress and demeanour. His shoes were unpolished, his uniform wrinkled, his insignia tarnished. And he needed a shave and a haircut. I won't have an officer like that in my command. I want him to see the camp psychiatrist immediately!"

"Sir," came the hospital commander's reply, "that's the camp psychiatrist." G. T. NELSON

While serving with the Red Cross I received a surprise package from a special Army friend. It was a small gramophone record. I had no record player but I found one on a shelf in a tiny room at the service club. I closed the door, put the record on and sat back to listen to an enthralling message. "Hello sweet. It's Bill Darling. I do miss you. I got your letter and it gave me a thrill."

Suddenly a woman appeared at the door, looked in doubtfully but went away. I listened on, enchanted—it was almost like sitting on the sofa at home, holding hands.

The woman reappeared. This time, after a moment's hesitation she said, "I wonder if you realize that this record is on the public address system?"

MARY JANIE R. 189

One of my duties as battalion mess officer in Germany was to check the daily menu against the cook's work sheet.

One day when scrambled eggs were on the breakfast menu the cook's worksheet listed powdered eggs. Below it by the note "Add 1 broken egg shell." Perplexed I asked the mess sergeant why he was giving the troops eggshells with their scrambled eggs.

"Just using a little psychology, sir," he replied. "The boys don't like these powdered eggs at all and when they bite into a piece of egg shell they think they're eating the real thing. There's hardly any waste now, sir."

K. D. BURROW

I was a WAC lieutenant reporting for temporary duty at the 8th U.S. Air Force headquarters near London.

As I approached the door, it swung open and there stood an impressive lieutenant-general with a young A.D.C. behind him. Remembering my lectures on military courtesy, I stepped back and rendered a smart salute.

But the general, with a wave of his hand, invited me to go through first. Before the door closed I heard the A.D.C. say, "Sir, these W.A.C.'s are new to me. I've been meaning to ask, which comes first—rank or sex?"

"Young man," the general replied, "when you reach my age, sex always comes first!" —MAJOR RUTH McCRAW

BOOKED on an early morning plane, I was delayed at a railway crossing half-way to the airfield. Arriving just in time to see my plane taxiing down the runway, I grabbed my brief case and started running after the plane, shouting and gesturing, coat-tails flying in the breeze.

Then from the tower loud-speaker came these instructions: "You're cleared for take-off, Commander."

—LIFER.—COMMANDER A. O. CLOUSE

A NEWLY arrived cadet at Annapolis, the U.S. naval training college, unwittingly violated the tradition that no woman be admitted to the living quarters. He and his girl friend were undetected as they carried his equipment down a hallway and began stowing it in his room. But when he heard footsteps approaching, it occurred to him that the presence of his pretty companion might not be regulation. Dumping out the contents of his kit-bag, he threw it over her head and pushed her on to a bunk with orders to

crawl into the bag as far as she could.

The midshipman stepped into the doorway just in time to detect the last wriggle of the kit-bag. He ordered it to be emptied, then directed the couple to the nearest exit with a harsh reminder that the incident would go down on the cadet's record.

It was a very subdued cadet who awaited his fate in the following weeks. But when he saw his first conduct report he gained new respect for nautical ways. The one entry under misdemeanours: "Unauthorized gear in laundry bag." —RICHARD STRANDER

A WOUNDED soldier, encased in a plaster cast from head to waist, was loaded on to a plane, to be flown home from a Second World War battlefield. When all the wounded were aboard, an officer explained how to use the life jackets and how to leave the plane if it had to ditch. At the end of the explanation, the officer asked if there were any questions.

From the plaster cast came a voice. "Sir, when you've all left the plane, what do you want me to do with it?" —H. L. JONES

A GIRL in uniform, on her way to report to her unit, was wearily carrying a heavy suitcase to the railway station and dragging her kit-bag behind her.

A sailor watching her was touched by her helplessness and called out, "Just a minute, lady, let me help you." He neatly swung the kit-bag on to the girl's shoulder and said cheerfully, "There, that's how you're supposed to carry it." And, putting his hands in his pockets, he went whistling on his way.

—MRS. H. WHITTALL



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Among the tribal people of Rani Paraj in Surat district, Bombay, the Samar tree is an object of worship. In its shade resides a kindly spirit, the 'Rakhewal' or protector of their fields. To celebrate the harvest, coconuts and clay images are offered to the tree as thanks-giving. One of these is a clay horse on which, it is said, the ghostly 'Rakhewal' rides through the fields guarding them from evil. These figures, moulded by the women folk of the local potter community, are an intimate part of the rituals of this tribal people.



Horse with ghost rider  
(Courtesy Marg)

To see the potters of Surat making their intriguing toys and images is one of the pleasures of motoring through the country



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## **when tomorrow comes...**

**For him a spade is not yet a spade.**

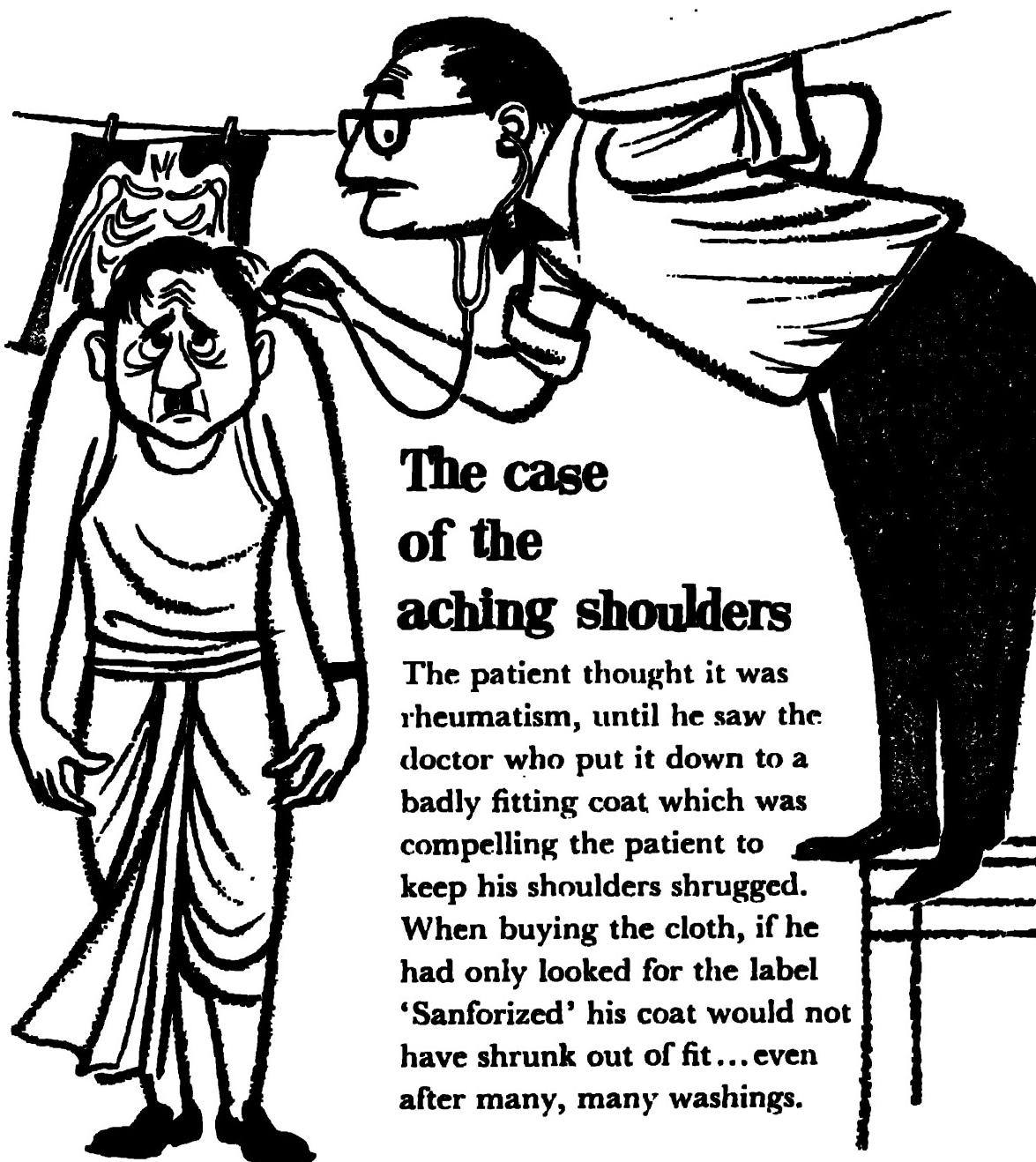
**The telegraph wires hum a strange tune, the  
distant drone of a plane means faraway places, mystery.  
And imitating father is a new kind of play.**

**When tomorrow comes, play will turn to work.**

**Life will take on a different purpose. A spade  
will be a spade, and care will be part of living.**

**Today's striving and effort is for the world  
he will grow into, a world that offers a little more—  
a little less of the care, a little more of the joy.**

**Today, as in the past, our products help to make homes  
cleaner, healthier, happier. But today we are also working for .  
Tomorrow, when the evergrowing urge for better living  
will demand still greater efforts. And we shall be  
ready with wider service, new ideas, new products . . .**



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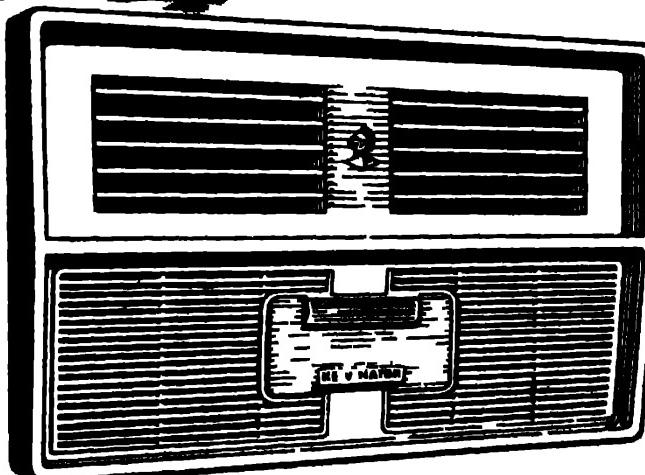
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VOLUME 75

# The Reader's Digest

NOVEMBER 1959

1959 by The Reader's Digest Association Ltd.

*A trained reporter's  
unique personal story  
of a life-or-death experience*

## I STAYED AWAKE AT MY HEART OPERATION

*By John O. B. Wallace*

THE FIRST thing I saw as the stretcher moved through the swing doors into the operating theatre was the blinding glare of an overhead lamp suspended above a long, narrow, white metal table. Orderlies moved me from the stretcher to the table, and departed.

I lifted my head and looked about. The walls were bare except for a clock. The time was 8 a.m. precisely. Beyond me were eight white-masked figures, standing elbow to

elbow in a semicircle. Three wore green gowns and caps. The other five were in white.

No one spoke. They stood there, as in a military formation. As I watched, they moved apart and took positions round the operating table. The separating figures disclosed in the background white-draped tables with glittering instruments set in precise patterns.

One of the green-garbed figures moved towards me and asked, "Are you comfortable?" He was the chief surgeon, Dr. Aaron Gorelik, who had visited my room the night before. Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "As I told you last

A NEWSPAPERMAN for 26 years, John Wallace has worked for the Associated Press in Buenos Aires and Washington. He is at present on the staff of AP's New York office.

*Condensed from an Associated Press dispatch*

night, we can use either a general or a local anaesthetic. A local is a better risk. There may be pain. If there is, we can put you to sleep."

I chose the local anaesthetic. I would remain conscious during the operation.

Ten days before, I had had a coronary attack and had faced a hard decision: either to live as a semi-invalid, or to risk survival in a delicate heart operation to regain normal health. I had chosen the gamble—win all or lose all.

On the eve of the operation, the chief surgeon, a slightly built man with intense blue eyes and a gentle manner, had come to see me. Sitting in a chair beside my bed he took the time to explain the procedure in detail. Examinations had shown a serious deficiency in the blood supply reaching my heart, which was enlarged as a result of strain. "You have a very tired heart," he had said. "It must be given help quickly." He proposed to correct the blood-supply deficiency in an operation involving three major steps.

First, severing and tying off the ends of the great internal mammary artery over the heart, to increase the pressure within the arteries below that feed directly into the heart muscle. This would cause the blood vessels to expand, increasing blood flow.

Second, removal of a section of the fifth-rib cartilage. This would permit the heart muscle to be joined to the great muscle of the chest

which, rich in blood supply, would feed extra blood to the heart.

And third, opening the heart covering itself to introduce minute grains of pure magnesium silicate. Placed between the heart covering and the heart muscle, these metallic grains would set in motion a gentle and everlasting abrasive action. Tiny ruptures would thus be caused in the heart muscle and covering, creating new blood vessels to help increase the flow to the heart.

A formidable medical team would perform the operation. Besides Dr. Gorelik, there was an assisting surgeon, a "stand-by" surgeon to take over in emergency, an anaesthetist and four nurses.

Now, final preparations were being made. The nurse standing at the head of the table whispered "Just try to relax." She sponged perspiration from my forehead. A needle was placed in the vein of my right arm for blood plasma. Small tables on either side of the operating table supported my arms.

The surgeon moved forward. "This will feel cold," he said. He scrubbed my shaved chest with a cotton swab dipped in brightly coloured antiseptic. The solution felt icy. I watched, and saw that my chest was a garish orange.

Someone reached up and adjusted the bright overhead lamp. The assisting surgeon draped sterile bandages over my chest, except for the small area to be involved in the operation. I heard a movement behind

me: some visiting surgeons who would be watching my operation, the anaesthetist said.

"Give me something to grip," I said. My hands were wet with perspiration. One of the nurses looked intently at me, then pressed huge wads of gauze into my palms. I gripped hard, and felt more comfortable.

"You are going to feel the needle," the surgeon said. His fingers felt down along the rib ridges to the fifth rib. "One, two, three, four, five . . ." I heard him count softly, then I felt the needle. Later I saw needle after needle passed by the surgeon to the instrument nurse, who quickly gave him other needles.

Dr Gorelik leaned over me. Only inches from my eyes I saw the top of his green cap, his spectacles, the white face mask. There was a strange sensation--a dull, scratchy feeling as though a jagged piece of coarse sandpaper had been pulled across the skin.

"Sponges," the surgeon said. He and his assistant bent forward. Their hands were nearly interlocked, and they worked with astonishing speed. The first incision had been made. The actual operation had started.

"Feel anything?" the anaesthetist asked.

"Only pressure," I said.

"Where are you now?" I heard a doctor ask. "I'm making incisions through the skin and the chest muscle," Dr. Gorelik said.

"Artery clamps," the surgeon called out.

I breathed deeply. My hands were stiff from gripping the wadded gauze. The nurse sponged my face. I could feel the hands of the anaesthetist holding my shoulders.

"I am injecting anaesthetic solution into the intercostal space and the cartilage," the surgeon said, for the benefit of the visiting doctors. It was the first of several steps involved in removing the rib cartilage.

"I am now separating the covering of the lung from the cartilage," he said a minute later.

Suddenly I gasped. A heavy weight crushed my chest. There was no pain, but the pressure was suffocating. I tried to breathe deeply, and fought to keep from blacking out. My whole body stiffened and I gripped tighter on the gauze. Occasionally I closed my eyes to shield them from the overhead lamps. The pressure seemed to ease; then I felt a heavy tugging inside my chest.

The nurse placed a hand briefly over my eyes. It felt cool and reassuring. No one spoke. Looking down, I saw the two surgeons working nearly head to head. Then they paused and stood upright.

I knew from the surgeon's explanation the previous night that this next step would be crucial. Now the incision would be made in the heart, and the magnesium silicate forced in. "When the magnesium silicate touches it, the heart will contract quickly with shock," the surgeon

had told me. "The heart will fight back, trying to throw off this foreign substance. It will feel about the same as having another heart attack. But before we reach this point I will tell you, and we will either put you to sleep or give you a sedative."

"This is where you will feel the pain," Dr. Gorelik said now. "Shall we put you to sleep?"

"No," I whispered. Anxiety swept over me. I felt the anaesthetist's hands leave my shoulders, then the sharp prick of a needle in my upper left arm. Almost instantly the sedative took effect and I felt calm.

Then the jolt came. It was painful and sharp, and the pressure seemed unbearable—much worse than before. I tried to say something, but I couldn't talk.

Gasping for breath, I looked at the overhead lamp. It swayed and spun wildly. The table was tilting. I was rolling off. I was falling!

Then, as in a frightening dream, I awoke with a start. There was absolute silence. The nurse sponged my forehead and said quietly, "You were only out for a minute."

I saw then that Dr. Gorelik was working alone. No one moved, no one spoke.

Later I was told that at that moment he was closing the incision in the heart covering—fragile tissue which tears easily. Here the skill of a surgeon is put to the test. He must take each stitch in between the beats of the heart. Even I could sense the drama of this moment.

Minutes later, the doctor straightened up and looked at me. "It's all over," he said. His voice sounded tired. Then he bent over me again and with his assistant carefully closed the outer incisions.

The operation had taken 31 minutes. Now the surgeon stood there with his face mask dropped down round his neck. He pushed the cap back on his head and took off his glasses. A nurse handed him a towel and he wiped his forehead.

Hands lifted me off the table on to a stretcher and put blankets over me. The stretcher rolled out into the corridor and into a lift. Exhausted, I closed my eyes and sighed.

"Don't worry about anything now," a nurse said softly. "I'll take good care of you."

ALL THAT was several months ago. Now, I'm back in the office at my typewriter. My brand-new heart is working well. My recovery, the doctors say, will be complete.

"Your capacity for work will gradually increase," Dr. Gorelik told me recently, after a check-up. "Live a normal life. Try to enjoy it, and don't let trivial things bother you. Nothing is worth getting upset about."

The operation has given me a new philosophy. Each day I wake up in love with every beautiful minute of life. I have learnt how to follow my wise surgeon's advice: "Forget the yesterdays—and live for each precious tomorrow."

*The Police Dog Branch of Scotland Yard celebrates its 1st anniversary this year. The achievements of Britain's four-legged detectives have won them official recognition, the respect of wrongdoers and the admiration of authorities all over the world*

## Dogs That Keep the Peace

*By Charles Leedham*

**H**ERE AN HOUR after a recent burglary in Southern England, police dog Rex and his handler arrived in a radio car. Rex took a scent of articles handled by the thieves and began to walk along twisting streets and alleys. After a quarter of a mile he stopped and waited at a dark doorway. Police found four youths hiding in the house, with the loot.

*(Condensed from Dogs in Canada)*



British police have been pioneers in the use of regular patrol of dogs. In London alone, police dogs were responsible for 1,850 arrests in 1958 and for the finding of 36 missing persons. As more dogs are put to work, their arrest score rises steadily.

The dogs contribute protection and assistance quite beyond human range. "In normal circumstances," remarks Captain J. M. Rymer-Jones, recently retired assistant commissioner of the London Metropolitan Police, "the criminal has all the advantages — darkness, initiative and often number. The presence of one trained police dog can often make a single constable as effective as six."

A trained dog can handle some situations that would otherwise require several policemen. On one occasion, following the last performance of a rock-'n'-roll show, 1,500 excited, screaming teenagers poured into the streets. Keyed up by the music, some began breaking shop windows and molesting passers-by.

The constable on the beat phoned for assistance. Three police dogs tumbled out of radio cars, and within minutes the area was silent. The subdued rioters stood quietly as the dogs prowled among them, and the only sounds heard were the police orders to "break it up" and "move along, now."

Lost children are frequently found by police dogs—and not only children. On a bitterly cold winter night, an ailing elderly man wearing

only pyjamas disappeared from his home. A police dog took the man's scent from clothing, circled the house and set off through a gap in the garden fence, leading his handler to a pond a mile distant where the man was lying semi-conscious in shallow water. There was no doubt that the dog saved the man's life.

Trained dogs have been used by police forces in Britain for many years; Scotland Yard's own police dog branch was formed in 1938. The establishment of organized dog squads began in the first post-war years, when increasing crime became a serious problem to the London Metropolitan Police.

Hyde Park, for example, was the scene of several hundred nocturnal crimes, ranging from bag-snatching to assault. Foot patrols had little effect, for the park's wandering paths and dark corners afforded perfect hiding-places and escape routes for criminals.

Captain Rymer-Jones, then in charge of the area, decided on an experiment. With a squad of trained Labradors and their handlers, he sent patrols into the park each night immediately after dark. The results were dramatic.

With their acute sense of smell and hearing, the dogs routed startled criminals from their hiding-places. After the first surge of arrests, word got round quickly in London's underworld that Hyde Park was no longer a safe refuge for criminals.

The trained police dog seems to

have a sixth sense about suspects. Experienced handlers cannot fully explain it, but it seems to stem from an ability to detect fear, or perhaps literally to smell the "cold sweat" of a criminal frightened by the presence of the dog.

The London complement has now grown to 200 on-duty dogs. The preferred breed is the Alsatian, although other types such as the Labrador—used in the protection of Buckingham Palace—and the Doberman Pinscher have also proved effective.

Until now many "recruits" have been gifts from the public. Suitable animals are becoming scarce, however, and plans are being made to buy dogs on the Continent.

At the Surrey Constabulary Headquarters at Guildford, I watched Sergeant Harry Derbyshire starting a year old Doberman on a month's course of training.

Under the sergeant's gentle but insistent urging, the dog picked up a heavy dumb-bell and, neck straining, managed to carry it across the training yard. A hard job for a young dog, but he was developing the strength and grip he would need in action.

Later the dog in training learns "man work." He learns to track, following faint human scent in any weather, over fields, roads, through heavy undergrowth, and finally over city streets and pavements. He learns to search a building, room by room and floor by floor, for a criminal

**S**EVEN years ago a special brand of thieves was harassing Macy's Department Store in New York. They stayed in the store after it closed, hiding in the shadowy acres of counters and stock rooms overnight, and walking out in the morning with nicely wrapped bundles of valuables. Then Macy's installed a squad of Dobermans under the direction of the store's security chief. Every night, the dogs with their handlers patrol the entire building. After a few arrests the word got round. Today actual "catches" are so rare that mock criminals—members of the security staff dressed in protective clothing—hide in dark spots from time to time so that the dogs won't become discouraged by weeks on end of futile searching.

He learns, too, the vital attack—to leap and clamp his jaws hard on the right forearm. He is taught first to grab at a canvas arm guard dragged around in play, then encouraged to go for it when it is on the arm of a trainer playing the part of a criminal.

But he is trained to attack only when so ordered, when attacked himself or when a suspect is attempting to escape. He learns that a snarl and a show of teeth will almost always freeze a criminal.

Most important, he learns that every human is to be treated gently until the situation or a command directs otherwise. A dog sent after a person under suspicion must detain the subject by circling him and barking until his handler arrives but he

must not touch him, for questioning may well show that the man is innocent.

So successful are British methods that police forces all over the world send students to the Metropolitan Police Dog Training Establishment at West Wickham, Kent.

Somewhere in this training the dogs develop their strange awareness of wrongdoing. Nothing else seems to explain many of the arrests credited to them.

Take a busy Thursday evening last November on the outskirts of London's Soho, where police dog Shah II and his handler were walking through a stream of pedestrians. At a corner, Shah raised his head

and showed interest in a site where a new building was going up. His handler slipped the leash to let him dash into the jungle of construction materials and machines. From behind a large stack of bricks, Shah barked loudly, and there were screams for help. The constable found two men cowering before the menace of Shah's bared teeth. In front of them was a pile of burglary loot which they had been dividing.

The dogs' greatest value is in ordinary foot patrols, keeping watch over a neighbourhood. London police feel that if there were more of these dog patrols on the streets, the balance would be tipped even further against the criminal.

### *On Growing Older*

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will some day be old.

Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details—give me wings to get to the point.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' pains. Help me to endure them with patience.

But seal my lips on my own aches and pains—they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old woman is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

—A Mother Superior's Prayer

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Australian explorer, had astonishing energy, sympathy and foresight -and a modesty that could not conceal his brilliance



*Sir Hubert Wilkins*

## *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

*In explorer and author of numerous books on the North*

AT 6 A.M. on Tuesday, March 17, 1959, in the ghostly dusk of the polar winter, a memorable event took place. At that time the U.S.

submarine *Skate* lay amid broken ice floes, the first vessel ever to sit on the surface at the exact geographical North Pole. In a solemn ceremony,



The submarine *Nautilus* used by Sir Hubert Wilkins in 1931 for his attempt to navigate beneath the ice to the North Pole

the late Sir Hubert Wilkins joined the legion of lost explorers, when his ashes were scattered over the icy wastes in fulfilment of his life-time wish.

No honour could have been more fitting, and no man more deserving of this unique tribute. Sir Hubert was the first man to make an exploratory flight in the Antarctic, the first to demonstrate that planes could land on pack ice, the first to fly over the Arctic Ocean. After his "retirement" from a lifetime of exploration he became, at 69, a contributor to the recent International Geophysical Year studies in the Antarctic. Yet he was so modest that not a single

biography of him has ever been written. Few know more about him than that he once tried to navigate a First World War submarine under the ice to the North Pole.

Even that remarkable attempt, in 1931, was never fully understood or appreciated because of mis-statements in the Press. His vessel—the U.S. Navy's first *Nautilus*—was a cantankerous, leaky model, so outmoded that the Navy "sold" it to him for one dollar (Rs. 5), with orders to sink it when he had finished.

The project was plagued with engine trouble and equipment that did not function in the way the designers claimed. It was rumoured that three of his crew members, terrified at the thought of going under the ice, deliberately sabotaged the submarine's diving planes. Wilkins never publicly spoke of this as anything but an "accident," and never revealed the names of the perpetrators, even to me. There wasn't the slightest streak of malice in him.

It was not until 27 years later that the real value of the voyage came to light. When the *Skate* completed her first polar voyage under the ice pack last year, her skipper radioed to Wilkins: "Deeply aware of your vision and insight in regard to the use of submarines in the Arctic . . ." Characteristically, Wilkins posted the radiogram on to me with this note: "To Stefansson. MISTAKE. This should have been addressed to you." With that incredible

magnanimity and memory of his, he had recalled that *43 years before*, while we were hiking together across pack ice, I had remarked that a submarine would have made our work easier!

I first met Wilkins when he, a serious young man of 25, joined my Canadian Arctic Expedition of 1913 to explore the islands and ice pack in the Beaufort Sea. He was a six-footer, with a sinewy grace that belied his solid 14 stone. His eyes were as dark and observant as a panther's; yet they were infinitely kind, a quality that was reflected in the gentleness of his voice.

He came to us, sight unseen, from the Gaumont film company as "the best photographer in the field." The year before, he had achieved notable success as a correspondent in the first Balkan War, having brought back the first ciné films of actual battle. Prior to this, he had been a pioneer in taking films from planes (lying flat on one wing), from balloons and moving trains, and from motorcycles at breakneck speed.

I did not know this then. I only knew that he was a reserved young man in a froth of a hurry, inwardly churning with impatience at my easygoing methods. "Well, I like to be comfortable," I remarked one day after he had, with painful politeness, suggested that we could accomplish more if we travelled faster.

"Comfortable!" he snorted. "I could have stayed in London and been comfortable!"

I was soon to observe one of the man's most valuable qualities: adaptability. In this instance, he learned to live with my slower-paced methods. If the expedition was to make a 15-mile ice march in one day, he no longer urged that we try to do 25 miles. Instead, he began taking side trips on his own while we were *en route*, studying whatever caught his sharp eye. Spotting valuable specimens that he felt should be preserved, he obtained a battered volume on taxidermy, and soon was up half the night mounting animals and birds with commendable skill.

I used to wonder how the man could be so inexhaustible, often rising at 4 a.m. and working until midnight. Finally I learned his secret. He was literally *inspired* by curiosity, and I doubt if he knew the meaning of the word "tension" in its modern connotation. For him, work itself was relaxation.

This astonishing vigour continued through his life. A rugged sergeant who knew him told me that when Wilkins, in his 60's, was doing Arctic research in Alaska for the U.S. Army, he frequently had to make long treks over the snow with troops. Invariably the sergeant would hear men in their 20's ask if "that old fellow" was going all the way. And invariably Wilkins would not only wander repeatedly off the trail to make side studies, but would get back to camp long before the exhausted young troops!

George Hubert Wilkins was born in 1888 on a sheep ranch in South Australia, the youngest of 13 children. His first adventure occurred in his teens when, given the train fare for a holiday in Sydney, he decided to go by sea, paying the difference by working his way. Laughed out of the ship's office, he simply stowed away. The plan worked—and so did he, heaving coal.

This early taste of travel ultimately led Wilkins into photography as a means of seeing the world, though he was trained as an engineer at the Adelaide School of Mines. By the time he was 21 he was building a reputation throughout Europe and the Far East as a travel photographer. When he left my expedition in 1916, he had also become highly valued as a naturalist, geographer and weather observer, and was considered my second-in-command.

The First World War had started then, and he felt that his country needed him. As a captain in charge of photography, he participated in every battle fought by the Australians on the Western Front and was wounded nine times.

After the war I never knew where I might run into Wilkins. Though he kept his Australian citizenship, he loved America and, after 1929, when he married Suzanne Bennett, a beautiful young actress, he divided his rare leisure time between their flat in New York and a country place in Pennsylvania. But he felt he was becoming "sedentary" if he

averaged more than four weeks a year in the comforts of home.

As second-in-command of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition (1920-1921) Wilkins proved his value as a cartographer, spending days on end in an open whale-boat surveying unmapped sections of the icebound coast. Later he served for two years as naturalist for Shackleton's *Quest* Antarctic Expedition.

Impressed by his work in biology, the directors of the British Museum persuaded him to lead the Australia and Islands Expedition, to bring back specimens of rare animals and birds threatened with extinction. He set out in 1923 and I saw him the following year when I went to Sydney on a lecture tour. He had flown 1,000 miles from the bush country because—since I was a stranger in his native land—he thought I "might need something." He was the only man I ever knew who could accomplish this sort of thing (and he did it often for his friends) without once giving the impression that he had gone out of his way.

"Friendliness" is a thin word with which to explain the unique warmth that Wilkins radiated. He possessed a mystical magnetism and was always acutely sensitive to others' needs and wishes. Though great men praised him, no one ever came closer to defining the man than the simple Australian bushman who said to Wilkins in his pidgin English, "You set down quiet and listen allatime and eyes belong you

okabout see everything. Allabout el quiet inside when with su..."

Wilkins spent six months longer in this expedition than the two years estimated. Not satisfied with merely fulfilling his contract, he brought back more than 5,000 specimens, some of them priceless, including rare plants and geological finds as well as the fauna requested. And the total cost came to only £10 (Rs. 133) more than he had asked for at the start.

Barely had the Australian expedition been completed when I received word from Wilkins—from London. With his usual calmness he told me that he was to be supplied with a ski equipped cabin plane to attempt ice landings in the Arctic Ocean—long a dream of his. Though he was a qualified pilot, he was to concentrate on navigating, and would I find him another pilot? I contacted Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson, a well known airman of the period, and signed him up for Wilkins.

The expedition was a success—in the Wilkins manner. Despite engine trouble five hours north of Point Barrow, Alaska, the two men landed the plane on the ice as planned. On the return flight, however, just as they encountered a storm, the plane ran out of fuel. Eielson had to bring it down in pitch darkness through the blizzard, but a landing on the ice was made without mishap.

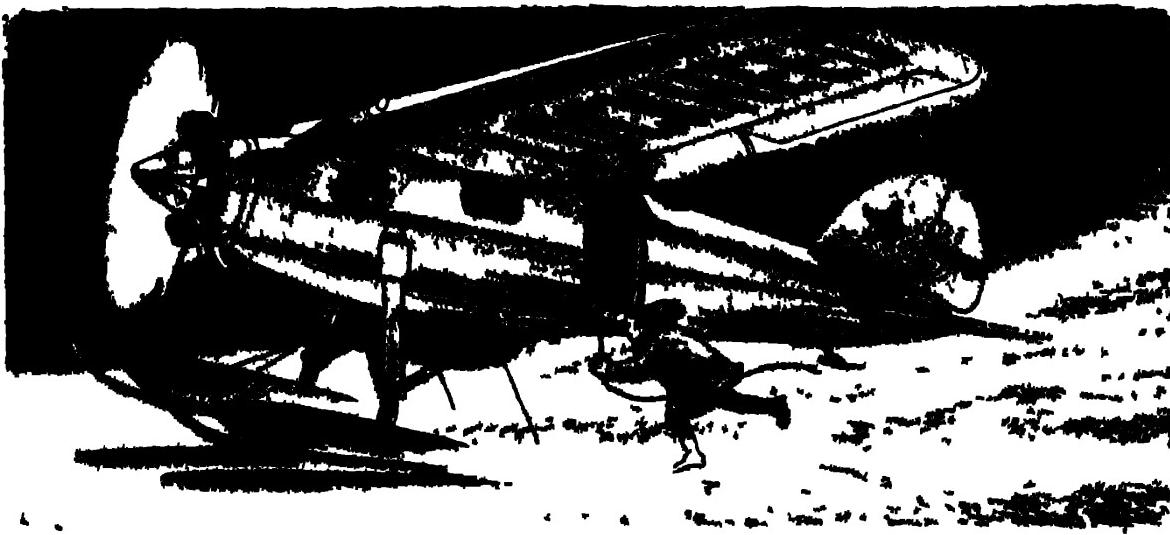
Three weeks went by with no

word. Then one day they limped into a fur trader's hut. Though famished and exhausted, Wilkins had found it an exhilarating experience, not an ordeal. He came to see me shortly afterwards and his dark eyes flashed with satisfaction as he recounted the things he had proved about survival in the Arctic.

Wilkins hated only two things: sham and publicity. This was demonstrated graphically in what Admiral Richard Byrd called "the greatest flight ever made in the North." Wilkins had long been enthusiastic about charting a feasible commercial air route from Alaska to Spitsbergen, Norway. I shared his enthusiasm, but others told him that not only would he face an ocean crossing similar to Lindbergh's crossing of the Atlantic the year before, but he would be flying in cold so extreme that it turned aircraft oil to sludge.

Wilkins was undeterred. The epochal event began without fanfare and without a line of newspaper publicity. One day, after months of preparation in Alaska, he and Ben Eielson simply took off in a Lockheed Vega monoplane and headed for Spitsbergen 2,100 miles away.

The weather was clear at first but then a storm forced them down on an uninhabited Norwegian island where they were marooned for five days. They got away only by a unique manoeuvre. To lighten the plane and give it initial momentum through the heavy snow, Wilkins



stood on the ground and pushed. As the plane began to move he ran alongside until the final moment; then he grabbed a short rope he had left dangling from the open cabin and hauled himself aboard.

That June (1928) King George V conferred on him the honour of knighthood. During his lifetime he was awarded medals from most of the geographical societies of importance in the world, along with two military crosses for bravery. He seldom mentioned such honours. "The only value of medals," he once said, "is that they show that a man has had an opportunity to serve."

Always Wilkins had at the back of his mind that he would take another, vastly improved submarine to the North Pole. But the outbreak of war shattered his dream. Soon he was so immersed in helping to improve Arctic clothing and equipment for troops that one would have thought this was the culmination of his ambition.

He habitually tested new items

on himself before exposing others to hazard. After developing a new type of fire-fighting suit, he wore it into an inferno of blazing petrol to convince himself that it was safe enough for others to use. The troops loved him. He had a great appeal for younger men. After the war, when my wife and I started an instruction course on the Arctic, he would come and hold our students enthralled with his stories, told in his understated way.

Wilkins's life was so dedicated to simple living that it was almost monastic. At Framingham, Massachusetts, where he lived in the last years of his life while working for the Quartermaster Research and Engineering Command, he occupied one small hotel room with no curtains or telephone. To him, luxuries were of no consequence, but improving a man's Arctic equipment was a duty to which he was dedicated. One night in midwinter, a policeman on his beat near the railway line saw a dark figure lying

in a pile of snow. Thinking it was a half-frozen tramp, he shook him roughly. Up popped Wilkins—he'd been testing a new sleeping bag.

Wilkins died the way he had lived working. On December 1, 1958, he experienced some kind of attack at the Framingham research centre, but made light of it and finished his day's rigorous labours.

Looking back on it, I suspect he had had a premonition months before that his number was coming up, for he had been carrying on an increased correspondence with me, though desirous of seeing that there were no loose ends.

Within an hour after reaching his room that evening he was dead, surrounded by containers of army experimental rations he had been trying out on the small burner he often used for his meals. After the funeral, as I visited this simple place that was "home" to him, I thought how appropriate were these lines of Swinburne's which an admirer of Wilkins had penned on the fly leaf of an album of newspaper cuttings about him:

He hath given himself and  
hath not sold  
To God for Heaven or  
man for gold

### Fares, Please!

If you commute by bus in Nashville, Tennessee, you can manage for only 4d extra fare, for a special club coach to pick you up at your front door each morning and return you there in the evening. On any Nashville bus you can buy your morning paper after boarding and, if you want to pick up some groceries on the way home, the driver will find you a "stop and shop" ticket, allowing you to complete your journey later without additional fare.

Timetables are easy to read and are followed to the split minute. If you take a bus to church on Sunday you will find the timetable arranged to get you there at the right time, and on Easter Day, Palm Sunday and Mother's Day you will be taken free. During the summer children are carried free to places where public swimming lessons and life saving instruction are available.

These and other exceptional services have revitalized Nashville's bus service, providing travellers with faster, more efficient service, and at the same time allowing the bus company to make a steady profit. Passenger revenue is now on the increase for the first time in 12 years.

Myron Stearns in *American Business*

## An interview with Major-General William Creasy (U.S. Army, Ret.)

By Charles Rice

**I**N A RECENT experiment a cat, under the influence of a gas which reversed its normal behaviour pattern, shrank in terror from a mouse, backed into a corner and miaowed pitifully. The experiment was not a stunt. It was made by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps as part of a series of grim trials for the new "psycho-chemicals"—agents which suggest a startling new development: the possibility of waging war without killing.

Today there is a wide range of psycho-chemicals. Some, like the one administered to the cat, make the victim prone to terror. Others deprive him of his capacity for rational thinking, or interfere with his judgement in subtle ways. They could render a whole city temporarily helpless, its people too witless to stand up against attack. Obviously, such chemicals are ideally suited to capturing civilian masses, and in some cases military masses. The

*These strange new weapons don't kill, don't burn and don't destroy—but they can paralyse armies or cities*

most aggressive dictator might prefer them to lethal weapons such as atomic bombs or fire bombs.

They offer the first prospect of humane warfare—if any war can be called humane—since history began.

"Psycho-chemicals will be ready for use in the near future—Russia may be prepared to use them now," says Major-General William Creasy, who retired recently after more than four years as Chief of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps.

Tactically, he explains, there are three ways to take an objective such as a town or city:

1. Use conventional bombs. Result: both industrial power and manpower are destroyed.

2. Use a lethal agent—a gas, germ or radioactive material. Result:

*Condensed from This Week Magazine*

manpower is destroyed, but industrial equipment is unharmed.

3. Use a psycho-chemical agent. Result: both industrial power and manpower are saved.

The military advantage of the third choice is overwhelming. A commander would be able to occupy a town without having to bury the dead, tend the wounded and feed the hungry. The psycho-chemical agents offer to deliver a town unharmed, self-supporting and even profitable, once the population has recovered from a brief lunacy.

In certain situations, such as liberation of friendly positions from the enemy, psycho-chemicals are overwhelmingly preferable. If you use conventional bombing to recapture such positions, you run the risk of killing more friends than foes.

What are psycho-chemicals and how do they work?

"Many of them are not new," the General says, "but were originally by-products of industrial or medical research. They were either not immediately useful or were too hard to handle, and thus were forgotten until we started to develop them as weapons. Their workings are tremendously complicated, but, in layman's language, they interrupt the function of certain nerves in somewhat the same manner as common anaesthetics."

How can psycho-chemicals be delivered against targets?

Bombers can carry aerosol bombs as easily as they can explosives.

Psycho-chemicals in liquid and powder forms can also be delivered by sabotage methods, such as contamination of water and food supplies.

What would it be like in a town that had been attacked with psycho-chemicals?

"Russia probably knows more about mass effects of psycho-chemicals than we do," says General Creasy, "because we experiment only on individual volunteers. We can only surmise that if a town were saturated there would be wholesale pandemonium.

"There would be an element of danger—people could still injure themselves or others. But even so a psycho-chemical attack would never be as damaging to life and property as a conventional attack.

"We do know the effect of some psycho-chemicals on individual test subjects. One brilliant young doctor volunteered for the tests, and after he had been given the gas the laboratory men asked his advice about a 'patient' who had severe pains in his right shoulder. 'We've decided to amputate his left leg. What do you think?' The doctor hummed and ha'ed, and said, 'Yes, I think you're right. It's about the only thing you can do.'

"Generally speaking, the psycho-chemicals tend to reverse a person's usual behaviour patterns. Courageous people are apt to become timid; timid people get belligerent. But there are many other strange effects. Visualize, for instance, an agent that

makes a man dread human association. Imagine how that agent might be used on a concentration of soldiers! They'd scatter and hide from one another in cellars."

What about defence against the psycho-chemical agents?

"About the same as against any gas attack," General Creasy says. This means that defence would always be difficult, never complete—

even with effective gas masks.

"I do not contend that driving people insane, even briefly, is a pleasant prospect," says General Creasy. "But to those who feel that *any* kind of chemical weapon is more horrible than conventional weapons, I put this question: Would you rather be *temporarily* deranged, blinded or paralysed by a chemical agent—or burnt alive by a fire bomb?"



### *One for the Books*

ON DAY in 1937 William Clark, now assistant director of the U.S. Information Agency, was visiting the White House and found himself alone with the Chief Executive over lunch in the library. President Roosevelt seemed to relish an interlude from the cares of office and happily discoursed about the books around them. The only trouble with the library, he said, was that it had never been properly indexed.

"I phoned the Catalogue Division of the Library of Congress this week and said, 'Hello, this is Franklin Roosevelt at the White House. I wonder if you could send a man up here to help me catalogue my library next Saturday afternoon.'

"Well, there was a brief silence and then the man I was talking to said, 'You go to hell,' and hung up.

"I dialled straight back," the President went on, "and the same voice answered. 'Look here,' I said, 'this really is Franklin Roosevelt and I really am at the White House. I really do need someone to come up here and help me index my library. Do you think you could manage it?'

"There was a long silence. Then the man in the Catalogue Division said ever so quietly that he was certainly sorry to have mistaken me for a practical joker. He told me he would come up and index my library whenever I asked him to."

The President looked at his watch, then motioned towards the library door. "My man is going to come through that door in about three minutes," he told Mr. Clark. "I think you might be as interested as I am to see how a man behaves who has told the President of the United States to go to hell."

—Rowland Evans



*A hospital in India was the setting for a poignant scene that taught a world-famous entertainer*

## **A Lesson in Parenthood**

*By Danny Kaye*

**H**OW MANY parents, I wonder have had to learn the hard way, as I did, how delicate the relationship is between an adult and a child, and how easy it is to distort it?

Like so many other children, my daughter Dena is growing up in a family where her father is frequently away from home, and, like so many other fathers, I tried to make my home-comings compensate for these separations. I'd arrive with joyous shouts and a suitcase full of presents, sweep Dena into my arms and smother her with plans for the next day, the next week. I'd hug her close, trying to make up for the lost time, the missed love. But my exuberance just didn't seem to be contagious. At each reunion she

responded to me less. And I didn't know what to do about it.

Then in the spring of 1954, when Dena was seven, I was faced with a protracted absence from home. A United Nations official had said to me, "We're trying to help some children grow up instead of dying at the age of eight or ten, and we'd like you to give us a hand." He explained that an anti-TB vaccine costing only one cent per shot could mean life to uncounted African and Asian children, that one injection of penicillin could cure the terrible ulcers of yaws, that leprosy, malaria and other ancient scourges to which millions of innocent children are heir could be defeated by modern medicine—if the world would help.

He asked me to tour the medical and nutritional stations maintained by the United Nations Children's Fund and the World Health Organization, and with a camera crew make a colour film to be called "Assignment—Children." It was hoped that this film would focus public attention on the problem and elicit the support so desperately needed. The U.N. official also thought I might be able to entertain the children and help them overcome their fears when suddenly faced by doctors and medical paraphernalia. There was little I could say but yes.

I delayed telling Dena as long as I could. Then suddenly at bedtime on a Sunday evening she said solemnly, "You're going away."

"Well . . ." I said. "Yes."

While I had searched for the best way of breaking the news, she had seen the truth and spoken it.

"When are you going?" she asked.

"Not for a whole week. And we'll enjoy ourselves during that time. A picnic on the beach every day, if you like. How about it?"

"All right," she said, but without enthusiasm. Dena had already gone away from me.

WE OPENED our tour by joining a mobile United Nations vaccination unit in India, going from one village to another. The children were naturally awed and frightened when we arrived with our needles, and my job was to win their friendship and confidence. For me to be introduced

to them as a film star was obviously ridiculous. These children didn't know what a film was. If I exploded upon them with a big fanfare, they'd only see a big-mouthed redhead who made a lot of noise in a foreign language and interrupted something much more important, such as drawing a picture in the dust or thinking secret thoughts. All children have a great sense of privacy and you violate it at your peril.

I quickly learned to move in quietly, waiting for them to come to me. I'd wander through a village and sit down somewhere, certain that curiosity would eventually lead the children to me. When they got close enough I'd make a funny face at them and there'd be giggles. Soon someone would make a funny face back and we'd have a fine contest going, with everyone laughing and relaxed. Then I'd clap hands and start a follow-my-leader game that took us down the lanes and round the temples and pagodas, to end up before the waiting doctors. The children submitted to the injections, comforted not by any skills of mine but because they saw in me a reflection of themselves. Thus the adult world was suddenly not quite so alien and overwhelming.

I remembered this lesson when I went to entertain patients in the children's ward of a hospital in Mysore Province. It was a day when the very land seemed fevered. Twenty iron cots lined the walls of a stifling room, and at the far end was

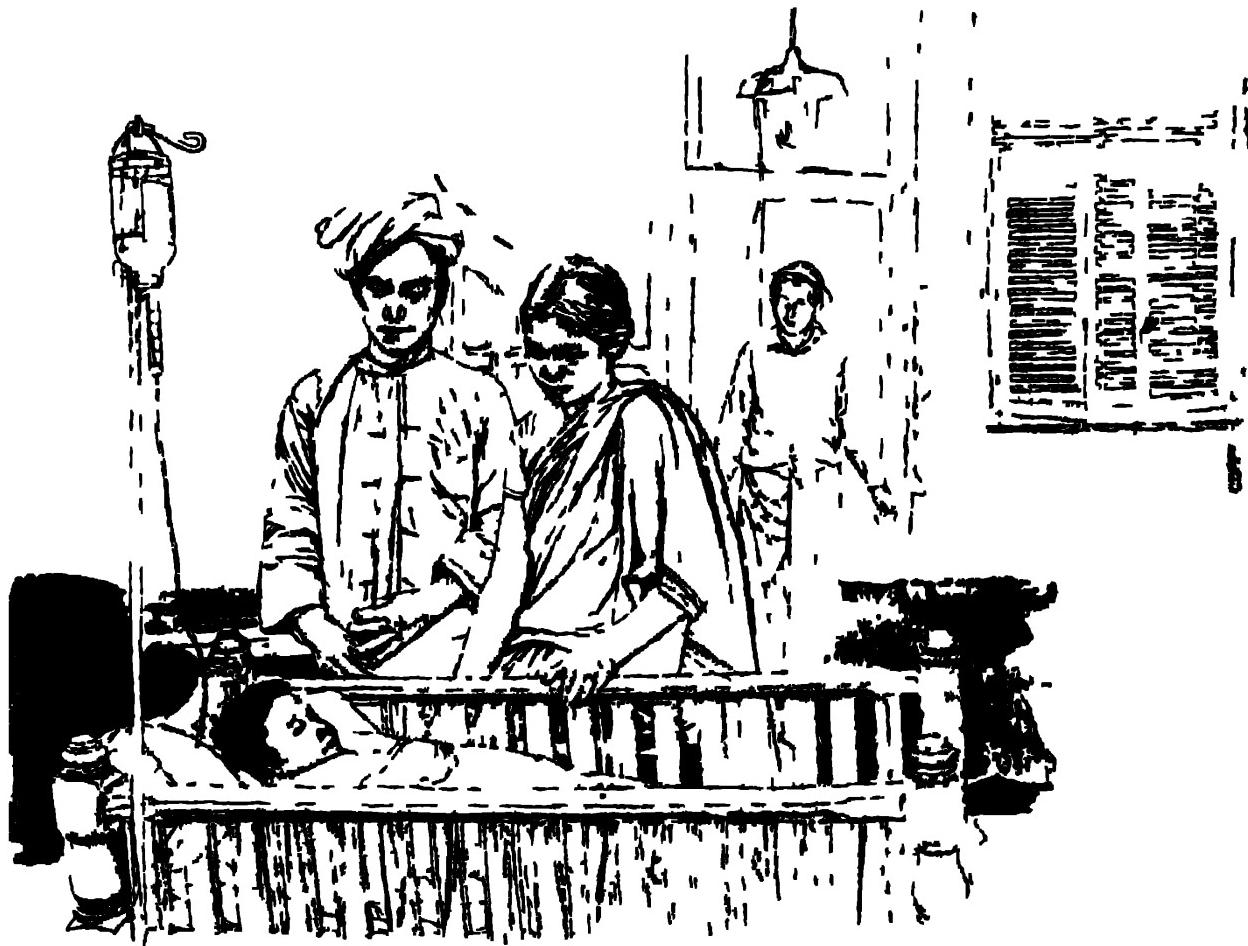
in upright piano. The children paid no particular attention to me as I walked down the aisle between the beds, nor did I to them. Standing beside the piano and tapping the beat out lightly, I hummed a song to myself. A couple of little boys glanced at me curiously, then turned back to the beads they were stringing.

My accompanist whispered to me, "Danny, belt one out! Wake 'em up!" I shook my head. "Give me 'Blue Skies,' real easy."

This time I sang the lyrics instead of humming, but quietly, again as if to myself. Several children were gravely watching me now, and by the time I had started the third song a few of the more venturesome had

climbed out of bed and come over to the piano. When I finished the song we stared at each other for a moment of dignified silence; then I made a face and they laughed. That was the laughter which brought every child in the room to attention and soon into the party. Their laughter made us friends, not mine. They came to me, and on their own terms.

But somehow I didn't see how this lesson applied to my relationship with Dena. Not until I witnessed little Kirim and his parents, and their ordeal in a small hospital in central India. Kirim was a delicate boy of five, brought in for an operation. He was given an anaesthetic, operated on and placed in a



small cot to regain consciousness. Throughout the entire procedure his parents stood reassuringly close by where, until the anaesthetic took over, he was able to see their calm dignity, their outward appearance of serenity.

I was near by when Kirim finally opened his eyes after the operation. If I'd been his father I'd probably have joked and laughed and tried to make the boy smile. But as I watched the boy look up at the familiar and loved faces of his father and mother, I suddenly realized how wrong I would have been—how deep was their wisdom. They spoke his name and touched his hand, but gave no display of their own concern and emotion. During the following hours they talked only when Kirim wished to talk, laughed only when he did, were silent when he was silent. They did not impose themselves upon him, did not use his small being to ease their own anxieties. They let *him* decide how much attention he needed, how much love he wanted displayed, and when. They were a great reservoir of strength he could dip into at will.

AFTER my tour had covered 40,000 miles, through Burma, Thailand and Africa as well as India, I at last turned homewards. As I stepped from the plane, my wife and daughter greeted me with the reserve that comes from a long separation. I kissed them warmly—but quietly—and the three of us left the field hand

in hand. I wanted so much to hold Dena tight, literally to squeeze out of her the admission that she had missed me. But at last I knew better.

During the drive from the airport Dena's mother and I talked casually about things that had happened at home during my absence. Intuitively my wife understood what I was doing, and together we tried to emphasize not the interruption in our lives but the continuity. Dena participated in the conversation, but tentatively, cautiously.

At home we had supper on the terrace and were sitting quietly over coffee when Dena suddenly threw her arms in the air and cried, "How about a beach picnic tomorrow?"

"Hey!" I cried in response. "How about that!" I opened my arms to catch her as she launched herself at my neck. It had been but three hours since my plane landed.

Since that day I have tried never to drive my daughter from me by overwhelming her with my own moods. And I've learnt that this principle doesn't just apply to long separations. Even when I'm making pictures in Hollywood—coming home each evening after the day's work like so many other fathers—I return with some calmness, holding my emotions in reserve to see what *her* needs may be. I try to be her reservoir of strength.

Some day, when she's older, I'll tell Dena why her father changed. Then she will understand what we owe to Kirim and his parents.

# It Pays to Increase Your Word Power



By Wilfred Funk

**H**ERE ARE 20 words used in the brilliant English translation of the Russian novel, *Doctor Zhivago*. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **barrage** (ba rihzh)—A enclosure B concentrated attack C quarters for troops D nonsense
- (2) **erroneous** (er ro nus) A witless B uncertain C mistaken D burdensome
- (3) **emit** A to leave out B utter C let in D confess
- (4) **ignominy** (ig no min i)—A poverty B stupidity C disgrace D selfishness
- (5) **arbiter**—A hard worker B judge C conspirator D despot
- (6) **taciturn** (tas 1 turn)—A gloomy B inactive C unpleasent D silent
- (7) **ambiguity** (am bi gu i ti) A dexterity B dishonesty C obscurity of meaning D stubbornness
- (8) **altruism** (al trüö iz m)—A unselfishness B optimum C introspection D intelligence
- (9) **diffuse** (di füs)—A superficial B confused C shy D wordy
- (10) **progenitor** (pro jen i tor) A forefather B descendant C leader D prophet
- (11) **pogrom** (po grom)—A celebration B crowd C speech D massacre
- (12) **feasible** A clear B workable C defensible D ignorable
- (13) **pilfering** A gossip B act of watching secretly C petty thieving D looting
- (14) **trite** A impudent B clever C brief D commonplace
- (15) **promulgation** (pro mul già shun) A proclamation B advocacy C invention D imposition upon others
- (16) **anathematize** (ä nthä me tiz) A to boil up into a spray B exalt C denounce violently D list
- (17) **usurpation** (ü sur pü shun) A robbery B unlawful seizure C riot D sudden invasion
- (18) **sophistry** (sot is trü)—A wisdom B ignorance C wit D tricky argumentation
- (19) **complicity** (käm pli sít i)—A sharing in wrongdoing B calmness C state of well being D clarity
- (20) **malleable** (mäl e ä b'l) A cheerful B capable of being moulded C amusing D civil broker

- Answers to -

## "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **barrage**—B: A concentrated attack, as with words or blows; as, a *barrage* of questions. Originally a French military term meaning "barrier," especially of artillery fire.
- (2) **erroneous**—C: Mistaken; incorrect; as, an *erroneous* conclusion. Latin *erronem*, "vagabond."
- (3) **emit**—B: To utter; voice; give out; as, to *emit* an oath. Latin *emittere*, "to send forth."
- (4) **ignominy**—C: Public disgrace or dis-honour; degradation; as, to be retired in *ignominy*. Latin *ignominia*, "deprivation of one's good name."
- (5) **arbiter**—B: A judge; person chosen to decide a dispute; arbitrator; as, *arbiter* of the strike. Latin *arbiter*, from *ad*, "to," *btere*, "to go to; witness."
- (6) **taciturn**—D: Silent; disinclined to talk; as, "He was habitually *taciturn*." Latin *taciturnus*.
- (7) **ambiguity**—C: Obscurity of meaning; quality of being subject to more than one interpretation; as, public statements filled with *ambiguity*. Latin *ambiguus*, "wandering; of doubtful nature."
- (8) **altruism**—A: Unselfishness; devotion to the interest of others; as, a person noted for his *altruism*. Latin *alteri bric*, "to this other."
- (9) **diffuse**—D: Wordy; spread out; lacking conciseness; as, a *diffuse* speech. Latin *diffusus*.
- (10) **progenitor**—A: Forefather; parent; as, to honour a *progenitor*. Latin *progenitor*, "ancestor."

- (11) **pogrom**—D: An organized massacre, originally of Jews; as, to launch a *pogrom*. Russian *pogrom*, "destruction."
- (12) **feasible**—B: Workable; capable of being done; practicable; as, a *feasible* plan. Old French *faisible*, "a making or doing."
- (13) **pilfering**—C: Petty thieving; as, to deplete the supplies by *pilfering*. Old French *pelfrer*, "to plunder."
- (14) **trite**—D: Commonplace; hackneyed; stale; so common as to have lost novelty and interest; as, a *trite* remark. Latin *tritus*, "worn out."
- (15) **promulgation**—A: An official proclamation, as of laws; as, the *promulgation* of a new constitution. Latin *promulgatus*, "made publicly known."
- (16) **anathematize**—C: To denounce violently; as, to *anathematize* the former regime. Greek *anathema*, "curse."
- (17) **usurpation**—B: Unlawful seizure, especially of power; act of seizing and holding in possession by force, or without right; as, *usurpation* of the function of the courts. Latin *usurpare*, "to seize the use of."
- (18) **sophistry**—D: Tricky argumentation; subtly fallacious reasoning; as, to be adept at evasion and *sophistry*. Latin *sophista*, degenerated in meaning from the Greek, *sophos*, "wise."
- (19) **complicity**—A: Sharing in wrong-doing; state of being an accomplice; as, "He was charged with *complicity* in the crime." Latin *complex*, "closely connected."
- (20) **malleable**—B: Capable of being moulded; pliant; tractable; as, a *malleable* character. Latin *malleare*, "to beat with a hammer."

### Vocabulary Ratings

|                    |           |
|--------------------|-----------|
| 20-19 correct..... | excellent |
| 18-17 correct..... | good      |
| 16-14 correct..... | fair      |

*Do you find it hard to keep fit? Here's how, with a minimum investment of time and no gadgets or expense, you can keep your muscles taut and your figure trim*



## Spare Six Seconds for Exercise

*By Keith Monroe*

To many of us exercise is a bore or chore. Yet it needn't be. Without sessions at a gym or a "daily dozen" every morning, we can still get all the exercise we need and keep ourselves in top trim by using odd moments during the day.

those few seconds spent waiting for traffic lights, telephoning, queueing

"What kind of exercise is more important than *how much*," says physiologist Dr Arthur Steinhaus.

In a German laboratory where I worked, it was discovered that a muscle can grow at only a certain rate—and a very small amount of the right exercise will start it growing at that rate. If you contract any muscle to about two thirds of its

maximum power and hold it for six seconds once a day, the muscle will grow just as fast as it can grow.

"Every day there are bound to be intervals when you have six seconds to relax. They can make a tremendous difference. Pull in your stomach. Pull up your chin. Wriggle. Yawn. Stretch. Do these exercises in the firm's time. Do them while going from one place to another. Weave them into the day's routine."

Former heavyweight boxing champion Gene Tunney says, "Take regular exercise—not violent weekends of golf, or sporadic bursts of squash, but a daily drill that becomes as much a part of your life as cleaning your teeth."

Show business stars make idle

seconds count to help their health and appearance. A television hero has an unobtrusive habit of pressing the clenched fist of one hand forcibly into the open palm of the other, at waist level, whenever he stands talking to someone. It keeps his forearms and biceps powerful. Jane Powell, Frankie Laine and other singers have an exercise for the moments when, sitting in their cars, they wait for traffic lights to change. Borrowing an idea from yoga, they slowly pull in the stomach, sucking the diaphragm up and up until the whole abdomen is flat from groin to chest —then little by little release it. When you first try this, it can make you light-headed if you tighten too hard. Miss Powell warns, "Begin gently. But keep at it. It's the simplest trick I know for building good posture and a flat tummy."

For muscle tone, Dr. Steinhaus advocates a few seconds of planned exercise while towelling yourself after a bath. "Loop the towel behind your neck," he suggests. "Then pull your chin in, pull forward on both ends of the towel and resist the towel with your neck, as hard as you can, for just six seconds. Do it only once. Now slide the towel down to the small of your back. While pulling forward on the towel, resist by contracting the muscles in your buttocks and your belly. Push back hard against the towel and count six. Now that's done. Loop the towel under your toes and pull up with

both hands while your toes push down. Hold it for six seconds, then let go. Once on each foot and you're done for the day."

Submariners, cramped into small space, have learnt to keep fit without moving more than a few inches. Lying flat on their bunks, they put hands under head, lift the head while resisting with the neck, and keep lifting until chin touches chest. Then they let the head down slowly. Or, in rising to a sitting position, they arrest the motion part-way up, hold it for a few seconds and sink back again. These brief drills are good for anyone.

You may want to try a few moments of similar exercise yourself. At night in bed, stretch all over slowly and luxuriously, like a cat. Then start at your toes and work up to cyclids and scalp, tensing each muscle for a moment, then relaxing it. You'll probably be almost asleep when you finish.

In the morning, a simple breathing exercise can help to rouse you and clear away the cobwebs. As you lie half-awake, take the deepest breath you can; fill your lungs with air. Then close your mouth, pinch your nose and lie still. Time it, and you'll be amazed to find that you can hold your breath without discomfort for twice as long as usual. And when you finally let your breath out you'll be wide awake.

Now you can limber up before getting out of bed. Lie on your back, stretch your arms overhead till you

feel the pull all the way down to your waist. Hold them there a moment; then drop them limply. Next kick the bed-clothes off and raise your legs. Then lower them—but don't let your heels quite touch the bed. Repeat this several times. At first you'll feel a strain on your stomach muscles, but after a few days your mid-section will begin to firm up.

While dressing, stand on one foot as you put on your shoe and tie the shoe-laces. You may have to start by putting your foot in the shoe on the floor, and leaning against a wall while tying the laces. However you do it, daily repetitions will tighten your stomach and give you stronger, suppler legs and feet.

When you think about it, you'll be surprised to notice how many brief periods of idleness there are in your day: travelling to work, waiting at a counter for attention, sitting at your desk or standing beside your work bench between jobs. Put some life into those intervals!

If you want to firm a flabby chin, you can. Push your chin out, pull it back, drop it, lift it. Then give yourself a five-second massage under the jaw. To tone the muscles round your midriff, draw your abdomen up and in whenever you think of it, whether sitting or standing. At the phone, instead of doodling, use your free hand to knead your belly or give it a gentle pummelling. One of my friends holds an umbrella or golf club out in front of him with the

heavy end away, flipping it up and down. You'd be surprised how this tightens the torso muscles.

Perhaps you bulge and wobble at the seat. Pick out a hard chair at home or in the office. Bounce on it a few times whenever you're alone. Vary the routine by extending your legs and shifting your weight from side to side.

For spine straightening, stand with your back to a wall and push firmly up against it so that you're touching from head to heels— buttocks, shoulder blades, if possible every vertebra. You'll feel a strong pull along your backbone and neck. This stretching is recommended by physical culturists to improve posture, get rid of aches in back or neck and make you feel alive all over.

The "heel stretch" is a favourite of health experts for use while sitting at a desk or table. You needn't get out of your chair to do it. Just lift your feet and push the heels forward as if trying to push a wall away. Bring your toes up—so that you feel the muscles behind your knee pulling like a rope—count six, and slowly relax.

Says a physical training instructor, "All you need do is *use your muscles correctly* as you go through a routine day at home or the office."

If you pick up something from the floor, for example, don't straddle your legs and bend. Put one foot forward and kneel correctly. For variety, squat and rise like a jack-in-the-box; it tightens flabby legs.

## THE READER'S DIGEST

When you have to queue, teeter on your toes a few times to uncramp foot and leg muscles. Put your hands in your pockets and clench and unclench the fingers to get the blood speeded up. Take a whopper of a breath and see how far you can expand your belt. Deep-breathing exercises should be employed every day.\* When you go upstairs, climb slowly with head and chest high and stomach muscles tight. If you can, walk up two steps at a time, or even three.

Basically, there are nine essential exercises which authorities advise you to take every day, in doses of a few seconds at a time:

\* See "Deepen Your Breath of Life," The Reader's Digest, May, 1949.

1. *Stretch*—while sitting, lying or standing.
2. *Straighten your spine*—while standing with your back against something straight.
3. *Roll your neck*—up, down and around.
4. *Suck in your stomach*—while sitting or bending over.
5. *Expand your chest*.
6. *Flex your arms*—by pushing, pulling and reaching.
7. *Bend your legs*—by squatting, climbing and walking.
8. *Limber your toes and feet*.
9. *Firm your muscles*—by bouncing, kneading, pummelling.

A little of each of these every day, and you'll be slimmer, stronger and livelier. Try them and see!

### Efficiency Experts

A COMPANY chairman sent this note to the personnel office: "I would like to know what procedure we follow when employing people at our X plant."

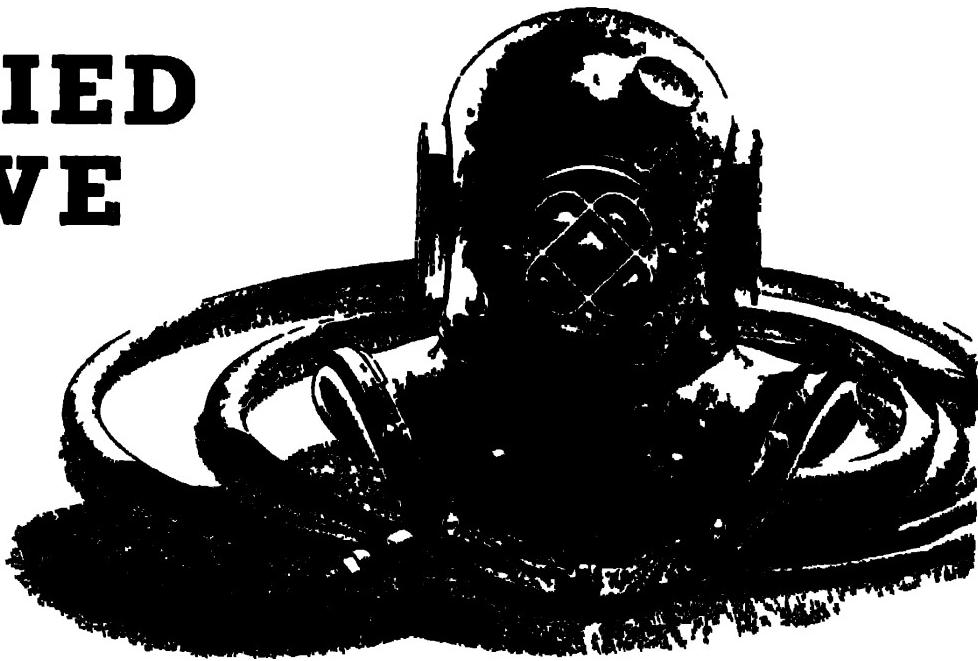
This memo set off a tremendous flap. Subordinate managers, unsure what he had in mind and unwilling to ask, instituted a complete review of the company's personnel policies. More than 300 hours of consultations were held at various levels. Scores of reports were written. Every aspect of the subject was explored.

Finally, after weeks of work, a quarter-inch-thick report was delivered to the chairman. It gave full details of all the aptitude and intelligence tests that were used, all the sources of manpower that were tapped, what percentage of applicants were able to make the grade, the cost of running the personnel department, and all the reasons anyone could think of to explain why this was a fine system.

The boss took one look at it and almost choked. "All I wanted to know," he said, "was where I should send a neighbour's young son, who was interested in a summer job. It doesn't matter now—he's gone back to school."

—F. C. M.

# BURIED ALIVE



*1 Reader's Digest  
"First Person" Award*

**Trapped in the mud of the river bed, with a 500-ton barge  
above him— and the tide going out!**

*By Joseph Karneke  
as told to Victor Boesen*

I still chills me to recall the nightmare events of that hour almost 20 years ago. Yet I felt no foreboding as I sat on the diving stool on that grey autumn afternoon in 1940. I was preparing to dive from a naval barge tied up in the Anacostia River near the U.S. Navy's under water sound laboratories in Washington. It was a routine operation.

Extending down through the 500 ton barge were three wells, each three feet in diameter, in which the Navy tested its sonar equipment. After each test it was necessary to empty the wells of water so that the

next underwater listening devices could be installed. The usual procedure was to seal the wells from the bottom, then pump them dry. On this occasion the laboratories wanted the farthest well sealed.

Our crew from the Navy's Deep Sea Diving School began the job with the self assurance of old hands. We had all trained in these waters, and I had made some 30 dives in the area. We dived in rotation, and it was now my turn to go down.

Our chief gave me final instructions, then closed the face plate in my helmet. The crew slid me feet

first into the middle well, and in a moment I was on the uneven river bed, scrunched down in the two-and-a-half-foot space between it and the underside of the barge. Using a seam in the barge's steel plates to guide me, I dug my feet into the mud and propelled myself backwards, squid-like, to the well I was to close.

Crouched below it I could feel the soft mud beneath me, studded with rock and pieces of scrap iron. Above me a dull halo of light showed through the murky water in the well. Out to the sides all was blackness. I felt out the cover-plate at the side of the opening, unbolted it and swung it under the hole. This blacked out my last link with the daylight world above. Working by touch, I began taking bolts one by one from my tool bag and putting them in place above my head.

The work went smoothly. The water buoyed up my arms, and as I leaned back a little each time I reached up I felt a support behind me which I took to be my combination life-line and air hose. Loyd Skill, my telephone man, heckled me reassuringly from above.

The phone man is the most important member of the crew up topside. He listens constantly to the sound of the air going into the diver's helmet and to his breathing. "How're you doing?" Skill would say every few moments, to relieve that dreadful feeling of isolation which a diver often gets underwater.

I described my progress. "Ten more bolts to go," I said at one point.

"Well, speed it up," Skill answered, keeping the conversation going.

All at once I noticed that the barge was no longer at arm's length above my head, but directly over my face. I ran my hand along the bottom. It was only inches away! I was flat on my back! Without knowing it I had kept leaning farther and farther back until I was now stretched out like a man working under a car.

"Hey, this barge is sinking!" I yelled.

Skill said, "No, everything's all right up here, Karneke."

"Get me out of here!" I yelled again. "The barge is sinking!"

There was a pause. Then Skill said, tightly, "Be calm now. You're in a shallow spot. The barge isn't sinking—but the tide's going out."

Now I remembered. In our self-assurance we hadn't bothered to check the tide before I went down. The support I had felt behind me as I worked had been not my life-line but the surge of the outgoing current.

"We're going to pull you up," Skill said. I felt the life-line tug at my breastplate. "Can you feel us pulling?" Skill asked.

"Yes, but I'm not moving."

"Are you sure?" Sometimes when it's too dark to see and the movement is slow a diver can't be sure.

But I was sure. By now the 500-ton barge was beginning to rest on my helmet and breastplate, pinning

me against the river bed. "Not an inch," I said.

"We can't pull any more," Skill said. "We're afraid we'll part the life-line."

That shook me. The life-line could take a pull of 2,600 pounds. I was in real trouble. "What are you going to do?" I asked.

A minute or so passed. Evidently a plan was being discussed by the crew. Then Skill said, "The chief wants to know if you'll be all right if we move the barge."

I spread my arms, the only way I could move now, and felt the bottom. "No, don't move the barge," I said. "Too many rocks. They'll grind me up." But perhaps I had made a bad decision, for the 500 tons were pressing down harder every moment. "You'd better do something fast," I said. "This barge isn't getting any lighter."

"Take it easy," Skill called. "We're going to try to wash you out with the tunnelling hose." (This is a tool that shoots a jet of water through a nozzle at very high pressure.) "The stand-by diver will come in with the nozzle from the side."

I started calculating. The barge was 40 feet wide; a tunnel to where I lay under the middle would have to be 20 feet long. The job could hardly be done in less than an hour. Meanwhile, the tide would not be waiting.

There were a lot of ways I could die. If my helmet and breastplate collapsed, I would be crushed and

drowned at a stroke. My air hose could be pinched against a rock, causing my suit to fill with deadly carbon dioxide from my breath. If neither of these things happened, the tunneller could easily miss me in this darkness.

Suddenly I had an idea. "Hey, Skill," I said, "how about tying the tunnelling hose to my life-line, dropping the nozzle down the middle well and letting me pull it towards me?" That way the nozzle could not go astray, and the distance to be dug would be shorter.

Skill repeated the suggestion up above. "The chief thinks that's a good idea," he said. "We'll let you know when to start pulling."

As I lay waiting in my world of darkness, sinking deeper into the mire under the weight of the barge, there was a strangling sound like a death rattle at my exhaust valve. The vent at the side of my helmet was being choked off by mud. To give the exhaust air another way to get out, I reached for the hand-operated spit cock at the lower left side of my face. It was jammed hard against the underside of the barge, its handle immovable.

The spectre of death by carbon dioxide poisoning came closer. So did death of another kind: my breastplate was beginning to sag against my chest. Surely any moment it must collapse like an eggshell. Icy sweat rolled into my eyes.

"Stand by," Skill called at last. "We're dropping the nozzle in the

hole with full pressure. Start pulling."

This was the final bid for life. I pulled. Nothing moved. "I can't get any slack," I said.

"The line is probably pinched under the edge of the well," Skill answered. "We'll try to wash some of the mud away by swishing the nozzle about."

Suddenly the line gave. "It's moving!" I cried. Its progress was by inches, but after what seemed an eternity I heard pebbles bouncing off my helmet, and felt them pelting my bare hands. Then I gave a final heave and the nozzle burst through at my feet, wrapping me in a storm of swirling water, mud and stones.

I groped through the boiling darkness and grabbed the nozzle. "I've got it," I yelled. "I'm going to try to blast myself loose."

"Easy now," Skill called back. "Untie the nozzle from the life-line." This was necessary so that the crew could take up the slack life-line before it fouled on the rocks.

I clawed at the rope that bound the nozzle to the life-line. "It's too tight," I said.

"Can you cut it?" Skill asked.

"If I can reach my knife." By twisting my body and digging rocks out of the way with an elbow I managed to get my hand to the sheath on my belt. "I've got it," I said, and eagerly began cutting.

"Be careful," Skill cautioned again. "Don't cut your life-line!"

His warning came just in time. In

my excitement I might easily have made the knife the means of my execution. I slowed down. "Okay," I called when I had finished. "Take up the life-line."

As the line began snaking away, I directed towards my underside the tornado which was spewing from the nozzle. Deliciously, I sank away from the bottom of the barge. Then the life-line went taut and I felt a sliding movement. "I'm *moving!*" I shouted. "Keep pulling."

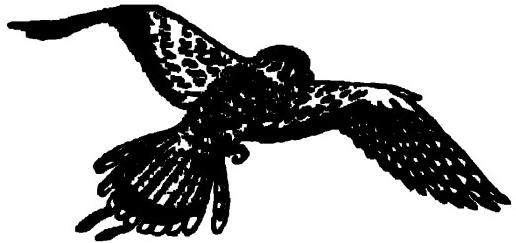
I slid rapidly feet first along the trench blasted out by the nozzle, moving towards the centre well and its promise of freedom. It was still only a promise, however, for the rocks in the trench banged against my helmet and raked at my suit as I passed. If they tore through and I got wedged among the rocks I might drown.

Presently Skill said, "All right, Karneke, we can feel your feet. We're going to pull you up."

One of the crew had come down into the well to guide me home. He seized my feet and directed them upwards. Other hands grabbed them and soon I stood on the deck, helmet off and squinting in the light.

The chief eyed me up and down and bellowed with mock rage, "Dammit, Karneke, how many times must I tell you I don't want you coming up feet first?"

I grinned and looked round me at the day, which was still as overcast as when I went down, and marvelled at how bright it was.



# *The Falcon and I*

A young girl and a wild, noble bird  
meet the challenge of life together

*By Jean George*

I WAS ALONE in the attic. My children had gone off to school. The sweep of my broom was checked by an object behind the trunk - the old wooden box that held my girlhood diaries. Amused, I lifted a blue leather one from the pile and opened it. I don't remember cleaning the rest of the attic. For the words I read startled me with intimations that were not there when I wrote. "I spoke to my beloved falcon tonight, and I said to him if there is a way to balance our wings on the sky we shall go that way together."

At 13 I had had no other thought than that I adored the bird my twin brothers had given me. But now, many years later, those words crystallized my relationship with the falcon. We *had* balanced our wings together, for I had turned the wild



noble bird into a disciplined hunter precisely during the period when I myself was being groomed for womanhood. And there in the attic I began to understand for the first time the subtle ways in which the falcon and I grew up together, learning through passionate rebellion and quiet acceptance that freedom begins when necessary restrictions are buried in habit.

I first saw the young sparrow-hawk in the bottom of a vegetable basket in our kitchen. He flopped on his back and, eyes flashing, threatened me with his open talons. He looked ferocious—until a wisp of the natal down he was shedding landed comically on the end of his hooked beak.

"He's wonderful!" I exclaimed, as my hand circled his steely-blue body. He "killied" in rage, and I winced as he dug his needle talons into my hand. Weeping and laughing, I prieded the talons out of my flesh and pressed the hot woodsy-smelling creature against my cheek. "You are only four weeks old and have a lot to learn," I whispered with great sadness, for only that morning my own nestlinghood had come to an end. My mother had finished telling me the facts of life.

My brothers, three years my senior and already knowledgeable falconers with hawks of their own, were both amused and pleased with the meeting of girl and bird.

"The sparrow-hawk is a noble bird," said my brother John. "It is

one of the smallest of the true falcons, or noble birds of prey."

"And the training," my brother Frank added solemnly, "must begin immediately. Feed the falcon nothing—and I mean nothing—unless he takes it from your hand. Use this whistle"—he gave three notes—"then let him eat."

I was left alone with the young and the noble.

I tried to make the bird sit on my hand. He bit a finger. I stroked him. He flew at my face. There and then I named him "Bad Boy."

All the afternoon I tried to win him with succulent grasshoppers. He looked at them and screamed in hunger, but he would not take them from my hand. I cried. Then came a constricting fear: the little falcon would die of starvation right before my eyes! In desperation I threw him a grasshopper. Bad Boy stared in anger; then a yellow foot shot out and snatched up the morsel. The bird wolfed.

Certain that he would be won by my generosity, I reached out to take him. But he snapped at me and ran under the radiator. From there he fought my hand with such ferocity that it bled. John and Frank found me there, crying, and brought the gladiator out with gauntlets. Then I confessed what I had done.

"Now you mustn't feed him anything until tomorrow. When he is hungry enough he *will* eat from your hand."

That night I resolved in my diary

to "do it right—it will be less heart-breaking in the long run." The wisdom to "do it right" had stemmed from an earlier experience—when I'd spent some money and declared I hadn't. Supporting one untruth with another had become so agonizingly complicated that when I finally told the truth it was so simple I was startled. There in the attic I saw now that I had transferred that experience to the bird: it *was* easier—in the long run—to follow the rules.

I turned a page of the diary. It reported that I got up at 5 a.m. Bad Boy was still in his temporary home, the vegetable basket. When he saw me he bristled for a fight, beak open and talons exposed. But when I whistled the call that was to mean "Come, food," and held out a grasshopper, his feathers relaxed and he nibbled tentatively at the grasshopper—then he began to eat! I slipped my finger under his feet and lifted him out of the basket. Trembling, I fed him two, three, four grasshoppers. When he had finished he was still perched on my hand.

Quickly I apologized to the bird for the training. I remember explaining to him that it would get worse before it got better. "It is being done so that when you fly free you will know what you are doing," I wrote in my diary. Reading the words now, I was not sure whether they were addressed to the falcon or to myself. One day, noting that Bad Boy's wings had filled out to their full span, my brother said: "It is

time to put leg straps on him—falconers call them jesses—for now that he can fly you must have control of him."

On the kitchen table we cut the jesses, two slender strips of soft deer hide. An ingenious falconer's knot held the straps to the legs. Frank deftly put the jesses on Bad Boy, and I flipped him to my wrist, holding the straps. Bad Boy tried to fly, fell forward, tried to fly again and sat still. We snapped a leash on to the jesses by a swivel, designed to keep the leash from twisting or binding the bird. Then we took him out to the perch waiting for him and tied the leash to a circle of wire at the base of the pole.

That night my first social dancing lesson began. Despite our loud protests, the local mothers had hired an instructor to teach their boys and girls. The frightened group gathered in our living room, and as my first partner put his arm self-consciously round my waist I suddenly remembered that I had not seen to Bad Boy—he might be tangled in his new leash. I ran!

When I returned I could hear the teacher droning on and on, "step-together-step." I can still see that roomful of young adolescents—step-together-step, step-together-step. A boy breaks away to see if he can jump and touch the chandelier—step-together-step. A girl gets the giggles and has to have a drink of water—step-together-step. And next morning, when I forced Bad Boy to

come half-way across the garden for food, the words passed my lips: "step-together-step." The reluctant bird circled on his perch and "killed" for 15 minutes—but in the end he, too, accepted the strange new rules.

Every summer our family spent a holiday in my father's old home in the mountains. There, in the enormous mid-Victorian house that we shared with cousins, aunts and uncles, I was trained in the female arts—cooking, sewing, housekeeping. And there Bad Boy became a falcon—a hunter.

A few weeks after arriving, my brothers informed me that Bad Boy was trained well enough to fly free, which meant I should take his leash off when I whistled him to my hand. "Don't feed him for a day," Frank told me. "Then try him out."

From the beginning there was something "off" about that day. Mother was upset with me because I had come down the drain-pipe instead of the stairs. She thought I was too big for such displays—"undignified" she called it, using the word I resented so terribly. Added to that was my apprehension about letting the falcon fly free. If I lost that bird, my uncertain world would collapse. For I was truly happy, it seemed to me, only when I was with him.

To console the hungry Bad Boy, I kept him company that afternoon, reading under the maple tree near his perch. But he kept begging me

for food, and when I could stand it no longer I caught several crickets and fed them to him. He flapped his wings ecstatically.

The next morning I dared not confess to my brothers what I had done, so we prepared for the flight. John unsnapped the leash. I stood at the end of the long garden with the lure—a wooden block on a string, covered with feathers to look like a bird, on which food is tied. I whistled and waved the lure. The falcon sped down the garden, missed the lure and headed for the open sky. For the moment I was left breathless by his mastery of the air. His wings folded, spread, clipped the winds. He rode them higher and higher—and then he was gone.

John, Frank and I took it in turns all day to search. Night came. The perch under the maple tree was still vacant. I cried all night. At dawn I heard the familiar "killie, killie, killie." I dashed downstairs and there, on his perch, I found Bad Boy—lifting his wings and turning as if the leash were still snapped to the jesses!

I fought down the impulse to run to him. I moved forward with great restraint. When I was two feet away, he jumped on to my shoulder and pecked my chin—hard. He was hungry. When he was safely leashed I took the .22 rifle and brought down a house sparrow near the barn. On the run I went back to the falcon and unsnapped the leash. I walked to the end of the garden

and, holding out the sparrow, whistled. He dropped on to his wings, swooped over the grass and hit my hand with a blow—exactly as a trained falcon should. Needless to say, my brothers were awakened early that morning.

Bird and I sailed on smoothly from that day. He needed only to hear me whistle and he was on my shoulder or the lure. Even when I returned to school, with the blooming of the golden-rod, Bad Boy accepted my absence with no backsliding in his discipline.

But there was backsliding in my training. Mother came to my room with a package one night while I was getting ready for bed. She looked at me as woman to woman, and a knowing warmth softened her face. "You are developing nicely," she said and, to underline the alarming truth, opened the package—a roll-on, silk stockings and a brassière!

I wanted to run, hide, drop dead—anything to escape—and after she left I buried them resentfully at the bottom of the dressing-table drawer like a guilty secret. In the following months several occasions arose when I should have worn them, and didn't. But Mother said nothing more than that my brothers seemed to be able to wear ties now without grumbling.

One day I came home late from school to find my brothers on the back steps amid a clutter of tools, leather and patterns. "We're going

to hood Bad Boy," Frank explained.

"Oh, no," I protested. "It's cruel. He won't be able to see."

"Well, you're too busy to keep him in training. He's getting wild, breaking his tail feathers pulling at the leash. A hood will keep him quiet."

The completed hood was handsome, decorated with a topknot of chicken feathers and with a clever drawstring that could be easily tightened or loosened. I would not go with them to hood my bird, but I watched from the back porch. Confident that he would not tolerate this abuse, I waited for him to fly into a fury, to fight back. But Bad Boy stopped screaming the moment the hood was on. He shook it, scratched it violently, then sat quietly in the sudden night.

As good falconers, John and Frank intended that Bad Boy should be hooded when not hunting. But I could not bear the thought of my sky-loving bird sitting in darkness. I unhooded him and took him to my room. If I was too busy to keep him in training, then I would make a pet of him. And Bad Boy as a pet—although a breach of falconry rules—was a very satisfying arrangement for me. He sat on my head or the back of my chair while I studied. And when there were guests, he always caused such a sensation flying around the house that I forgot my own awkward embarrassment in the midst of adults.

One evening, Father was having

a colleague to dinner, and by the preparations under way I knew Mother wanted me to look particularly nice. I went to my room and dug out those hidden garments. Shyly I put them on, and when I was dressed I remember standing a moment at the door. An exciting pride came over me. I turned back to Bad Boy. But this time, instead of whistling him to my shoulder, I slipped the hood over his head and watched the calm descend on the bird with some vague understanding that the hood wasn't so cruel after all.

The mention of this in my diary was brief: "It's not frightening at all," I wrote, and walked calmly downstairs. My need for the falcon seems to have ended here.

The following summer Bad Boy was so tame that he was rarely leashed. He would go out to the meadows to catch his own food and bring it back to his perch to eat. I began to notice, however, that each time he went he stayed away longer.

Once, as he winged over my head, I whistled and called in vain. When night came I saw him huddled against the chimney for warmth, so I crawled out on to the roof and got him. Not long afterwards Bad Boy was gone for three days, then a week.

He came back to the chimney a wild bird. I climbed up to get him but he flew away from me. Leaning against the chimney, watching him spurn me, I suddenly didn't

want it to end like this. There was something so final, at once sad and exciting, about the parting. I could smell the bricks through my sobs. Did I know then, I said to myself in the attic, that those tears were for the farewell of my childhood? I recall having been a little surprised that I was not more upset over the absences of my falcon.

But other things were clamouring for attention—canoe races on the river, campfire picnics. Then one day, when he had been gone two weeks, I came home to find a yellow gown on my bed so romantically *bouffante* it took my breath away. Holding it up against me, I looked dreamily into my mirror. Suddenly a movement in the mirror caught my eye. Bad Boy was in the tree outside my window, looking in at me. I could get him by merely stepping out on to the roof. I would—but first I turned slowly before the mirror admiring the dress. When I had completed the circle the falcon was gone.

I ran to the window. I could see his pointed wings against the sky as he circled the chimney, the house, the garden. Then he turned southwest and flew like a wild bird. This time, I sensed, he would not be back.

I dropped my head in the yellow organdie and waited for the tears. They did not come. In the blue leather diary I wrote: "Now you belong to the sky—good-bye, my pretty friend. How different the winds that carry us will be."

The falcon and I were free.

## POINTS TO PONDER

**Calvin Robinson** in *Give Yourself One Day*:

One afternoon in London during the First World War, a foreign visitor entered the room of Sir Joseph Maclay, the British Minister of Shipping, as one of the ministry officials was describing the horrible things that would take place if his own suggestions were not adopted.

"Be careful," murmured Sir Joseph. "You are violating Rule Six." The official flushed and departed.

When the door had closed, the visitor asked, "And what is Rule Six?"

"Rule Six," answered Sir Joseph, "is: 'Do not take yourself too seriously.'"

"And what are the other rules?" asked the visitor.

"There are no other rules," replied Sir Joseph with a smile.

—*Sidgwick and Jackson, London*

**Arthur Daley:**

A quarter of a century ago Brutus Hamilton prepared a chart of athletic events outlining the "Ultimate of Human Effort." Having served as an Olympic coach, he spoke with the voice of authority.

The athletic world was aghast at his

boldness. Virtually all his ultimates of that time were deemed so fantastic as to be beyond approach. But, of the 18 events in which he set performance goals, athletes have now flashed past all but three—the 100-metre sprint, the long jump and the hop, step and jump.

The International Amateur Athletic Federation, the world governing body, drew up a list of qualifying standards for the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. They make the head spin. Some of these qualifying performances are beyond Hamilton's ultimates. So amazing has been the advance that very few Olympic champions before 1932 could qualify on their winning performances for a place in the 1960 Games. Evidence is mounting that there are no such things as "ultimates" in track and field events. Records will be broken as long as man remains to break them.

**Søren Kierkegaard:**

To be a woman is something so strange, so confused, so complicated that only a woman could put up with it.

**Arthur Benson** in *Along the Road*:

There are many people who practically never write to old friends, because they have a feeling that if they write at all they must write at length. But that is a great mistake; and by this indolent reticence many good ties are broken. The point is the letter, not the length or the literary quality of the letter. And it is pitiful to think that a few words scribbled on a scrap of paper three or four times in a year might save a good friendship from perishing listlessly from lack of nourishment.

—*John Murray, London*

*In the ring or out of it,  
the venerable light-heavyweight  
champion of the world is a  
man who never wastes a moment*



## **Archie Moore —Boxing's Ageless Wonder**

*By James Stewart Gordon*

NO MATTER how you look at Archie Lee Moore, the age less light heavyweight champion of the world, he is quite a sight. His character is a mixture of pride, humility and a heart of gold. In his street clothes, and wearing a thin moustache and goatee beard, he exudes such an air of benign dignity that, at the very least, he looks like the Grand Vizier of the Caliph of Baghdad. In the ring he resembles an amiable panther. All this, together with his superb boxing skill

and his multiple activities as a ranch owner, philanthropist and letter writer extraordinary, has combined to make him a living legend.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Archie is that he is a champion at an age when most men are beginning to wonder if there may not be some truth in all this talk about tired blood. By various accounts, he is anywhere from 42 to past 50. Archie himself says he was born in 1916; his mother says he was born three years earlier.

*Condensed from The Rotarian*

However old Archie is, there are no doubts about his abilities as a fighter. "It is not my old grey head boxers respect," he says. "It's my old grey fists."

Archie has been fighting since 1935—two years before Joe Louis won the heavyweight championship. In his 206 recorded professional fights he has scored 128 knock-outs—more than any other boxer has ever had. It is the most remarkable record ever achieved by a professional fighter.

Last August, in Montreal, he demolished Yvon Durelle, a youthful heavy-handed foe of peaceful coexistence who had floored Archie four times the previous December.

The first Moore-Durelle fight, one of the all-time classics of boxing, stamped Moore with the seal of greatness in courage and skill. Knocked down three times in the first round, old Archie, rubber-legged and dazed, climbed to his feet each time and fought back. In the fifth round Durelle once more smashed him to the canvas.

As the champion wobbled to his corner between rounds it looked as though he might be finished. But, turning to his seconds, Archie remarked through swollen lips, "This is no time for relaxology (a Moore-coined word). I shall have to knock this guy out." He did so in the 11th round. Moore then added, "That will teach this young man not to go around trying to beat up someone old enough to be his father."

In August he repeated the lesson, flattening Durelle three times in the third round, then knocking him out.

Archie, who is entirely self-taught as a fighter, says that he developed his technique by watching an old film that features a mongoose killing a cobra. "The cobra rears up and gets ready to strike, the mongoose feints, the cobra strikes but the mongoose isn't there, but when that cobra is stretched out, bang, out comes the mongoose, and that ends the cobra. The mongoose, that's me."

When Archie is not in training he weighs up to 15 stone 2 lb., which is a lot for his 5-foot 10½-inch frame. Therefore, whenever he defends his title, which has a weight limit of 12½ stone, he has to lose some 37 pounds, while still retaining his strength.

The old mongoose has a "secret way of weight reduction" which he says he picked up from an aborigine, while fighting in Australia. He has never disclosed the "secret," but he documents the story by saying, "You never saw a fat aborigine, did you?"

If Archie won't share his training secrets, he cannot be said to be ungenerous with the fruits of them. He has probably contributed more money to individuals who are down on their luck than any other man in sports.

Several years ago a popular sports-writer was totally incapacitated by a cerebral haemorrhage. His illness ate up his savings and, when the

condition of his wife and children became critical, several of his friends decided to raise some money. No one had thought to ask Archie, who was fighting miles away, for a contribution, and no one knows how he found out that there was such a fund. But within 24 hours, a letter came to another sports writer.

"Dear Al: I hope this will help. Please don't tell anybody I sent this. If you need more let me know. Tell him the old Mongoose is in his corner." (Enclosed was Archie's cheque for 1,000 dollars — Rs. 4,750.)

Once while training in Miami Archie noticed a little girl on the pavement and contrived to drop some coins for her. The child seemed unable to find the money and Archie finally realized that she was nearly blind. He took her home and her parents told him that the girl needed an operation that cost 700 dollars (about Rs. 3,000). Archie reached in his pocket and took out a roll of notes. The entire Moore bank balance then amounted to 800 dollars (Rs. 3,600). He peeled off 700 dollars, handed them to the girl's mother and walked out of the door. The next day Archie bludgeoned a radio station into giving him time to appeal for funds for the little girl's future. He raised 7,000 dollars (over Rs. 30,000).

Several months ago when a prisoner in jail wrote and asked for cigarette money, Archie replied with a cheque by return of post. His wife, who now controls all the Moore

finances, was a little upset at this.

"You work hard for what you have. Do you want to give it all away?" she asked.

Archie smiled and looked out of the window. "I'm not giving anything away," he replied. "I'm sharing."

Archie Moore was born in Benoit, Mississippi, the son of a farm labourer. When he was three the family broke up and Archie was sent off to his aunt in St. Louis. At school he was an outstanding pupil, but money was scarce. Archie found a job in a labouring gang.

He began his boxing career as a middleweight, winning fights almost from the start. He has always shown an uncanny ability to defend himself. Today he has none of the familiar marks of his profession, no cauliflower ears, no lumps of scar tissue over his eyes, no odd ringing noises in his head.

In 1941, as an additional source of income, Moore opened a chicken restaurant. Here, when not fighting, he fried chicken for 13 hours a day, seven days a week. But one day he collapsed and was taken to hospital with an acute case of perforated ulcers. When he was released a month later he weighed just over seven stone and was so feeble that he couldn't stand upright.

Archie got a job as night watchman guarding some road-building equipment. Milt Kraft, who employed him, says, "He was so stooped over that I wondered why

this old fellow was looking for a job. He didn't look strong enough to work." At 28 Archie looked 60.

Six weeks later Kraft got a telephone call at his home late at night: someone was moving about near the equipment that Archie was supposed to be guarding. Kraft drove out to find Archie, on still unsteady legs, trying to work out. He would run and turn and every few steps make feeble attempts at shadow boxing.

"What are you doing?" Kraft asked.

Archie smiled and tried to hold himself a little straighter.

"Mr. Kraft," he said. "I'm getting ready for my come-back."

After many months of painful muscle-rebuilding, Archie was well enough by 1942 to try the fight game again, still for small purses. He was now 29, getting old for a fighter, but some of the best-known boxers of his weight avoided meeting him. Ten years passed before he finally got his first real break, a title fight with Joey Maxim, then light-heavyweight champion. Archie beat Maxim in St. Louis and again in Miami.

In his first appearance at Madison Square Garden in New York, Moore successfully defended his title against Harold Johnson, in August 1954, with a knock-out in the 14th round. Archie's next big fight was with the world middleweight champion Bobo Olson, who had gained a reputation for ferocity. In the first round Archie clouted Bobo on the forehead. As

Archie says, "He got the message." Moore polished off Bobo in the third round.

In 1955 Moore challenged undefeated Rocky Marciano for the world's heavyweight championship. He set up training quarters at a children's camp in Massachusetts, run by Mrs. Anita Cormier, and immediately became the focus of camp life. He acted as master of ceremonies for the talent night, playing the drums as his own contribution. For a function called "Christmas in July" he went to town and bought every youngster a present. Featured as guest of honour at the camp's farewell banquet, he made a speech which emphasized how wonderful it was to have a home and folks and how the kids must always try to do the best they could no matter how much they might feel like giving up. When he finished, Mrs. Cormier says, "You could have heard a pin drop and I was deeply moved."

Mrs. Cormier's 14-year-old son, Bob, had done training with Archie every day and idolized him. Bob heard the fight with Marciano on the radio. Later he said, "When Archie lost I couldn't believe it. Then in a couple of days I got a postcard from Archie that said, 'Dear Bob. I'm sorry I let my pal down. Love to all.'" Bob wrote back and began a correspondence that has continued over the past four years.

Moore is one of the great letter-writers of all times. As soon as he

meets a person he gets his name and address and at the first opportunity sends him a card. He keeps a huge collection of postcards bearing his picture, which he uses for short notes such as, "Dear Pal. How are things going for you? Hope everything is fine. Your friend, Archie."

When his youngest daughter was born, he had a special card made with the baby's picture on it and sent several thousands of these to correspondents all over the world.

Archie has now sunk his roots in San Diego, where he lives with his wife, their two small daughters and his mother-in-law. He is a family man of staggering proportions, and feels unhappy unless surrounded by his kith and kin. Up to the present time, in the general vicinity of San Diego, he has planted some 20 relatives whom he either supports or has helped to get jobs.

Perhaps because success came late in life for Archie, he is now determined to make every second count. His sister-in-law says, "He lives as though his skin wasn't big enough to hold him. He's the most impatient man I've ever seen."

On a normal day at home, he gets

up at 5 a.m., cooks breakfast, sprints out of doors and chops wood. After this he may dash off 15 or 20 letters. Then he will read a book, listen to some jazz and go outside for target shooting (he is a crack shot who can shred a three-inch target at 50 yards).

Back indoors, he goes down to his dark room to develop some pictures. Then he plays with his children before he races off in one of his five cars to one of his two ranches.

Archie's friends feel a fierce loyalty to him and many of them have urged him to leave the ring. Archie feels that he has to go on fighting for his family. "It's my trade," he says. "It's the only thing I know."

After his first fight with Durelle, which was one of the most bruising any boxer has had in the past 25 years, Bob Cormier wrote to him: "Dear Archie: How much longer are you to go on? My family and I can't stand the strain of many more like the last one."

Archie replied: "Dear Friend Bob: I agree with you and your folks. I *must* retire. But you leave room for 'escapology.' You set no date. Love you all. Archie."

### *The Soft Touch*

ON A cross-country training flight, my student pilot and I stopped at an aerodrome in Texas for fuel. We got the plane serviced, finished our drinks and checked our charts for the next leg of our flight. As we were about to leave, the lanky airport attendant tapped me on the shoulder and drawled: "The reason Ah'm waitin' so long to give y'all back your change is because you ain't paid me yet."

—Contributed by W. M.

*Revealing evidence of the failures and shortcomings  
of the Soviet educational system*



*How Good Are Russia's Schools?*

*By Irving Levine*

Until recently, a radio correspondent in Moscow

"WE MUST reshape the system of higher education . . . There is serious dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs in secondary and higher schools . . . Most young people who have attended school for ten years turn out to be unprepared for life upon graduation."

The speaker is Nikita Khrushchev, and the target of his criticism is the *Soviet* school system.

After the success of the first Sputnik attracted attention to Soviet education, delegations of Western educators visited Russia and returned with disturbing reports of Soviet achievements. They warned of "the frightening challenge of

Russia's schools," and said that "the Soviet government and its people have dedicated themselves to higher education to a degree which must give serious pause to any competitive nation."

But are things really so wonderful in Russian schools? There is considerable evidence that they are not.

Khrushchev has recently made drastic changes in the Soviet educational system. After more than 40 years of striving to provide facilities for everyone to have ten years of compulsory schooling, the Soviet Union is now beginning to bring it down to eight years. (Even this is more than children have actually

*Condensed from The New Leader*

been getting in many small towns and villages.)

This means that, in the future, relatively few young Russians will get a university education.

A certain proportion of promising youngsters will be admitted directly from the eight-year schools to educational institutions where they can prepare for university while working part-time at a factory or farm job. However, most of them will be found full-time jobs; to qualify for a university education later on, they will have to study at night schools or by correspondence course while they work.

Khrushchev's reorganization of education stresses work and de-emphasizes education. This is a reflection of his personality. He received little formal schooling himself, displays contempt for the intellectual and disdains the scientific theorist. He prefers the practical man who produces. His educational objective is not to improve minds, but to turn out trained workers quickly in order to achieve his ambition to catch up with the United States in production.

Khrushchev's shake-up of the Soviet school system has exposed some skeletons in scholastic cupboards that close observers of the Soviet scene suspected were there all along. Here are a few of them.

**Admission Rackets:** A recent cartoon shows a grotesquely fat young man telling his girl friend, "Galitchka, congratulate me. I've just been

admitted to the Physical Culture Institute."

"But," asks Galitchka, "do you have the necessary qualifications?"

"Tremendous qualifications. My uncle is the principal!"

Cases of youngsters getting into university through pull rather than merit are many. Recently a list was posted in the hall of Moscow University giving the names of half a dozen students whose influential parents had won them admission. Exposed by zealous Young Communist League members, the hapless six were expelled. But how many others have bribed their way in is anyone's guess.

An admissions racket exposed a few months ago in Moscow consisted of a syndicate of seven men who, upon payment of 5,000 roubles (about Rs. 2,375 at the tourist rate of exchange) provided forged documents from government ministries addressed to institutions of higher learning, ordering the admission of the bearer. It worked until a university official took one of the documents to the indicated ministry to check its validity.

**Low-Standard Facilities:** There's a serious shortage of schools in Russia. Most schools are operating two shifts. Some have three, starting at 7 a.m. and continuing into the evening. School construction has failed to keep pace with population growth. That is one reason why Khrushchev has cut the compulsory-schooling programme.

Not all Soviet schools are on a par with the show places seen by foreign teacher delegations on escorted tours. School for many Soviet youngsters is a dilapidated three- or four-room building, with fewer than 100 pupils of mixed ages and with black-board and chalk as the principal teaching aids.

*Underpaid Teachers:* Although there is no teacher shortage, teachers are underpaid and many must work part-time to make ends meet. Don't judge the pay of ordinary teachers by that of the privileged Sputnik scientists. A primary school teacher starts at a salary of about Rs. 70 a week. Many teachers manage to keep their one-room households going only because several members of the family work.

*Ill-Prepared Graduates:* The emphasis is on mass education. If a youngster fails, it is a reflection on the teacher as well as on the pupil. Teachers therefore try to push students through to the next class whether or not they qualify. There are few tests; most marks are based on classroom recitation. When examinations are held, cheating is commonplace. Students joke about their *shpar golka* (crib notes) written on slips of paper cut as narrow as possible to avoid detection.

Even chauvinistic Soviet publications admit that there are serious short-comings in the quality of training. One newspaper said, "Though the state spends enormous funds on the teaching of foreign

languages to our youth, the graduates of most schools still do not get adequate knowledge and practice in this sphere." A report published by the Ministry of Education estimated that 25 per cent of mathematics teachers in certain junior classes are unqualified.

*Disciplinary Problems:* Students frequently cut classes. During a typical four-month period at a university in Tbilisi more than 94,000 man-hours were skipped, according to the newspaper *Dawn of the East*. "Sometimes lectures are skipped by whole groups," the paper added, "who instead go for a 'collective review' of a new film."

Students are expected to pay for part of their free education (and for the monthly stipend of from Rs. 95 to Rs. 350 for the better students) by working several Sundays each month on construction sites. Few do so voluntarily; most are impressed into service by Young Communist League vigilantes. The quality of the work performed is perhaps best reflected in the comment of a Moscow University student on her way one Sunday to help dig an extension of the underground railway system: "Oh, well, another day of hindering production!"

*Juvenile Delinquency:* Heavy drinking and rowdy behaviour among young people are worrying problems for the Kremlin leadership. There was a nation-wide scandal not long ago when the sons of two cabinet-rank officials and the

daughters of several military and secret-police authorities were involved in what the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* described as "orgies" and "bacchanalia." Posters urge grown-ups to discourage children from drinking, gambling and other vices.

The wave of juvenile delinquency has grown to such alarming proportions that units of "workers' militia" have been formed from reliable, tough factory workers in every city. These "volunteer" units patrol streets, restaurants and beer halls. In the words of *Pravda*, they "struggle against drunkenness, hooliganism, robbery and murder."

*Failure of Communist Influence:* If the test of an educational system is how well it prepares people to live as useful citizens in their society, Russia's schools are far from successful. The Soviet system has failed to produce the sort of atheistic, production-conscious, Marxist-minded citizens the Kremlin seeks.

Though atheism is taught from early stages, some village schools are forced to close on saints' days and other religious holidays because so many youngsters stay at home. The influence of a parent or grandparent, born before the Revolution, remains strong. A cartoon decrying this situation shows a worried youngster asking his grandmother, as they kneel to pray, "What will we say if someone comes in?" Grandmother: "We'll say that we're doing exercises."

The Kremlin, in an attempt to overcome such home influence, is gradually establishing a system of boarding schools where youngsters will live, spending only Sunday at home. Started in 1956, there are now more than 500 such boarding schools with an enrolment of 180,000, and the goal under Khrushchev's current Seven Year Plan is to provide quarters for 2,500,000 pupils by 1965.

In a Communist society, work is the chief virtue. But by Khrushchev's own admission, the Soviet school system has failed to inculcate in young people a passion for production:

"A number of ten year-school graduates go to work unwillingly in factories, in mills, on collective farms and state farms—and some of them even consider this to be beneath their dignity.

"This lordly, scornful, wrong attitude towards physical labour is to be found also in some families. If a boy or girl does not study well, the parents and the people around him frighten the child by saying that he will have to work in a factory as a common labourer. Physical labour is represented as something to scare children with, even though these views are insulting to the working people of the socialist society."

There may well be moments when Nikita Khrushchev wishes that his headaches over the Soviet school system could be reduced to the comparatively comfortable pains of educators in other parts of the world.

*It is both a bombshell and  
a boon to mankind*

By Ira Wolfert

**W**HEN you see lightning, it has already missed you. When you hear thunder, relax; the show is over. The noise is just the audience rushing for the exits.

Lightning moves about 30,000 times as fast as a bullet. If a big bolt were to hit you, you'd never know it. Meanwhile, enjoy the spectacle.

Lightning is one of the most dramatic examples in nature of the ill wind that blows good. It is true that it kills a score of people a year in Britain, injures 50 others and starts about 130 fires. Yet it is also true that without lightning plant life could not exist.

Eighty per cent of our atmosphere is nitrogen—an essential food for plants. About 22 million tons of this nutrient float over each square mile of earth. But in its aerial form nitrogen is insoluble,

*Condensed from Popular Science Monthly*



unusable. Before plants can take life from it, it must undergo what our food undergoes in our digestive machinery: a series of chemical reactions. Lightning touches off the series.

This is how the extraordinary process happens. Air particles are made white-hot by lightning. They reach temperatures as high as 30,000 degrees centigrade. Under this intense heat, the nitrogen combines with the oxygen in the air to form nitrogen oxides which are soluble in water. The rain dissolves the oxides and carries them down to earth as dilute nitric acid. You can smell this acid—the pungent, tingly odour that hangs in the rainy air of a thunderstorm. Reaching the earth, the nitric acid reacts with minerals there to become nitrates on which plants can feed. Here is a wonder, indeed: lightning, which meteorologists estimate to be bombarding the earth at a rate of more than 100 times a second, transforms the upper air into fertilizer for earthbound plants!

The story of lightning is one that sings the greatness of science. Every schoolchild knows that the story began with Benjamin Franklin and the kite which led to his invention of the lightning conductor. That simple device, basically unchanged ever since, must be included in any list of great inventions. Very little more was learnt about lightning until an August afternoon in 1920, when a bolt struck a gnarled tree a

foot away from an unoccupied hut owned by a scientist named Charles Steinmetz. The bolt bounded off the tree and broke a window; it splintered a work table, then leaped across the room to shatter a mirror.

Discovering the debris, Steinmetz had every fragment and splinter of the mirror collected and fitted together between two sheets of glass. It was the first time that the pattern struck off by a lightning charge had been studied.

Now scientists devised instruments to measure and record bolts. They hunted lightning, trapped it on film and learned how to make it in the laboratory. They even developed a camera that takes what amounts to a high-speed, slow-motion picture of a lightning bolt.

Scientists were urged to make these studies because of the growing dependence on electric power. Lightning is a particular nuisance when it hits electric power-lines, and it hits them frequently. Lightning can run along the line directly into expensive machinery in the power-station or transformer or, if it makes an arc to the ground before it travels that far, it can be followed into the earth by all the electricity in the line until the line is drained or shut off.

The scientists eventually learned how to control the power failures by learning how lightning strokes are formed. To begin with, a thundercloud gets under way when warm, humid air rises from the earth in a steady updraught, generally over a

hill or mountain-top. The humidity condenses as the air cools on rising. We see the tiny water droplets as mist which gradually assumes the familiar shape of a cumulo-nimbus cloud. Sometimes looking like a huge cauliflower, sometimes an enormous white anvil, the cumulo-nimbus is often topped by a "cirrus umbrella." It is composed of millions of minute ice crystals.

These formations can be enormous—up to 50,000 feet in height. They can contain as much as 300,000 tons of water. In them is a so-called "chimney current"—a column of air rising at a full gale force of about 100 feet a second. The moisture in this column condenses rapidly, and the droplets are swept upwards to freeze into hailstones.

The hailstones do not fall. They dance on the chimney current like ping-pong balls on a gushing fountain, rising steadily higher until, near the top of the cloud, the force of the current is exhausted. There the hailstones shower out in all directions, carrying cold air with them as they descend. Frequently they are sucked back into the chimney current to be dissolved and re-formed again and again.

In this turbulent motion something still unexplained happens. There is a separation of electric charges. The smaller particles near the top of the cloud become charged positively, while the raindrops in the lower part are charged negatively.

Meanwhile, on the surface of the earth directly below the cloud, there is a corresponding build up of a positive charge. As the cloud drifts, a positive charge on earth follows it like a shadow, climbing trees, church steeples, towers and telegraph poles. It races into houses and climbs water pipes, aerials, lightning conductors — whatever can bring it closer to the cloud.

Enormous differences of electric potential develop between the top and bottom of the thundercloud, and between the bottom of the cloud and its image on the earth.

Suddenly a thin, white arm reaches down for perhaps 50 feet from the base of the cloud—a "leader." It is a gaseous arc path, reacting to electricity like the gas in a neon tube. The leader hangs, hesitating a moment, thickening and brightening as the electrons in the cloud swarm into it. Then it reaches down again, perhaps as much as 300 feet.

The activity of the positive particles on the earth may have increased now to where "streamers"—the opposite of the leaders—can be noticed leaping up from the high points in the vicinity. Photographs have been made showing them snaking as high as 50 feet upward. This phenomenon is familiarly called St. Elmo's fire. Now, in time, a streamer meets a leader and—hallelujah!—a path between the earth and the cloud has been opened.

The great sky-splitting spear of light that we see is actually hurtling

up, not down. It starts at the point of first contact between negative and positive charges and rips up to the cloud along the gas path which has been formed by the descending leader. The fact that the spear of light seems to travel down is an optical illusion that occurs when speeds become too great for the eye to follow.

There is often a great pulsing in the light, made by successive strokes along the same path. There may be as many as 40 pulses in a second, which is about how long the lightning's path stays open. The heat in the path rises so abruptly that the surrounding air breaks the sound barrier in moving away. The result is thunder.

Lightning usually "strikes" one of the higher points in any area—a tree, a house, a golfer on a fairway. Current flows through the object struck via the best conducting path that object offers. If your clothing is wet, the current will go through it. You may even survive such an experience, for moisture is a good conductor of electricity. But, when lightning strikes a tree whose bark is dry, it travels inside the bark, in the sap. The sap is superheated to steam instantaneously, and expands so abruptly that the tree explodes.

It is lightning's tendency to seek out the best path offered that makes

the lightning conductor work as successfully as it does. When no path is offered, lightning builds one—brutally!

From the top of a chimney on a country house, a bolt crashed like a bomb through the wood wall to ground level. But there was no metal, no plumbing or wiring, and the ground itself at that point resisted the passage of electricity. Whereupon the lightning ripped open a trench 155 feet long, two to three feet wide, a foot or two deep, through the turf to the house of a neighbour who had put in modern improvements. There it punched a hole six inches wide through the concrete foundation to leap across the cellar and finally latch on to a water pipe! At Ascot in 1955, 47 racegoers received shocks and burns when lightning, hunting for a pathway, struck the metal fence they were leaning on.

Far older than man are the horrors and terrors wrought by lightning, and they never change. The work of the devil, it was called, and a century ago the civilized world shot off cannon to frighten it away.

Now, science has learnt at last that there is good in this most awesome force. It is one of the great throes in the continuing miracle of creation and existence.

*A*MOTHER and her small daughter were attending a symphony concert. During a brilliant movement the child, who was watching the conductor intently, whispered, "Mamma, what makes the man so angry? They're playing as fast as they can, aren't they?"

—Contributed by Mrs. E. S.



*Some of the great art treasures of the Wildenstein Gallery in Paris*

By Jean Clav

**T**HREE ISN'T an art dealer on either side of the Atlantic who does not say, as he looks at the dust covered canvas he has discovered and which might be a masterpiece, "I'll show it to Georges Wildenstein." Wildenstein can authenticate a work without anyone else's advice and set a

*Portrait of Georges Wildenstein,  
the unassuming Frenchman  
who for 25 years has been prince  
of the art world*

---

price on it. He is one of the world's biggest art dealers

*Condensed from Réalités*  
Photograph by Michel Desjardins *Réalités*

Wildenstein's vaults contain 2,000 paintings worthy of the greatest museums: eight Rembrandts, just as many by Rubens, one Fra Angelico, two Botticellis, three by Velazquez (his works are extremely rare), nine El Grecos, five Tintorettos, 79 Fragonards (he is one of Wildenstein's favourite painters), seven Watteaus, etc. Wildenstein never owns fewer than 20 Renoirs, 15 Pissarros, ten Cézannes, ten Van Goghs, ten Gauguins, ten Corots and 25 Courbets. Only a privileged few have ever visited the Wildenstein basement, but they agree that it is comparable only to Ali Baba's cave.

But a dealer's stock of paintings doesn't mean a thing if he hasn't the means to keep renewing it. Wildenstein's purchasing power is legendary. Recently, he bought 25 Cézannes at once. When he puts a cheque for £350,000 (over Rs. 47 lakhs) on the table, no one is surprised.

Wildenstein has what amounts to an international network of friends and agents who keep him abreast of everything going on in the world art market. Every morning, letters containing bits and pieces of information, catalogues or requests for instructions arrive in Wildenstein's Paris office. Wildenstein reads them with great care, studies the photos accompanying the letters. On some he delves into the files in his archives. Soon the telegrams pour out with his orders: "Buy," or "Go

up to £15,000" (Rs. 2 lakhs), or "Not interested."

This decisive way of doing business is possible because of his documentation. Since the age of 17, Wildenstein has never stopped putting paintings and painters into files. Renoir, for example, painted 6,000 pictures. Wildenstein has photographs of 5,500 of them classified and tucked away in 80 cabinets. Each painting is accompanied by its history, a bibliography, notes and articles about it. When someone brings him a Renoir, he needs only five minutes to produce a documented opinion. The same holds good for any other painter. His staff spends far more time on documentation than on customers.

The power of the Wildenstein empire had its beginning in the knapsack of a little draper, Nathan Wildenstein, who, when Prussia invaded his native Alsace in 1870, fled to Paris. He was 19.

Nothing seemed to destine Nathan for art. He ran a little draper's shop—until, one day, a customer asked him to sell a painting. He made the sale and a handsome profit as well—and grasped the possibilities. He gave up his shop and began to buy second-hand goods. Two years later, he bought an 18th-century painting for 200 francs. It was a Boucher, and he resold it for 20,000. It was his first successful big deal.

Wildenstein's intuition was proverbial. No one could equal him at spotting a good buy, or detecting a

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celebrated work hidden under a neglected canvas. By the end of the 19th century, Nathan was among the five biggest art dealers in Paris, and in 1902 he opened a branch in New York. His doctrine: "Be daring when you buy, be patient when you sell. Time does not matter." Unlike most of his competitors, who always tried to sell their acquisitions before the end of a year, Nathan was willing to wait 20 years if necessary.

On the other hand, he was about the most daring buyer in the history of art. He took huge risks to buy up entire collections of two or three thousand items. And he was always ready to drive up bidding at an auction, operating on a principle which holds true in the stock market as well. When you've got 30 Fragonards in your vaults, it's a good idea to push the price up whenever a Fragonard comes up for auction. If you raise the price by £20,000 (Rs. 2.375 lakhs), then you are ahead 30 times £20,000.

The indefatigable Nathan led a dedicated life with a clockwork schedule. He studied tens of thousands of paintings, recording them for ever in his memory. He spent all his free time in museums. Out in his car, he would suddenly stop in front of a church and tell his companion: "It's been 30 years since I last looked at the Mignards in that church. Let's go in." Usually he had with him his son, whom he introduced to the art world in early childhood. When Georges was seven years old, Nathan

used to show him an object and ask him: "Is it beautiful or is it ugly?" He was training his taste.

At an age when most little boys are playing with toy soldiers, Georges began his collection of illuminated manuscripts. He was taken out of his *lycée* three years before graduation and continued his studies with a private tutor. He was a born art dealer and his father was determined to make him the best in the world.

But Georges soon tired of following his father everywhere, as a crown prince follows a king. At 18 he launched out on his own—into the history of art. He haunted libraries in the way that Nathan haunted art galleries. At 20, he wrote his first article for *La Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. He became an editor, then bought a controlling interest and published some of the earliest art books with illustrations in photogravure. His scholarly activity, quite distinct from his business, has made him one of the most respected authorities of the art world and the most esteemed of French experts.

In 1934, Nathan died at 83. The business had been seriously weakened by the Depression and his competitors proclaimed, "Little Georges will never be able to get out of this." But "little Georges"—43, and with 25 years' experience behind him—not only got out of it; he arrived at international supremacy.

Nothing has changed at the house of Wildenstein. As in the past, the

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boss arrives at his office on the rue La Boétie on the stroke of nine and leaves at a quarter-past ten for the Hôtel Drouot, Paris's largest auction rooms, open only to dealers in the morning. That's where you must catch Georges Wildenstein to see him in all his glory. He looks like any other visitor, but more discreet, with his navy-blue suit and timid air. Yet when he walks in, the atmosphere is transformed. Here is the prince of dealers, the symbol of power and success. Everyone watches him. "Did you see Georges? He looked at that one, so it must have something. This afternoon, we'll push up the bidding, just to make sure."

Georges, however, knows that every eye is on him. So he never lingers over a painting. He walks out of the room and speaks to one of his anonymous assistants: "The big picture on the left . . . five feet by five and a half." That afternoon, at the auction, a modest-looking buyer will walk off with the painting for £75 (Rs. 1,000) and no one will know that he is Wildenstein's agent. If Georges himself had bid for it, he would have paid ten times as much.

Three days before Wildenstein's last trip to the United States, the collection of the former director of the Monte Carlo Casino was auctioned off. During his visit to the Hôtel Drouot, Georges noticed a

certain nude in the style of the 18th century. That afternoon the painting was put up for auction at a starting price of £1 (Rs. 13). One of Georges' men bought it with a bid of £500 (Rs. 7,000). That same evening, Wildenstein proved, on the basis of documentary evidence, that it was a Fragonard, worth at least £3,500 (Rs. 48,000).

Georges sees almost no one and he hides behind his associates. Many people who have bought thousands of pounds' worth of paintings from him have never seen his face. No one has ever seen him telephone a buyer, ask for an appointment or push a sale. He is satisfied with just waiting. There is something passive about his personality. He is merely there, like a cat.

But the cat is transformed into a tiger when, instead of selling, it's up to him to buy. If a competitor gets his hands on a famous painting, it's a personal insult to Georges. He buys some rare works knowing he will never make a profit on them, simply because they are in the "Wildenstein class" and his prestige is at stake. In this business, to be first you have to be first every time.

Wildenstein knows that he could cash in his chips, close up shop and live off his income. Instead, he prefers to risk his fortune, to win new ones, to conquer his competitors. Paintings are life to him.

*LIFE IS A GRINDSTONE: Whether it grinds you down or polishes you up depends on what you're made of.*

—Anonymous



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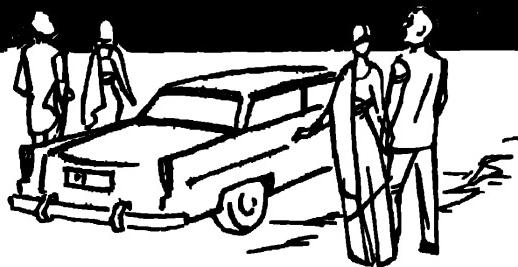
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# *GOUT: NEW HOPE, LESS PAIN*

By Paul de Kruif

Thousands of people suffer from gout—the agonizing ailment characterized by the deposit of chalky material in the joints. The continuing prevalence of this disease is remarkable, for there is now a clear-cut chemical test marking it off from all other types of arthritis; there is effective treatment for its terrible acute attacks; and there is a powerful preventive for their periodic outbreak.

The reason so many go on living under the shadow of this arthritic torture is probably that they do not know they have gout. Many doctors consider the affliction to be rare.

Ancient medical tradition may be at the bottom of this belief. There is a long-standing theory that the gouty are well-to-do gourmands who look upon the wine when it is red. Yet good goutologists observe that teetotalling poor people suffer from it equally often.

It is true that heavy eating and

drinking may bring on attacks in those who are predisposed. But so also may acute infections, surgical operations, emotional upsets, inclement weather. The real culprit causing gout lurks in the genes. Gout runs in families; and the vast majority of its victims are men—nobody knows why. A strange characteristic of this enigmatic malady is that it often attacks particularly brilliant men. Martin Luther, John Calvin, Isaac Newton, Francis Bacon, Goethe and Charles Darwin are a few of the thousands of celebrities who were pestered periodically by its torture.

The famous English doctor, Thomas Sydenham—himself a victim—vividly describes an attack he had in 1683. The patient goes to sleep in apparent good health. In the middle of the night he is awakened by terrific pain, often—but not always—in the big toe. The agony grows worse until it is completely

*Condensed from Today's Health*

incapacitating. Over the joint the skin becomes shiny, tense and gets red, turning to purple. The attack is likely to be accompanied by chills, fever and a fast-beating heart.

Then in a few days the attack fades away, or passes into a growling chronicity. The acute flare-ups are likely to occur once or twice a year, in spring or autumn.

Many years ago came a ray of hope for gout prevention. It was discovered that the tendency to this misery was almost invariably accompanied by a defect in the chemistry of the victim's body—an abnormally high amount of uric acid in the blood serum. Bodies of the gouty are over-enthusiastic producers of uric acid.

If the symptoms of an acute attack of gouty arthritis are so striking, and if there is the uric-acid test to confirm them, why does it remain so difficult for doctors to spot? In the 1930's an average of 8·8 years went by between the first onset of the symptoms and the clinical diagnosis of gout in one group studied. "And current experience does not reflect consistent improvement," says a noted goutologist.

One explanation may be the persistent belief that the hallmark of gout is the "tophus." This is the medical word for deforming lumps and bumps sometimes occurring around the joints of the gouty. These tophi consist mainly of massive deposits of crystals of the body's excessive uric acid. The possibility of

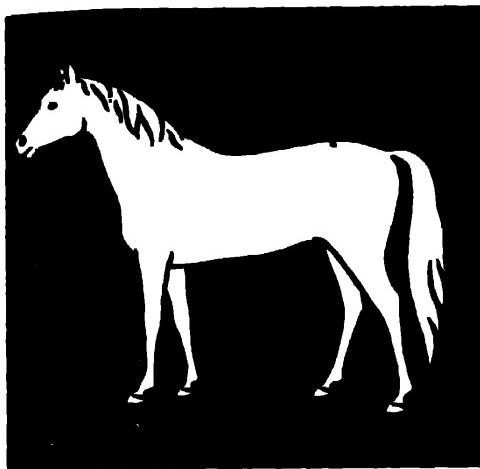
gout is often discounted if the patient doesn't have tophi. But actually they tend to occur late in the disease after people have suffered acute gout attacks for years, during which their illness may have been mistaken for some other form of arthritis.

For acute attacks of gout there is a specific remedy, colchicine. This is the modern alkaloid of the herb medicine, colchicum, which has been used for acute gout attacks for thousands of years, long before there was such a thing as medical science. Colchicum, found in the bulbs of the autumn crocus, is one of the most ancient and the most spectacular of all herb medicines.

What's notable about colchicine is that it is absolutely inactive against any disease but gout; but, given properly in an acute attack of this ailment, it almost invariably knocks out the pain. Among many effective anti-gout medicines now available to relieve the acute attack, say specialists, colchicine is still the best home remedy.

Doctors advise patients never to be without colchicine tablets in their homes, offices or when travelling—for nobody can predict when gout is going to strike. Colchicine has such magic for this pain that a lot more gout would be discovered if it were used as a diagnostic test against arthritis.

However, colchicine has a limitation. It strikes the acute gout, but it may not prevent a return of the



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agony. When a first acute attack is over, there is likely to be a gout-free interval lasting months or years. This is known as the "inter-critical" period, and until recently there was no satisfactory medicine to prevent the disease from coming back.

Then, ten years ago, a chemical called probenecid was developed. Taken faithfully in properly adjusted doses and in combination with colchicine, it reduces the number of acute attacks.

Probenecid's boon to the gouty was wrapped in accident. Chemists had synthesized it with no thought of gout. Its virtue was to keep penicillin for a longer time in the bodies of sick people, prolonging its action. Then, as a dividend, it was found that probenecid, in small, safe doses, cut down excessive uric acid in the blood serum.

Now doctors saw that in probenecid they had a compound for gout, comparable to insulin for diabetes. Goutologists gave patients ancient colchicine to curb the acute attacks; and modern probenecid to control high uric acid. These medicines are given together, and for life, just as insulin is in diabetes.

There's a time difference between colchicine's and probenecid's action. Colchicine relieves gout in hours or a few days, while probenecid cuts down high uric acid more slowly. Yet one specialist reports that

a number of his patients have not lost a day from work during nine years on this double regimen; and that a majority, regardless of the severity of their disease, lose very little time because of incapacity from acute gouty arthritis.

The proper use of these twin medicines is doing away with the old dietary taboos. Indeed, only one remains for all gout patients: avoidance of foods high in purines—carbon-nitrogen-hydrogen compounds abundant in such foods as roe, kidney, liver and sweetbreads. And one of the greatest of probenecid's boons is that it moves the uric-acid crystals out of the tophi of advanced, chronic gout, reducing these deformities for which the one recourse used to be the surgeon's knife.

Dr. Oswald Savage sums up the new progress on this ancient complaint in his book *How to Live with Your Rheumatism* (published by the British Medical Association, London): "The outlook in gout is good," he says. "So much is now known about the chemistry of the disease that it can be treated scientifically. There is no absolute hard-and-fast cure that will ensure that a gout sufferer will be free from anxiety for the rest of his days, but with a sensible regime and proper treatment, he can now enjoy life."

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—Philip Guedella

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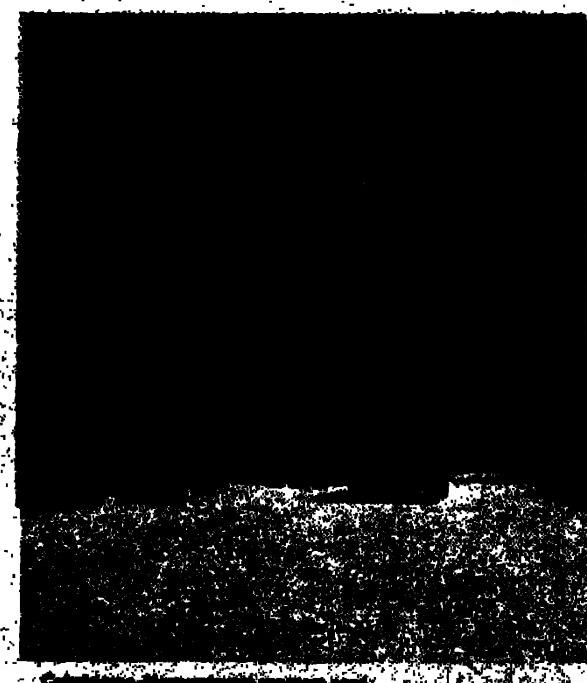
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A child should always say what's true  
And speak when he is spoken to,  
And behave mannerly at table;  
At least as far as he is able.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON  
in "*A Child's Garden of Verses*."

## *A Child's Garden of Manners*

By Jean Kerr  
*Author of "Please Don't Eat the Daisies"*

**J**AVE you noticed a strange thing about etiquette books? They are all written for grown-ups. *Us*.

I don't understand it. Most adults have lovely manners. Ask an adult to hand you your glasses: he doesn't put them behind his back and say, "Guess which hand." And when you give him a birthday present he doesn't burst into tears and say, "I've already got Snakes and Ladders!" What I wish is that our social mentors would get to work on the real trouble area—people under 12.

I know that small children have a certain animal magnetism. People kiss them a lot. But are they really in demand, socially? Are they

sought after? If you have any doubts about the matter, ask yourself one question. When, by some accident, you find yourself at a large party with children present, do you just naturally gravitate to where the little ones are playing I-Spy under the table? See what I mean? These youngsters need help—and direction.

In the absence of any definitive book on the subject, and inspired by a passion for public service, I would like to make random suggestions:

*Table manners for children.* The first point to be established is that one sits on the chair in such a way that all four legs touch the floor at the same time. (All four legs of the

chair, that is; children only *seem* to have four legs.) For children who will rock and tilt anyway, I suggest instilling in them a sense of *noblesse oblige*, so that when they go crashing back on to their heads they go bravely and gallantly and without pulling the table-cloth, the dinner and a full set of dishes with them. (This latter may sound severe, but it will be excellent training if they should ever enter the Navy, or even the Ritz.)

The child of good manners will not use his fork to (*a*) comb his hair, (*b*) punch holes in the table-cloth, or (*c*) remove buttons from his jacket. Nor will he ever, under any circumstances, place the prongs of the fork under a full glass of milk and drum on the handle with a spoon.

Finally, children should be made to understand that no matter how repellent they find a given vegetable, they may not stuff large handfuls of it into their pockets. This sorry practice not only deprives the child of many necessary vitamins but frequently exposes him to intemperate criticism and even physical violence.

*Peaceful coexistence with other children.* Children should not hit each other on the head with roller skates, or telephones, or geography books. It ought to go without saying that polite children never push each other down the stairs, but I'm not sure that it does. Karen, my four-year-old niece, recently pushed her

baby sister down the stairs. After her mother had rescued the victim she flew at the oppressor and shouted, "What's the matter with you? You can't push Joanie down the stairs!" Karen listened carefully, all innocence and interest, and finally said, "I can't? Why?"

Parenthetical note to parents: in trying to keep older children from doing physical damage to their juniors, it is probably not advisable to adopt the tit-for-tat type of punishment ("If you pull Billy's hair again, I'm going to pull *your* hair!") The danger is that you may be forced into an impossible retaliation. (You can't really spit in the child's milk.) Personally, I'm in favour of generalized threats like, "If you make that baby cry once more, I'll wallop you." This is open to a variety of interpretations and leaves you free to inflict such punishment as you are feeling up to at the moment.

*Respect for the feelings of others.* One of the reasons children are such failures socially is that they say things like, "When do you think you're going to be dead, Grandma?"

It is not to be expected that a small child can be taught never to make a personal remark. But there is a time and a place. For instance, the moment that Mother is all dressed up in her new blue chiffon and doesn't look a day older than 25—well, 28—is *not* the time for Gilbert to ask, "Why do you have all those stripes on your forehead, Mummy?"

Children should realize that their

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parents are emotionally insecure, and there are times when they need loving-kindness. Unfortunately, a relationship with a child, like any love affair, is complicated by the fact that the two parties almost never feel the same amount of ardour at the same time. The day you're flying to Europe (for two weeks) and you're filled with terrible foreboding that you may never see the little darlings again, you can hardly round them up to say good-bye. And, when you do find one of them, he scarcely looks up from his work. "Darling," you say, "aren't you going to say good-bye and give me a big kiss? I'm going to be away for two whole weeks." "Yes," he says. "'Bye, Mum. Can I have an orange?"

*Respect for the property of others.* Children should bear in mind that, no matter how foolish it seems, adults become attached to material objects like typewriters, wrist watches and car keys. I am working without statistics here, but I have a strong feeling that we wouldn't have so many broken homes if children could be made aware of the un-wisdom of using their fathers' fountain pens to punch holes in evaporated-milk tins.

Just as there are animals that kill prey they have no intention of eating, so there are children who take things they have no way of using.

It may be reprehensible, but it is at least understandable that a child should take a sterling-silver gravy ladle to the beach: it's almost as good to dig with as a spade. But why do they take egg-timers, or the little knobs off the tops of lamp shades, or the tuning control off the radio set? Sometimes, when you investigate what seems to be meaningless mayhem, you find that there is a certain idiotic logic behind the whole thing. When, for instance, I found one of the smaller boys unfurling a roll of toilet paper out of the attic window, it turned out that he was merely trying to discover how long a roll of toilet paper really is. I can understand that, sort of.

There are times, of course, when it's hard to know just what to say. Last winter I found on the breakfast table a letter addressed to Mummy Kerr. It was on my very best stationery, and there were ten brand-new stamps (mine) plastered on the envelope. The message read:

Dear Mummy: John is angry at you because you won't let us put our snowballs in the freezer but I am not mad at you because I love you

Your friend,  
Colin

Well, there you are. When you get right down to it, it was worth losing all those stamps.

**O**NE HALF of knowing what you want is knowing what you must give up before you get it.

—*Man's Shop*, South Africa

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# Life's Like That

IRRITATED over the recent lack of discipline in our local school, we parents waited apprehensively to see what stand the new head would take on the issue. At his first meeting with the students he made his policy reassuringly clear.

"When I say jump," he said to the pupils, "I expect you to *jump*—and ask 'How high?' on the way up."

—L. S. D.

OUR ATTRACTIVE neighbour was having such a difficult time learning to drive that the head of the driving school took her out himself to see what her trouble was. After she'd run through a halt sign without noticing it, the instructor leaned towards her and said, "Did your husband ever tell you what beautiful big brown eyes you have?"

Fearful of what was coming next, she blushed and answered, "Yes."

"Good," he said. "Then use them!"

—M. C. B.

THE AIR hostess was serving lunch and, when she came to the two men sitting across the aisle from me, she gave one a tray and did not disturb the other who had fallen asleep. Suddenly the plane gave a lurch, and the man's soup landed on his friend. The latter woke with a start, grabbed a handkerchief, handed it to his seatmate and asked solicitously, "Do you feel better now?"

—E. M.

INSTALLING outdoor telephone boxes in various parts of the city, we had to

unload one in the middle of a busy street because there was no room to park the lorry. When I turned my back for a moment, to direct the traffic round us, I heard a door bang shut. I looked—and found myself face to face with a man in the phone box who was trying to dial a number.

—N. E. N.

MY AUNT decided to take what she thought would be a short cut to our house. She was driving along happily when the road became a rough track. But she stuck it out and shortly found herself breezing along on a deserted highway. Desereted, that is, until a siren sounded and two men in a jeep drove up and escorted her off a runway of Chicago's international airport.

—T. W. R.

FALLING in line with the theory that a man will be a better worker if he has an understanding wife, my husband's company had a sales conference which not only included the little woman but played up her importance. One of the speakers was dwelling upon that great energizer; encouragement. To bring his point home he singled out an attractive blonde in the audience and said, "Tell me, how do you encourage your husband?"

Flustered at being called upon out of the blue, she blushed prettily. "Oh, I couldn't," she stammered. "Not in front of all these people."

—MRS. BILLIE OWEN.

I FREQUENTLY visit an old lady who, though she has been blind for several years, insists on living alone in her modest home. To those who express concern she says, "Don't worry about me. I get along very well. You see, I have such lovely friends and neighbours."

One day when I called on her I heard sounds of activity in the kitchen. She explained, "That's a friend of mine who comes in each day to wash up and clean the kitchen."

When I was ready to leave I couldn't resist walking by the kitchen door. There in the sparkling kitchen stood her energetic benefactor, carefully rolling down his shirt sleeves before donning his coat—the uniform coat of a postman.

—L. M.

KATHERINE, our brand-new in-law, was visiting us for the first time. She wrestled with the job of keeping straight the branches of the widespread family assembled to welcome her—and tried to match names and wedding gifts too. She had a moment of happy relief when my brother, on being introduced, murmured, "Don't fret yourself about me, darling. I'm just one of the tablespoons." —L. B. R.

A MINISTER who had written a book on marriage and religion had as his house guest the publisher who was bringing out his work.

A churchwarden who lived next door was curious about the expensive car and the stranger going in and out of the vicarage and questioned the clergyman's young son. After a few minutes' talk about school, the churchwarden casually asked the boy who

owned the big new car parked in the drive.

"Oh," he replied, "that belongs to Daddy's bookmaker." —SUZANNE GLOVER

ON THE EVE of my leaving school, I found an impressive long white envelope on my desk. On it was written, "To my son, with all my love and trust, Mother."

Opening the envelope carefully, I drew out two strips of gaily printed gingham, neatly ironed. I was baffled for a moment, and then I knew. *My mother's apron strings!* —E. B. G.

A FRIEND who is a do-it-yourself expert offered to build us an outdoor barbecue. He had the bricks, he said, and would deliver them in his truck on his day off.

Our house stands on top of a knoll, 50 steps from street level. We came home one day to find the bricks piled at the bottom of the steps. What a job to haul 200 bricks up those steps, and what a time to deliver them—we were giving a big party that evening.

As the party got under way, a guest reported that a man at the foot of the steps was annoying new arrivals. Dashing down, I reached the street to find our do-it-yourself friend nonchalantly handing out bricks to our guests as they started their long climb. —T. C.

COMING home in the car on a beautiful moonlit night with a touch of spring in the air, I was suddenly overcome by the romance of the moment. "Before we were married we didn't sit so far apart," I moodily remarked to my husband, who was driving.

His straight answer jarred me back to reality. "Well, dear," he said, "I didn't move." —MRS. F. A. KLINE

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## THE FINNS STILL FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

*By Leland Stowe*

THE FIRST TIME I saw Finland, she was in the throes of that terrible Winter War of 1939-40. Her resistance to the unprovoked attack by the U.S.S.R. remains a shining epic of national nobility. For three months the lion-hearted Finns smashed back the Red invaders' five-front assaults, until further resistance was suicidal folly.

On that tragic March day of surrender, women wept uncontrollably and stunned anguish swamped every face. Yet less than 24 hours had passed before Finns repeatedly declared to me with flaming intensity: "We have been through this before. This is not the end."

They spoke truly, for today they still battle for their independence every day of their lives. Finland, bordering on European Russia, remains free, but her hold on freedom is precarious.

How precarious was demonstrated after the July elections of 1958 when Moscow brutally intervened in Finland's internal politics. Socialist Karl August Fagerholm had set up a coalition government, including all parties except the Communists. Khrushchev thereupon recalled the Soviet ambassador and, by refusing to open vital 1959 trade negotiations, threatened Finland with the shut-down of her major industries. Moscow kept the economic noose tightly twined round the country's neck for three months, until the Fagerholm government had to give up. In January a one-party Agrarian government acceptable to Moscow was formed.

This Soviet "freeze-and-squeeze" technique can be applied at the

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A PULITZER PRIZE-WINNER, Leland Stowe earned a world-wide reputation as one of the great correspondents of the Second World War. Though he subsequently followed the forces of seven nations into battle, from Oslo to Chungking, Stowe's initial fame came from his coverage of the short, tragic Russo-Finnish war, on which he sent back what one biographer has called "reportorial masterpieces." After the war, as chief of the News and Information Service of Radio Free Europe, he watched a new pattern of Soviet conquest at work in Eastern Europe. Out of this experience came *Conquest by Terror: The Story of Satellite Europe*, one of Leland Stowe's many interpretative books on the events of our time.

Kremlin's convenience. Soviet insistence in 1940 that war-reparations payments should be chiefly in manufactured goods forced Finland to construct new metal and shipbuilding industries which, facing stiff competition in Western markets, must depend mainly on Soviet purchases.

What the Finns have accomplished against such ruthless economic and political pressures is close to a post-war miracle. In five years they resettled some 430,000 homeless evacuees from Soviet-seized regions. In eight years they completed delivery to the Soviet Union of the heaviest reparations ever imposed on any modern nation—goods worth more than Rs. 266 crores, equivalent to almost Rs. 1,000 for every Finnish man, woman and child. Yet they also laid sound economic foundations for a reconstructed Finland.

To understand the dimensions of the handicaps, consider Finland's war losses: seven per cent of the working population (more than 80,000) killed, with another 201,000 wounded and a quarter of these disabled; about one out of every six adult males a war casualty. When Moscow seized 17,700 square miles of Finnish soil it took 30 per cent of the nation's electric power, 25 per cent of its cellulose output, 20 per cent of its railways and its fishing catch, 14 per cent of its potato crop, and hundreds of enterprises which together made up 11 per cent of Finland's total industrial production.

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The stupendous task of resettling nearly half a million evacuees was expedited through emergency legislation. Under a heavy capital levy, Finnish property owners, private and business alike, dutifully paid a five-year tax which yielded the bulk of a huge resettlement fund of over Rs. 266 crores. Some 146,000 war-destitute families received "fresh start" money, and nearly five million acres were redivided into 138,000 desperately needed new farms. Thus the Finns, numbering less than half of Greater London's population, acquitted themselves of unprecedented war-inflicted obligations exceeding Rs. 530 crores—all within eight years!

Post-war progress in the little country is awesome. Clean and bustling, Helsinki, with its population nearly doubled—now 430,000—flaunts clusters of splendid 12-storey blocks of flats in slum-cleared areas. In two decades the industrious Finns have boosted their national production by over 50 per cent; trebled their metal-industry and water-power output. Across Finland's waistline seven superbly designed hydroelectric dams and plants have transformed the entire Oulu River region. In Lapland the first of nine projected Kemi River power plants is already completed.

But at every step the Finns dearly bought freedoms have been under insidious attack from within and without. Dominance of SAK, the Confederation of Finnish Trade

Unions, with its 250,000 members, was one main goal of Moscow's domestic henchmen. Throughout 1948 and 1949 Finland's battle for freedom was fought bitterly in shops and shipyards and on construction sites, as the Communists launched unofficial strikes in strategic industries. SAK's leaders responded by rigidly enforcing a regulation whereby every strike must be authorized by their central executive. They expelled no fewer than seven Communist-led unions. Among 32 SAK unions today only one large one, the construction workers, and six minor ones, are Red-controlled.

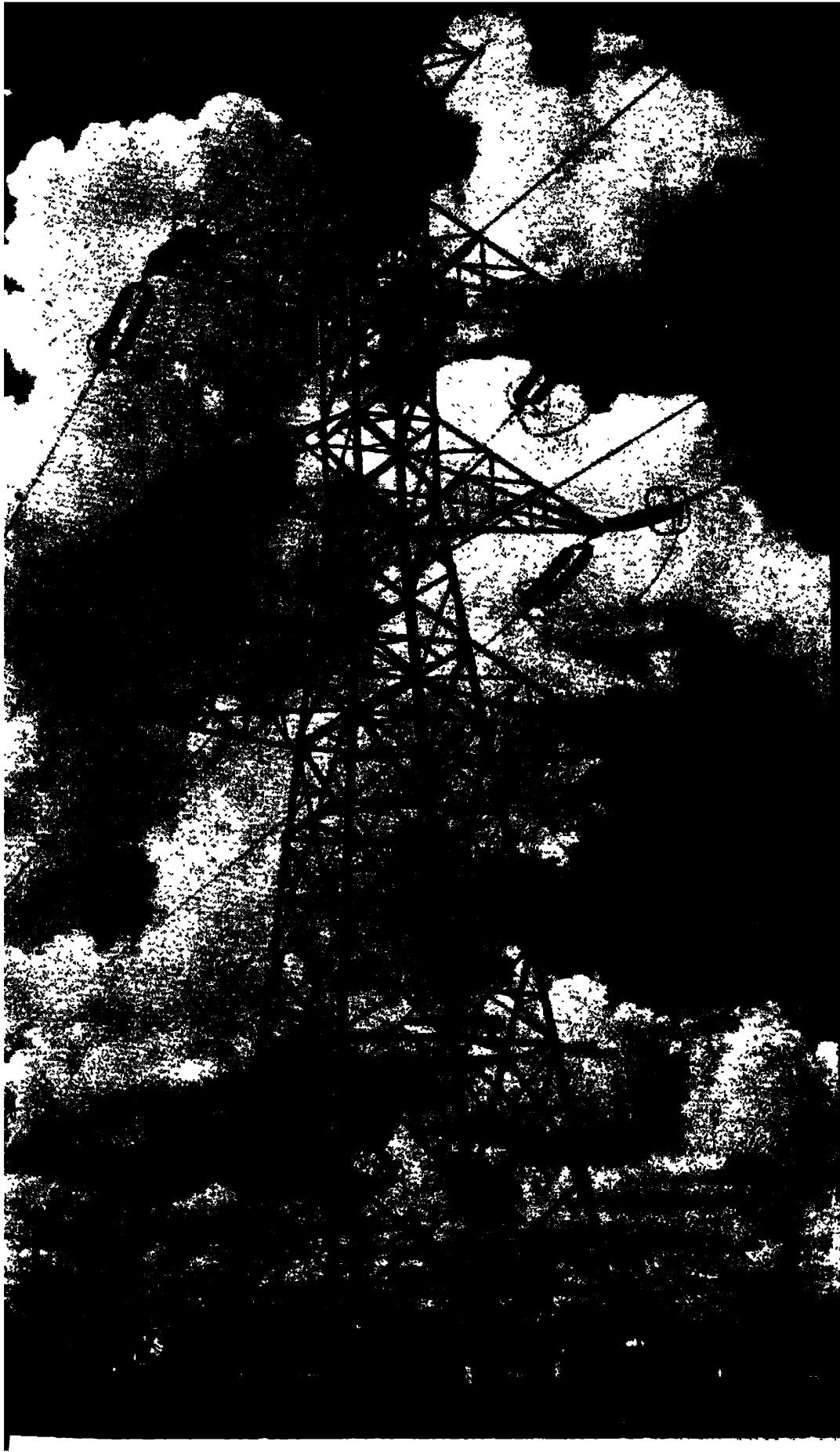
While this crucial labour struggle still raged, Finland's democracy was exposed to a deadlier peril—a standard Kremlin-organized plot to seize governmental power. It failed largely because of the tormented conscience of a single key Finnish Communist, Yrjo Leino, then Minister of the Interior.

By autumn 1947, Finland's secret, state and municipal police had been thoroughly Red-infiltrated. Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's "crown prince" and chief of the control commission in Helsinki, ordered Leino to oust the remaining anti-Communist police officers—"to pave the way for a popular democracy."

Leino showed such reluctance that he was summoned to Moscow and urged to apply the Red subversion methods so successfully employed in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. When he protested against violating

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These are the qualities which distinguish the finest achievement of Man and of Nature.



Finnish laws Zhdanov told him that he was not subject to "old bourgeois legislation"; he was "responsible only for creating a Communist society" in his country. But Leino refused to accept a traitor's role. Despite Zhdanov's insistence that he should yield his post to a more co-operative comrade, he clung to his ministry.

In March 1948 Leino was designated a member of Finland's delegation to negotiate a mutual-assistance treaty with Soviet Russia. This, he knew, would offer the Kremlin's agents an ideal opportunity to spring a Czech-style *coup* on the unsuspecting Finns while their chief ministers were in Moscow. So, Leino

secretly called on General Aarne Sihvo, Commander-in-Chief of Finland's armed forces. Mass riots or uprisings, Leino warned Sihvo, could be expected at any time.

The warning sparked Sihvo into action. He mobilized the country's armed forces of 41,900 men. Battle-ready troops placed road-blocks on every highway into the capital. Communist police officers were prevented from entering the police arsenals. The Soviet plotters did not dare to give the signal for an uprising. Thus was Finland saved from Czechoslovakia's fate by the patriotic conscience of a single Finnish Communist.

General Sihvo's mobilization



THE time is 1000 A.M. A cool wind is blowing around Neuman Point, Bombay. An important-looking Colonel is speeding down the road.

one... GO! A hush falls on the large crowd as the driver of the leading car switches on the ignition. A few seconds later, his car is pulling smoothly into the first lap of the 1959 Mobilgas Economy Run.

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angered Stalin, Zhdanov and their Politburo associates. They urged Leino to go to the Crimea "for eye treatment"—an invitation which he recognized at once as a one-way ticket into Soviet secret-police custody. Sheer audacity enabled Leino to arrange an immediate return to Helsinki. He has lived a hermit's existence ever since, in constant fear of Moscow's vengeance. Only a few of his countrymen are aware of Leino's service to their continued freedom.

A violent Communist coup remained an ominous threat until all the Red ministers were ousted as a result of national elections the following July. On taking over as

Minister of the Interior, Socialist Aarre Simonen launched a drastic house-cleaning. Among other measures, the hopelessly Red-infected secret-police organization was dissolved by parliamentary decree and replaced by a tightly screened new agency. "We had to fight back very hard," Simonen recalls, "but once we won, our Communists could no longer seize power in Finland as others had done in the satellites."

The country's desperate struggle to curb Communism is not over, however. Unemployment persists near the 100,000 danger line and with it the spectre of more votes and power for Moscow's internal allies, who won a quarter of the seats in

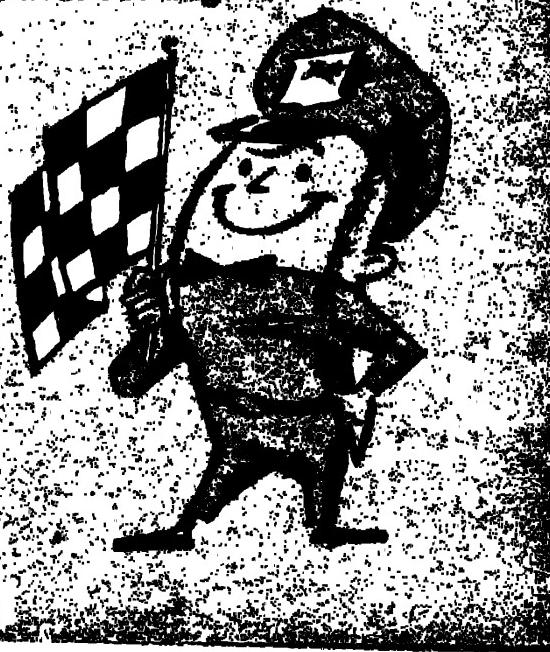
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Parliament in the 1958 elections. Although the Communist Party has fewer than 80,000 members, its cover party, the "Democratic Union of the Finnish Nation," gained a popular vote topping 450,000. Many jobless citizens, subsistence-level farmers and forest workers cast protest votes. This reassured Communist strength causes marked anxiety.

Rapid expansion of Finland's industries might mean national salvation, but investment shortages hold the Finns trapped in a vicious circle. A boon to the country's long-term economic potential lies in the post-war discovery of unexpectedly rich mineral deposits—copper, zinc, some uranium and especially iron ore. Iron reserves are so large that one expert rates them as sufficient "to increase Finnish exports many times over—if present projects can be financed." The nation's forests amply permit an increased pulp production of two million tons annually—again on condition that development capital is found.

Thus the means to gain economic life insurance against the permanent internal Communist threat remains tantalizingly within grasp, but beyond Finland's capital ability to exploit with the required speed. The necessary economic expansion cannot be achieved without much more foreign capital and sharply enlarged American and West-European purchases of Finnish pulp, paper and metal products.

Meanwhile, the Finns find solace

in their conviction that, short of a major East-West conflict, the Soviets will not occupy their country. But the question remains: how, deep in the shadow of the Soviet colossus, to live with the Russians?

"The answer is in our veins," declared one Finnish journalist. Although at times annexed by powerful neighbours, the Finns have retained their political independence for nearly a thousand years.

Obliged to co-exist with today's Russians, the steel-nerved Finns live by an instinctive, level-headed philosophy, perhaps best summed up as "accommodation without sacrifice of national independence."

The Western powers have a tremendous stake in the Finns' permanent battle against Communism, if only because of Finland's strategic importance to the security of all Scandinavia and to NATO's northern defences. That alone merits greater support in Western credits and trade than has yet been forthcoming. The Finns would like to join Britain in the proposed "Outer Seven" Free Trade Area, but Russian pressure deters them.

However, the Finns fight on, seeking no grants and accepting no gifts, scrupulously self-supporting in everything they undertake. A Western observer leaves today's Finland deeply conscious of the lessons which her stalwart citizens offer to all free peoples, and also of a Western debt to the self-respecting and liberty-defending Finnish people.

# CRASH IN THE DESERT



*By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry*

*During a pre-war test flight from Paris to Indo-China this distinguished French flyer and his mechanic crashed in the Libyan Desert. For a day they explored the torrid waste. Then, back at the plane but with their supplies exhausted, they seemed doomed to perish amid an infinity of heat and mirage.*

**H**AT FIRST DAY we had covered 36 miles of dazzling expanse, suffering terribly from thirst. By nightfall our last drop of liquid was gone. We piled up fragments of a broken wing and lit a signal fire. Only too well I knew that not a single person would see it.

Next morning we mopped up the

dew on the wings of our plane with cotton waste, and squeezed out a few spoonfuls of water foul with grease. It tasted horrible, but it moistened our lips.

"It's as well we have a revolver," Prévot observed.

I swung round on him in a sudden fury. But Prévot had spoken without emotion as if he had said, "We'd better have a wash!" Indeed, we were of the same mind, and the sight of the leather holster the day before had set me thinking too.

However, with the coming of daylight we started exploring again, going off in opposite directions.

As I walked, I pieced together all I could recall about the Libyan

*From the book "Wind, Sand and Stars" by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry,  
published by Heinemann, London*

Desert. In the Sahara the humidity in the air is 40 per cent; here it drops to 18 per cent, and life goes up in vapour. Bedouins and colonial officers say that a man can survive for 19 hours without drinking. When in the twentieth hour his eyes begin to flood with light, the end comes swiftly. To the damp north-east wind, abnormal in these parts, we obviously owed the prolongation of our lives.

How long a reprieve would it accord us before our eyes began to glaze with light?

Suddenly I shouted wildly. I had just seen a man waving to me. No. Another mirage. Now all the desert was coming to life. How hard it was to deny the evidence of sight—to refrain from running towards the caravan slowly moving yonder! "There it is," I murmured, "as large as life." Mirage after mirage created by my imagination beckoned me on.

The coming of twilight sobered me. I halted, appalled to realize how

far I was from our base. "Quite likely Prévot has been spotted by a caravan," I thought.

After two hours' tramp I saw a glow on the horizon; Prévot, panic stricken at the thought that I might have lost my way, had built a fire. Another hour's walk; 500 yards to go, then 50.

I halted in sheer stupefaction. Joy surged up in my heart. There, in the firelight, Prévot was chatting with two Arabs.

"Ahoy!" I cried exultantly.

The nomads gave a start and stared in my direction. Prévot hastened towards me. I flung my arms out wide. Prévot caught and steadied me—was I tottering?

"So they've come?"

"Eh?"

"Those Arabs over there, damn it! The ones you were talking to."

Prévot eyed me strangely. "There aren't any Arabs."

And now it seemed no use fighting back my tears . . .

For 24 hours we had had only a

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**A**NTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY, French aviator, novelist, poet and inventor, was born at Lyon in 1900. He made his first flight—in a home-made plane—when he was 11. In 1921 he joined the French Air Force, and after his term of service he became a transport pilot, flying France's first airmail loads to Africa and to South America. Turning his hand to writing, he won world renown with his book, *Night Flight*.

Although over-age, "Saint-Ex" flew with the French Air Force during the war; in 1944 his plane disappeared over the Mediterranean while he was on a mission from Corsica. Since his death his other books, *Flight to Arras*, *The Little Prince* and *Wind, Sand and Stars* (of which this story is a part) have become best-sellers throughout the world.

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spoonful of dew water to drink; so we spread out a parachute, hoping to catch more dew. At dawn, when we wrung the parachute out into a tank, we found we had collected almost two quarts. The long agony of thirst was ended; we could drink our fill!

The water was a brilliant yellow-green, and at my first gulp I found it so acrid that, thirsty as I was, I could not swallow it.

Prévot was walking round and round, his eyes fixed on the ground. Suddenly he bent forward and vomited. Thirty seconds later I followed suit. Our last faint hope was gone. (I never found out if this mischance was due to the coating of the parachute or to some chemical deposit in the tank.)

It was high time to make a move. We would turn our backs on this accursed place, abandon the plane, and walk across the desert till we dropped.

"If I were left to myself," Prévot remarked, "I'd just lie down and sleep."

But we set out, side by side, heading east-north-east, not knowing whether with every step we were approaching a caravan route or plunging deeper into the unfathomable desert.

Of that day all I can recall is an impression of desperate hurry towards an inevitable breakdown. I kept my eyes fixed on the ground; the mirages were more than I could bear. Now and again we corrected

our course by compass; now and again, lying on the sand, we took a breather.

At nightfall Prévot suddenly exclaimed, "That's a lake over there, I'll stake my soul on it. There can't be any mirages at this hour."

I did not reply. I had long since given up believing my eyes.

"I'm going to have a look. It's not 20 minutes' walk."

I knew Prévot would never return. He would collapse out there, to die in his tracks . . . as here I should die in mine. Anyhow—what difference did it make?

How far gone was I, I wondered? I tried to summon up some saliva on my palate—but none would come. When I closed my mouth some gluey substance sealed my lips, forming a solid crust. But I could still swallow, and as yet no flashes of light had developed in my eyes.

Darkness came and my thoughts drifted to Prévot, my lost companion. A fine fellow. Never once had I heard him whimper.

What was that? There he was, 500 yards away, swinging his lamp. He must have lost the trail. I stood up and shouted. He did not seem to hear. Then another lamp flashed out 200 yards from his; then a third. So that was it—a search party!

The three lamps went on signalling. "I'm sane," I murmured. "There's nothing wrong with my sight." And a gust of panic swept over me as the lamps seemed to turn away. "Wait! I'm coming!"

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An answering call—at last! My breath caught, but I kept on running towards the voice.

It was Prévot. I stumbled and fell. "When I saw all those lights I couldn't help . . ."

"What lights?"

Then I saw—he was alone. And now I felt no despair, only a rankling sense of outrage.

"Yes," Prévot said at last, "we're in a damned bad way."

The night was turning cold. My teeth began to chatter, my limbs to twitch convulsively. An icy chill numbed my body and my limbs gave way. I dug a trench, lay down in it and blanketed all but my face with sand. Prévot declined to bury himself, thinking it better to keep on the move. He was wrong. The cold no longer troubled me; my body was asleep . . .

And now the dawn was rising and I was feeling better. "Let's make a start, Prévot. Our throats are open still, and we'd best keep moving while we can."

There was no dew that night, and a west wind, the wind that desiccates a man in 19 hours, was blowing. My tongue felt like plaster of Paris and there was a foul taste in my mouth. Motes of light were dancing in my eyes. I tried sipping some pure ether we had brought along; it was like swallowing a razor. Then a little 90-degree alcohol, but it closed my gullet.

Desperate, we set off at a quick pace, to make the most of the cool

*early hours. Only too well we knew that when the sun was high we should walk no more.*

We couldn't walk more than 500 yards without lying down. But always something urged us on. After a while the landscape changed. A mile or so ahead was a line of dunes, dotted with low shrubs. Now we broke down every 200 yards.

"Let's carry on," I whispered, "as far as those bushes."

We were at the end of our tether. I was sure my legs would carry me no farther.

"Yesterday," I mused, "I abandoned hope; today the very word is meaningless. We are walking mechanically on, like oxen harnessed to a plough. Yesterday I dreamed of paradisal orange groves; today I have lost faith in paradise, I do not believe in oranges . . ."

Suddenly . . . what was it I had seen? I stared at Prévot. He shared my stupefaction, and was equally unable to clear up his impressions.

I had seen footprints in the sand!

Then suddenly I heard a cock crow. "Now my ears are playing tricks on me," I thought.

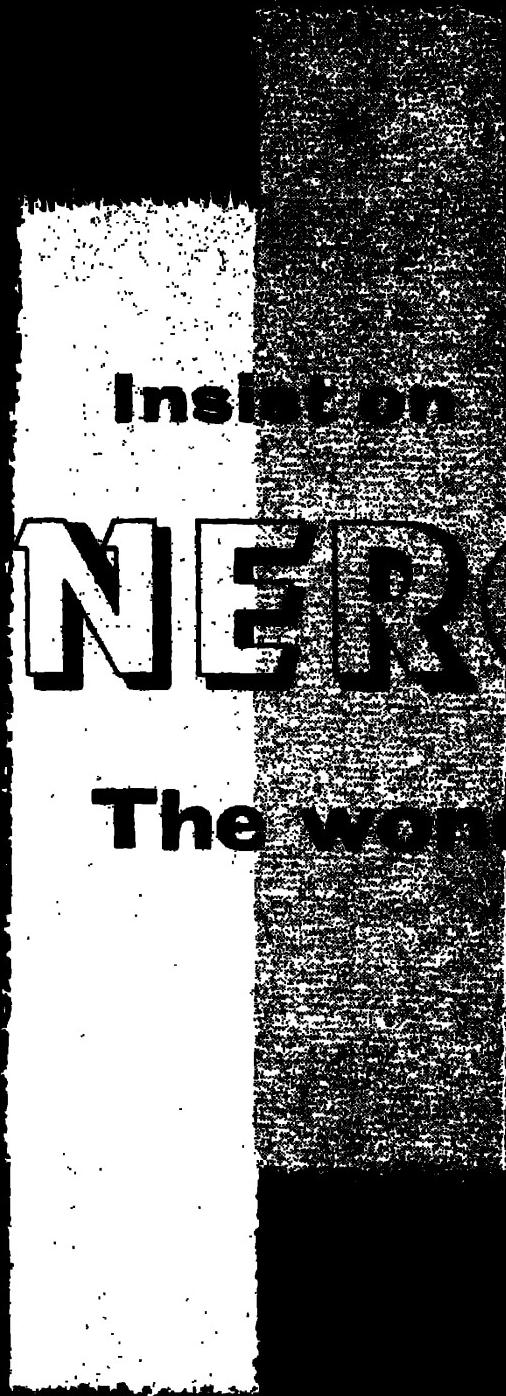
Prévot gripped my arm. "Hear that?" he asked.

"What?"

"A cock."

Then—there was no disputing now—we were saved!

On a low dune some distance ahead, the figure of a Bedouin suddenly appeared; both of us racked our throats shouting to him.



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*But our voices did not carry 50 yards. The Bedouin moved slowly out of sight, and we had no strength left for running after him.*

Another Arab showed up on the dune. We shouted to him, but our voices failed again. Then we waved our arms. But the Bedouin persisted in looking away. At last, with an agonizing slowness, he swung round. The miracle had come to pass! He was walking towards us across the sand.

He merely glanced at us. Then, laying his hands on our shoulders, he pressed us down on the sand. At that moment racial distinctions, difference of language, were of no account. All that counted was the poor nomad of the desert, laying angelic hands upon our shoulders.

For a while we waited. At last he came to us with a basin of water and, lying on our bellies, we plunged our mouths in it like cattle at a pool. We were too far gone to stand. (When, a week later, we retraced our tracks, we found that,

*all told, we had walked 120 miles.)*

The Bedouin conveyed to us, as best he could, that there were Europeans in the neighbourhood. Mounted on a camel's back, we set out to join them, but after three hours' jolting we persuaded our rescuers to leave us in a camp while they went ahead to fetch help.

Towards six in the evening a car manned by armed Bedouins picked us up. By midnight I was in bed in Cairo . . .

I awoke to find myself between white sheets, with the sun, an enemy no longer, stealing past the curtains. I buttered a roll and spooned honey on to it; I found it tasted exactly like the rolls and honey of my boyhood. And with it, the childish sense of living in a perpetual wonderland had returned to me. My eyes strayed back to the telegram lying on the counterpane; four common words, yet, coming from those dearest of all to me, the most wonderful of messages: "We are so happy . . ."

### Patter

A WOMAN's final decision is not necessarily the same as the one she makes later (H. N. F.) . . . There's nothing wrong with parents that their teenage daughter can't exaggerate (L. M.) . . . Most people don't care how much they pay for something, so long as it's not all at once (T. Z.) . . . A retired husband often is a wife's full-time job (E. H.) . . . Life not only begins at 40—that's also when it begins to show (R. S.) . . . They now have coffee machines for office use that look exactly like filing cabinets. These will match up with lots of coffee drinkers who look exactly like office workers (H. C. D.)



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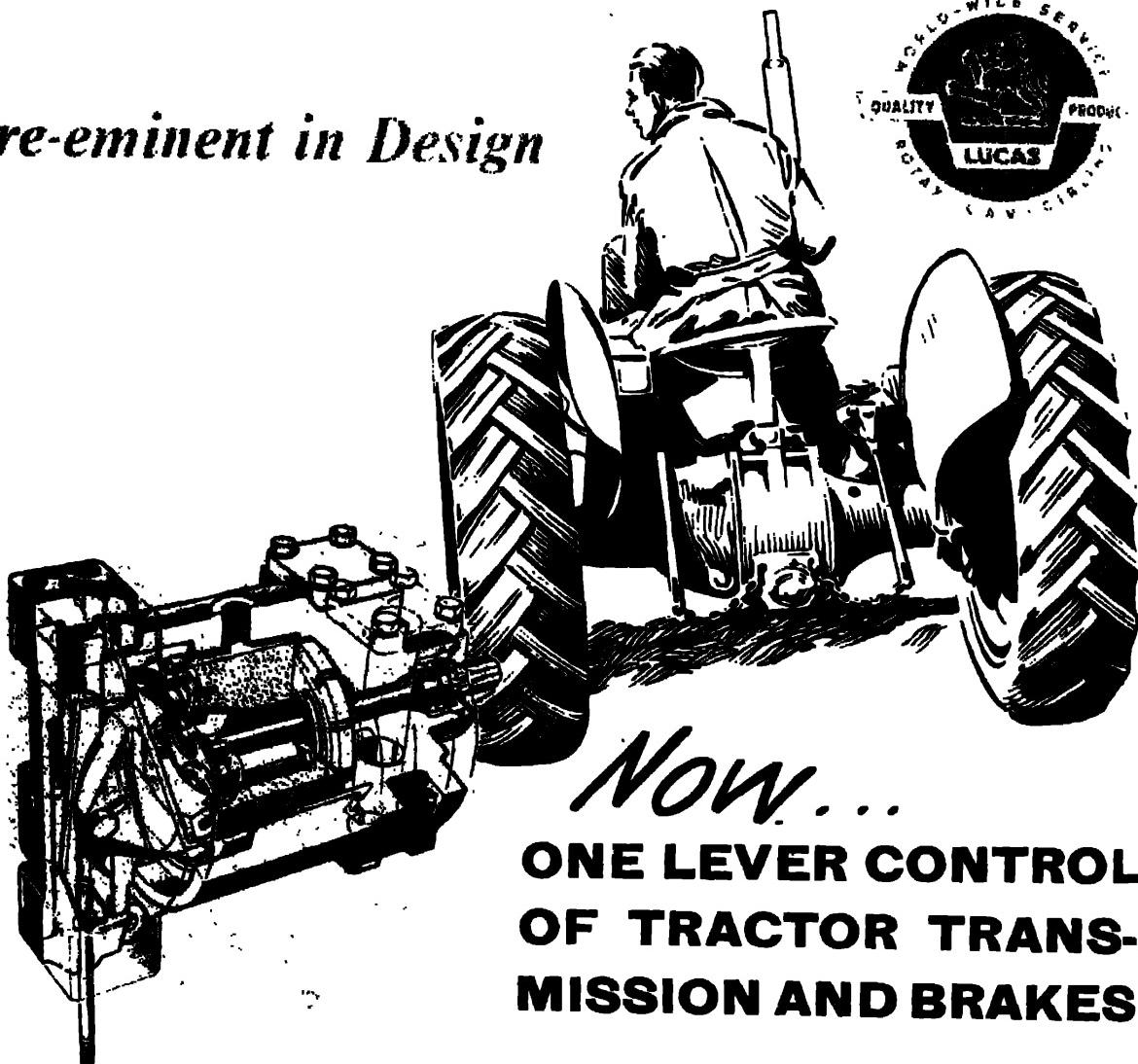
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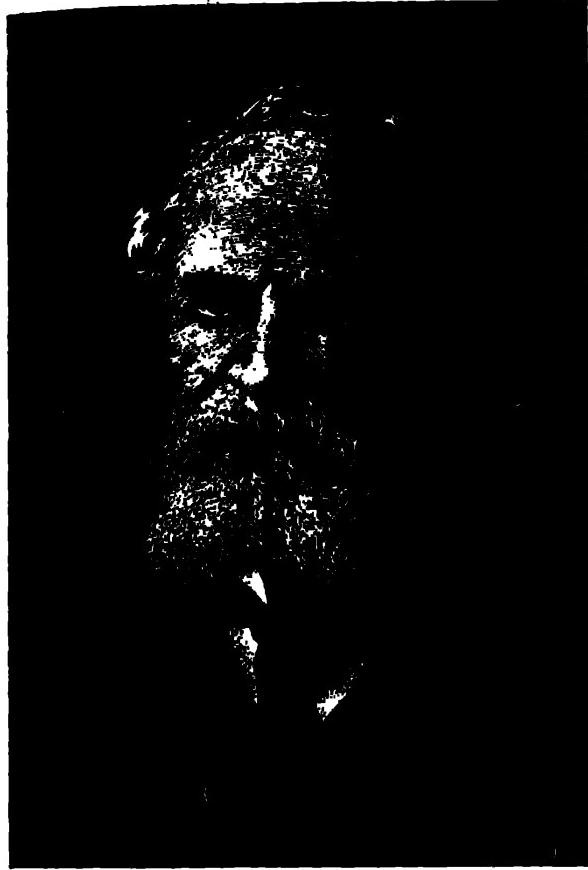
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# The Adventure of Being Human

*From the world-famous teacher and psychologist, William James, come these invigorating and personally useful insights into the private world we all inhabit*

By Bruce Bliven

WHEN San Francisco was almost destroyed by earthquake and fire on the morning of April 18, 1906, and thousands of refugees were struggling to get out of the burning city, a man with rumpled hair, keen eyes and a hawk-like nose came *into* the city on the only train to reach it that day. The remarkable arrival was William James, then teaching at a near-by university.

Though he was then in his 64th year and had a weak heart, James spent the next 12 hours scrambling amid roaring flames and falling buildings, notebook in hand, eagerly interrogating the panic-stricken inhabitants. "How did you *feel* when the shaking began?" he asked. "What thoughts flashed through your mind? Did your heart beat faster?"

This passion for delving into human experience made William James one of the most stimulating and influential men of his time. He was the founder of modern experimental psychology, a genuinely creative philosopher, a great teacher and an even greater human being.

Experiment! Explore! Change! Grow! That is the heart of his teaching and also of his own personality, for all his life William James was driven by an insatiable curiosity to learn about every facet of human life. He always stressed self-reliance and creative character-building.

He was for ever suggesting to his friends that they try something new: write a book, cross the ocean, take a new job, change their pace.

Thousands still read his books, particularly *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, and quote the well-turned phrases he coined, such as "stream of consciousness," "tender and tough-minded people," "the moral equivalent of war". In the clarity of his writing he stood alone in a brilliant family. His father, Henry, a wealthy dilettante, wrote ponderous works of philosophy. His brother Henry, the famous novelist, was said to write novels like a philosopher, while William wrote philosophy like a novelist. When William's great book *The Principles of Psychology* was first published, the printer assigned to set up the type for it was observed reading ahead in the manuscript for pure pleasure during his lunch hour!

William James's ideas and his style were as exciting in person as in print. At Harvard University, where he taught for 35 years, a comet's tail of students frequently followed him down the road after class, eagerly continuing the discussion of points he'd raised in the class-room and generally winding up at his home for lunch or dinner.

He was famous for the wit and charm with which he embellished his lectures. His illustrations were, in fact, often so comic that on one historic occasion a student interrupted a philosophic dissertation

with, "But, Doctor! Doctor! To be serious for a moment . . .!" James loved to tell this story against himself.

He paced restlessly as he lectured and constantly drew black-board diagrams to illustrate his points. On one occasion he had only a small portable black-board. He tried holding it in one hand and sketching with the other, but this was clumsy. Intent upon his complicated argument, he first knelt and then lay down at full length on the floor and went on lecturing and sketching. No one laughed: the students were too absorbed in the excitement of his ideas.

James's extraordinarily exuberant personality was of his own making. Always frail in health, he was dragged round Europe and America by his restless father and never stayed at one school longer than a few months. As a boy he suffered periods of depression so deep that he contemplated suicide, and in later life he strained his heart so badly that he nearly became an invalid. There were long periods when the exertion of writing a letter would send him to bed for the rest of the day.

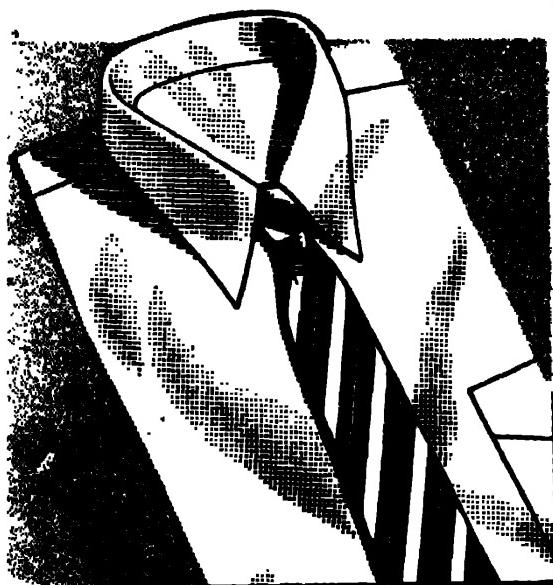
His struggle to overcome these handicaps was ever present in his mind as he lectured on psychology. As one result, no great scientist has ever left us so much practical advice on how to live our lives better, how to use our energies constructively, how to be productive and creative at

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our work. Some of his findings, which I am about to summarize, are especially applicable today, to remind us how much we can help ourselves.

**Control your emotions by your actions.** You can easily demonstrate for yourself one of James's most valuable psychological discoveries. Stand in front of a mirror, double up your fists, scowl with anger and concentrate on some individual whom you bitterly dislike. In a minute or two you will feel rage rising inside you.

James discovered this principle: that the physical manifestations of an emotion enormously enhance the emotion itself. The reason for this is at least partly physiological. When you clench your fists, your brain automatically gets signals from your hands which say, in effect, "The situation is tense. Get ready for trouble." When you smile or weep, the brain gets happy or sad signals from your facial muscles. And so the things you *do* help determine the way you *feel*. You are angry at least partly because you strike a blow; you are sad partly because you cry; you are afraid partly because you run away.

This scientific discovery has enormous practical consequences: by consciously imitating the physical attitudes or actions that go with certain mental states, we can to some degree induce these states in ourselves. "To feel cheerful," James says, "sit up cheerfully, look round

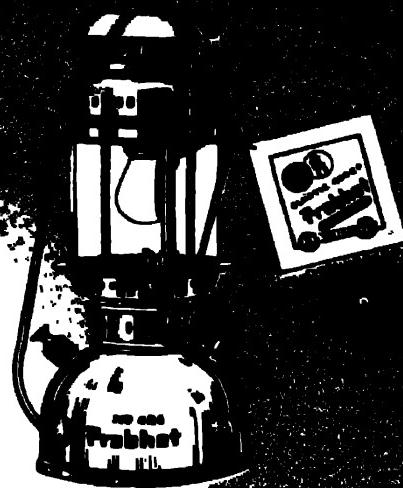
cheerfully and behave as if you were cheerful already. To feel brave, behave as if you were brave, and the emotion of courage will very likely replace the emotion of fear."

**Push back your fatigue point.** James offered convincing evidence that most of us "get tired" every day not because of actual effort expended but because we make a habit of feeling fatigued at a certain hour, or after a certain amount of activity. This self-imposed limit James calls the "fatigue point," and he shows us that it is far below the stage of real exhaustion. "Some of us are really tired," he says, "but far more of us would not be tired at all unless we had got into a wretched trick of feeling tired by following the prevalent habit of vocalization and expression" (talking or behaving in a tired manner).

We are used to being exhausted at the time our office closes, for example, and so at 5 p.m. each day we walk or slump in a tired manner, put on a tired expression or tell people how tired we are—and this makes us *feel* tired. But it's just a bad habit. "The busiest man," James points out, "needs no more hours of rest than the idler. As a rule, men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they actually possess."

He tells us that most people can, if they wish, push back their fatigue point by noting the time each day when they seem tired out, then deliberately trying to go on to a later

... it ...



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hour every day, thus establishing a new fatigue pattern. Your system comes to expect that you will work a little longer and accomplish a little more each day before it is "time to feel tired," and you will acquire the habit of achieving more without feeling that you are driving yourself.

**Second, third and fourth wind.** James came to his conclusions about fatigue points through study of the well-known phenomenon of "second wind," that burst of new energy which sometimes comes when a person continues working on through deep fatigue. James discovered that they may occur more than once; he speaks of getting your third or even your fourth wind.

The results achieved in such orgies of work are sometimes superior to those accomplished in a series of shorter periods—perhaps because we get so wound up and full of our subject that we see it whole.

James himself never undertook to write anything unless he had at least one full day for uninterrupted composition, and preferably two or three. Shutting himself up in a room—often the attic—he went at it furiously and steadily, driving himself past one fatigue point after another, littering the floor with sheets of manuscript. He accomplished more this way than he could have done in many short starts and stops, because he wasn't spending half his time warming up to his subject after each interruption.

**Work energizes.** When you work hard enough at almost anything, new sources of energy are tapped that can flow over into other spheres of life and solve unrelated problems for you. Hence, the strenuous application of effort anywhere—even on hobbies or games—helps to provide the bonus of energy that we need. Conversely, if we allow ourselves to grow too slack in leisure hours it is all the more difficult to warm up our energies again when the time comes to go back to work. James knew this from personal experience. He himself had so many wide-ranging interests that for recreation or rest he had only to turn from one subject to another. (He once noted in his diary that he was simultaneously studying geology, electrodynamics, acoustics, the French Revolution, Sanskrit and the philosophy of Charles Peirce.)

I have a country-dwelling friend who also puts this idea into practice. If he gets stuck in the middle of a manuscript, he saws logs or chops firewood as hard as he can for a while. He often finds that when he gets back to his writing the obstacles have melted away.

**Build your own character.** James was one of the first psychologists to point out the now accepted theory that every physical sensation, every contact with the outside world, leaves a permanent trace among the ten thousand million cells of the brain. Since these traces in the brain are permanent and are constantly



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accumulating, and their sum total is our personality and character, he strongly emphasized that we should constantly strive to live up to the potentialities of this marvelous mechanism.

*Everything we do makes it easier to do the same thing again.* This is because electrical currents, in a way not yet fully understood, record all that has happened to us by creating pathways among the cells of the brain. The more frequently any action is performed, the deeper and broader (figuratively speaking) these pathways become. Therefore, making only good traces on our brains is, James tells us, a form of insurance. "The man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition and self-denial will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him and when his softer fellow mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast. Sow an action and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone," he wrote. "Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunkard excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well, *he* may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibres the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be

used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out.

"This has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints and authorities and experts by so many separate acts and hours of work."

**How to break a habit.** The most universally familiar of James's ideas—one that has profited thousands—is his advice on overcoming bad habits. Break off abruptly and with all possible emphasis, he said. Let everyone know about it, and never let an exception occur. I can bear personal testimony to the value of his teaching. A few years ago, when I developed heart trouble, my doctor ordered me to stop smoking. I had smoked two packets of cigarettes a day for many years, so I was worried about my ability to obey the doctor's orders. Remembering James's famous advice, however, I set a date for the reformation, some time in advance, and told all my friends about it. Thus, if I failed, it would be a conspicuous and humiliating public defeat. The first week or two was hard, but I managed to get by—and I've never smoked since.

James was scornful of those who try to taper off. "All expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it out.* It is surprising how soon

A desire will die of inanition if it is never fed."

**Re-examine your habits.** James knew that all living organisms tend to continue in a pattern, once it has been set. More energy is required to learn to do things in a new way—even one that is less difficult—than to go on doing them the old way. Habits are thus our "automation". The more actions we make automatic, the more energy we have left for creative work and problem-solving. And the more efficient our habits become, the better we function. For this reason James felt that we should constantly re-examine our habits, to see where they can be changed and made more efficient.

He himself was constantly redesigning his habits, switching his hobbies and interests.

**Do something hard every day.** "If we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone," James said. "If we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time."

For this reason it is necessary to "keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. Be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points. Do, every day or two, something for no other reason than that you would rather *not* do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test."

James was also insistent that good

impulses, no matter how fleeting, must be translated into appropriate actions. "Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge."

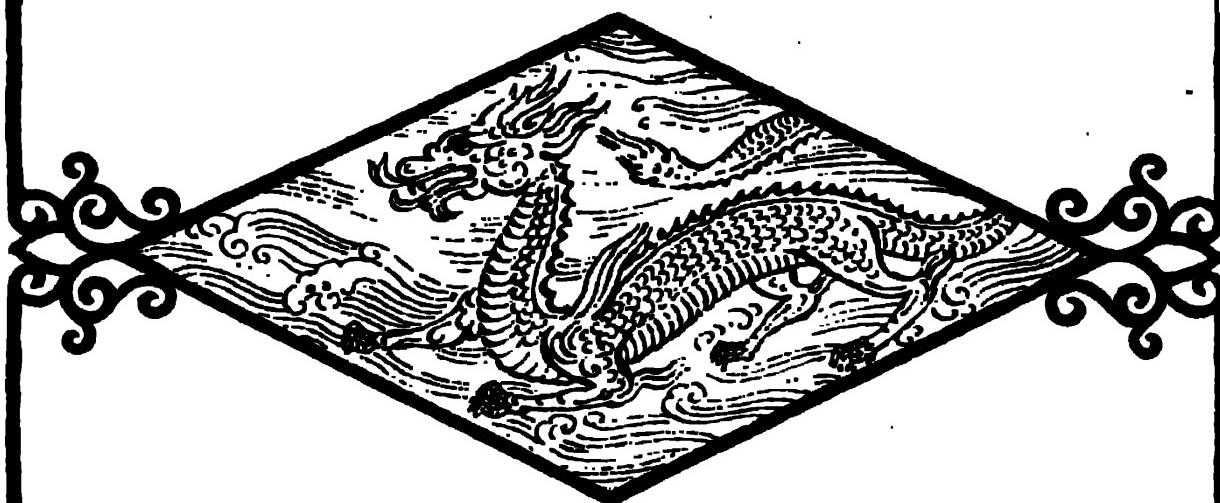
**Some anxiety is good for you.** Not long ago in an interview, Claire Bloom, the English actress, who was then in America, was asked a question to which an affirmative answer was obviously expected. "Does the rush and bustle of New York ever make you long for the more placid pace of London?" The actress replied, "No, I like it. It does me good. I think I need it. I think everybody needs it."

Miss Bloom was echoing a truth which is only now coming to be widely recognized, many years after William James enunciated it. A little anxiety is good for you: it brings into use brain cells otherwise inactive; it heightens attention, improves performance, releases certain hormones and facilitates learning by a greater spread of nerve messages in the brain.

Although he did not shrink from the idea of some degree of tension, James did not want this tension to be accompanied by self-defeating anxiety. He would have approved the advice given by a psychiatrist to a friend of mine, the managing editor of an evening paper, who had

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## *The Fire-breathing Dragon*



Dragons being protective and terror-inspiring and their effigies decorative, they were early used as warlike emblems. In China, the dragon is the national emblem and was once the badge of the Imperial family; it plays a major role in Chinese art. In England, during the middle-ages, the dragon was used as a symbol for chemists and apothecaries. In contemporary times, however, the name

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"Have you ever watched a juggler?" the doctor asked. "He may have half a dozen objects in the air at once; he has to meet dead-lines, so to speak, every fraction of a second—a lot more often than you do. He manages this by being completely relaxed, though alert. He would tell you that if he stiffens with anxiety, he ruins his act. All you need to do is to learn to juggle your editions in the same way."

**Discipline for children.** Of all James's ideas few are more valuable today than what he had to say about bringing up children. Many mothers have the idea—attributed rightly or wrongly to Sigmund Freud—that a child must not be sharply disciplined lest his infant psyche be bruised. Not so with James.

Believing that all our acts are registered permanently on our brains, and that the habits we form become part of our personality, he felt that a disciplined education was essential. "The hell to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way," he said. "Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state."

**Learning isn't always fun.** James agreed only partially with the ideas of later educators that the most successful education comes from the spontaneous interest of the pupil, who learns in the course of satisfying his curiosity.

James said, "It is nonsense to suppose that every step in education can be interesting. The fighting impulse must often be appealed to. Make the pupil feel ashamed of being scared of fractions, of being 'downed' by the law of falling bodies; rouse his pugnacity and pride, and he will rush at the difficult places with a sort of inner wrath at himself that is one of his best moral faculties. A victory scored under such conditions becomes a turning point of his character."

**A philosophy of common sense.** As a philosopher, James is remembered for his doctrine of "pragmatism," which has been called the philosophy of common sense. It may be summarized by saying that all truth does not come in one package; that if there is some "final and ultimate truth," it is so far beyond our grasp that we need not concern ourselves about it; and that *the test of truth is simply that it works*. This is the doctrine of the man of action. "Don't wait until all the returns are in," it tells you. "It is highly unlikely that all the returns ever *will* be in. Act now, and discover by trial and error whether you have taken the right course."

James never adhered to the theory

that long and elaborate training is necessary for any occupation; he believed in plunging in as soon as you feel reasonably competent, and learning as you go. Although he became a world-famous psychologist and philosopher, he never had any formal training in either of these fields. He once remarked, "I never had any philosophical instruction, and the first lecture on psychology I ever heard was the first I ever gave."

**Live up to your better self.** James made a habit of expecting every individual to live up to his better self,

as he did. "If you will believe well of your fellow men," he said, "you may create the good you believe in."

This worked surprisingly often. Students and colleagues tried to live up to the good that James thought of them. Today, James's ideas are needed as never before. The whole import of his teaching is that man *can* rise above circumstances, that we are *not* the determined victims of heredity and environment, and that we can, by courageous self-discipline, improve not only our output but our very character.



### *Only Thirty Years Ago—*

PEOPLE who died in 1929—just three decades ago—had never heard of jet aircraft, the "sound barrier," open plan houses, guided missiles, radar, Terylene, bulldozers, electric typewriters, colour television, chlorophyll toothpaste, foam rubber, bobby soxers, cat suits for women, fibreglass, automatic transmissions for the family car, electric shavers, the United Nations, frozen vegetables, the four-minute mile, plastic table-tops or the atom bomb.

—J. A. M.

### *A Regular Tonic*

WHENEVER I get depressed, I take from my wallet an old scrap of paper with an unusual shopping list on it. This was the list my wife and I made 20 years ago when I was asked to accept an important job in the city. We wrote down all the things we wanted in life: a pleasant home, good friends, health for the family, frequent opportunity to enjoy the outdoors we both loved. We discovered that we already had all these things and we agreed that the move would not enhance them. A look at the shopping list of solid verities is the greatest tonic I know for the blues, and fortunately every one of us can compile a similar list of his own blessings. —J. C. C.



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*That's because I.C.I. showed him how to cure them of worms. And his crops are much better now they are being protected against pests and diseases.*

But how does I.C.I. come into the story ? I thought they were the dyes people.

*So they are, but they deal in a lot of other things for farmers like us. For example, those I.C.I. 'Gammexane' insecticides that Baldeo uses are made right here in India.*

Well, it's good to hear that even a small farmer can make money by using modern methods. And it's even better to hear that he can produce more food for the country by using them—we can do with all the food people like Baldeo can produce.



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## Personal Glimpses

THERE was a writer who not only appropriated a lot of Bertrand Russell's ideas for a book he was writing, but had the nerve to ask Russell to contribute an introduction when the work was completed.

Lord Russell's reply consisted of two words: "Modesty forbids." —B. C.

DR. BOOKER WASHINGTON, the American Negro educationalist, arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, one evening with scant time to reach a hall where he was to give an address. Outside the station was a dilapidated cab whose driver was reclining therein. Dr. Washington hailed him, but the driver shook his head. "I don't drive Negroes in my hack," he said.

"Very well then, I'll drive you," Dr. Washington said. Whereupon he jumped up on the box, seized the reins and, with a practised hand, urged the old nag on to his destination.

WHEN President Truman returned to his home town to vote in the 1948 elections, a group of newspapermen

were assigned to stay close to him at all times. They landed at the airport and found that the President had arrived before them and was already on his way home. With a noisy police escort scattering traffic out of the way they raced after him in a press car, but when they reached the house he was not there. He turned up some time later and a worried reporter asked him what had happened.

"Oh," said Truman, "we were stopped by a police car and had to pull over. Seems there were some very important people going through the town."

—L. S.

THE famous Yiddish Art Theatre actor, Tomashevsky, often got so emotionally involved in a play that he forgot his lines. Tomashevsky once portrayed a judge in a play in which Paul Muni took the part of defence counsel for a worker accused of a crime in connexion with a strike. Muni's big scene came at the end of the second act when, in a 20-minute plea to the judge, he stated the worker's case, reaching a climax with the lines, "Are you going to condemn the dignity of man? Can this court be guilty of such a travesty of justice? Can you deny the worker his place in the sun?"

Muni's acting was so impassioned that it moved Tomashevsky to tears. "No!" he sobbed—and ruined the last act. The judge was supposed to say "YES!"

—C. H.

AS A YOUNG lawyer in Georgia, the late Senator Walter George gained a reputation as a tireless worker. Once, after a victory in court, he was congratulated by his opponent. "I admired your

skill today," the man said, "but even more I admired your stamina. Tell me, how do you manage to keep standing in court all day long without once sitting down?"

"It's very simple," explained George. "I ride a mule to the courthouse every morning."

—E. E. E.

DURING HIS recent trip to the United States, King Baudouin of Belgium visited Detroit. As a staff writer for the *Detroit Times* I was anxious to know the exact time of his departure, so I telephoned his hotel suite and asked to speak to the King's Press attaché.

"He's just gone out," a voice on the telephone said, politely. "But perhaps I can find him for you."

After a few minutes the voice said, "I have not found him, but if you will hold the line I will look again."

I waited and soon the courteous one returned. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but I cannot find him. May I help you?"

"Can you tell me when King Baudouin is leaving the city?" I asked.

"This is Baudouin," the voice replied. "We are leaving at 2.45 this afternoon." —Contributed by C. M.

IT WAS the summer of 1946 and we had gone to the railway station to see General Eisenhower, who was to catch a train after a fishing trip. When the General drove in he was first greeted by an old soldier, and then we were surprised to see that he went over to a roped-off area and chatted awhile to the occupants of a car—a man, his wife and their teenage daughter.

The next day we learned that the young girl, a polio victim, had written

a letter of prayerful encouragement to her hero, which he had received on the eve of a crucial battle. In spite of all he had on his mind, he answered it and said that if he was ever in her home town he hoped to meet her and thank her personally. When he planned the fishing trip he remembered his little friend and wrote to her. Her parents had driven her to the station so that they could meet.

—Contributed by Mrs. Frank Smithies

ON HIS VISITS to service hospitals during and after the Second World War, aircraft designer Alexander de Seversky, who lost a leg himself in the First World War, paid particular attention to those men who were similarly handicapped.

He was trying to cheer up a ward one day by telling them there was at least one advantage to having an artificial leg—you can't feel it if you're hit.

"Here, I'll show you what I mean," he said, and he handed his cane to one of the men. "Hit me on the leg as hard as you like."

The man took a hefty swing and whacked the inventor across the leg. "You see!" laughed de Seversky. "I didn't feel a thing!" His laugh was infectious, and for a moment the ward rocked with laughter.

Still grinning broadly, de Seversky waved good-bye and walked into the corridor with the officer who had accompanied him.

Once outside, his grin vanished. Wincing with pain, he rubbed his leg vigorously. "What's wrong?" asked the officer.

"He hit the wrong leg," groaned de Seversky.

—E. E. E.

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## ***FREE ENTERPRISE —PATH TO PROSPERITY***

By Arthur Larson

If we can detach ourselves from everyday scenes of turmoil, tension and stone-throwing, and acquire an historical perspective, we will descry an unmistakable fact. The advanced countries of the Free World—and indeed the entire world, including even the U.S.S.R.—have in recent years been moving in the direction of enterprise democracy.

For decades it was assumed that the world was moving towards

—————  
ARTHUR LARSON is a noted expert on international affairs; a Rhode Island scholar and professor of law, he is at present teaching at Duke University in the United States.

statism. Even in Britain it seemed to be taken for granted that the nationalization of industries would go steadily forward. Then a number of things happened to turn the course of events. West Germany put into effect a lusty enterprise-democracy programme. Private enterprise began producing obvious results in Italy and Japan. Gradually, it became evident that the degree to which a country made postwar economic strides was closely related to the degree to which it pursued enterprise - democracy methods. Britain halted the nationalization trend and indeed began to reverse it.

The task of the more mature

countries is to bring a highly developed economy and government to maximum efficiency and equity in serving the needs of their people. But how can these efforts be identified with those of newly developing countries, like India? The answer lies in the proposition that the function of government is to do for people what needs to be done that they cannot do at all for themselves, or do so well.

The difference between this view and the acceptance of nationalization as a general principle is crucial. *It is between government ownership or involvement as a transitional or limited device, and as a permanent and universal feature of a developed economy.*

Which system answers efficiently the great economic questions of who makes what, who gets what (and how much), in such a way as to produce maximum prosperity and equity?

It remains a provable historical fact that full-blown state ownership of the economy has never existed side by side with personal freedom. In its completely state-planned, state-administered economy Soviet Communism has destroyed such natural mechanisms as free-market prices, competition, profits, wage bargaining, business success. In their place it has put the compulsory quota. The relative efficacy of free-enterprise *v.* totalitarian principles can therefore be boiled down to a comparison of the efficacy of natural

free-market regulators *v.* the compulsory quota. Here are a few examples.

1. *Free enterprise has a built-in stimulant to high production.* Production is limited only by consumer demand—and in modern times this has risen by the complementary process of the growth of high wages well distributed among workers.

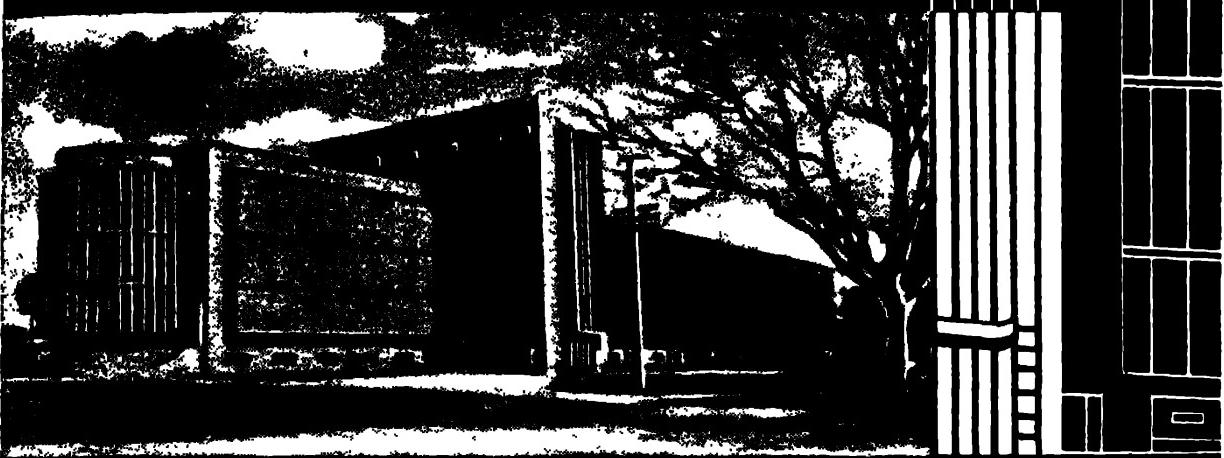
The quota system contains a built-in bias towards low production. Put yourself in the place of a Soviet factory manager. Since your fortunes depend on overfulfilling quotas, your strongest motive is to get your quota set *low*, so that you can overfulfil. But if you overfulfil by too much, you will get saddled with a higher quota for the following year. Soon you will have a quota you can't meet. So you produce just enough to make a good showing, but not so much as to cause you a problem for the future.

2. *The enterprise system has a built-in stimulant to efficiency.* The more a manager reduces costs, the more conscientiously he maintains machinery, the more prudently he uses materials and resources, the more profits he will make. Conversely, if he is lax in these respects, the relentless laws of competitive survival will weed him out.

The quota system has a built-in bias against efficiency. Suppose you are a mine manager trying to meet a high quota. Since you will be judged only by your quantitative production record, you race through

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the easy-to-mine areas, leaving harder-to-mine ore untouched. You neglect mining practices that would leave the mine in good condition. This kind of inefficiency, which has occurred in Soviet mining, would bankrupt a private-enterprise mine. Similarly, nothing in the quota system encourages the maintenance practices that a modern factory must have, since time and resources spent on repair cut into the quota.

*3. Free enterprise has a built-in stimulant to innovation.* Consumers are quick to reward the manufacturer of a new or better product. Patent laws ensure handsome prizes to the ingenious and resourceful.

The quota system has a built-in bias against innovation. The Soviet factory manager is loath to reduce his output in order to divert men and materials to the design and production of an unfamiliar item. Dimitri Pavlov, Soviet minister of trade, complained in a 1958 *Izvestia* article that new products such as potato-peeling machines were not coming on the market, although scheduled for two years earlier.

*4. The enterprise system has a built-in stimulant to quality.* The seller who offers items of the best quality will have the best business and reap the greatest profits.

The quota system has a built-in bias against quality. If your quota is 10,000 radios, you will meet it just as well with 10,000 passable radios as with 10,000 superbly built radios.

Communist authorities try to meet

these inherent deficiencies by injecting private-enterprise features. And, paradoxically, the areas in which the Soviets have had greatest success are the very areas in which they have to the greatest degree abandoned their own principles and copied those of free enterprise.

The most fundamental example is the objective of the system itself. The enterprise system has always stressed the objective of high productivity, holding that if everyone concentrates on increasing production, there will be more for all to share, and the standard of living of the worker will thus be raised. But Marxian thought holds that the best way to improve the position of the worker is to expropriate the owners and redistribute the product on a basis more favourable to workers.

The five-year plans gradually promoted productivity as a goal in itself. Now Khrushchev has abandoned the Marxian approach and embraced the enterprise-democracy idea of raising everyone's share by increasing the total supply. The extent to which he succeeds will be one more testimonial to the efficacy of private-enterprise ideas and aims.

A second illustration of the Communists' producing results by emulating enterprise is their repeated use of the incentive principle. Prizes for energy and ingenuity are built into the very structure of the private enterprise system. Orthodox Communism, on the other hand, affected to look down on the

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acquisitive and competitive instincts.

Yet the practice of relying on property incentives has become so thoroughly accepted in Soviet thought that Soviet leaders almost automatically turn to these methods when the need for increased production is urgent. In recent years Khrushchev, a realist first and an ideologist second, has increasingly applied incentive techniques to agriculture. Farmers were allowed to sell the produce of their tiny plots and meat from privately owned livestock on a free market. Result: in four years the number of beef cattle multiplied four times, although the number of beef cattle on collectives did not increase at all. Half the pig and cow increases and two-thirds of the sheep and goat increases between 1953 and 1958 were in the private sector!

A third illustration of how Soviet success is related to emulation of enterprise principles is the principle of freedom of thought. Ruthless repression has been standard in the U.S.S.R. But in one area, this enmity collided with another Soviet compulsion of even higher priority: the need for technological and scientific progress to strengthen the country's military power. Now scientific discovery cannot be dictated, and test tubes are no respecters of commissars. Stalin could not dictate that rocket fuel A is in harmony with the Party line and that rocket fuel B is not—that is, not if he wanted to get a rocket off the

ground. Gradually, and most conspicuously after the death of Stalin, in the one carefully circumscribed area of physical science, the dread virus of freedom of thought was turned loose.

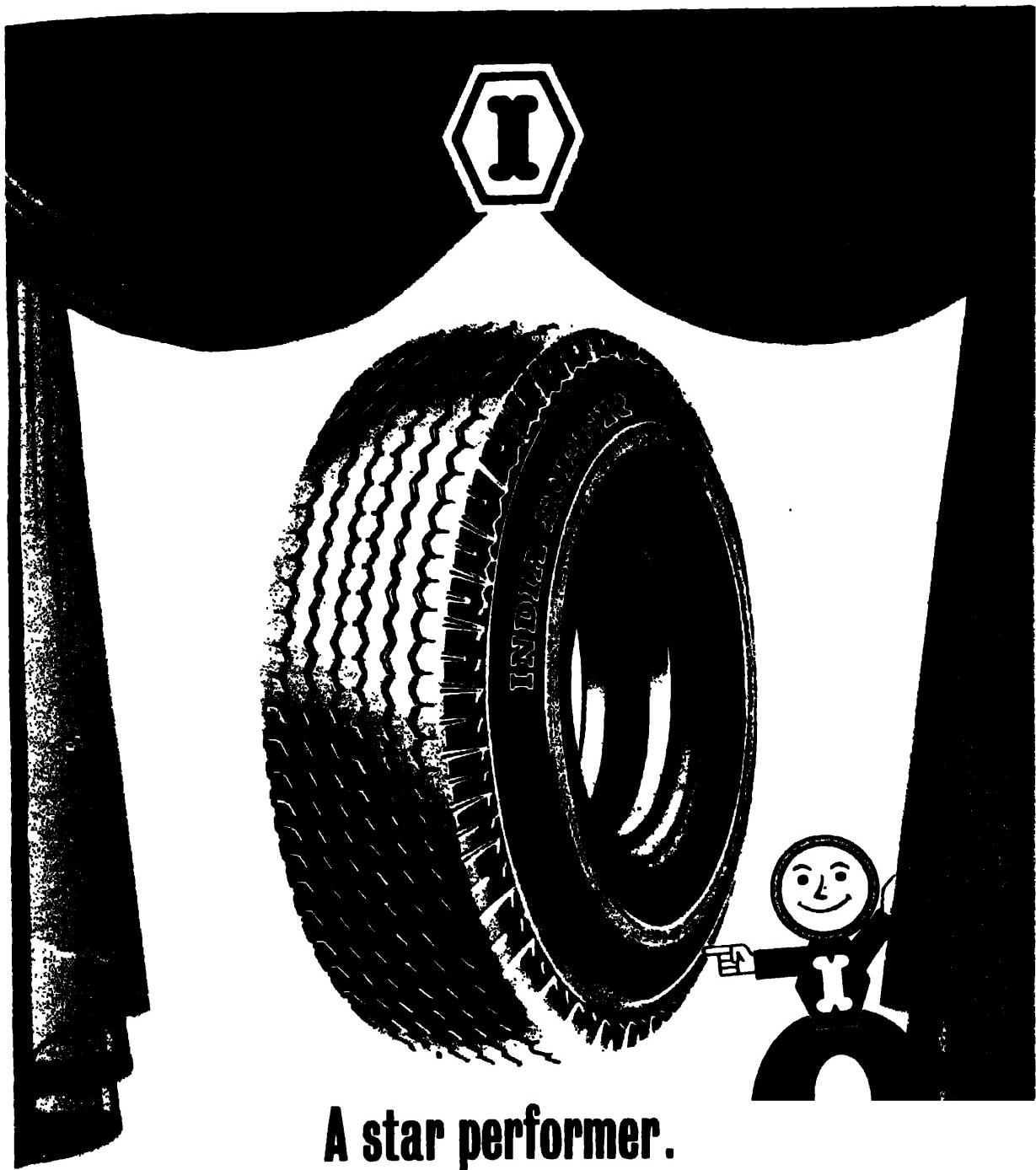
We have seen the results.

And we have witnessed the upside-down conclusion drawn by Soviet spokesmen. They would like us to believe that the launching of earth satellites is somehow a triumph of Communism. It would be nearer the truth to say that it is a demonstration of what the principle of freedom of thought can do when released among a talented and determined people.

These examples will illustrate that the basic facts of life in Communist countries are bringing them near to freedom of thought, incentive and productivity.

If the world we long for is a world in which opportunities for good education are widespread, and in which a self-reliant educated class provides a group with whom we can most readily achieve a meeting of minds, we should help to advance the rapid progress of education both in the newly developing countries and in the Communist bloc.

If we really believe that prosperity and progress favour the growth of what we are for and disfavour the growth of Communism—then we should welcome the offer of economic aid to the newly developing countries, even when it comes from the Soviet Union. This assumes, of



A star performer.

# INDIA SUPER

TUBELESS OR WITH TUBE

course, that ways are found of ensuring that political subversion does not come with economic aid.

If the world we yearn for is a world of harmony rather than hatred, we must create understanding between our own peoples and the peoples of countries now estranged from us.

To anyone with religious faith, of whatever kind, it is unthinkable that the Creator has brought the human race through countless centuries to a hard-won civilization, only to see the whole story end with a few sick and deformed creatures crawling

about on a radioactive cinder that once was a world.

Rather, men may some day conclude that the intensive rivalry of this period, the competition to aid the less developed countries, the effort to demonstrate superiority in production and standards of living and culture and ideas, the competitive programmes of health, education, sanitation, agricultural modernization and industrial improvements for hundreds of millions of long neglected people, were all perhaps the Creator's way of hastening the good life for all men.



### *Teenage Talk*

IN AN attempt to organize her life, our 16-year-old bought a notice board and began pinning up notes on it to remind herself of her various chores and engagements. Glancing at it the other day, I saw that beside such routine messages as "Clean room," "Mend skirt," "Baby-sit Saturday," was one that read: "Assume new personality."

—H. T.

WHEN my husband and I were on a long trip, we left our 14-year-old son with friends. We were amazed—and delighted—to receive reports on his good manners, but dinner our first night home was a disappointment. He kept his head six inches from his plate, talked with his mouth full and ate with his knife. "I can't imagine what the Browns were talking about," his father exclaimed. "Your manners are horrible!"

"Gosh, Dad!" spluttered our teenager, "you don't think I eat like this when I'm with people!"

—Mrs. L. B.

My teenage brother and sister, who are twins, were having an unusually heated argument. On the verge of tears, my sister declared, "I wish I'd never had a brother!"

"Do you?" retorted her twin. "Well, if it wasn't for me, you'd have two heads!"

—Mrs. H. W.

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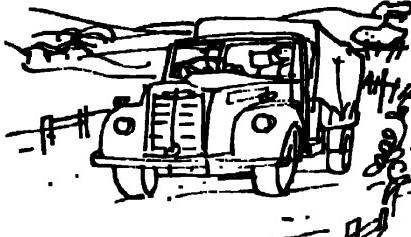
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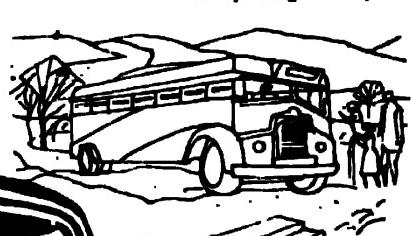
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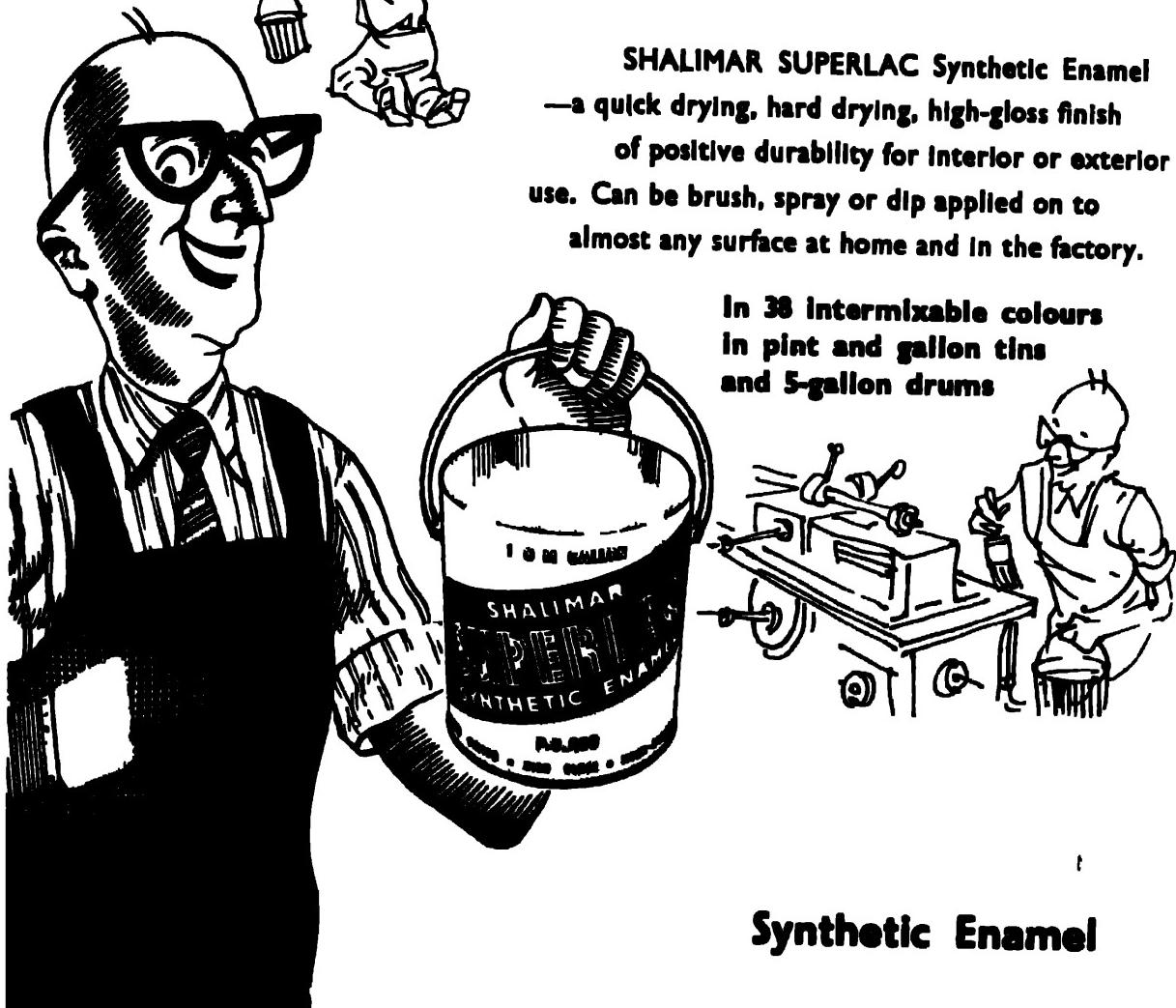
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*By Arnold Bennett*

*Author of "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day," etc.*

**F**EW OF US have not met the gentleman who can only be described as "the complete fusser." This gentleman has slowly convinced himself that the proper fulfilment of his destiny depends absolutely upon about 10,000 different things. And he attaches a supreme and quite fatal importance to all 10,000.

He begins to be fussy on waking up, and he stops being fussy when he goes to sleep. He keeps a thermometer in his bath because he is convinced that there is a "right" temperature for the bath water, and that any other temperature would impair his efficiency. And he will probably have rigid ideas about the precise sort of woven stuff he must wear next to his skin.

He may be almost any kind of character, and yet be fussy. He may be so tidy that he cannot exist in a room, either in his own house or in anybody else's, until he has made all the pictures exactly horizontal. He may be so untidy that if his wife privily tidies his desk he is put off work for the rest of the day. He may be so fond of fresh air that he can only sleep with his head out of a window, or so afraid of fresh air that a draught deranges all his activities for a fortnight. He may be so regular that he kisses his wife by the clock, or so irregular that he is never conscious of appetite until a meal has been going cold for half an hour.

But whatever he does and thinks, he does and thinks under the conviction that if he did and thought otherwise the consequences would be disastrous. Whereas the truth is that to change all his habits would result in great benefit to him. For he is the victim of hundreds of delusions, and especially of the grand delusion that the world is ready to come to an end at the most trifling provocation.

You naturally scorn him. Yet you may unconsciously be on the way to becoming a complete fusser yourself. All of us have within us the insidious microbe of fussiness.

The real instinct to fuss can always be distinguished by this—it is progressive. Pride, if not conceit, is always pushing the fusser from one abnormality to the next. Thus a

man discloses a dislike of black clothes. His aunt dies and leaves him some money. His wife asks him: "Shall you wear black?" He answers with somewhat pained dignity: "Darling, you know I never wear black." He is now known to himself and to his wife as the man who will not wear black. Then his father dies; the objector to black will have to attend the funeral. After a little conversation with him the wife says to friends: "You know Edward objects to black. He does really. He never wears it, and I'm afraid he won't wear it even for his father's funeral."

Henceforth Edward is known not only to himself and his wife but to the whole town as the man who won't wear black. It is a distinction. He is proud of it. His wife is rather impressed by the sturdiness of his resolution. He has suffered a little for his objection to black. His reputation is made. An anti-black clause inserts itself into his religion. Success encourages the instinct to fuss, and soon he has grown fussy about something else. And thus does he become a complete fusser.

There is no cure for the complete fusser, because he is unconscious of being fussy. What the world regards

as fussiness he regards as wisdom essential to a reasonable existence. He sincerely looks down upon the rest of mankind. Spiritual pride puts him into the category of the hopeless case—along with the alcoholic, the kleptomaniac, and other specimens whom he would chillingly despise.

Apparently the sole use of the complete fusser is to serve as a terrible warning to those who are on the way to becoming complete fussers themselves—a terrible warning to pull up.

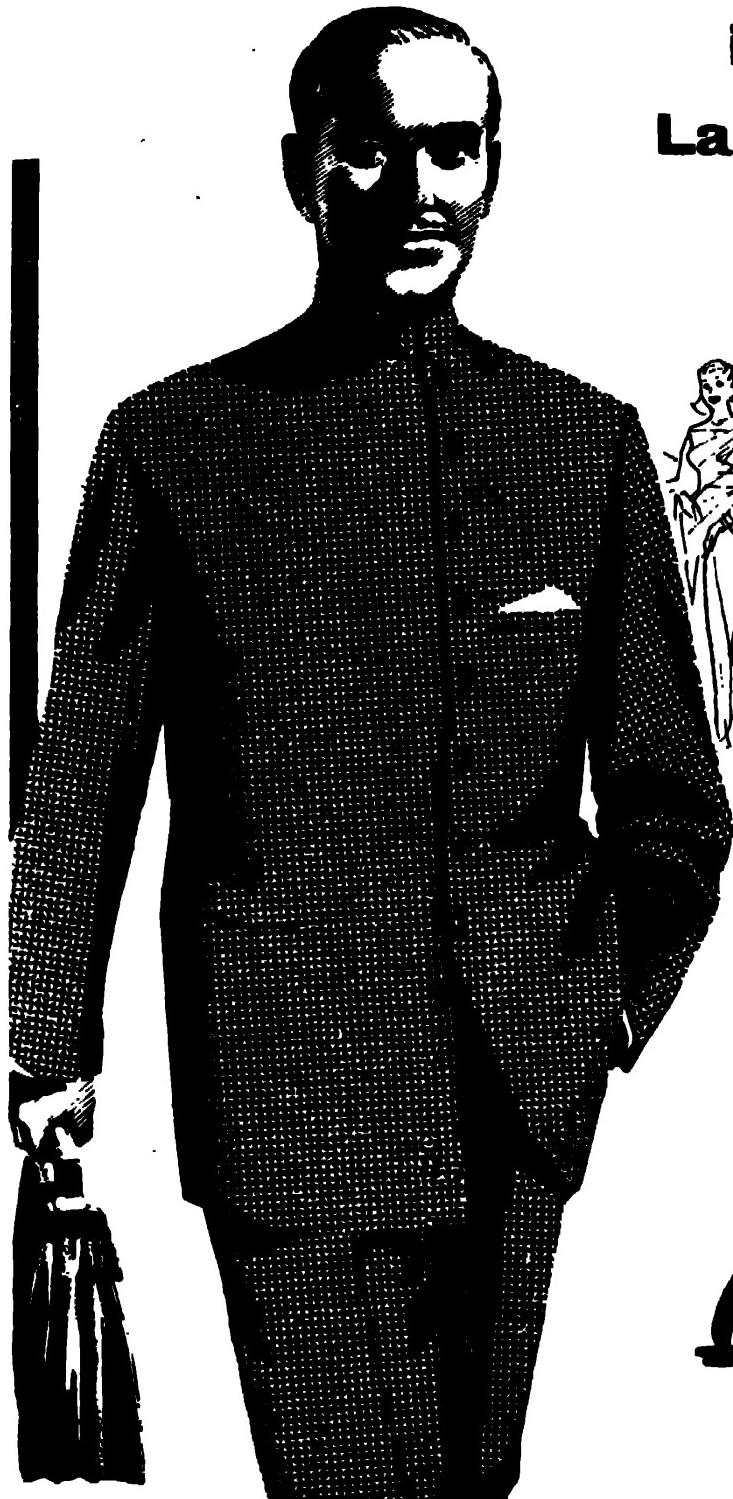
That fussiness in its earlier stages can be cured is certain. But the cure is very drastic in nature. There are lucid moments in the life of the as yet incomplete fusser when he suspects his malady, when he guiltily says to himself: "I know I am peculiar, but—" Such a moment must be seized, and immediate action taken. (The "but" must be choked. It is fatal.) If the fusser is anti-black, let him proceed to the shopping quarter at once. Let him buy a ready-made black suit, put it on in the shop and have the other suit sent home. Let him then walk about the town in black . . . He is saved! No less thorough deed will save him.

And similarly for all other varieties of fussiness.

**W**HEN a visitor sentimentally remarked to Dr. George Hodges, dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that in heaven there would be no partings, the busy dean replied tartly that what he hoped for was a place with no meetings.

—R. P.

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# Ten Ke to Go

By Jack Harrison Pollack

**1.** Listen Attentively. Many of us concentrate so hard on what we plan to say next that we don't really hear what the other person is saying.

If you listen *actively* to other people, they will pay closer attention when *you* speak.

**2. Talk About What Interests the Other Person.** "Charm in conversation consists less in displaying one's own wit than in opening the way for the *other* fellow to display his," says one psychologist. If you encourage the other fellow to talk about his pet subjects you'll never have to worry about an awkward silence, and you'll probably be so engrossed that you won't have time to be self-conscious--which is the greatest obstacle to relaxed conversation.

**3. Avoid Dull Details.** "The secret of being tiresome is in telling *everything*," warned Voltaire. All

of us know the person who digresses and never omits an unnecessary fact: "Let's see, was it Friday or Saturday? Well, it must have been about 10 or 10.30, because I had just left my brother's house opposite the park and I . . ."

You're worn out long before the speaker reaches his point.

**4. Shun Trite Expressions.** Don't let yourself be described as "a person of few words who uses them over and over again!" Some women coo the word "wonderful" in nearly every sentence. Other trite talkers keep repeating: "Absolutely," "I quite agree," "It's out of this world!" "See what I mean?" Avoid such rubber-stamp phrases. And don't quote yourself. Few of us are as witty as Bernard Shaw, who could wisecrack, "I often quote myself; it adds spice to my conversation!"

**5. Speak Precisely.** Pause a moment to marshal your words before speaking: don't plunge headlong into a sentence, hoping it will turn out all right.

Avoid jumping from topic to topic; conversation is more interesting when you linger over one subject long enough for give-and-take enjoyment of it.

Many of us are guilty of making our conversation difficult to understand by humming and ha'ing. Look a person in the face when talking to (*not at*) him, and don't put your hand in front of your mouth or

mumble. You shouldn't have to be asked to repeat what you said.

**6. Ask the Right Questions.** Successful interviewers—reporters, lawyers, psychiatrists, etc.—know that a question, properly placed and stated, helps to make the other person “open up.” It indicates a genuine interest in him and his opinions.

A token question, like “How are things going?” or “What’s new?” is meaningless. But “How did you get started in your business?” or “If you were starting all over again, would you live in this town?” indicates genuine interest. And discreet phrases like “Don’t you think?” or “How do you feel about it?” will often keep the other person talking and keep you from talking too much!

**7. Learn How to Disagree Without Being Disagreeable.** Often it isn’t what but *how* you speak that makes all the difference. Benjamin Franklin used to remark diplomatically, “On this point, I agree. But on the other, if you don’t mind, may I take exception?”

A friendly argument often enriches a conversation, but don’t start an argument with a sweeping statement like, “I hate estate agents. They’re all swindlers.” Such an opinionated remark will cause all sides to line up too violently for polite conversation.

Most important, don’t flatly contradict anybody—even when you’re sure he is wrong. Use subtlety.

**8. Avoid Interrupting.** If you

sometimes feel obliged to break into a conversation, your interruption will appear less discourteous if you use a graceful phrase such as, “John, may I add something to what you’ve just said?”

Incidentally, the person you interrupt will listen more attentively if you use his name.

If you yourself are interrupted, never insist on returning to the same subject afterwards. Get interested in the *new* conversation. If people want you to return to what you were discussing, they’ll say so.

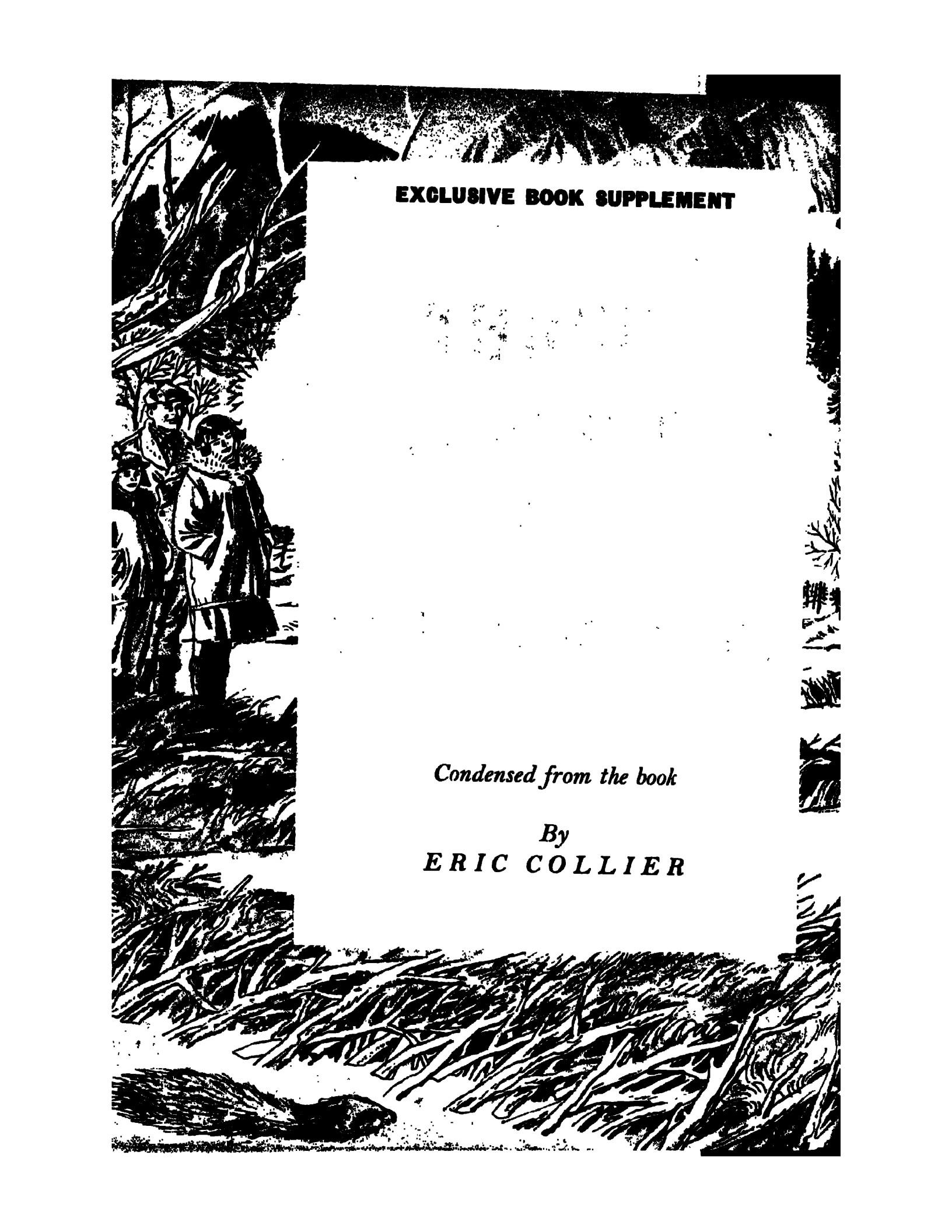
**9. Try to Be Tolerant and Tactful.** All of us must sometimes converse with people who irritate or annoy us.

In such a case, try to concentrate on the subject being discussed. Facts, after all, are impersonal. If you honestly try to develop a generous, tolerant attitude you’ll be a much better conversationalist.

**10. A Little Praise Sometimes Helps.** Your conversation will be richer if you learn how to compliment people—but mean what you say.

You can use praise, too, in voicing appreciation. Don’t just tell your guest speaker, “I enjoyed your talk.” Comment specifically on something he said or ask him to amplify one of his remarks, showing that you listened attentively.

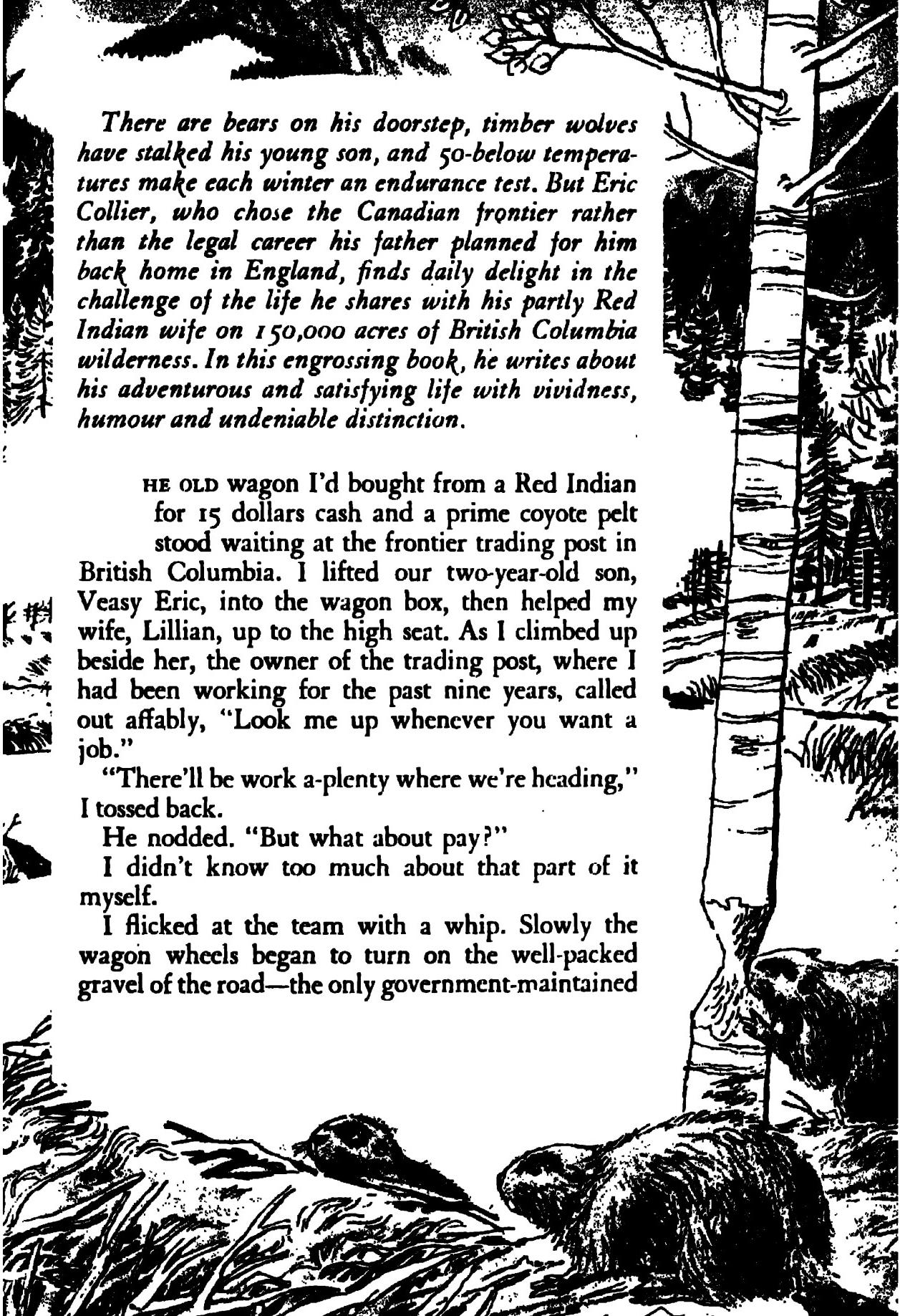
If you follow these ten suggestions they may help to make your conversation more interesting, and to enlarge your circle of friendships.



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*By*  
**ERIC COLLIER**



*There are bears on his doorstep, timber wolves have stalked his young son, and 50-below temperatures make each winter an endurance test. But Eric Collier, who chose the Canadian frontier rather than the legal career his father planned for him back home in England, finds daily delight in the challenge of the life he shares with his partly Red Indian wife on 150,000 acres of British Columbia wilderness. In this engrossing book, he writes about his adventurous and satisfying life with vividness, humour and undeniable distinction.*

THE OLD wagon I'd bought from a Red Indian for 15 dollars cash and a prime coyote pelt stood waiting at the frontier trading post in British Columbia. I lifted our two-year-old son, Veasy Eric, into the wagon box, then helped my wife, Lillian, up to the high seat. As I climbed up beside her, the owner of the trading post, where I had been working for the past nine years, called out affably, "Look me up whenever you want a job."

"There'll be work a-plenty where we're heading," I tossed back.

He nodded. "But what about pay?"

I didn't know too much about that part of it myself.

I flicked at the team with a whip. Slowly the wagon wheels began to turn on the well-packed gravel of the road—the only government-maintained

road serving this vast Chilcotin Plateau deep in British Columbia's interior.

It was June 2, 1931. By tomorrow afternoon we would reach our new home at the headwaters of Meldrum Creek, 25 miles north of the nearest store, and over 70 miles from the nearest railway. If for a week or two that home was to be only a tent stretched in the shade of the trees, it would still be home, as long as Lillian, Veasy and I were together. And in the wagon were tools to guarantee a comfortable cabin for us, and a barn for the horses, by summer's end.

Indeed, the wagon bore all our worldly possessions. There were food, blankets and the tent, pots and pans, axes and adzes, hammers and horseshoes, saws and nails, guns and traps, cooking-stove and heater and a score of other items. The lot would not have fetched much in cash, but in our wilderness destination, where our only neighbours would be occasional moose, bear and deer, they would have value that could not be computed in money. The .303 rifle was our passport to a certain meat supply. And, when the coyotes' coats lost their summer shagginess with November's first snowfall, we were trusting the traps to replenish our dwindled finances.

I had been granted sole trapping rights by the British Columbia Game Department over some 150,000 acres of wilderness embracing almost the entire Meldrum

Creek watershed. It sounded impressive, but Lillian and I were well aware that there were precious few fur-bearing animals left to trap in the region. Only the coyote, whose silky grey coat could be bartered at any trading post, had survived the activities of yesterday's fur trade.

Yet, if we could realize the dream that even now was taking us off the main road and on to an obscure weed-grown trail leading due north, the Meldrum Creek wilderness might once more teem with beaver and otter, with mink and muskrat. And I, at last, would have found the spot where I could settle down and take root. I would have found what I came looking for when I first arrived in this wild, sprawling Canadian province.

### The Square Peg

IF MY father back in England had had his way he would have made a solicitor of me. But even when I was a schoolboy, the hedgerows and brooks of England had always attracted far more of my attention than wearisome matters of algebra and Latin. For a twelve-month I tried the patience of the two prominent solicitors I was articled to in Northampton. Then, one morning in mid-May of 1920, my father summoned me to his office. One of the solicitors, he said, had informed him that it was a complete waste of time for me to continue my law studies.

"You could, of course, come

here," Father went on. He was managing director of a factory which produced shoemaking machinery. "But I don't think you'd like it."

I knew perfectly well that I wouldn't. I kept very quiet.

After a moment's pause Father mused. "There's your cousin Harry Marriot in Canada. He went out in 1912, learned the ranching business and now has cattle of his own."

I suddenly came to life. "Harry Marriot is out in British Columbia, isn't he?" Although I knew little or nothing of Canada's westernmost province, the whole idea of it intrigued me.

"He's at Big Bar Lake. You'd get plenty of shooting and fishing there. Deer, bear, trout. And of course you'd learn to ranch, and perhaps in four or five years I might help you to buy a ranch and a small herd of cattle of your own."

And so, in June 1920, I boarded ship in Liverpool and set out on the journey that was eventually to lead me to the headwaters of Meldrum Creek. I stayed a year with Harry Marriot. That was long enough first to blister, then harden the palms of my hands on the handle of a double-edged axe. Long enough to become fairly proficient in the tricky art of loading a pack-horse, and to recognize a buck track when I saw it. And long enough to realize that there was no proper anchorage for me at Big Bar Lake or really in the ranching business anywhere.

Rearing cattle, like studying law, just didn't interest me.

In 1921 I said, "So long," to Marriot and headed northwards on my pinto gelding. A year later I was working for an Englishman named Becher at his Riske Creek Indian trading post, in the Chilcotin district north-east of the Fraser River and 200-odd miles north of Vancouver.

I took to those sparsely settled outlands as the sunflower takes to the sun. At the ripe old age of 19 it is easy to shed one garment, hastily step into another and become perfectly attuned to its fit. Among other chores at the trading post I looked after the livery barn and served behind the counter. Across that rough plank counter I received a primary education in the fur trade.

During late autumn and winter, Red Indians from near by reservations exchanged their coyote pelts for flour, tea, tobacco, calico and other trade goods. Occasionally a handful of muskrat pelts was hauled from a gunny sack, and once in a remote while a sleek, dark mink skin. But there were few muskrats or minks left in creek or pond when I first dabbled in the fur trade. Indeed, many of the creeks and ponds themselves seemed to be visibly ailing and dying—drying up one by one. This was the "dry" belt of British Columbia; yet that fact alone could not explain the inexorable shrinkage of the water table that seemed to have taken place upon so many water-sheds. It was several years before I



found a person who was wise enough to supply an explanation.

### I Meet My Fate

THEY CAME to the store together; the girl was leading by the hand an unbelievably aged Red Indian woman who, I soon discovered, did not come from the reservation. At first I saw only the girl. She wore a neat, home-made, blue print skirt which fitted her like a glove, and her attractive face—shaped like a plover's egg, and freckled like one too—was framed by dark, shingled hair. Then I looked at the old woman with her coarse moccasins, her two waist-long braids of grey hair, her face wrinkled like a prune and almost as dark. Surely there stood the oldest human being I'd ever seen.

"Who is she?" I asked with rude curiosity. The girl studied my face a moment before replying, "My grandmother."

"But she's a full-blooded Red Indian!" I blurted out.

Those probing hazel eyes never left mine as a faint smile played over her face, "Yes, I am part Red Indian myself—a quarter breed."

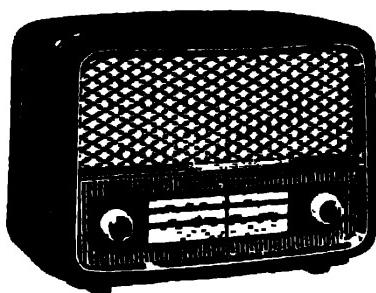
That is how I met Lillian, the girl who was to share the wilderness with me. Before they left the store I had learnt that her grandmother's name was Lala, that Lala was 97 and, most important of all, that neither of them would mind if I rode over to visit them some evening.

In the months that followed, I spent many evenings talking to them over the smoke of a campfire outside Lala's small log cabin. Lala was illiterate, and for the past 12 years had been sightless, but her wise old mind was a veritable storehouse of wilderness knowledge. She still remembered what the region was like in her childhood before the whites began trickling in, when her tribe was entirely reliant upon the wild-life resources of the land, and in daily contact with the complex laws of nature. And she still remembered the headwaters of a creek

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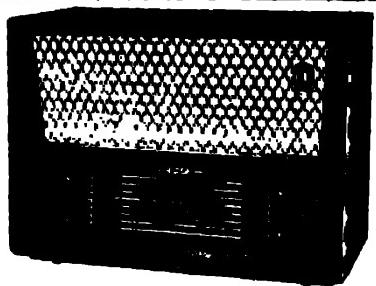
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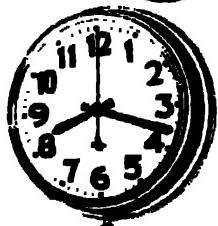
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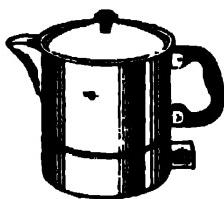
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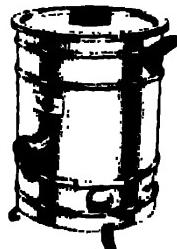
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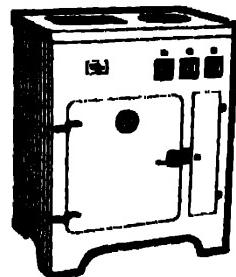
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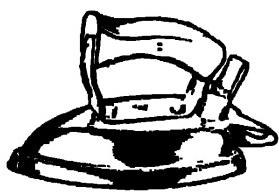
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which was her family's hereditary hunting preserve long before an Englishman named Meldrum moved in to give it the name it bears today.

I had been in the Meldrum Creek region, but the dribble of water I saw there bore little resemblance to Lala's description of the Meldrum Creek of her childhood. She remembered when great herds of elk and deer came to quench their thirst, beavers noisily splashed their tails, trout leaped for the May-fly, dark-furred mink and otter sunned themselves on the beaver lodges, muskrat dens lined the banks, and ducks and geese by the thousand glutted themselves at the pond-weed beds.

One evening, squatting by her campfire, I said, "No trout stop now, Lala. And the Red Indians never bring in any more beaver pelts."

Lala shook her head. "No, not'ing stop now." Lifting her blank eyes to my face, she said, "You know why?"

I had often pondered this, and I hazarded my guess. "Is it because of the beavers?"

"Aiya, the beavers!" She sucked deeply at her pipe. "Until white man come, the creek was full of beaver, and Indian just kill one now an' then s'pose he want meat, or skin for blanket. But when white man give him tobacco, sugar, bad drink, every tam he fetch beaver skin from creek Indian go crazy and kill beaver all tam." Her scraggy hand sought and found my arm. "When

you take all beaver, bimeby all water go too. And if water go, no trout, no fur, no grass, not'ing stop!"

And then Lala put into words the thought I had been nursing for weeks, though I had not yet spoken of it to anyone.

"Why you no go that creek and give it back the beavers?" she demanded. "You young man, you like hunt and trap. S'pose once again creek full of beavers. Maybe big marshes be full of muskrats again all same when me little girl. And where muskrats stop, mink and otter stop too. Aiya! Why you no go that creek with Lily, and live there all tam, and give it back the beavers?"

Our future somehow was settled from that moment on, now that Lala had brought matters to a head; but a good many things happened before Lillian and I were able to put her grandmother's advice into action. A few months later Lala herself died, serenely, quietly, as some ancient oak might die. And the following year, 1928, Lillian and I were married by an itinerant Church of England clergyman in a simple ceremony at the trading post, attended by Becher and his wife, dressed in their Sunday best.

By this time I held the Meldrum Creek trapping rights, and we hoped to save enough from my modest earnings to outfit our venture in two years. (I had long since ceased to look to my father for help. Though he had offered to finance a cattle ranch, I knew he would not invest



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willingly in this seemingly hare-brained enterprise.) Then the arrival of young Veasy Eric Collier delayed our departure for a full year. But when we finally set out for Meldrum Creek (just 11 years to the day after I had sailed from England) we were far, far richer for the delay.

### A Cabin in the Willows

ALMOST everything we needed to build a home was there, ours for the taking, in the forest that surrounded us. Together we felled the trees for the cabin and sawed them into proper lengths. And after I had snaked the logs out of the woods with the team and piled them on the site we had cleared of undergrowth, we stripped them of their bark.

Veasy was determined that he too should assist in peeling the logs, so we found him a blunt butcher's knife that would hardly cut grease. He scraped and peeled away with vigour and ambition for a minute or two, then, wearying of it all, walked over to an ant-hill and began worrying its occupants with a stick.

Lillian and I could not give up so easily. We were indifferent to all else but getting the cabin up, and the sun was our only clock. From dawn until dusk, we heaved and panted and sweated, and laid the heavy green timbers on top of one another, notching each snugly into place. Six days after we began cutting the logs, the four walls stood white and pitchy to the sun.

Now we had to start laying the



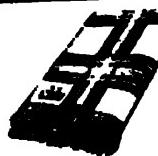
ridge-poles and roofing. That done, I hauled earth in the wagon and spread an eight-inch layer of it over the split timbers of the roof, thus ensuring the cabin maximum coolness in summer and warmth in winter. While Lillian cut and peeled slim straight pine poles, I nailed them between the logs. Together we sawed out the gaps for two windows and a door, fitted these in, cemented the cracks with mud, and stepped back, surveying our creation with pride.

All of ten days had gone by since our arrival at Meldrum Creek, and we now had a home to live in. It was crude, perhaps—just one room 18 feet by 24 with a floor of packed earth—but after the dust and the



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## THE READER'S DIGEST

hoke of the tent, it was good enough for us. Now, when we closed the door and windows, we were free from the everlasting insults of the mosquitoes. And no matter how sharp might be the lash of a winter storm, within these four walls all could be protected and warm.

"Some day," I promised, "when there's a bit more money in the kitty, I'll haul timber in from Riske Creek and put down a proper floor." But another necessary chore awaited our attention; we had to build some sort of fence to keep the horses from wandering off. By erecting pole fences from a small lake near our cabin across country to a second somewhat larger one, Meldrum lake by name, we shut in 150 acres of good horse pasture.

And now just one more task remained before we could start to explore our new 150,000-acre domain. For over a fortnight there had been no other meat except bacon—not even a ruffed grouse or a snowshoe rabbit, for there had been no time for hunting. We were all tired of bacon, and ready for a roast. During my day-long search for the horses, I had seen deer tracks at a near-by watering hole, and had mentally filed this knowledge for future reference. The time had come to return there. We left the cabin at five in the afternoon, I on my chestnut gelding and Lillian on one of the work horses, with Teasy behind her on the horse's bump, his arms round her waist. We'd been by the pool, squatting

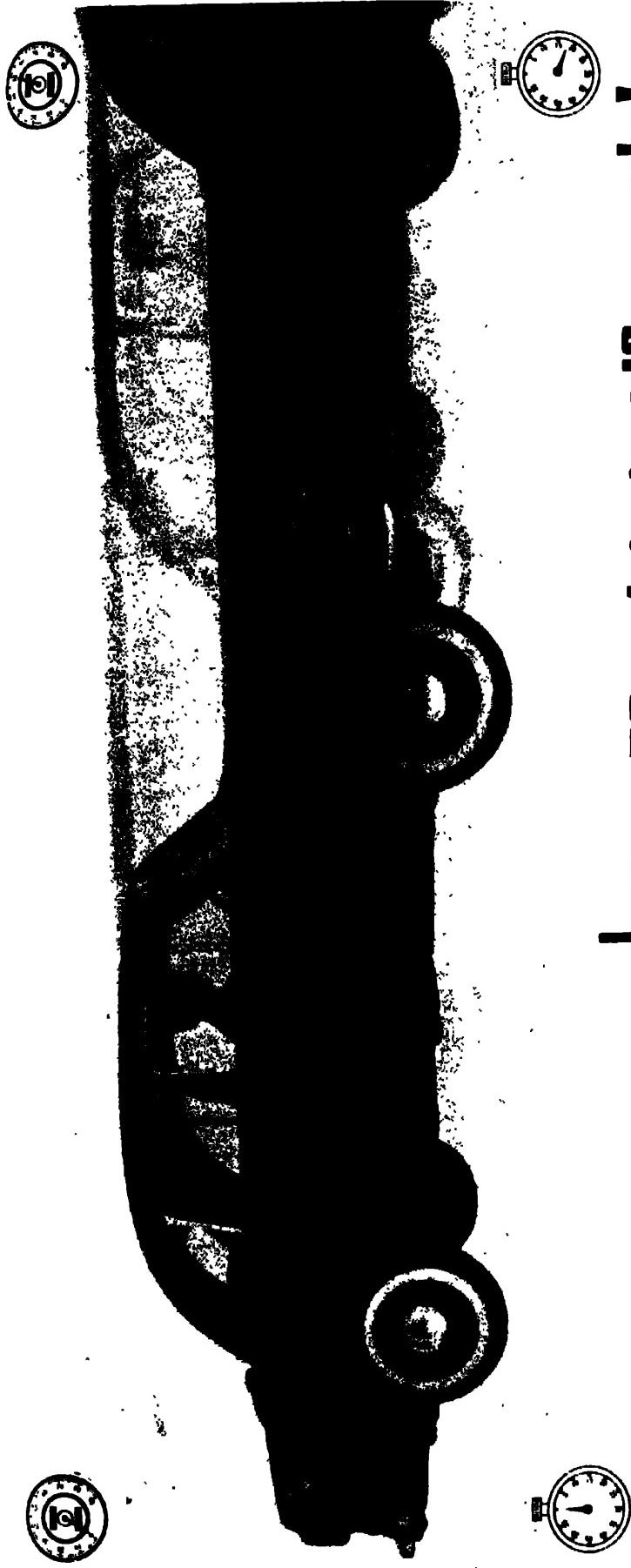
behind a willow bush, for over an hour when we heard a stick crack. And then the buck stepped mincingly away from the fringe of cottonwoods surrounding the pool, and out into the water. The gun eased into my shoulder. It seemed a pity to shoot such a harmless creature, but we badly needed meat.

That venison, salted down in Lillian's stone crocks, lasted us for weeks. And the deer hide, after Lillian had tanned, stretched, cut and stitched it according to the method she had learnt from Lala, furnished buckskin-moccasin replacements for Veasey's outgrown shoes, and warm gloves for him as well.

### The Unpromising Start

LOADING a camp outfit on to a pack-horse, we finally struck out through the woods to find out just what assets we possessed on our wilderness trap line. We wandered like gipsies, the game trails our only paths, the horses our only transport, the tent our only roof. Although we covered a lot of ground, at first sight nothing we saw seemed to offer much promise. "We're not going to get rich in a hurry," I confided to Lillian.

There were the remnants of two score beaver dams without any beavers. There were several hundred acres—or was it several thousand?—of stinking, semi-dry marshland which might still have a muskrat left here and there, but not in sufficient numbers to trap. There wasn't



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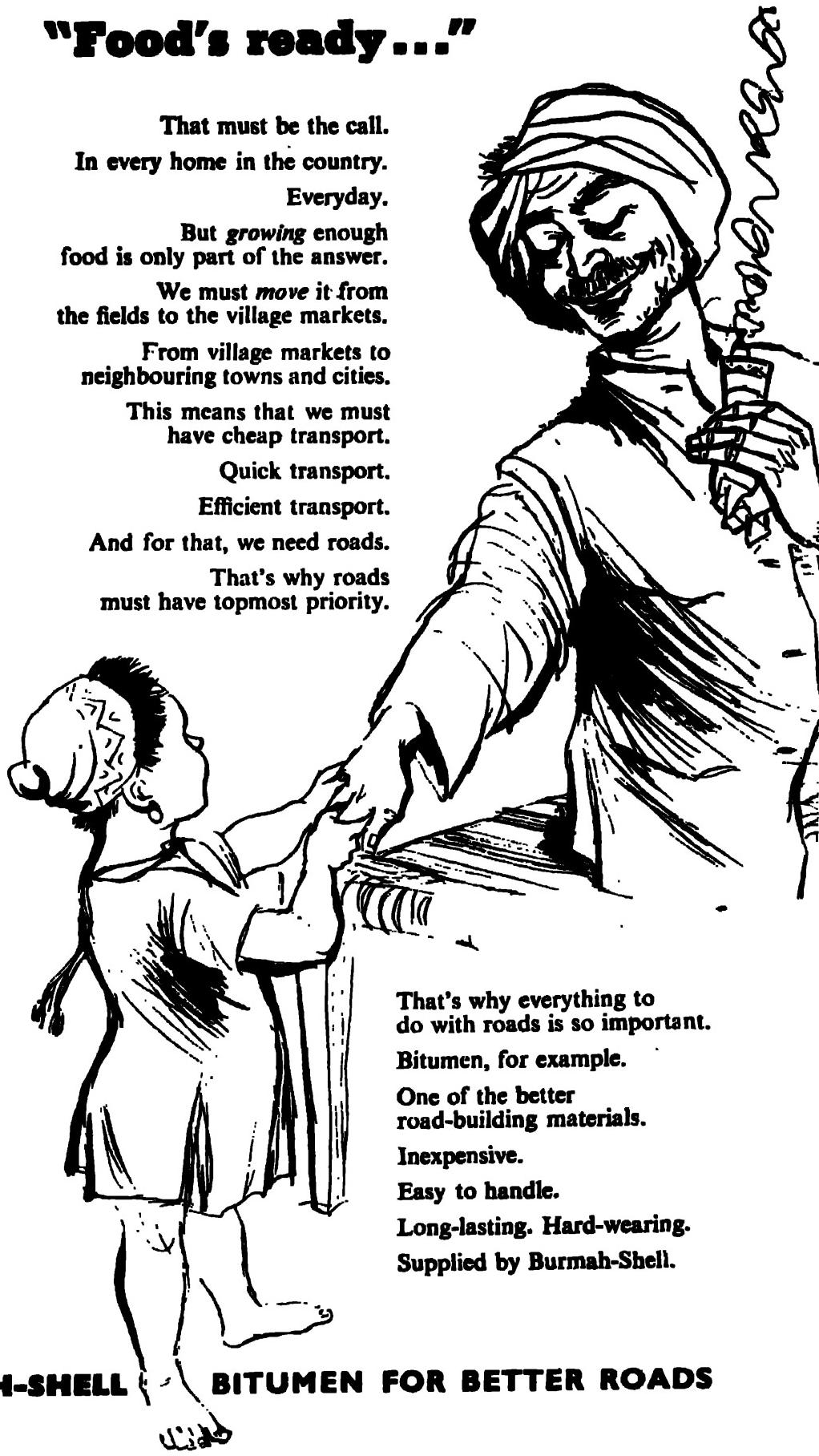
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enough water for them. And we had an assortment of landlocked lakes (there had once been beavers in those too) which were also woefully down from their original water levels. This, then, apart from the limitless forest itself, was all that we had on which to build our future.

In their present arid state, the marshes of Meldrum Creek were of no economic value to anyone. But if they were again inundated, dormant aquatic seeds and tubers would provide food for muskrats, waterfowl and fish. To prey upon these would come the mink, the otter and other carnivorous fur-bearers. If the pelt of the lowly muskrat was worth but 30 cents, that of the mink was worth from 15 to 20 dollars. It was simply a matter of creating a habitat for the one so that there would be food for the other.

We both believed that the ultimate solution lay in bringing back the beavers whose lodges were still visible in our lakes, though untenanted for half a century. These rodents, weighing about four stone at full maturity, with their appetite for work and their ingenious engineering skill—attested to by the remains of beaver dams marking the mouth of each lake and every tract of marshland—would bend not only the flow of the creek to their will, but also the freshets that fed it. They would throw the water back upon the marshes, and once again those wastelands would produce.

But putting theory into practice,

which meant actually acquiring some beavers, was not so simple. Neither of us had the least idea how this was to be done. As far as we knew, there wasn't a single beaver left anywhere in the Chilcotin, and precious few in all of British Columbia. So for the moment we pushed the matter of beavers aside.

This left only one other possibility: we might, on our own, try to reflood one or two of the marshes.

"We'll have to start repairing the old dams ourselves," said Lillian.

Again, however, this was more easily said than done. In the valley below us were ranchers wholly dependent upon irrigation to raise winter feed crops for their cattle. Their Meldrum Creek water rights had been granted long before our trapping rights, and we'd certainly invite trouble if we started tampering with the flow of the creek without some sort of official sanction. Especially so in that abnormally dry summer of 1931, when the creek furnished so little irrigation water that the cattlemen's alfalfa fields became diseased before they were in bloom.

And so to the Water Rights Branch, Department of Lands and Forests, I penned a lengthy letter explaining the situation on Meldrum Creek, and emphasizing my belief that the only permanent solution lay in repairing the existing beaver dams, and thus conserving water in the kind years so that there would be plenty in the lean. We were quite

willing to do that work ourselves without asking help or payment from anyone. Would the Water Rights Branch give the project its official blessing?

The letter was posted from Riske Creek on one of our regular monthly wagon trips to the trading post for mail, news of the outside world and the few supplies we could afford. And in due time it was answered: "We are of the opinion that your plan would be of no benefit whatsoever to the annual flow of Meldrum Creek . . ."

There it was, polite, concise, chilly, the usual drab phraseology of officialdom. But if it dampened our spirits it couldn't douse them altogether. There was still another source we could approach.

"Why don't you put the whole project before Mr. Moon?" Lillian suggested.

Charlie Moon was the largest landowner in the valley, with thousands of acres of land under fence, and 3,000 Herefords—a miniature cattle empire which was the product of years of hard work and good management. His Meldrum Creek irrigation licence had first right on the creek for water. It was to Moon then that we now turned for the encouragement that the Water Rights Branch would not or could not give us.

And with vastly different results. "Anything you do up there," wrote Moon in reply, "can't make matters much worse here. I have always

believed that the extermination of Meldrum Creek's beavers is largely responsible for the fix we are all in now." This reply was all we wanted, though by the time it arrived summer was over and all thoughts of repairing the beaver dams had to be put aside until the following year.

### Digging In for the Winter

In the meantime, we prepared for the winter months ahead. Before the first heavy frosts came, we scythed slough-grass hay from the near-by meadows and stacked it by the house as feed for our horses. By mid-October, frozen moose and deer meat hung under the spruce behind our cabin, ready for our table, and beside it a dozen Canada geese—our winter's quota—shot from the southward bound flights that appeared overhead. I had long ago given up hunting just for sport; when our needs for survival were met, my guns went back to their pegs on the wall.

By November the departure of the chattering geese had left us strangely lonely, but there was still much to be done before winter began in grim earnest. There was snowshoe harness and webbing to oil, and stove-pipes to clean (as insurance against their catching fire when the stoves were banked with wood). And it required all of a week to set out and bait our traps.

By this time six inches of powdery snow had fallen, which reminded



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me of another job, hazardous, urgent and, because of the now almost empty wallet, necessary.

Tossing a lighted torch into a bear den may seem a rather risky way to get a winter's grease supply, but we had no other choice. We had no intention of purchasing from any trading post what we could obtain free elsewhere.

In early autumn I had prowled the woods for three days to locate an "active" bear den—one that had been cleaned out by a bear and made ready for winter hibernation. Now that winter had come, we followed the trail I had blazed, back to the den. One quick glance told me, yes, the den was now occupied. The bear had crawled down the funnel and covered the mouth of the hole behind it with sticks and moss.

Gingerly I removed the plug; now I could smell the foetid stink of the bear, hear its slow breathing. I straightened up and tossed Lillian an assuring grin. "Think you can go ahead with your part?" I guessed that her heart was pounding furiously and that there was probably a knot in the pit of her stomach. For Lillian's share of the business was expecting a lot of any woman.

"I can try," she said, but the hint of doubt in her voice compelled me to pause, watching the mouth of the den. Weren't we taking desperate chances? What if the bear took a notion right now to come out of the den, with Lillian and me dismounted, a couple of feet away?

But the .303 rifle seemed to say it was all right. And anyhow we needed the grease.

We led the horses off a little way and tied them to trees. Lillian lifted Veasy from the rump of her horse into the saddle proper. "Sit still," she warned him, "and don't you dare wiggle an eyebrow."

"Bang-bang and bear falls down," said Veasy, his eyes popping with excitement.

Returning to the den I bolted a shell into the barrel of the .303. Then I touched a match to a long sliver of pitchwood. The torch spluttered and flared. I handed it to Lillian. "When I shout 'Let 'er go,' shove it down the den and run for the horses."

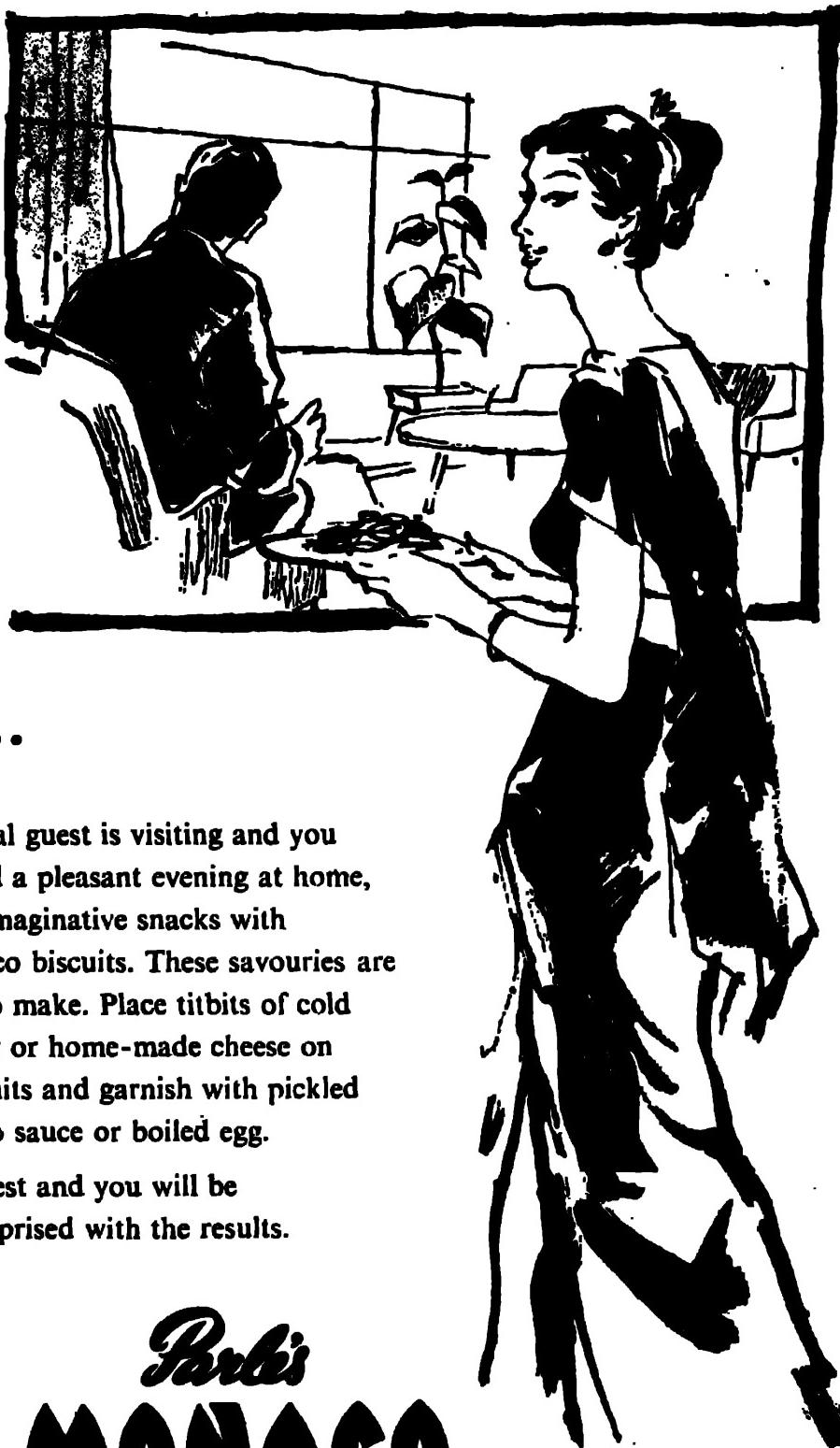
I stepped behind a tree half a dozen yards from the mouth of the den. I wiped a speck of snow from my right eyelash, made a final inspection of the gun, gulped air into my lungs. Then it whooshed out of me in one strident roar—"Let 'er go!"

Without a falter Lillian stepped almost into the jaws of the den. I couldn't see her head and shoulders; they were in its mouth as she thrust the torch home. Then she raced for the horses and flung herself into the saddle.

For a moment I stood very still, lining the gun sights on the mouth of the den. And in a flash it happened. A huge bear scrambled out of the den, muttering angrily. It was black as polished coal, and about as fat and big as black bears come.

Crack! The bear somersaulted as

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the bullet whacked home. "Shoot again!" cried Veasy, who was enjoying it all immensely. Then the bear was upright again, head rocking from side to side. There was neither nervousness nor excitement in me now. I sighted again. Crack! That one was through the forehead; the bear reared backwards, and was dead when it hit the ground.

Together Lillian and I skinned the animal, while Veasy went into the den to investigate. We stripped the flesh and innards of their thick layers of fat and loaded them into gunny sacks. By the time the job was finished the sacks contained enough bear fat—when rendered down and mixed with moose tallow—to keep us in lard for a year.

Veasy crawled back out of the den. "Warm in there," he said.

### **Bringing Back the Wasteland**

By and large that first winter didn't treat us too badly. When the middle of December arrived, we had trapped 25 coyotes, 15 weasels and one mink, a large male with lustrous charcoal fur. After a trip through the snow to Riske Creek and a parley with trader Becher, we started back to our wilderness cabin with over 100 dollars in the wallet and enough of almost everything in the sleigh to last until spring.

Later in the winter it was no longer possible to catch coyotes with baited traps; once the annual breeding season begins, these animals steer sharply away from any

meat they haven't just killed for themselves. But there were still coyotes to be had by chasing them through the 30-inch snow. So it became the joint task of myself and Mr. Binks, my chestnut gelding, to crowd the coyote off the rabbit trails, away from the thickets, and stay doggedly on his tracks until physical exhaustion undid him and I could shoot him. It was cruel work for hunter and hunted alike. But it had to be done. We needed timber to floor the cabin. We needed a horse-drawn mower and rake to harvest hay. I needed a great many more traps, and Lillian more pots and pans, and linoleum to cover the floor when we finally got a floor. And the coyote must pay for all.

By mid-February I had chased and killed 13 more coyotes in this outlandish manner, while five others had outguessed or outrun me. It wasn't a bad percentage in my favour. Then a 24-hour warm wind followed by deep-freeze temperatures put an iron crust on the snow and the coyotes could gleefully thumb their noses at me. Only a fool or a greenhorn would then match horse-flesh against them.

For the next six weeks there was little to do but chop stove wood (which at 50 below just seems to evaporate). Then, at last, the geese were flying north, the creek was in flood, the lake ice rotting, and we were ready to take the first hesitant step in our grand design of eventually reflooding the marshes.

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To succeed, this reflooding had to be achieved without robbing the irrigation ditches of what little water they had, which at first thought seemed impossible. But each dry marsh along the creek was absorbing rain as it fell, like so much blotting-paper. And would not the filling of even one small marsh to the point where water spilt out of it result in just that much more water in the creek channel below? We'd soon know the answer.

In rebuilding the first dam we imitated the beavers. An examination of their crumbling dams showed us that their concrete had mostly been sticks and other rubbish. Good enough for us. We felled spruces and other conifers, and carried their chopped-off limbs to the dam site, where they were laid out on the surface in network design, tops upstream. Then we wheeled mud from a near-by pit and dumped it on the boughs. First a layer of boughs, then a layer of mud, boughs and mud, mud and boughs, hour after hour, day after day. Originally the dam had been some 340 feet long, and the task of re-building it without even a plough or scraper seemed endless. But finally it was done.

The reflooding of a mere ten acres of marsh to a depth of five feet is a slow and tedious process when the flow of water coming into it is merely a trickle. But eventually its blotting-paper bed was soaked, and water began inching up the face of

the dam. Three weeks after its completion, the water began spilling over. And then the weather gave us a hand. The skies clouded over, and rain fell for 48 hours.

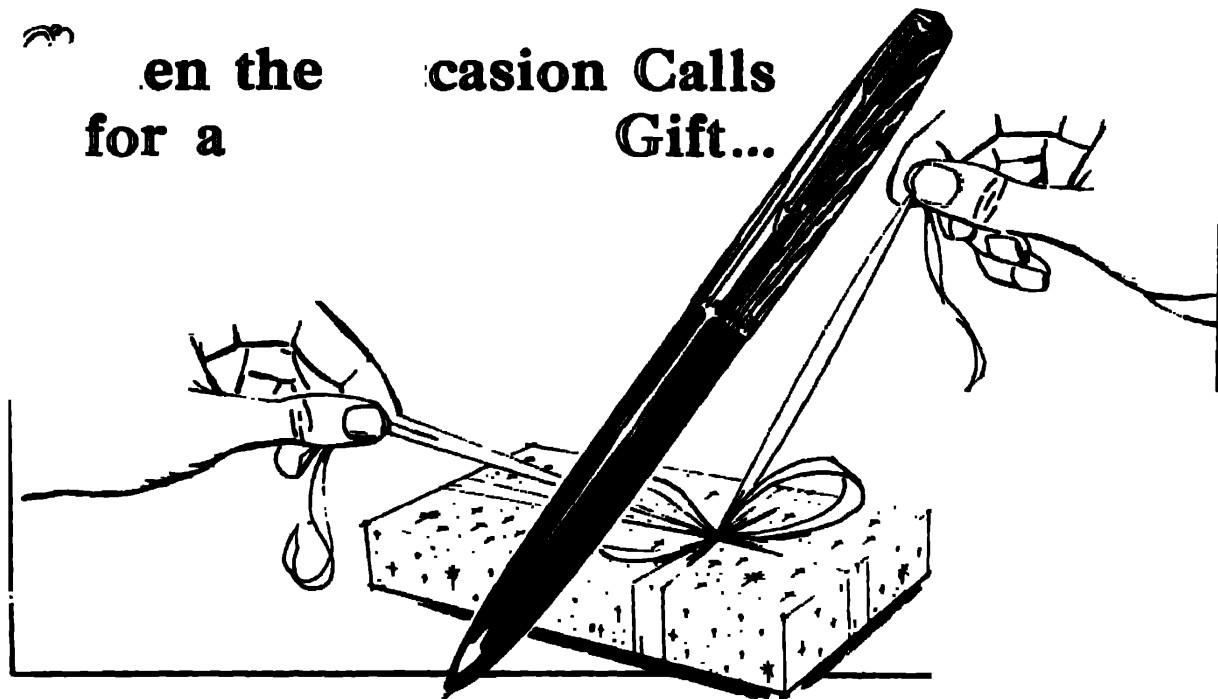
The rain was surely hint enough for us to begin work now on another beaver dam half a mile below the first. The job took a whole week, for the dam had originally been 200 feet long and eight feet high in the creek. But we hacked down more spruces and trundled another hill or two away on the wheelbarrow and finally that job was done and another few acres of marsh were lake.

Now came several days of dread and gnawing anxiety. For some weeks the "tap" had been shut off. Would one of the ranchers move in to investigate a sudden shortage of water in an irrigation ditch miles below us? "A fine thing if all of a sudden we hear boom-boom-boom and find they've blown our dams to kingdom come," I lamented darkly. But there wasn't a single boom. No one came near the dams. The irrigation ditches hadn't been affected.

By late July half a dozen varieties of long-dormant aquatic weeds and grasses pushed their stems above water in our new ponds. Three hen mallards appeared, piloting their broods of half-fledged youngsters, among the waving grasses. A mink left its cat-like track in the soft earth of the dams, and muskrats began building feed beds in the flooded willows.

One evening in early August, nine

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Canada geese winged low over the cabin, and a few seconds later I heard the thrash of their wings as they braked down on the water.

"They're down in our first dam," I shouted. "Let's go and see!"

And there they were, splashing the water and punctuating each splash with a subdued honk. The geese themselves were no novelty. What was a novelty was the fact that not for 50 years or more had Canada geese been able to wet their breasts on that marsh.

Our wastelands were beginning to produce.

#### Will Poachers Undo Our Work?

THE FOUR Red Indians stood before me, eyes on the ground, nervously scuffing the earth with moccasins still soggy from wading in the lake. Two were middle-aged; the others were youths in their teens. All wore faded blue overalls, threadbare flannel shirts and ill-fitting, shoddy "store" caps. There was neither hostility nor fear in their faces, only apathy. They had just been caught right in the act of poaching fur and were resigned to whatever the consequences might be.

It was the spring of 1934. For several days Lillian, Veasy and I had been in the saddle all day, camping out at night, patrolling our trap line. Several re-dammed lakes and half a dozen reflooded marshes now dotted our watershed, and each contained a foundation of breeding stock—

mostly muskrats—which we had been almost two years in establishing. We had long since decided that, if this slowly increasing stock of fur was to be protected, we must ourselves enforce the game regulations rather than expect the single over-worked game warden of the Chilcotin Plateau to do it for us.

Earlier that morning we had picked up the trail of these Indians' horses and followed it to the lake we had named Rawhide Lake. Of the 36 traps I had found and removed from the shallow water here, 11 had held muskrats—and five of these were females, heavy-bellied with young. But now, as I looked at these Indians—the poachers, come to collect their illegal booty—I felt no rancour. In their search for fur, the Red Indians who lived on Chilcotin reservations were accustomed to wandering far and wide from their own barren trap lines. They had trapped and hunted at will long before they were moved on to reservations, and game was their only means of survival. In addition, they were almost totally illiterate, and often unfamiliar with the boundaries of registered trap lines printed on the white man's maps.

I felt no rancour; but still my tongue groped for words. A great deal hinged on what I said and did in the next minute or two. Red Indians, not only these four, but in general, could cause us a great deal of harm unless we handled this situation right. Not bodily harm, but

harm to the fur-bearers we were trying so hard to conserve, harm to almost everything that had brought us to Meldrum Creek. And suddenly my mind cleared and I knew just what I must say, and just what I must do.

With the toe of my boot I smoothed out a patch of ground, then, kneeling, began tracing a map of our watershed in the earth with my finger. Curiosity stamped on their faces, the Red Indians inched closer until they had formed a circle around me. "Inside this line," I began to explain, "my trapping country stop."

Rising, I tossed a small pebble into the lake. "Look," I said quietly. "You see how ripple spread out over water where stone falls? Bimeby, s'pose Indians not steal them from me, that's how my mink and muskrat and other fur spread too. Until pretty soon so many stop my trap line some he got to move away to other place. That's the time he may-be move on to your trap line and s'pose you leave alone just little while and let him get papooses, lots of fur stop your country again too."

Then I stared long and thoughtfully at the traps and fur I had taken from the water that morning. Since they had been found on my registered trap line, I had the right to claim them, according to the unwritten law of the wilderness. The Indians were reconciled to their loss. But I knew that wouldn't do.

Slowly I began tossing the traps

down at their feet. Muskrats followed the traps. "Take them and go back your own country," I told them. "And remember what I say to you."

They picked up the fur and the traps and shuffled away to their horses.

Suddenly one of the older ones halted and looked back across his shoulder. His voice was barely audible as he said, "T'ank you."

After they had disappeared into the dark mass of the forest I turned to Lillian, who, holding Veasy by the hand, had been standing quietly by my side. Now she spoke, as if in answer to my silent question.

"No other white man would have done that, Eric! I know the Red Indians a great deal better than you do. Soon, in every reservation around us, they will all hear how you gave them the traps and fur, when you might have kept them yourself. Some people might say you were foolish, but you weren't. You did just what had to be done. I don't think we need worry any more about Red Indians stealing our fur."

### Dangers of the Wild

VEASY WAS now almost six. Mostly on his own initiative he was already spelling out simple words in a book, and I judged he was only a short step from being able to write or print them. We were miles from any school, and the very thought of sending him away to school was more than either Lillian or I could bear.

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Perhaps, between us, we could do the job at home.

"We'll sit down right now," I said to Lillian one spring day in 1935, "and write away for pencils, scribbling pads, and textbooks. And from now on you can do far more good keeping Veasy anchored to his lessons than helping me build dams."

After that, for five hours every day except Saturdays and Sundays, the cabin became a classroom. From 8.30 to 11.30 in the mornings, and from 1 to 3 in the afternoons, Veasy sat down beside Lillian and applied his mind to his lessons.

In the wilderness you can never quite forget the omnipresence of danger. It lurks in the swaying trees which may unaccountably crash to earth; on the snow-covered lakes and rivers, whose white blanket conceals many a treacherous air hole ready to devour any who stumble into it; and it rides the Arctic wind, whose intense cold numbs both will-power and strength, and lures those who have to face it into the sleep of no awakening.

On several occasions Death momentarily revealed its presence to us. There was, for instance, that lazy summer afternoon when Lillian and Veasy were picking blueberries in the quiet and innocent serenity of the woods. As Lillian's fingers flew from bush to bush, a dozen mischievous red squirrels helped themselves to the fruit within inches of her hand. Near by a ruffed grouse and

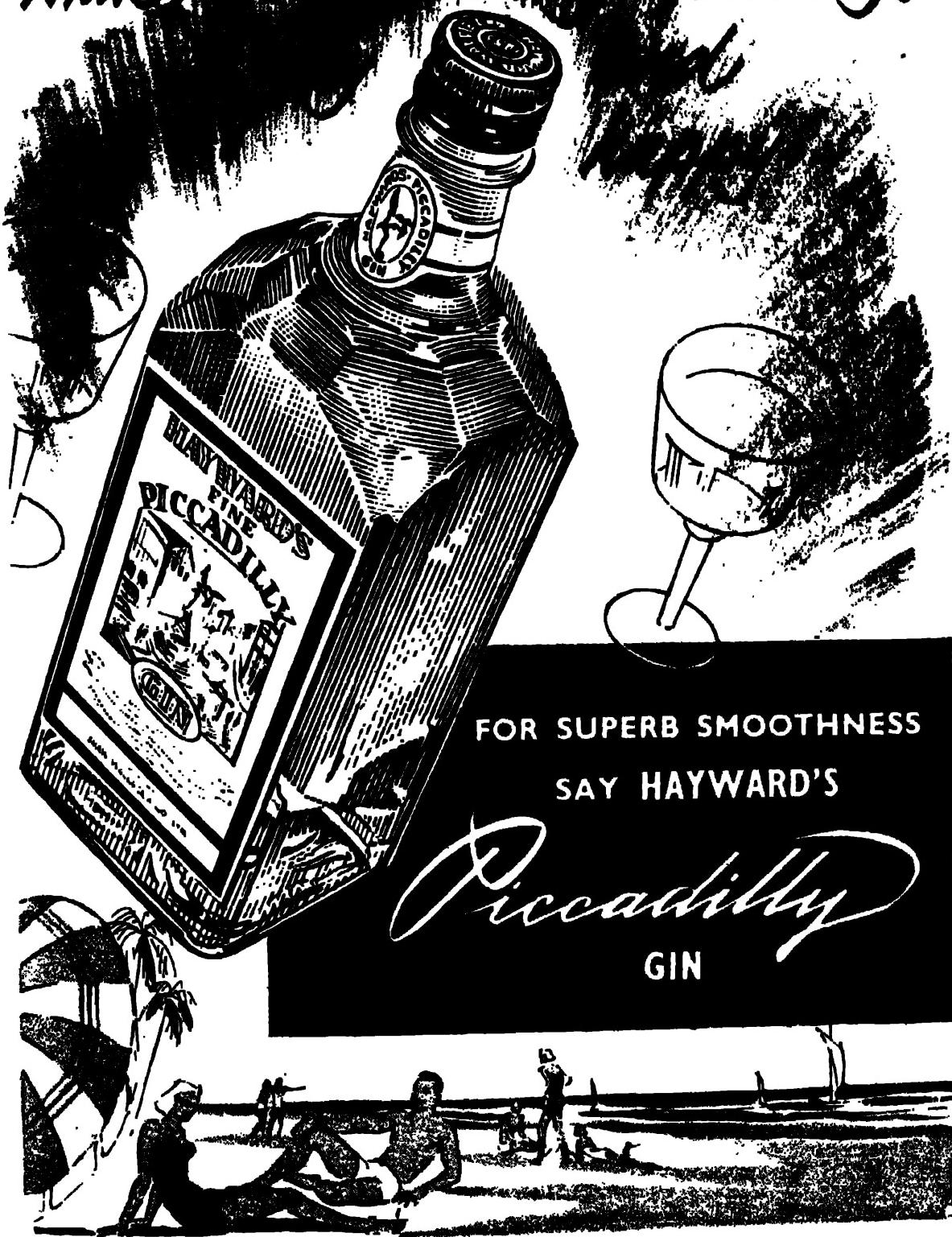
her chicks were also feasting. Veasy, filled to contentment with the plump berries, had fallen asleep on the cool forest moss. And Lillian, intent on filling the ten-pound pail before supper, worked busily on.

She had moved almost 60 yards from Veasy when she became aware of the danger. Lillian saw the enormous mother bear before it saw her. And at almost the same instant she saw two small bear cubs move to within a few feet of Veasy without noticing him; rolling over on their backs as bear cubs do when a-berrying, they shot out their little fists and began pulling berry-laden branches to their mouths.

With the cubs lay the danger. If Veasy should wake, rub his eyes or shift position, his movement would attract the bear. Intent on protecting her cubs, the she-bear would charge. Though she wanted to cry aloud, Lillian knew what must be done. She herself must draw the mother bear's attention without waking Veasy.

Slowly, steadily, she began backing away. At her movement, the bear came clumsily erect and swung round, growling. Backwards Lillian went, an inch or two at a time, her eyes fixed on the bear. Then the cubs saw her too, and whining a little moved over to their mother. The flare of anger left the she-bear's eyes. Dropping back on all fours she greeted her cubs with a soft cough of affection and the three turned and loped off through the forest.

Make mornings



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Despite the terror of those few fearful moments, Lillian took Veasy back into the selfsame berry patch the next day and the next, and continued to visit it until she had close on a hundred quart jars of berries sealed down for the winter. Not until then did she casually tell me of the incident.

When I protested that she should have told me at the time, she silenced me with a reminder that I had never told her about Veasy and the wolves. It was true. Had it not been for Veasy's own matter-of-fact revelation some weeks after the event, Lillian would never have known about that.

It had happened the previous winter. Perhaps Veasy was too young to be out on the ice, tending traps alone, in the first place. But he had pestered us for permission to put out a few mink traps near our cabin until at last we had given in. He would be well within shouting distance if anything went wrong and, as Lillian conceded reluctantly, "At least I'll know where he is."

After that we put aside our misgivings, except for a routine warning whenever he started off to look at his traps. "Watch out for the wolves," Lillian always told him, just as a town mother would say, "Mind how you cross the street." Timber wolves often left their track marks on the lake snow, but as they hunted mostly at night and we seldom saw them in the flesh we did not worry very much about them.

Late one January afternoon I was returning to the cabin to do the evening chores after a check of some of my own traps. When I reached the lake by the house I spotted Veasy at the far end. He was heading homewards too, skidding easily and quickly along on the spruce skis I'd made for him. His head and face were almost hidden by a muskrat-lined parka, and buckskin moccasins encased his feet and legs—all products of Lillian's needlecraft.

He was still more than half a mile away; but even at that distance I could see the mink he had caught, dangling from his right hand. I squatted back on my snowshoes, thinking, "So you've made 20 dollars for yourself. Now what would a little fellow like you do with all that money?"

The five wolves came noiselessly and suddenly. They trooped out on to the ice from the trees, and in single file, not more than 200 yards behind Veasy, they began trailing him. Any one of them weighed 100 pounds or more, any one could badly maul a 1,400-pound moose if the animal panicked at the sight of them.

Instinctively I grabbed for the .22 rifle I had with me, then slowly laid it down again. Veasy was still 500 yards away; the wolves—travelling as silently as phantoms—slightly farther. The .22 was as useless as a pea shooter.

I wanted to cry out, "Veasy, look behind you, timber wolves!" But I

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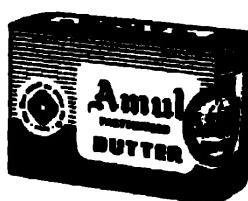
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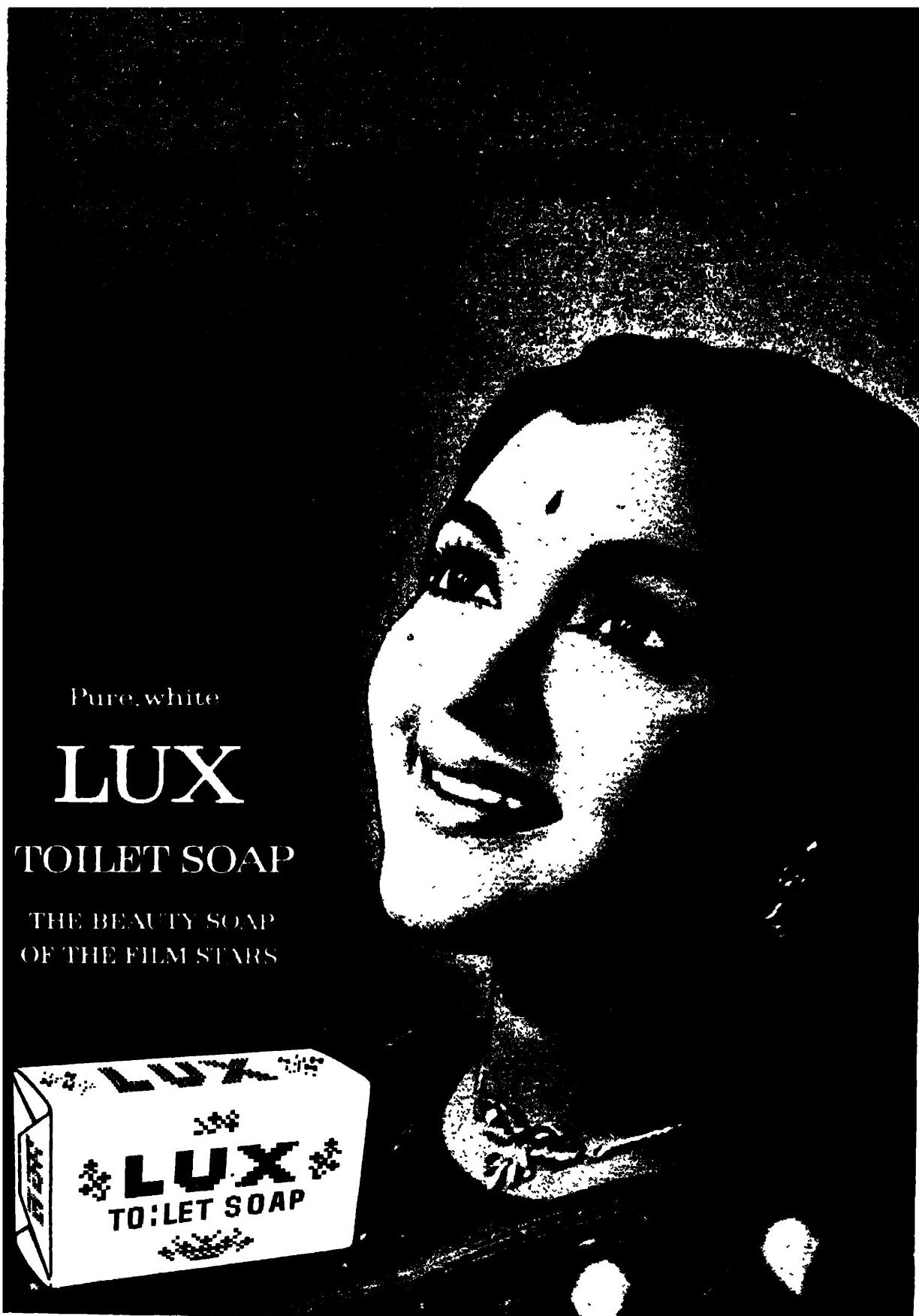
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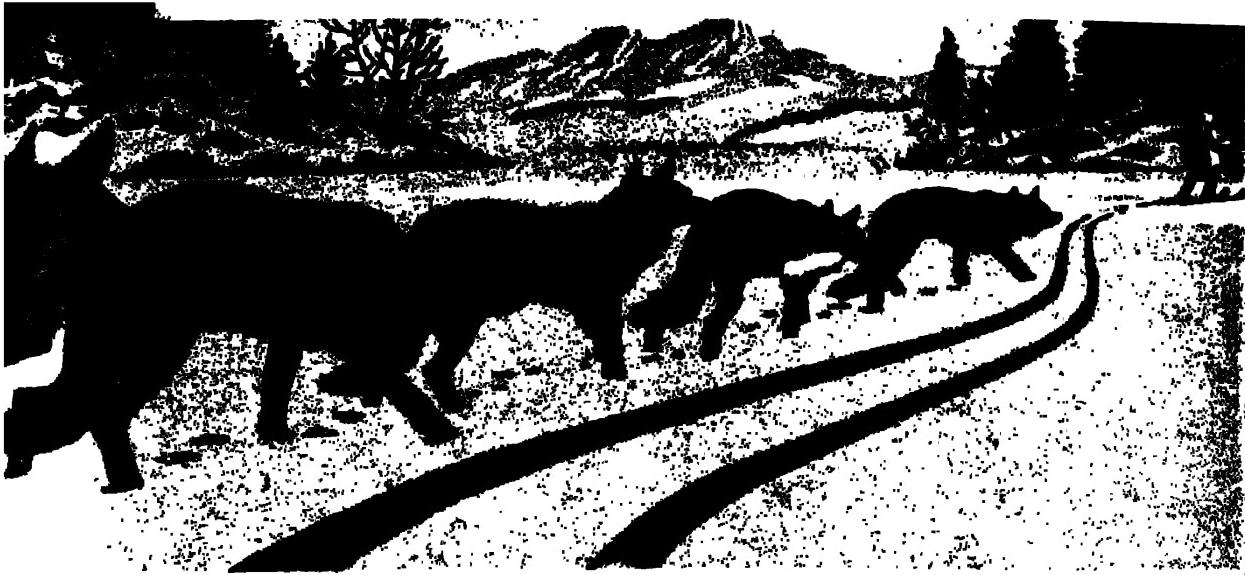
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didn't. That would fluster Veasy, and perhaps he'd panic and start running to me. The wolves, knowing he was scared, would overtake him easily. I could do nothing but sit and watch.

The gap between child and wolves was lessening. The wolves were only 100 yards behind him when Veasy stopped. He turned round, saw them and stood rooted in his tracks.

My lips began to move, forming soundless words: "Don't panic, son. Don't run. Remember what I told you about timber wolves and moose? No wolf or family of wolves will tackle a moose unless it panics and runs. Don't panic. Just keep moving up the ice as if you had the whole lake to yourself."

Stout little legs moving again now, pushing skis over the snow. Limp body of the mink swinging to and fro from a small mittened hand. Fur-lined ear flaps flopping up and down against healthy red cheeks. Thus, up the ice he came, steadily with never a tell-tale backward

glance. And only 75 yards behind him now five big wolves.

"Keep coming, son, steady, just like that. Don't let them bluff you. Steady—steady—steady—" Beads of perspiration tickled my cheekbones as I continued my silent prayer.

And at last Veasy reached me, puffing a little, eyes blinking. A couple of hundred yards off, the wolves stopped and bunched—still out of range of the .22. One of them lifted its nose to the sky and howled—a dismal, sad, spine-chilling sound. And then the five wolves trotted off the ice and moved silently away through the trees.

"Were you scared, son?" It seemed a foolish question.

He nodded. "Just a little."

I said, "Shucks, wolves'll never bother you. Curious, that's all they were." I pretended I was examining the mink. "Say, you should get 25 dollars for a beauty like that."

But I didn't tell Lillian about the wolves. There were some things we hardly ever mentioned. Such as

she-bears in blueberry patches and timber wolves on ice.

### We Get Unexpected Help

ONE DAY in June 1941 I saddled up a horse and, leading a spare mount behind me, rode out to Riske Creek to bring back a visitor. Remote though we were, word of our reflooded marshes had reached the ears of R. M. Robertson, divisional inspector of the British Columbia Game Department. Robertson, who had already devoted 21 years to promoting sensible wild-life management, had now decided to learn about our activities at first-hand.

Many things had changed on Meldrum Creek in the ten years since we first came to its headwaters. Some 25 repaired beaver dams now barricaded its flow, and during the spring freshets it resembled a young river more than a creek. In the re-flooded marshes, ranging from 80 to 500 acres each, there were so many muskrats that trapping them when their fur was prime kept us busy. And in the valley below us, Charlie Moon, and every other land-owner, now had water in their irrigation ditches even in the driest summer. The old breeding grounds of the beavers were again under water, and now lacked only one thing —beavers. But this was a vacuum we still did not know how to fill.

Inspector Robertson took all this in unhurriedly; indeed he spent nearly a week riding our trap line with me. He fitted into the life as

a shoe fits the foot of a well-shod horse. When it was time to wash up the supper dishes he was out of his chair with the tea towel, drying as Lillian washed them. He fired questions at our 12-year-old Veasy, not only about muskrats, mink, deer and moose, but also about mathematics and geography and history.

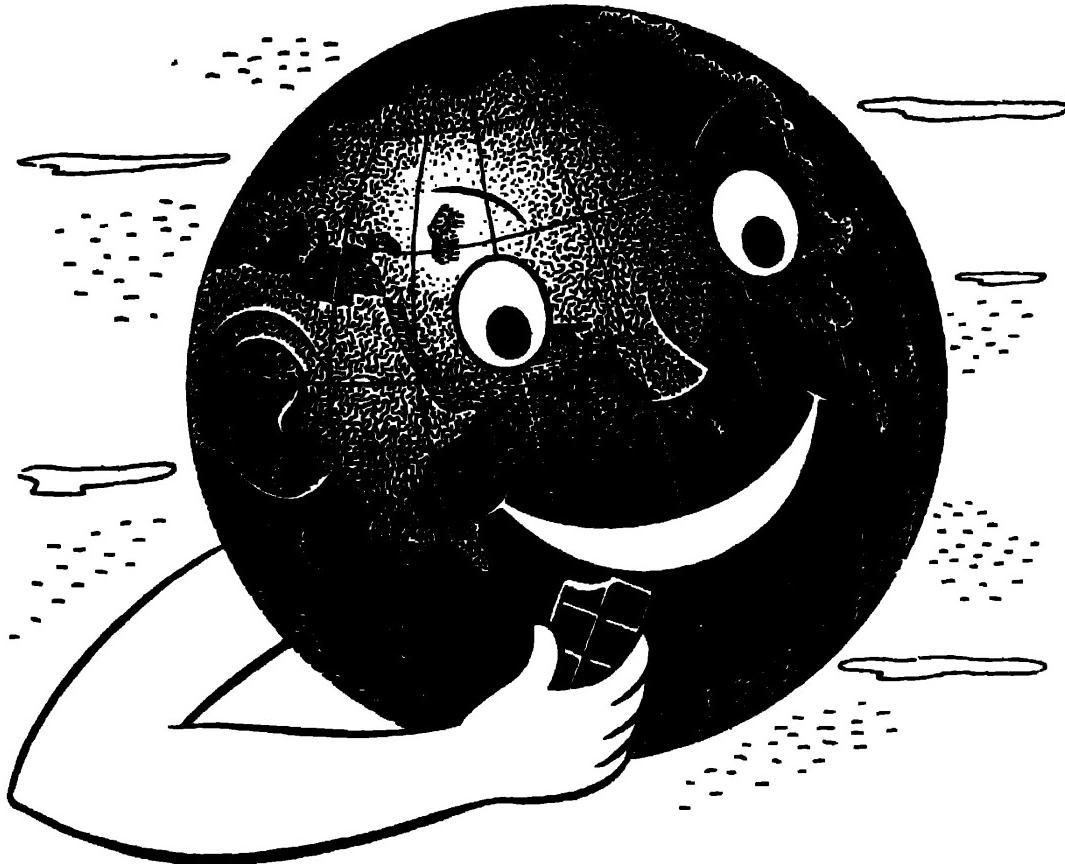
On his final day with us, Robertson stared thoughtfully across one of the marshes and said musingly, "It seems to me you could well use a bit of help in looking after all these dams. Did it ever occur to you that if one happened to give way, the sudden rush of water would be likely to take a few others out below?"

We had often worried about this possibility. So far none of the dams had been badly broached, thanks mainly to the mass of spruce boughs reinforcing them. But eventually the boughs must rot, and the dams settle, as some were doing already. And if one of the major dams gave way, it was highly debatable whether those below it could withstand the flood.

As if arriving at some major decision within his own mind, Robertson repeated, "Yes, you obviously need some help." But he said nothing further, and it was not until the following September that we learned just what kind of help he had in mind.

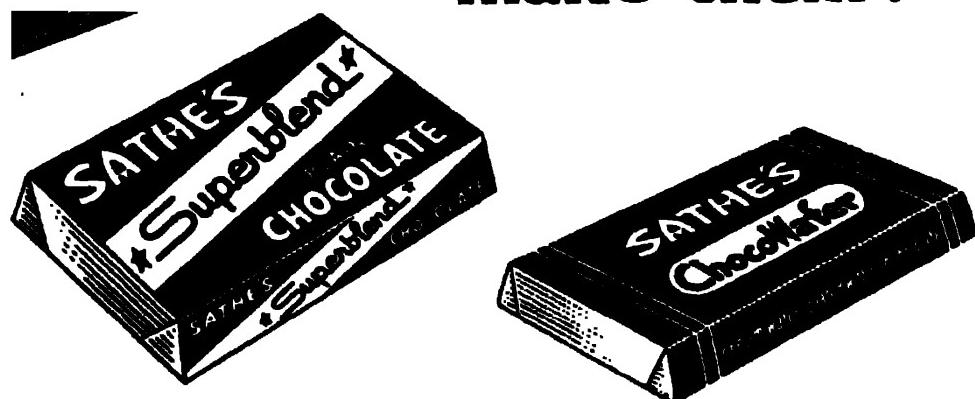
When we first heard the faint hum of the engine we thought it was an aeroplane, but Veasy, who had rushed outside to investigate,

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announced that it was a car. And, quite inconceivably, a car it was. Lillian and I joined him, gaping in amazement as we watched the vehicle find its cautious way where no car had ever travelled before—through the jack pines and over the root- and rock-strewn wagon track to our cabin.

We were still blinking and wondering as a stranger climbed out, introduced himself as Game Warden Mottishaw of the B.C. Game Department, and complained bitterly about the road, which had cost him two burst tyres and a broken spring. "But I got here, and they're still breathing. That's all that counts."

He was now fiddling with the handle of the boot. "Well, where are you going to put them?"

Lillian and I looked at him in bewilderment, and Veasy gave up his awed inspection of the car to listen.

"Put what?" I asked.

"Here," he said, tossing a somewhat soiled envelope to me. "Maybe that'll explain."

I tore open the flap, unfolded the single sheet of paper and read:

Guard them and care for them as if they were children. They're worth their weight in gold and if anything happens to these you'll not be getting any more from us.

It was signed by Inspector R. M. Robertson.

"Beavers?" I gulped, scarcely daring to utter the word.

"Two pairs," the game warden affirmed crisply. "Two-year-olds

and three-year-olds, live-trapped at the Bowron Lake Game Reserve. That's miles north-east of here and these beavers have been cooped up much too long now. We've got to get them into water and the sooner the better."

The irrigation dam was the closest and most logical spot in which to set the beavers free. One at a time we carried each beaver's oblong tin travelling box on to the dam, and opened the drop doors. Each box had to be tilted before the prisoner would come out.

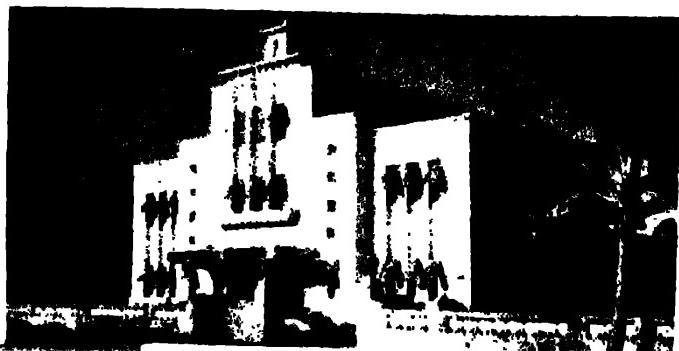
They crouched low to the ground, eyes blinking at the sudden light, nostrils working. Then the largest of them, a male I thought, appeared to sniff the water, and he stood erect on his webbed hind feet, forepaws doubled against his chest, as if in prayer.

"Smells mighty good, doesn't it, big boy?" chuckled the game warden.

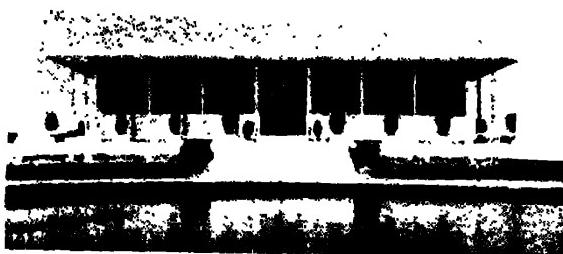
The buck beaver waddled clumsily along the dam a few feet, then slid into the pond and vanished with scarcely a tell-tale ripple. One at a time the others took to the water at the same spot, and in a few seconds not a trace of them was to be seen.

The day was very still. Not a breath of wind disturbed the glassy surface of the pond as we stood watching. "Look!" Lillian suddenly whispered. A large, dark head appeared for a moment some 60 yards out from the dam. Then, once again, all was quiet.

## "Sprayed

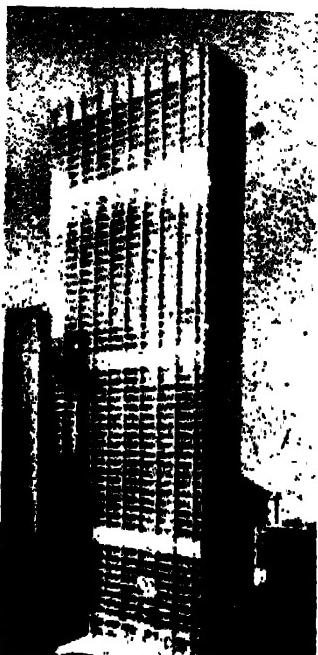


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Lillian's eyes were on mine, mine on hers. And from that moment we both knew that not one single day of the last ten years had been in vain. The beavers had come back to Meldrum Creek.

### A Precarious Time

FOR THREE days we waited in gnawing suspense. Would the newcomers stay? The beavers were ours only so long as they remained within the boundaries of our trap line, and there were no barriers to prevent them from leaving.

Early on the fourth day I went out to fill two water pails at the irrigation ditch near our cabin. When I reached it I stood motionless, staring at it, mouth agape. Last night the ditch had been full of water but now there wasn't even a puddle there. It took quite ten seconds for the truth to dawn. Then I hurried back to the cabin and announced excitedly,

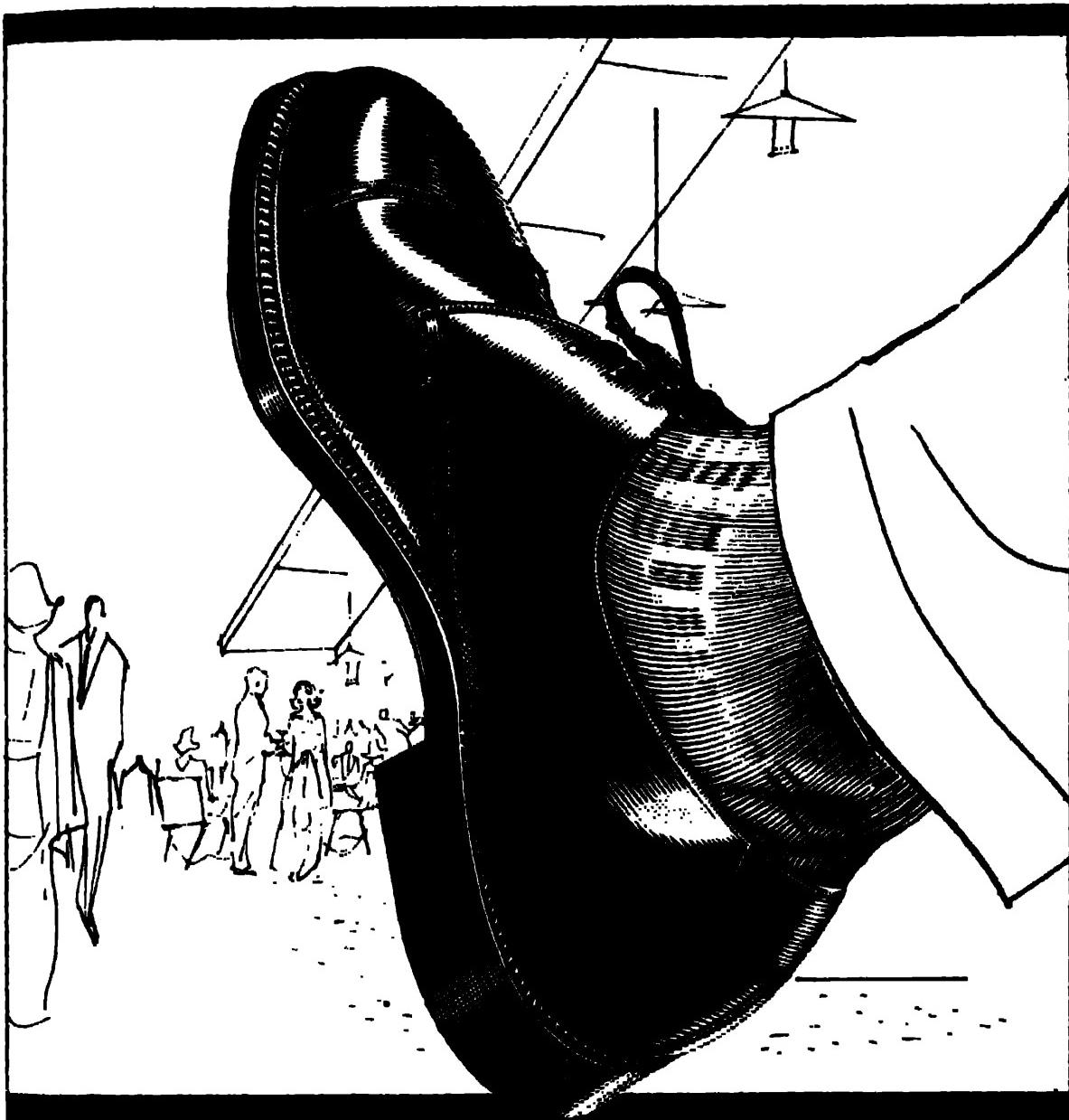
"They've plugged the irrigation ditch!" And, sure enough, up at the dam we found the ditch intake tightly plugged with branches, weeds and mud, and saw one of the beavers still busily at work adding willow sticks for reinforcement.

"At least we know *one* is still here," I said with relief. And a couple of days later we were quite sure there were two. By that time a round structure of sticks began taking shape above the water. A beaver lodge was in the process of construction. So one pair had reconciled themselves to their new quarters.

Two weeks later, after searching far and wide, we found the other pair. They had dammed an unpromising trickle of water half a mile above Meldrum Lake and put a meadow under water. They too were building a lodge, apparently here to stay.

By freeze-up, both beaver lodges





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were cemented over with 12 inches of mud. Enough food—sticks, twigs, branches and small trees—was stowed away down in the under-water feed beds in front of the lodges to last their occupants all winter.

With the emergence of the beavers the following spring, the problem of keeping our irrigation ditch unplugged became a daily headache. A beaver knows nothing about irrigation. His every concept of water conservation is based on the principle that nowhere along his entire dam must the water be allowed to escape in one concentrated channel. The beavers were as determined to stop water from escaping down the

irrigation ditch as we were to get it to our newly planted vegetable garden and hayfield.

Eventually the problem was solved by an arrangement satisfactory to us both. Taking sly advantage of the fact that a beaver is mostly nocturnal, working at night and sleeping through the day, we were able to turn water into the ditch and irrigate from shortly after sunrise until sundown. But as quickly as the sun set, the beavers came out and plugged the ditch tight.

Later that year we had reason to be thankful for the persistence of that industrious beaver pair. After a sudden and tremendous downpour, a breach appeared in the mud wall

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of the irrigation dam itself. The force of the wild torrent sweeping through the widening cut was such that nothing but a bulldozer with a heavy blade could possibly plug the flow—or so we thought. As an aid to the beavers, I chopped down several spruce trees, lopped off the limbs and dumped them in the water near the cut. But I did this almost without hope, and we went to bed that night expecting that the whole pond would be dry by the morning. When morning came, however, the breach was entirely closed, and of the brush I'd thrown in, not a limb was to be seen. Overnight, that single pair of beavers had repaired the break with spruce

boughs, mud and stones, shutting off a head of water that man could have controlled only with heavy earth-moving equipment.

With just two pairs to begin with, our beavers multiplied slowly. It took four years before Meldrum Creek was able to boast half a dozen active colonies, or some 36 beavers.

These colonies began to increase swiftly. But now we faced another difficulty: one populous colony simply would not move, though they had hacked down every deciduous shrub within safe reach of their pond and thus exhausted their food supply. A few years earlier the idea of destroying a beaver dam would have seemed fantastic, but Veasy

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and I actually tried dynamiting this dam to empty the pond. We hoped this would force the beavers to move downstream to a lake where aspen and willow crowded along the shore line, but the beavers immediately repaired the gap we had blown. Not until we captured the entire beaver family in traps (heavily wrapped in canvas to avoid maiming them), and carried them in ten-gallon paraffin drums to the new lake, was the eviction successfully completed.

The beavers brought many changes round our wilderness home. On the borders of the ponds where they had felled the cottonwood, the sun was now able to take a long look at the soil, putting sweetness in it. Juicy pea-vines pushed up through the earth. Blackberry bushes sprang to sudden life too, and black bear and ruffed grouse came to eat their fruit. Deer moved down from the conifer forests to browse the purple flowered vetches and, when the pea vines podded out, Canada geese and ducks waddled out of the water to feast on the laden pods.

Soon half a dozen species of tender, deciduous shrubs were sprouting where before there had been but a single cottonwood. The shrubs provided capital winter feed for moose that trailed down from the higher country. In summer the leaves provided both breeding place and food for insects which in turn fed many a half-fledged bluebird and other feathered youngsters.

### Our Buckingham Palace

In 1946, we passed a new milestone. For 15 years the little cabin with its earthen roof and rough board floor had been the only home we'd known, could afford, or, for that matter, needed. But now the logs were settling, the split timbers of the roofing buckling slightly, and the bottom log where it touched the earth was beginning to rot and crumble. The time had come to build a proper house with a sitting-room, bedrooms, a kitchen and a cement foundation. And since a world-wide spending spree had sent fur prices rocketing in the post-war boom, it appeared that we could not only afford it, but could even hire a contractor to help us to build it.

To 17-year-old Veasy fell the major part of the job of cutting down carefully selected trees, sound and solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and then hauling the logs down from the hill to the building site where they would await the builders. He also spent hours with his mother, drawing up house plans, for Veasy now knew something of the mysteries of compass, protractor, set square and slide rule. And I, meanwhile, spent every waking hour tending traps, taking off only one day—Christmas—during that winter of high fur prices.

The lush returns from the winter's trapping paid cash on the counter for our new home which, when completed in June, seemed

as big and important to us as Buckingham Palace. And even after we had put our faithful wagon into retirement and replaced it, at Veasy's insistence, with a sturdy jeep—bought and paid for—we had a healthy bank balance.

### **But the Wilderness Still Has Fangs**

THE FOLLOWING winter Lillian bore the brunt of the toughest ordeal that had yet confronted us. It began on a Tuesday in mid-December when I staggered into the house out of a raging blizzard, weak, feverish and scarcely able to explain how I found my way home. I was on snow-shoes and had been tending traps four miles away when the sudden, aching, dizzying numbness had overwhelmed me, and I had been barely conscious during the return journey. Lillian helped me to bed, and covered me with blankets. Three weeks were to pass before I had the strength to leave that bed.

The blizzard had abated by morning, but I was delirious, completely out of my head, and alternately shivering and sweating. We had never allowed the thought of serious sickness to plague us, and a cold or minor headache had so far been about all we'd had to contend with. But as Lillian sat by my bedside now, she knew that far more was needed than the quinine capsules and cough syrups our medicine chest had to offer.

The fact that it was Wednesday afforded some relief to her tortured

mind. By nightfall Veasy would be home and could drive the sleigh to Riske Creek and bring back the doctor who now served our area. Veasy, too, was out trapping, using as headquarters a tiny crude cabin five miles down-creek that we had built for the purpose several seasons back. But his trap lines were so arranged that on Wednesday and Saturday he came back home for an overnight stay.

The day dragged by, and I still lay unconscious. Five, six, seven o'clock, but still no sign of Veasy. Now Lillian's thoughts were racked by added anxiety. Every few minutes she went out into the cold, clear night and stood listening for the crunch of his horse's hoofs.

She finally heard it a few minutes after ten, and then a horse took on form and colour from out of the night. For a quick second, relief and joy rushed through her. Then her legs trembled and a cry was forced from her lips. The horse was riderless, and without saddle and bridle.

From the time Veasy had been old enough to be out in the woods alone on horseback he had known that if anything went wrong he was to jerk the saddle and bridle off his horse and turn him loose. "He'll come home then," I had emphasized to Veasy time and again, "and let us know you're in trouble." And somewhere out there Veasy had done just that.

The thought of Veasy lying sick or hurt in those woods was more

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than Lillian could bear. "He's down at the trapping cabin," she persuaded herself. But she could not wait the eight or ten hours until daylight to find out. She would have to leave me alone in the house, take the team and sleigh and drive down to the cabin at once.

Normally, and in cold blood, Lillian could never have driven any horses as she drove the team that night in her wild dash for the trapping cabin. The snow was deep, and the trail which hugged the edge of the frozen beaver marshes was lit only by the lantern on the seat beside her.

At the cabin she found him, lying on a bunk, fully dressed. His flushed face and vacant eyes told of the fever that was in him. "Veasy, it's Mother. I've come to take you home," she said, shaking his shoulder, and trying hard to steady her voice. "Can you manage to walk as far as the door? The sleigh's outside."

"Door?" he murmured. "Sleigh?" Then his eyes found hers and he smiled wanly. "Mum, I do feel ill."

After she had somehow helped Veasy out of the door and into the sleigh box, and covered him with blankets, she hoisted herself into the seat.

Two hours had gone by since she had left the house, and now that Veasy was in the sleigh box with her, weak and ill, but there just the same, her every worry was about me, alone and delirious. She decided

to take a desperate chance, and take the sleigh across the ice of the beaver ponds wherever such a short cut would knock a few minutes off the journey. Heavy snows had covered the ice early that winter, before it had attained much thickness but, with every minute precious, she had to risk it.

The team travelled the length of two beaver ponds safely, and was half-way across a third when suddenly there was a sickening crash. The ice gave way beneath the horses and they were floundering in the treacherous, dark water. They reared up, lunging, trying to get their forefeet on solid ice, but the more they struggled the deeper they sank.

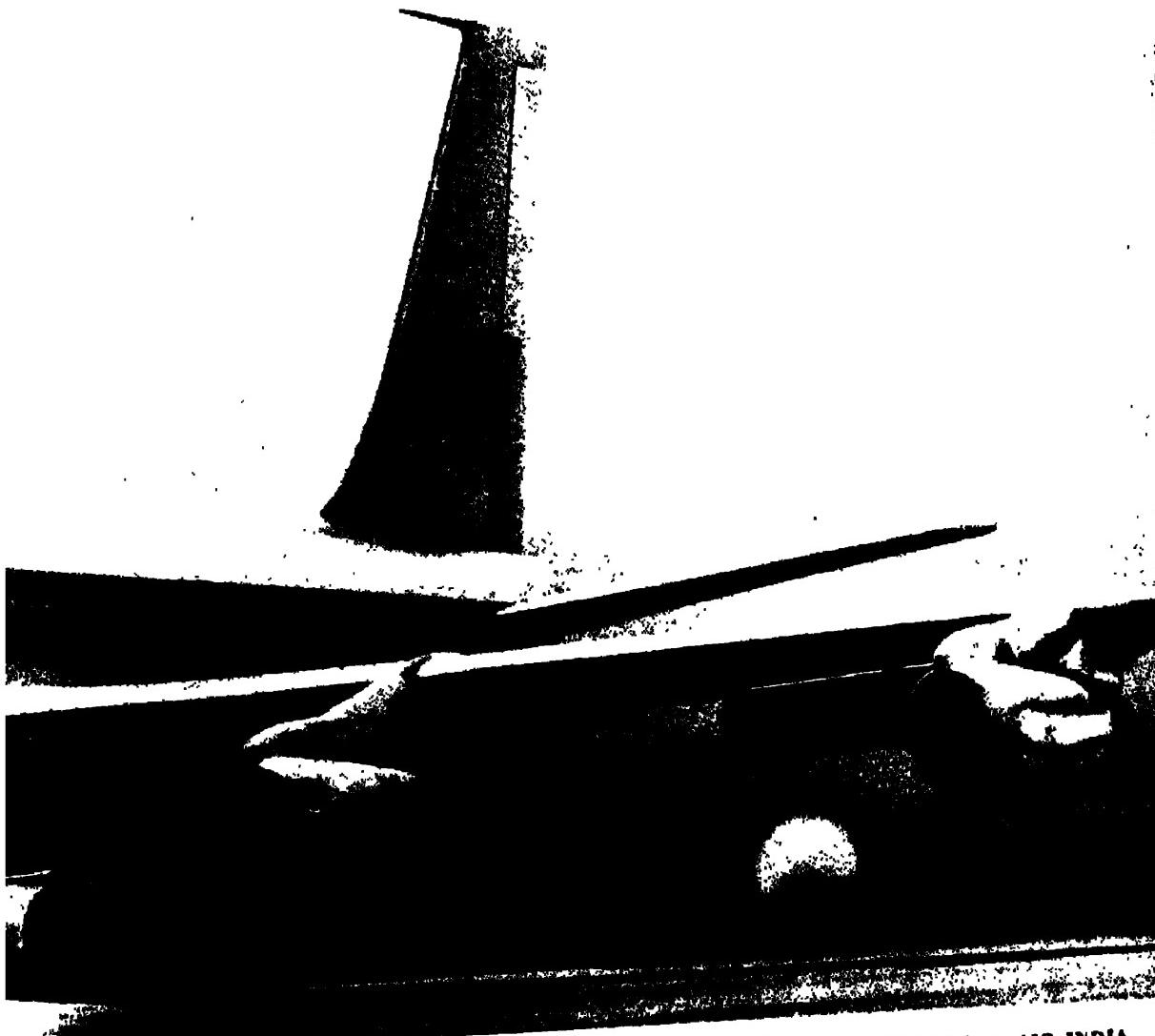
The sleigh was still on solid ice, but Lillian realized the futility of trying to get it moving again. And it could be chopped out later whenever the floodwater froze solid. Her strength must be dedicated to saving the horses. For without the horses the only way of getting home was on foot. And Veasy hadn't the strength to walk 50 yards.

Flood water was above her ankles when she climbed out on to the ice. She crawled along the rim of the ice to the heads of the frightened team. Speaking quietly to the horses, she uncoupled the lines and took their bridles from them. Then, using an axe from the sleigh, she cut the martingales, pole straps and traces.

Free of the sleigh, Ben, the young gelding, managed to get his forefeet on firm footing when she brought

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— ONE —

the whip down on his back. After a moment's rest, puffing and snorting, he was able to heave his back feet up too. But with Gipsy, the older mare, it wasn't so easy. Only after Lillian had fastened one end of Ben's lead rope to his tail and the other round Gipsy's neck, and then urged both of them forward with the whip, was Gipsy dragged out of the water on to ice that supported her weight.

Lillian managed to get Veasy up on Ben's back and cover him with blankets. Veasy lay there, hands clasped in the horse's mane. Then, pulling herself on to Gipsy's back and leading Ben, Lillian trotted the horses home.

For four days and nights Lillian hovered between my bed and Veasy's, worn out herself but unable to find rest in sleep. Finally the fever—caused perhaps by an attack of virus pneumonia—abated, and both Veasy and I began to mend. But not until Lillian was certain that everything was going to be all right did she stretch out on the bed alongside me and sleep for 16 hours.

IT WAS a June evening in 1956, some two years after Veasy had returned to the wilderness after serving with the Canadian Army in Korea. For the third successive night we had been drawn down to the lakeside to sit quietly in the grass, gazing through the failing light at the large cottonwood tree at the other side of the bay.

"It will be sure to go down tonight," I said. "If the beaver takes another dozen chips out, it must go down."

We wanted to be there when it fell, and were waiting now for the old buck beaver to begin his night's work.

Inland from the cottonwood, and only 20 feet away, stood three stately spruces waiting to hang up the cottonwood should it fall away from the water. Then all the persistent work of the beaver—each night for at least a week he had been moving round and round the tree gnawing out chips—would avail him nothing.

But if it fell to the beaver's advantage, it would go down in the water, and after a while, when the beaver kittens in the lodge were old enough to hunt for their own food, they'd be able to strip bark from its limbs without going on land at all. On land such inexperienced little ones are easy prey, but in the water no skulking coyote or razor-clawed lynx could harm them.

From across the hay meadow behind us, we heard a screen door opening. "You two going to sit there all night?" Veasy called "Coffee-pot's on the stove."

"Just a few minutes longer," I replied. And my thoughts went back to the cottonwood and the beavers.

In the two years since Veasy had been back from Korea, we had been trapping more than 100 beavers each spring. Neither of us liked trapping

# Sea Legs

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them, for the beavers had never once failed us. We remembered particularly when disastrous spring floods—the worst for 50 years, the old-timers said—had destroyed all the man-made storage dams on creeks and rivers around us. But on Meldrum Creek our beavers had worked without rest to defy that cataract. One and all they came—immature yearlings, full-grown males, and mother beavers so heavy-bellied with young that they floated high up in the water—to strengthen, repair and raise their dams so that each could play its own individual part in taming the flood waters. And such was the miracle of the beavers that year that not only did all the dams hold, but the overall flow of the creek where it eventually emptied into the Fraser River was no greater than in any normal spring.

But now there were so many beavers on Meldrum Creek that we were forced to trap them. Unless we checked their further increase, disease would become rampant in the colonies, or they'd start killing one another as beavers will when they are outbreeding their food supply.

It was hard to believe that only 15 years ago scarcely a living beaver was to be found throughout all the Chilcotin. Now they were pushing out wherever there was a water-course for them to follow, and many an Indian trapper was catching beavers too. And wherever there was a good-sized beaver pond, there were so many ducks that in the

autumn of the year they rose from the marshes at sundown in clouds that hid the skyline. Sleek otters preened their guard hairs on top of the beaver lodges, and moose came down to the ponds to drink and wallow, just as, in the childhood of Lillian's Red Indian grandmother, the elk had come. And on certain stretches of foam-flecked creek you could drop a baited hook and catch a plump, red-fleshed rainbow trout on almost every other throw.

"Coffee's ready!" Veasy's clarion summons suddenly interrupted my reverie.

I got up and flexed my legs. "Too dark to see anything now, anyway," I said to Lillian, extending my hand. "Come on, let's go."

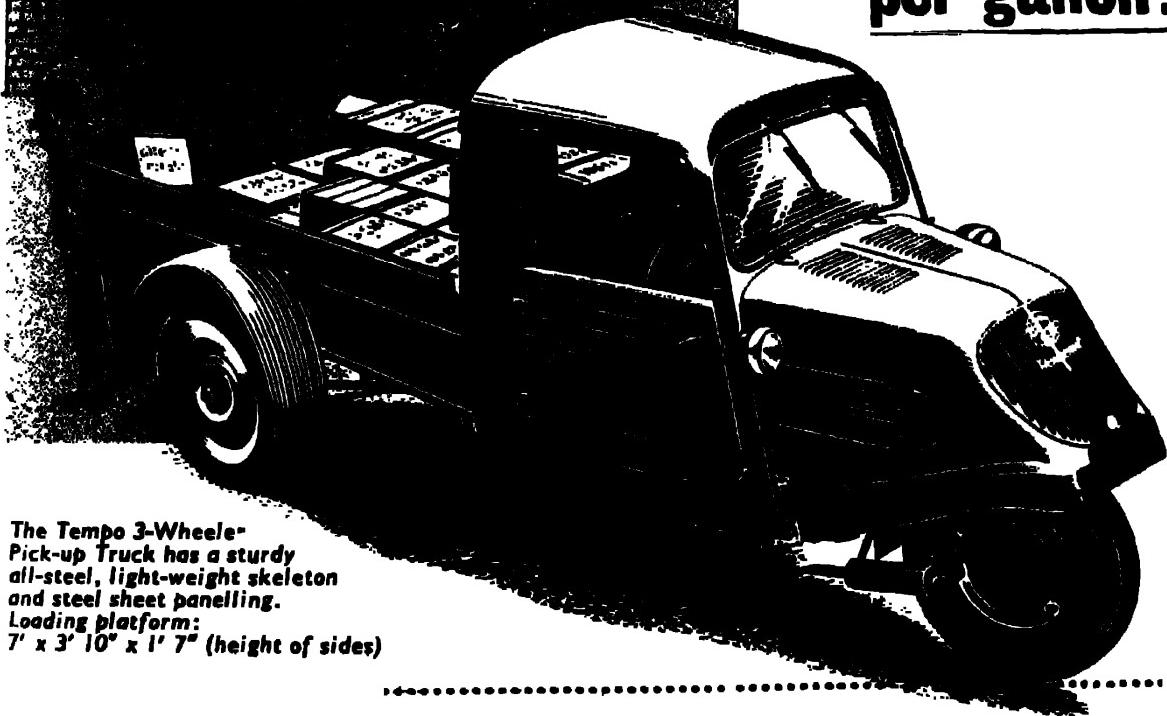
We were almost at the house when from out of the quiet night came the sound we had been listening for—the grinding of a beaver's teeth, gnawing chips. I pressed Lillian's hand. "Wait!" I breathed.

One—two—three. I could almost count the toothings as he notched deeper into the heart of the tree. Six—seven—eight. Then, following a few seconds of pent-up silence, I heard the almost explosive crack as the tree started down. With a resounding splash it settled in the water. Then all was quiet again.

We stood there in the night, smiling at one another. "Something attempted, something done," was all I could think of to say.

Yet somehow those words expressed everything. THE END

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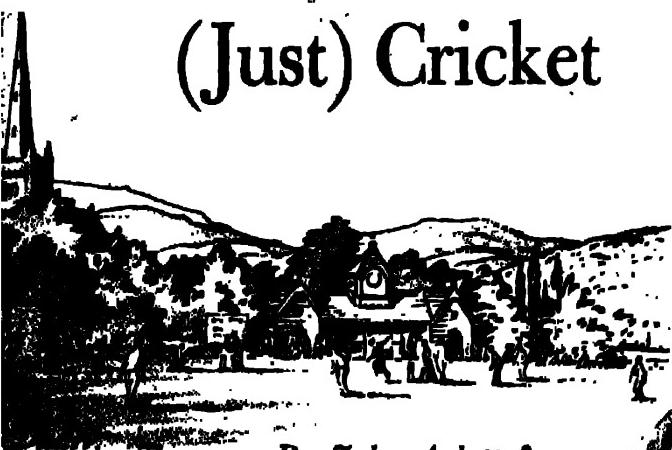


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# It's Not (Just) Cricket



By John Arlott •



I SPEND a great deal of my time watching cricket and talking about it. Some of my highbrow friends think commentating is a one-track occupation for someone like me who is interested in almost everything. I do not find it so, because people interest me most of all—and cricket infallibly reveals its players *as people*.

Perhaps that is why cricket commentary is, I am told, the job I do best: for me it is essentially talk about *people*, with references and allusions from all my other interests. You might not think that to have been a policeman, versatile writer, wine and food critic, hospital clerk and Parliamentary candidate, was training for a sports commentator. Yet each of these jobs of mine provides, at some time or other, a relevant image or adjective for cricket; each has helped towards an appreciation of

human nature and character, which are the bones of the game.

Your boxer may go his ten rounds, your footballer play his 90 minutes, without the spectators ever knowing him as a man; but in match spread over three six-hour days, a cricketer cannot help but become a person to be relished.

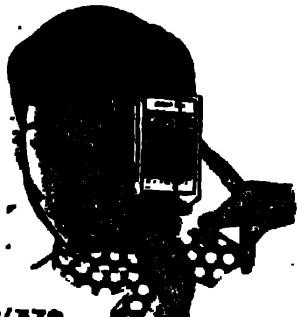
All the jobs and hobbies that have ever taken up seem, somehow, to relate to everything I do now. So I go on—always trying to more and never less. But I do need to save time; in particular I save reading time—or rather your magazine saves it for me.

The Reader's Digest keeps me abreast of new ideas that I cannot afford to miss and brings me authoritative works that I cannot find time to read in full. It ranges as widely as human interest can stretch; and it has its humour, which infallibly makes me laugh.



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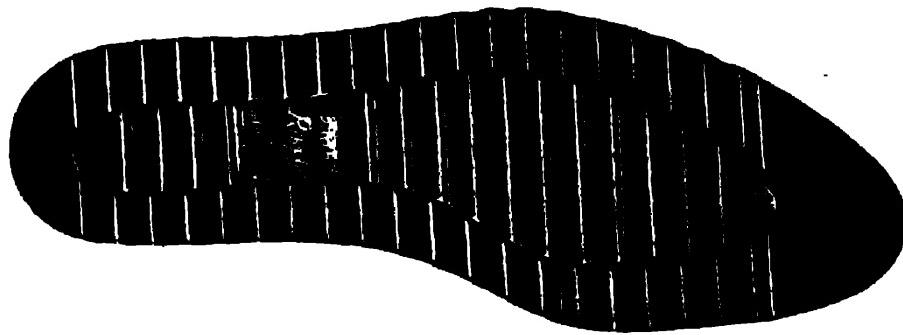


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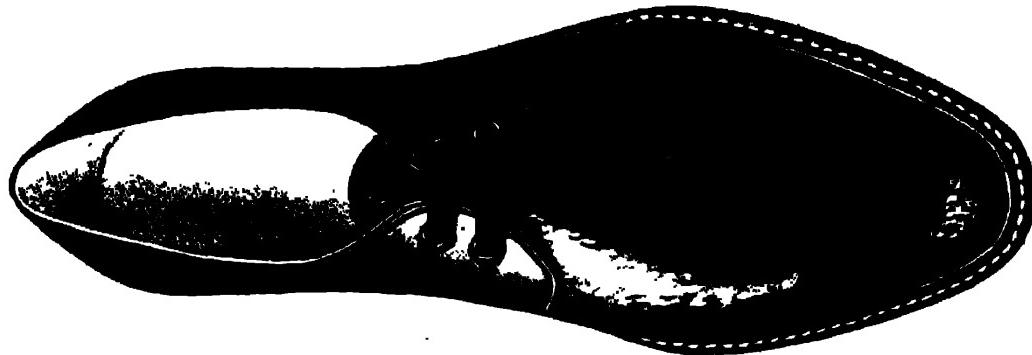


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Clean vegetables. Cut and put them with peas in dekchie. Add 1½ teacups water. Stir in curry powder, curry leaves. Add salt to taste. Boil till down. In another dekchie fry sliced onion brown in Rex Salad Oil. Throw in boiled curry, quickly stir in milk, etc. Cover, boil for ten minutes. Serve with chapattis.

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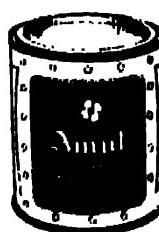
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**YOU:** What are protective foods? And what do they protect against, anyway?

**NUTRITIONIST:** Protective foods contain vitamins and minerals. If we don't get enough of them in our diet, serious deficiencies are caused which lead to disease.

**YOU:** Surely, DALDA isn't a protective food . . .

**WE:** Nor are we trying to prove that. But DALDA is a fat that *contains* vitamins. And it helps retain vitamins A, D and E and minerals like calcium and phosphorus. They cannot be absorbed by the system without fats such as DALDA, because they are soluble only in fat.

**YOU:** Is that why DALDA is good for us?

**NUTRITIONIST:** There are other reasons, too. For instance, fats provide energy. Two and a half times more than what you get from wheat or rice.

**WE:** This is important, for without fats we would have to eat vast quantities of wheat or rice to get the same energy. And what with the pressure on food grains in India . . .

**NUTRITIONIST:** That apart, food tastes better and keeps longer. Fats help give you that satisfied feeling without overburdening your digestion. They also protect delicate organs from injury.

WE: By and large, the Indian diet is fat-deficient . . .

YOU: Who said *we* don't get enough fats?

WE: Well, perhaps you do. But a lot depends on the kind of fats you eat. Especially, when there are so many fats and oils of doubtful purity in the market. It is notorious how much adulteration of ghee and edible oil goes on in the country.

NUTRITIONIST: That reminds me of a recent occurrence in Bengal, where mustard oil was adulterated with the highly poisonous *argemone*.

WE: And how many of us can afford to buy pure ghee? Even supposing we could get pure vegetable oils—would that be sufficiently nourishing?

NUTRITIONIST: Vegetable oils have as much energy value as fats like ghee and DALDA Vanaspati. But they do not contain essential vitamins A and D.

WE: And you can't do without the nourishment you get from these vitamins.

NUTRITIONIST: Investigation into nightblindness, Beri-Beri, Rickets and so on shows that they are caused by a lack of vitamins A and D. These diseases are widespread in India.

YOU: Can't we get those vitamins

from any other source?

WE: But why supplement your diet with expensive foods containing vitamins when you can get them in DALDA? Seven hundred International Units of Vitamin A and 56 IU of Vitamin D are added to every ounce of DALDA.

NUTRITIONIST: Vitamin A protects the eyes, the skin and keeps you healthy. Vitamin D helps grow strong bones and healthy teeth.

YOU: But aren't these vitamins destroyed in cooking?

WE: Vitamins are better retained by DALDA than by *anything else* during cooking. Moreover, DALDA comes to you in sealed tins, so the danger of these vitamins being lost due to oxidation is very limited.

YOU: That's something I didn't know . . .

WE: So you see why DALDA is a source of protective food.

YOU: Well, to be honest, you didn't really have to convince me. You see, I use DALDA anyway; but you certainly have *informed* me.

WE: Millions of others like you buy DALDA—and have done so for 30 years. Their experience has shown that DALDA is more than a cooking medium—that it is a food.

# The Fisherman and his Wife

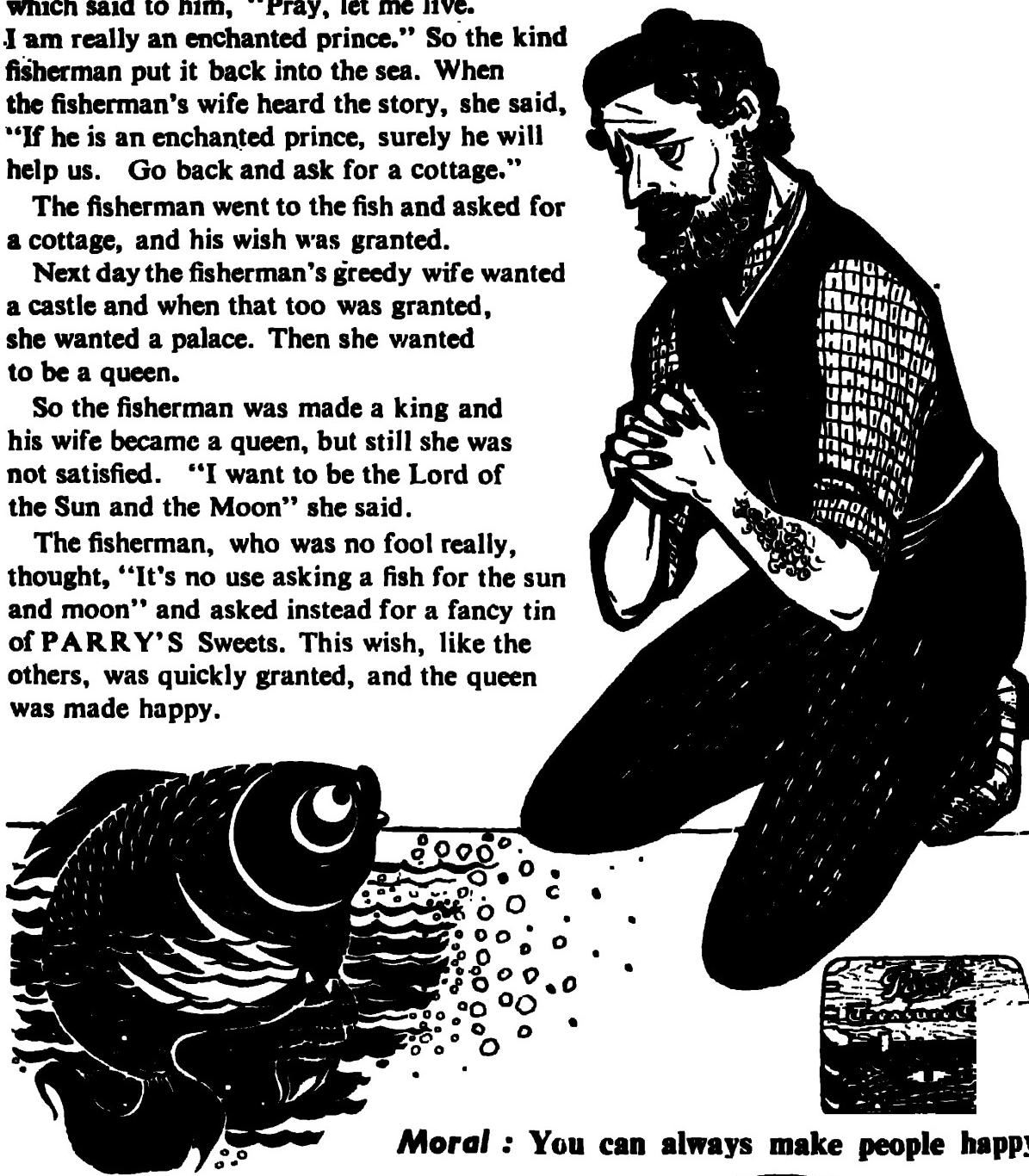
ONCE UPON A TIME...there was a poor fisherman. One day he caught a great big fish which said to him, "Pray, let me live. I am really an enchanted prince." So the kind fisherman put it back into the sea. When the fisherman's wife heard the story, she said, "If he is an enchanted prince, surely he will help us. Go back and ask for a cottage."

The fisherman went to the fish and asked for a cottage, and his wish was granted.

Next day the fisherman's greedy wife wanted a castle and when that too was granted, she wanted a palace. Then she wanted to be a queen.

So the fisherman was made a king and his wife became a queen, but still she was not satisfied. "I want to be the Lord of the Sun and the Moon" she said.

The fisherman, who was no fool really, thought, "It's no use asking a fish for the sun and moon" and asked instead for a fancy tin of PARRY'S Sweets. This wish, like the others, was quickly granted, and the queen was made happy.



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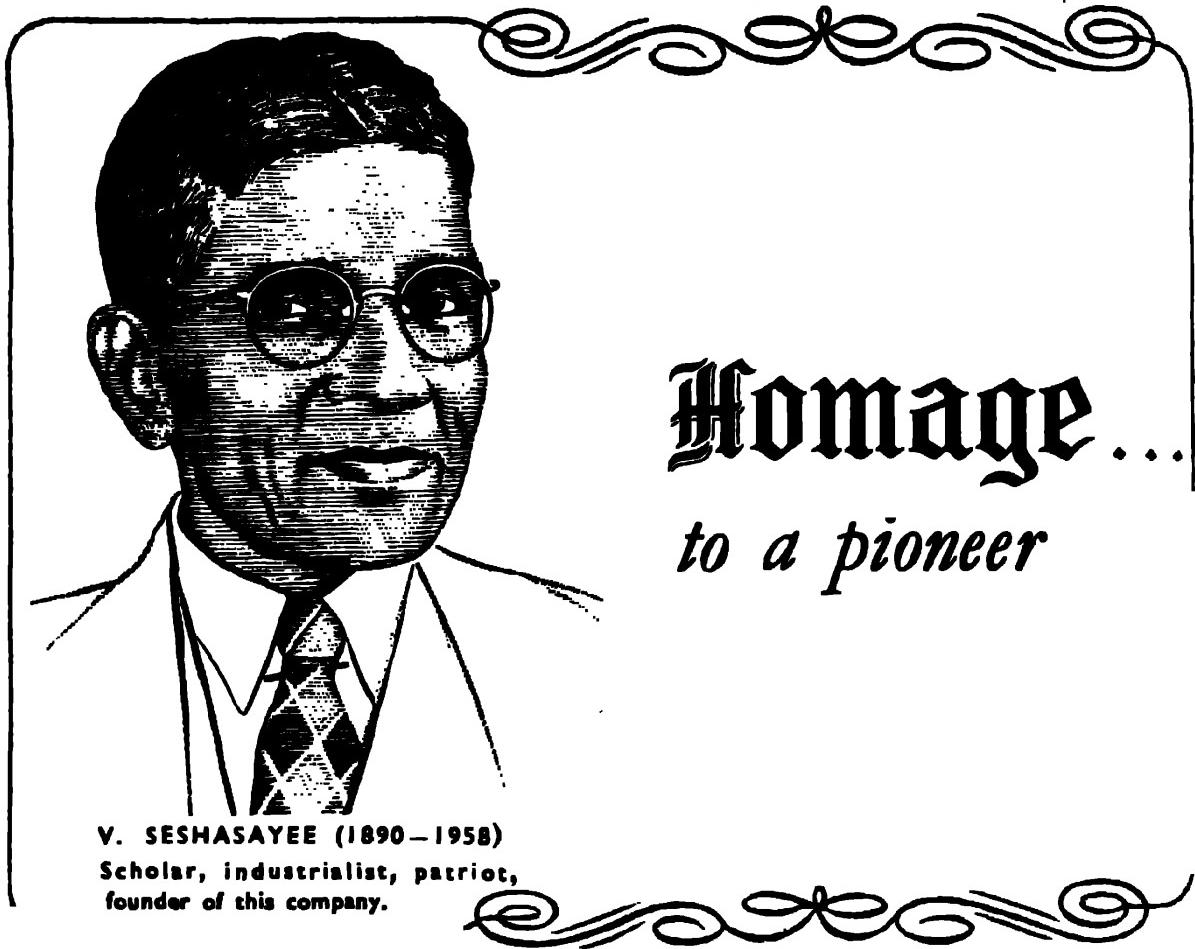
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 For his is not the kind of fame  
 that just shrinks itself to a name  
 and a date on a votive stone...  
 his name will for ever remain inscribed  
 on the tablets of our memory.

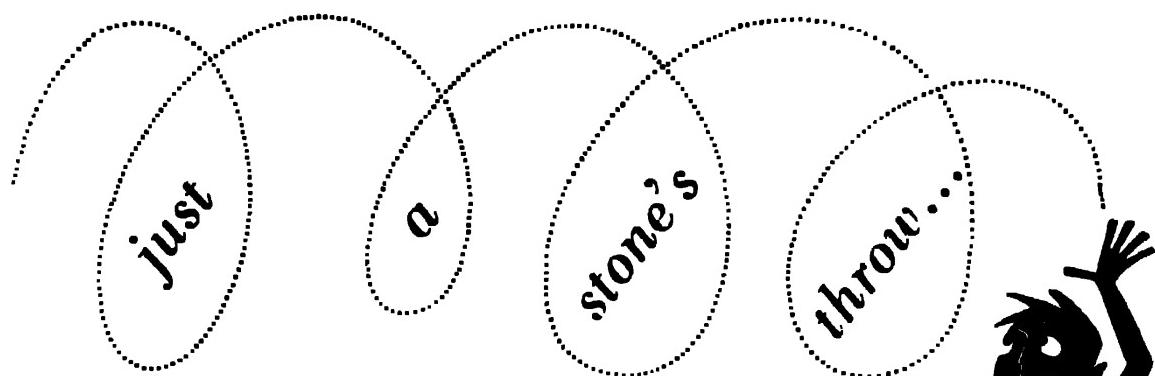


*May we prove ourselves to be worthy Inheritors  
 of the fine traditions of service he has left!*

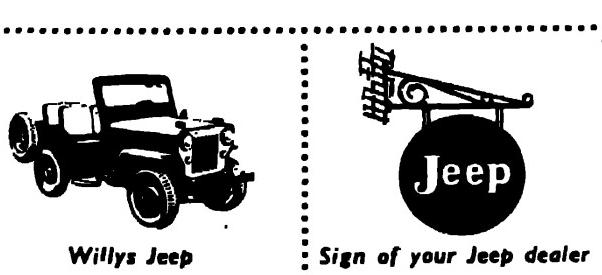
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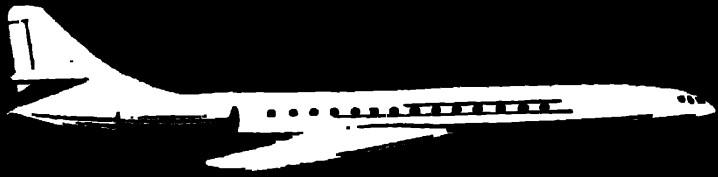
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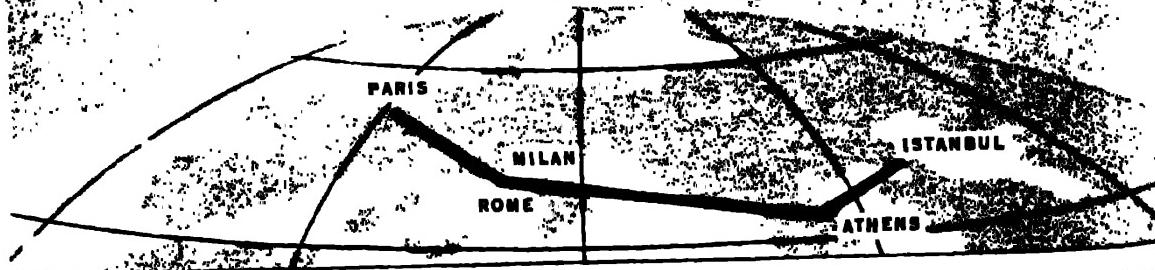
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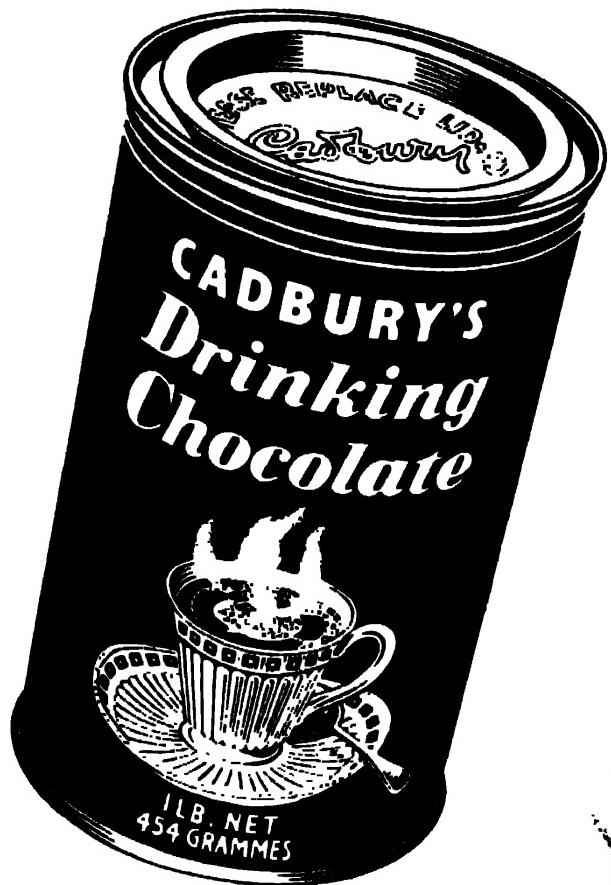
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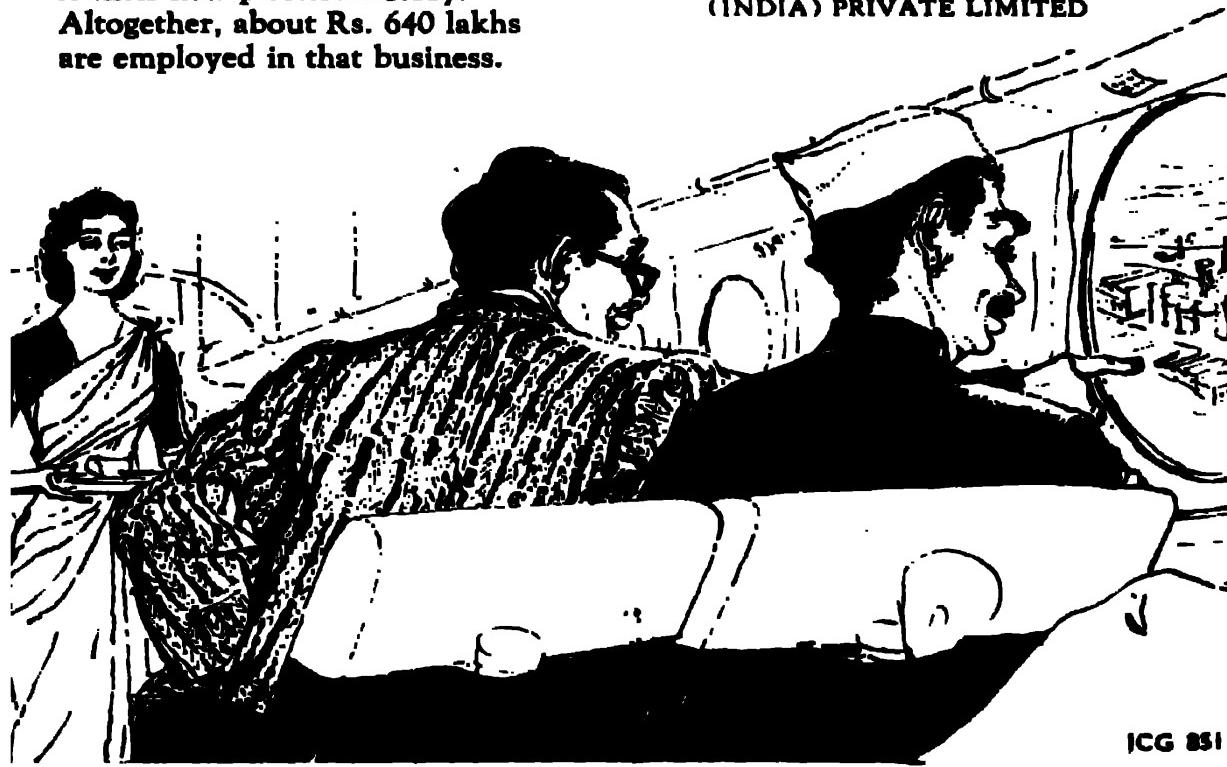
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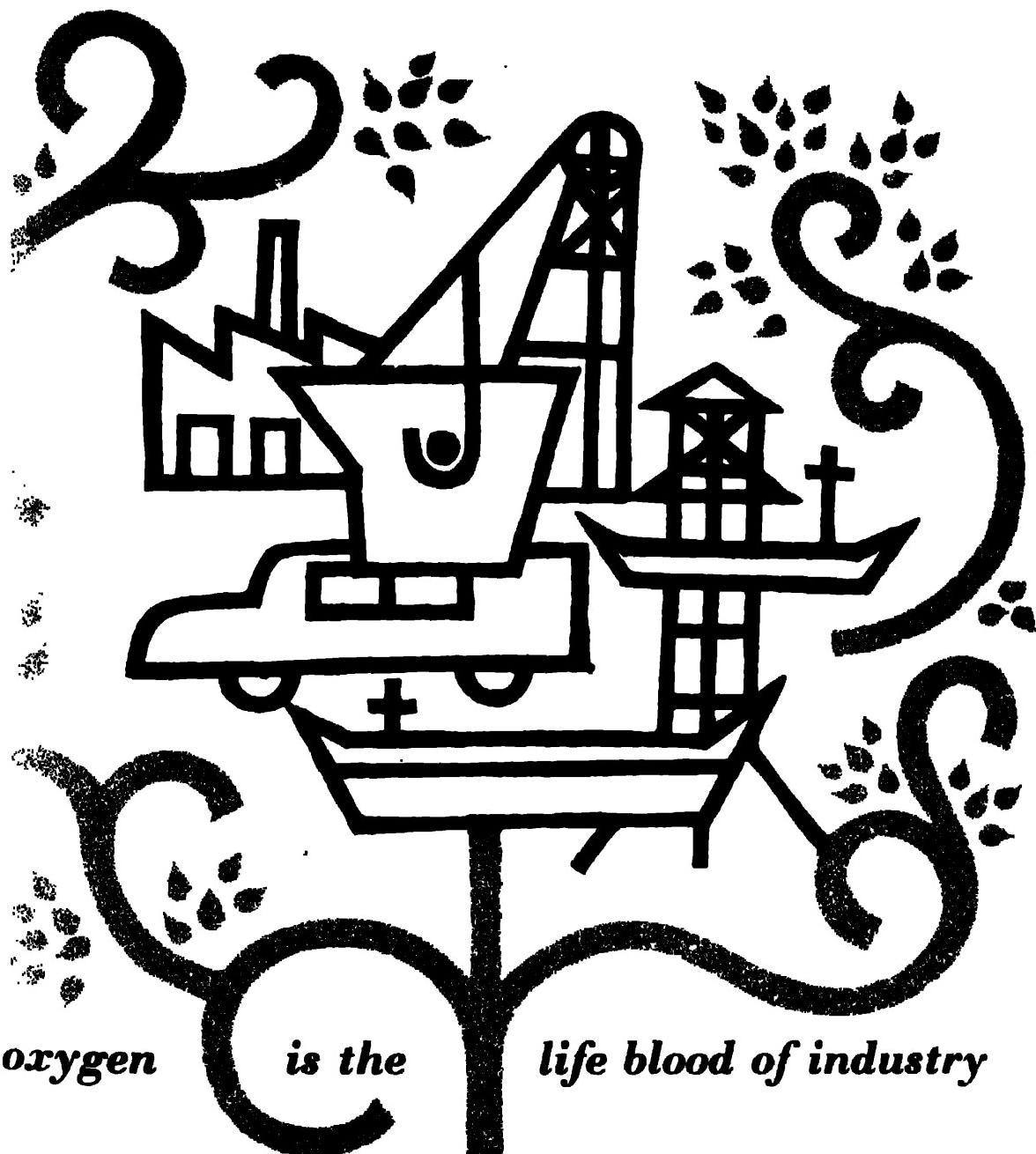
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*The*  
**Reader's Digest**

DECEMBER 1959



**MY STEPS  
BACK  
TO CHRISTIANITY**

By Lin Yutang

*In his 1928 best-seller—The Importance of Living Dr. Lin Yutang, famous Chinese scholar and philosopher, included a chapter entitled "Why I am a Pagan." So it was of interest to many people when, late in 1958, Dr. Lin announced that he had rejoined the Christian Church. Here is the thoughtful, personal account of the steps that led to his conversion. (Dr. Lin's new book, From Pagan to Christian, will be published shortly by Heinemann, London.)*



ANY PEOPLE have asked me why I, for long a self-declared pagan, have now returned to Christianity.

The explanation is not simple, for religion is a highly personal matter. Yet many people have, I am sure, faced the same difficulties as I in the effort to find a satisfying religion.

For no intelligent man is happy if he is at a loose end. He constantly seeks comfort in a unified belief—call it philosophy or religion—that explains himself, his motives, actions and destiny.

For over 30 years my only religion was humanism: the belief that man, guided by reason, was sufficient unto himself; that progress only in

*Condensed from Presbyterian Life,  
with additions by the author*

knowledge would automatically bring a better world. But, having witnessed the advances of 20th-century materialism, and the doings of nations living without God, I am now convinced that humanism is not enough—that man, for his very survival, needs contact with a Power outside and greater than himself. And that is why I have returned to Christianity. I wish to re-enter that knowledge and love of God which Jesus taught with such clarity and simplicity.

To explain my position, I think a few words about my background are necessary. I am a third-generation Christian. My father was a Presbyterian minister in an isolated village far up in the mountains, in a valley called Poa-a, 60 miles from the south-east coast of China. I had a wonderful childhood there—near to God and to God's greatness, in a world filled with the beauty of clouds on jagged peaks, the grey-blue tints on pastures at sunset, the sound of a brook's laughter. I mention this because these memories have a close relation to my religion. They make me dislike all that is artificial and complicated, man-made and small.

The second thing was my childhood family life. Ours was a deeply religious home, filled with true Christian simplicity and love. And the quest for learning was implicit. It may seem fantastic, but in that remote village, at a time when the Empress dowager was still ruling

China, my father talked to me of the University of Berlin and of Oxford, and only half-jokingly expressed the hope that I might some day study there. We were a family of dreamers.

When I actually went to college, in Shanghai, I at first studied for the ministry—by my own choice. Then what seemed to me theological hocus-pocus got me down. Rebellious against dogma, though still believing in God, I turned away from the ministry and the Church. Emerson described my position exactly when he said that you do not enter the knowledge of God by the cold formulas, but "by the garden path ye may." Thus I stayed outside the Church and loitered in the garden, still seeking the right path.

Other forces were at work to turn me towards paganism. After leaving college I went to teach at Tsing Hua, near Peking. Like many mission-school graduates, I had scant acquaintance with Chinese folklore. In my childhood I had known how Joshua's trumpets blew down the walls of Jericho, but no one ever told me how the tears of Chi Liang's widow melted down and washed away a section of the Great Wall of China.

Coming into contact with the glories of Peking and an authentic Chinese society, I burned with shame at my ignorance and plunged into the study of Chinese literature and philosophy. I resented my Christian education and all that went with it.

I remember the decisive break came when one of my colleagues made an appeal to me on the basis of the Confucian ideal of human dignity: "We should be good men *simply because we are human beings.*" Confucianism stresses courtesy, loyalty, dutifulness and, ultimately, a reverent attitude towards life—belief in intellect, and in the self-perfectibility of man through education. These beliefs—which were similar to the humanism developed in Europe—now became my own.

For many years I remained content with this belief in the power of man's reason to better himself and make a better world. Then, below the surface of my life, a disquiet born both of reflection and experience began to set in. I saw that man's increasing belief in himself did not seem to be making him more God-like. He was becoming more clever, but had less and less of the sober, uplifting humility of one who has stood in the presence of God. Contemporary history has shown how dangerously near to the savage man can be, even when most advanced materially and technologically.

As my belief in humanism thus declined, I increasingly asked myself: Is there a satisfying religion for the modern educated man?

There are other wonderful moral teachings and religious systems of the Orient. Among these are Buddhism and Taoism. But for me they also failed to provide the answers.

Buddhism, a religion of mercy, is based on the philosophy that all this sensuous world is only an illusion. The Buddhist comment on human life is, "The pity of it all." And the element of other-worldliness, of turning one's back on the present world—an element found in all world religions—becomes with Buddhism almost an obsession.

Taoism teaches a simple reverence for an "amorphous," "unnamable," elusive but omnipresent Tao, which is God, whose laws mysteriously and inevitably govern the universe. Its emphasis on meekness and humility comes very near to the Sermon on the Mount. Lao-tze, the prophet of Taoism, reaches great heights as a teacher. But the back-to-nature and beware-of-progress appeal inherent in Taoism is hardly helpful in solving modern man's problems.

I suppose I had all this time been unconsciously turning more and more towards the Christian religion of my childhood. Still, the dogmatic approach made it difficult for me, as I believe it has for many modern men, to listen to the inner voice of belief.

Wherever my wife and I travelled during these years, she always went to church. Sometimes I accompanied her. But I usually came away discouraged by a second-rate sermon, and resolved not to go again.

I was thus at the cross-roads when, one Sunday, my wife persuaded me to accompany her to church once again. That was the turning point.

The sermon was a rich and stimulating one, dealing not with "theological hocus-pocus" but with an essential element of Christian belief—in this case, eternal life—in a way that was deeply thoughtful and inspiring. Sunday after Sunday I went back to that church, and was happy there. Almost naturally, and without a family discussion, I rejoined the Christian faith.

Now I can see once more, as though it were all new to me, the awe-inspiring simplicity and purity of the teachings of Jesus. No one ever spoke like Jesus. No son of man has said with such compassion, "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do,*" or with such God-like beauty, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me*"—the "me" in this case being God on the day of judgement. What a revelation, and what incomparable teaching! There speaks the true Master, you say to yourself, and you swallow hard.

God is no longer amorphous, but

is made concrete and visible through Christ—that is religion, complete, unalloyed and whole, not hypothesized. I know of no other religion which can give this *personal* impact of God. *This establishing of a personal relationship with God is the unique gift of Christianity.*

Men have ever tried to superimpose their own credulity and form on simple truths, and he who would reach out to see the incomparable beauty and power of the teachings of Christ must often struggle against the dogmas that tend to obscure them. I suppose the weight of religious learning now accumulated vies with that of the law and the prophets in Jesus' day. It was Jesus Himself who simplified it for us and reached out for the core when He taught us to love God and to love our neighbour, and then added: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

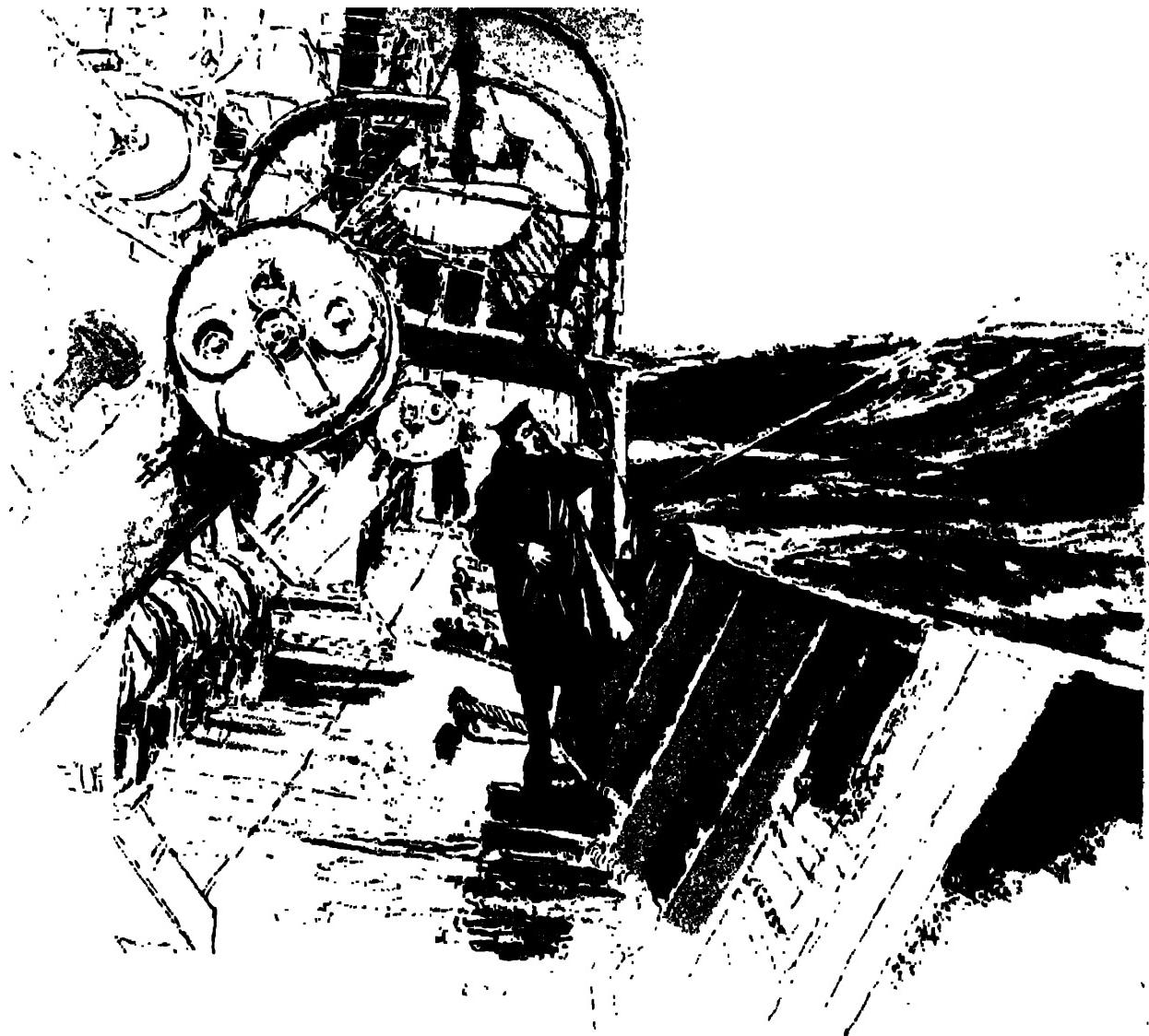
I no longer ask, "Is there a satisfying religion for the modern educated man?" My quest has ended. I have come home again.

### No Help Wanted

A PROUD old Nova Scotia sea captain, through the clumsy handling of a rowing-boat by a younger man, was pitched into the sea a mile from shore. The boat capsized and both men clung to the bottom.

The younger one began to bellow for help at the top of his lungs. Workers at a wharf along the shore might take notice. Ashamed of their unseamanlike predicament, the salty captain roared, "Stop that yellin'! If you're not careful somebody might hear ye!"

—M. B. T.



## *The Case of the Seasick Stoker*

Seasickness did not exist, medically speaking, in the Royal Canadian Navy—until the following things happened

*By John Rhodes Sturdy*

THIS is the story of the part played by a corvette of the Royal Canadian Navy, the *Matapedia*, in easing the suffering of countless Allied seamen during the Second World War. In fact, there are ex-crew members

of the *Matapedia* who firmly believe that we were responsible for winning the war. Personally I would have given our Stoker Mahoney a medal. But I was only a sub-lieutenant (temporary), and as it turned

out, the credit went to others—including a couple of doctors named Charles Best, co-discoverer of insulin, and Wilder Penfield, renowned head of the Montreal Neurological Institute.

They were among the eminent medical men and research scientists who developed Pill No. 2-183.

But we made it possible.

This was no ordinary pill. Officially known as the Royal Canadian Navy Seasickness Remedy, it gave protection against one of man's ghastliest miseries. Until it emerged from the laboratory in 1943, there were times when some doubt existed as to which was the greater menace in the Battle of the Atlantic: the enemy lurking below the surface of the sea, or the heaving innards of Allied seamen. Pill No. 2-183 settled the stomachs in many a rolling ship and pitching landing craft, and no doubt helped to bring victory.

The remarkable thing about the development of Pill 2-183 is that the doctors were seeking a remedy for an ailment that, until a short time before, did not officially exist. Throughout the centuries since man first went to sea, the medical profession had maintained a strange and stubborn attitude towards seasickness. A man might lie moaning in a ship's bunk, or be too weak to crawl to the rail, but actually nothing was wrong with him *medically*. Until, that is, His Majesty's Canadian corvette *Matapedia* made her determined and hitherto unsung

stand, back in the dark winter of 1941.

The *Matapedia* was one of the early convoy escort vessels built to combat the U-boat menace in the North Atlantic. Her western base was St. John's, Newfoundland; the eastern terminus was a wild and forsaken Icelandic fjord. A round trip took about a month. None of the Canadian corvettes had doctors, and we had to rely for medical advice on the odd destroyer that might pop up over the horizon.

Stoker Mahoney, the reluctant hero of this story, joined the *Matapedia* in December 1941. He had been trying desperately to get to sea, and this was his first ship. He was a proud and patriotic man when the *Matapedia* pushed her nose out of St. John's harbour. Ten minutes later Stoker Mahoney was flat on his back, violently ill.

Of course, he was by no means alone in his agony. By the time the little ship had settled into her familiar corkscrew motion for which corvettes were infamous, a large percentage of the crew and officers were feeling unwell. But while most of the men recovered as soon as they got their sea legs, it became apparent that Stoker Mahoney had all the symptoms of a chronic case. The chief engineer reported to the captain that the new hand was useless at his job and had been told to remain in his hammock.

As the voyage progressed, the sick stoker became cause for serious

alarm. On one occasion when I went to see him, his grey face had a cadaverous look. He had lost considerable weight, and as he was not a large man he now presented a really frightening appearance. Moreover, he had given up interest in everything, including life.

Sixteen and a half days out of St. John's found the *Matapedia* in Iceland, tied up alongside a big British depot ship which carried several medical officers. We delivered Stoker Mahoney into their hands on the assumption that they would order him into sick bay for a long cure.

I was delegated to go aboard the depot ship and obtain the medical report on Mahoney. "I suppose you're here about this stoker, Mahoney," the medical officer said. "There's nothing wrong with him."

"He's a seasickness case," I said.

"Nonsense. Lots of chappies get seasick," the surgeon-commander said. "He'll joggle out of it in a few days."

"Mahoney is a chronic case, sir," I persisted. "Before he joggles out of it he'll be dead."

"Now, look here," the commander said, "I've examined the chap thoroughly, and except for being a trifle undernourished, he's really in top-hole shape. Heart and lungs absolutely first-class. I can't take him off your complement without a valid reason."

We had no alternative, then, but accept Stoker Mahoney back

aboard, and when we sailed from Iceland the poor man was with us, sicker than ever.

Off the coast of Iceland we ran into an 80-mile-an-hour gale that smashed our bridge, and when we finally reached the Atlantic coast we were ordered to Halifax for repairs. From the captain down to the most ordinary seaman there was one thought aboard the *Matapedia*: to get to Halifax before Stoker Mahoney died.

We knew he was dying, if not from seasickness, then from starvation and weakness. The voyage to Halifax was a race, and we won it. Once the ship was tied up to the jetty and motionless, Mahoney was able to keep down some nourishment. We got him off to the base medical office, trusting that this would be the first step in his journey to some landlocked naval detachment in Saskatchewan.

Two hours later he was back.

"What are you doing here, Mahoney?" the officer of the watch demanded.

"I was told to report back aboard, sir," the unhappy stoker said. "I got to rejoin my ship, they said."

"Didn't you see the medical officer?"

"Yes, sir. And he said there was nothing wrong with me."

This news was passed along to the captain, who took it grimly. It was obvious that Mahoney could not survive another spell at sea. A conference was called in the wardroom,

and several possible courses of action were presented and promptly discarded as unfeasible.

"Actually," I said finally, "this thing is bigger than Mahoney. It touches on the entire war effort. We can't stop now. We've got to carry it right through to the end."

Starting at a low level, we progressed up the ladder through the various echelons of the Executive Branch. In some instances we received a sympathetic hearing, but everyone declared that his hands were tied. If the Medical Branch refused to accept chronic seasickness as a fact, then it was hopeless, because no one could dictate to the Medical Branch—unless, of course, one were an admiral.

"All right," our captain said, "we'll ruddy well see the admiral."

I like to think that our interview with Rear-Admiral George Jones, Commanding Officer, Atlantic Coast (Halifax) was a glorious moment in the history of the Allied forces in the Second World War. The admiral listened sympathetically to our presentation of the Mahoney case. From my back seat, where my one gold stripe was not too conspicuous, I chose the opportunity to enlarge on the theme. It was unfortunate, I said, that the RCN was a navy of small ships which did not rate medical officers. All these young medical men were rushing to the colours, anxious to wear the proud navy blue, yet with the exception of a few appointed

to destroyers or sent on loan to Britain, they were denied the opportunity of seeing the broad Atlantic from the deck of a warship.

The admiral seemed aware that there were many medical officers in Halifax at the moment. He confirmed this by calling in his chief of staff, who advised him that a new draft of surgeon-lieutenants had recently arrived from Toronto.

"Very good," the admiral said. "What is the weather forecast for tomorrow?"

"Strong easterly winds, sir."

"Right," the admiral said. "Arrange for a ship to take all available medical officers on manoeuvres tomorrow."

The admiral looked at the delegation from the *Matapedia*. "Nothing like a little sea time to clear away the cobwebs," he remarked.

The ship taking the medical party to sea was a Bangor-class minesweeper which, if anything, was even more uncomfortable than a corvette. She cleared the harbour at 0600, crowded to the gunwales with men wearing the red and gold of the Medical Branch. Late that evening she returned.

The following morning I went to see the first lieutenant of the minesweeper. All he could tell me about the cruise was that it was "a ruddy shambles." Then he added, "You know, there was such a crush of those medical officers trying to get to the rail that we had to organize them in parties. We'd call out, 'First

Seasick Party, ho! Advance three steps to the rail—all together now! First Seasick Party about face, Second Seasick Party, fall in!' "

Meanwhile we had worked fast. Before the medical office was open that morning, Stoker Mahoney was parked on the steps, carrying his papers and the ship's file on his case. He was first in the queue when some medical officers, still looking a little green, reported for duty. Within half an hour Mahoney was back aboard ship to get his gear, his face wreathed in smiles. He showed us the folder containing his papers. Across it was stamped "Unfit for Sea Duty," and underneath, in shaky ink—"Chronic Seasickness."

Aboard the *Matapedia* there was a victory celebration that night. We had put seasickness on the medical map.

We make no boastful claims about the subsequent course of events. Suffice it to say that when the medical profession accepts the fact that a condition exists, they usually lose no time in seeking a cure for it. So finally, in 1943, out of the laboratories emerged a mixture of hyoscine HBr, hyoscyamine HBr and ethyl B-methyl allyl thiobarbituric acid that became the famous Pill No. 2-183.

Let the honours fall where they may. We of the *Matapedia* will be content with this small postscript.



### *Give and Take*

*L*YING over the Grand Canyon our plane hit some shaky air. I put down my paper and looked out. The wing was flapping like a seal before breakfast. In that wing tip there was an up-and down waggle of at least a yard. I did not feel quite as bold as a lion.

After we got to New York—all right and on time—mentioned that wobble to our pilot. "Oh, sure," he said. "That's built in on purpose. Matter of fact, what you saw was just a little flicker. Sometimes she really flaps, as much as six feet or more. All built in. I have to have elasticity, you see. If the wing was rigid, it could snap."

"Has to have some 'give' to it," I said.

"Yes," he went on, "some 'give' and also 'take.' On the drawing boards they have a fancy engineering name for it. They call it *tolerance*. That just means the amount you have to give or take under stress before you snap. If you're rigid, you see, something unexpected comes along and hits you hard, maybe across your grain, and you snap. That's not good."

So what they call "tolerance" in engineering turns out to be only give and take. And it can be built in. Into the cold end of an aluminium wing, or into a human heart.

---Paul Hollister in *This Week Magazine*

# This is Berlin

*Though the city is divided, the people's hearts are not*

By Louis Fischer

**P**LEASE," said the man with the wrinkled, worried face, "please tell your people that they must not let Mr. Khrushchev close our escape hatch to freedom. If the Russians take West Berlin, we can never get out of this prison."

I had stopped him in an almost deserted street in the Communist sector of Berlin to ask for directions. (This is one of the best ways of starting a conversation with a stranger.) He looked me up and down, then glanced round furtively. "You understand," he murmured, "that

West Berlin is the only open gate in the entire Iron Curtain. That's why Moscow wants to shut it. West Berlin advertises the failure of Communism." \*

A woman came out of a courtyard near by and the man walked away briskly.

TRAFFIC between East and West Berlin is generally unobstructed. There are many legitimate crossings for cars and pedestrians, where identity papers are usually examined; and one can also travel, without inspection or questions, by the S-train, which snakes from one end of Berlin to the other, and by the U-train or Underground. At the Zoo station of the Underground in West Berlin I stopped at a cafeteria. Noticing two teenagers drinking Coca-Colas, I bought the same and

Louis FISCHER is a profound student of the international scene. He began his career as a news correspondent in Berlin in 1921, wrote for 14 years from Russia, was in France at the outbreak of war, and is still roaming Europe and Asia. He is the author of more than a dozen books. His latest, *The Story of Indonesia*, recently appeared in America.

joined them. The boy and girl smiled at the similarity of our tastes. I smiled back. "East Berliners?" I ventured, judging by the quality of their clothing.

They nodded yes.

"Escapees?"

"No," replied the boy, who was about 17. "We live with our families in the Russian sector and still go to school. We came over to buy blue jeans."

"Blue jeans?"

"Yes," the girl explained, "they're the rage. At first the Communist Party opposed them and called them products of capitalist decay. But so many of our teenagers took to wearing them that the Party gave in and began manufacturing them in the Soviet zone. Only they're not tight, don't launder well and have no label at the back. So we came here to buy."

"We're also seeing a film," the boy added.

"Where do you get the West marks?" I enquired.

"Don't you know?" the boy retorted. "Certain cinemas showing quality pictures, not murder mysteries or sex stuff, admit us on our East marks even though the East mark is worth only 28 per cent of the West mark." Later, on investigation, I found the statement correct. The Federal German Government at Bonn gives West Berlin an annual subsidy of more than seven million marks for the purpose. It enables many thousands of East

Berliners to see good films and plays in the Western sector. (The West Berlin municipality applies the same system in its museums and exhibitions.)

"How are things over there?" I asked.

"Oh," the girl began, "conditions are a little better than last year, but life is so-o-o dull, and I'm tired of harangues in school about Russia's achievements."

"Nevertheless, the propaganda must influence you," I suggested.

She wagged her pony tail in the negative. "No," she asserted. "We learn not to hear."

I WENT to East Berlin to see a Soviet film. The cinema smelt of old clothes and cheap soap. When I came out I hailed a taxi which took me back through the Brandenburg Gate to my hotel. As I paid the driver I asked, "How is life in the Eastern sector?"

"Well," he drawled, "we're free."

"Free?"

"Yes, indeed," he said. "We're free to do as we're told."

INCESSANT cold-war battles crackle through the Berlin air. Radio stations of both East and West constantly banter each other; and sometimes at night Moscow brings up its ponderous artillery in German and English. So I often kept my pocket transistor radio on.

It was Sunday morning. A West German station broadcast a church

service. Presently the pastor announced that he would play back a tape recording made a week ago in a German village cut in two by the Iron Curtain. Church bells rang. "Those are the bells," the pastor commented, "of the old church now situated in the Soviet zone." Other bells pealed. Those were the answering bells of the new church recently completed in that part of the village which belongs to the West German Republic. The villagers in the Soviet zone, assembled in the church courtyard, sang the first verse of a hymn. Their former neighbours sang the refrain. Verse, refrain; verse, refrain. The Western worshippers began another hymn. The East Germans joined in.

The Soviet villagers opened the recitation of the Lord's Prayer: "Our Father," they intoned.

"Which art in Heaven," the West Germans continued.

"Hallowed be Thy name," from the Soviet side.

Finally, both congregations sang the closing hymn in unison. "*Auf Wiedersehen, auf Wiedersehen*," they called to one another as the sound faded out.

WHILE waiting my turn in a West Berlin chemist's I watched a woman pay in East marks for some medicine. After she left I asked the pharmacist about the transaction. "She paid in East marks at the rate of three and a half East marks to one West mark," he explained. "In the

evening we exchange them at the bank for West marks."

"Did she bring a prescription?"

"No, the doctor wouldn't dare. He might get into trouble. But she had written the name of the preparation on a piece of paper, and since it was a new drug I was sure she came from a doctor who reads West German medical literature. It happens several times a day, and we can't be fooled. Incidentally, I fail to fathom their system of distribution. Sometimes we get a rush of East Berlin customers who want the most ordinary patent medicines—apparently not available there."

"WHAT would happen," I asked an East Berlin professor who sat in a West Berlin café reading Western newspapers, "if the Soviet Army withdrew from Germany?"

He smiled at me indulgently. "I don't know," he replied, "but they had better take Ulbricht with them." (Walter Ulbricht is the balding, bearded Stalin of East Germany.\* ) "I think he would be followed by the other Communist leaders, who know too much about popular sentiment to remain after the Red Army goes."

"STOCKING manufacturer Hecker of Zwoenitz in the Aue district has fled to the West," a West German newspaper reported. In the same week: "Dr. Willi Boelcke, of the

\* See "The Beard"—Hated Master of East Germany," The Reader's Digest, September '59.

German Central Archive in Potsdam, has escaped to West Berlin. He is the sixth academic scholar of the institution to flee in the last year . . . Guenther Binternagel, one of the top functionaries of the East German Ministry of Education, a member of the Communist Party, has come West . . ." And so on and so on endlessly.

From 1952 to the end of 1958, 59.5 per cent of all recorded refugees from East Germany registered at the reception centre in Marienfelde in West Berlin. The remainder reported to one of two camps—Giessen and Uelzen—in the Federal German Republic (West Germany). The total number of escapees registered in the last ten years was 2,260,000. But many refugees go directly to the homes of their West German relatives. These, it is estimated, would bring the grand total up to 2,800,000.

Even this astonishing figure tells only half the story. The uglier truth for Messrs. Khrushchev and Ulbricht is the age of the fugitives. In 1958, 32.6 per cent of the population of East Germany was between the ages of 18 and 45. But in the same year the percentage of refugees in the same age group was 47.9. This means that the region is losing a very high proportion of its most valuable and productive men and women. The Red regime is bleeding East Germany white.

Of the refugees, the percentage of those who are workers abandoning

the worker's paradise was 54.7 per cent in 1949; 55.8 per cent in 1952; 61.5 per cent in 1956; 55 per cent in 1958. Small wonder the Red dictators would like to shut the escape hatch!

For the East German Government, 1958 was in one respect the blackest year because of the exodus of professional people, intellectuals and students.

In that one year, East Germany lost through flight to the West 6.9 per cent of its doctors and 7.5 per cent of its university and college teaching staffs. At this rate the country is heading for disaster.

"DON'T worry about us," said the taxi driver who was taking me across West Berlin. "We Berliners stand firm. Will the West?"

"We have never let you down," I reminded him.

"True," he agreed. "But the Hungarian people rebelled and the West didn't move a finger. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were swallowed up by Russia and not a word is heard about them."

"You're quite right," I commented. "But Berlin is different. West Berlin is the lynchpin of the entire Western alliance. If it fell into Soviet hands, the effect on NATO could be drastic. This may be Khrushchev's ultimate aim. What small country would trust the West if we allowed 2,200,000 West Berliners to be submerged by Communism? The West's defence of West

Berlin is no charity. We are defending ourselves. I am as much involved as you are."

"Then why," he persisted, "were the Western diplomats in Geneva willing to talk about reducing the number of foreign troops in West Berlin? There are only 11,000 British, American and French soldiers here, and they have never bothered the Russians. What is the

sense of cutting their strength? The Kremlin will only interpret this as a sign of weakness. The moment you retreat before the Russian, he presses you still harder."

We had arrived at my destination "You ought to get into striped trousers and go to Geneva," I said in parting.

"You arrange it; I'm ready!" the taxi-driver shouted back.



### *Approach Shot*

GYPSY ROSE LEE, the strip-tease star, tells about the time a woman approached her in a department store and enquired hesitantly, "Aren't—aren't you Gypsy Rose Lee?"

"Yes, I am," replied Gypsy. "But why did you hesitate?"

"Well," the woman answered, "imagine how terrible it would have been if I'd been mistaken."

—J. P.

### *The Advancing Years*

MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD grandson came to spend the day with me. Towards the end of the afternoon I telephoned his mother to ask her when she wanted me to bring him home. Without a moment's hesitation, she answered, "When he's 16."

—Mrs. D. S.

IN CALIFORNIA there are two ardent fisherwomen, both over 60, who always write "over 21" on their fishing-licence applications. This year they found a new clerk at the licence counter. He took their old licences and proceeded to copy down the information. When he came to the line marked "age" he hesitated for a moment. Then he wrote "over 22."

—Contributed by L. J. W.

"I'D DRINK gallons of that stuff," remarked an attractive young girl, taking the waters at a spa, "if I thought it would make me 18 again."

"But you can't be much over 18 now," I exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm 20," she replied.

"What possible difference can there be between 18 and 20?" I asked.

"A husband and two kids!" she answered.

—W. J. S.

# MOONLIGHT

*By Henry Williamson  
Author of "Tarka the Otter"*

THE OTHER night, having some letters for London which must be collected by the van at seven the following morning, I took cap and stick, meaning to walk to the roadside group of cottages a mile away. It was a few minutes before midnight. I was tired, and the thought of the walk seemed wearisome. Equally wearisome appeared the idea of unlocking the garage and taking out the car. As I hesitated, the moon's horn showed by the top of a fir tree on the hillside opposite. Well, it was the same sort of thing one had seen for years and years. An owl cried somewhere among the dark trees. So they always had cried. One had heard them so many times that they made no more impression on the mind than the noise of an exhaust made on the mind of a London bus driver.

The letters must be posted and, after the hours of enforced sitting

still at the desk, perhaps it would be best to walk. One didn't take enough exercise. Ah, if one could only feel about stars, moon, trees, grass, sea, as one felt about them years ago! Wordsworth, it was recalled, had felt an identical regret, almost remorse, for the passing of similar enthusiasms.

I walked down the garden path, across the lane and into the deer park. The air was soft and still. I passed under the great lime trees, among whose leaves, in the past summer, hundreds of thousands of bees had murmured, in whose thickets around the trunks wood-pigeons and jackdaws had nested. How many years since one had climbed to a bird's nest? In a few moments I was on the bridge, looking down at the water.

The moon was making the usual bright and broken lights on the three streams pouring from the

three arches. Near the tail of the pool, where the water thinned and quickened, sudden tremulous strips of silver showed where a trout had risen. That was pleasing. Shadows of alders looked blacker than the trees themselves. The thought of that fact was wearisome, until I told myself it was not necessary to remember it for the purpose of writing it.

Surely, I said to myself, this is a beautiful and restful scene. It is interesting, too, for see! That glimmer, just under the fall of the middle arch, was surely the big trout turning over to take something—a smaller fish, perhaps, that had gone down with the stream.

A man does not change—Wordsworth was wrong—but a man needs change. For a change try and do what you really want to do.

So I sat on the bridge, and shut my eyes, and thought of nothing, breathing deeply and slowly and as slowly respiring. The night was warm and after a while I thought I would lie on the grass. What mattered if it were dew-damp? Rheumatism, so-called, came from ill feeding and drinking. I would lie on the grass. It was fine to lie on the grass while the distant stable clock slowly tolled the hour of midnight.

It seemed, as I rested there, that the stars had not been seen for years. The first frost would sharpen and make them glitter; but now they shone softly, as though very peacefully.

Closing my eyes again, I let the sounds of the river flow through me until I began to feel again a serenity of earth which no conscious thought could give.

**H**ENRY WILLIAMSON, soldier, author, farmer, lover of the English countryside, wrote this essay in 1935 when he lived in a thatched cottage beside the river Bray at Shallowford in Devonshire, renting two miles of trout stream running down from Exmoor. In his latest book, *A Clear Water Stream*, he tells of his life there and how he reared trout and watched salmon to get material for his classic, *Salar the Salmon*. An earlier book, *Tarka the Otter*, won him the Hawthornden Prize for literature.

Henry Williamson is 63, married, with five sons and two daughters; he now lives on a Devon hilltop above the Atlantic coast, writing what he believes to be his best work—a series of novels set in the period before, during, and after the First World War.



How often did the activities of the brain force one away from one's true or inner or natural self? Damn the brain—a good servant, but a bad master.

I lay there until the clock tolled one, then I arose and walked happily, thoughtlessly, to the main road and the letter-box. Clearly the moon revealed the hour of collection, and I had brought an electric torch to make sure! Years ago the sight of anyone taking a torch for a night walk would have filled me with scornful protest. No sight—no insight.

And why go home? I was actually enjoying the walk. The windows of the cottages were all blank. The nose of the painted, grotesque wooden stag's head on one of the walls gleamed where a hibernating snail

had crawled. Everything was so still and quiet. My body was non-apparent. The moonlight was in me and through me. I marvelled at the cottage folk who, with one exception, had shut out this lovely air from their bedrooms. I would walk up to the moor and sleep in the heather if I wanted to, or walk on if I wanted to.

Certainly I would. I went home to get my coat. Having got it, I hesitated. Tomorrow those book reviews must go off, and if one were tired—my breast seemed filled with the loveliness of the night, and this was the time to sleep. So I pulled my bed to the open window and lay there, happy, while the moon climbed far over the fir trees until serrated by the silver fringe of thatch, and I fell away from myself in sleep.

### *Nothing New Under The Sun*

WHEN AN African trade union of railway workers called a strike, its members, new to this sort of action, ignored their union's decision and carried on with their work. The union leaders called in a witch doctor who proclaimed a curse on each and every locomotive. This was 100 percent effective; no one went near a locomotive until, when the strike was settled, the witch doctor was called in again to lift the curse. — Elspeth Huxley

EVEN IN this atomic age, the bow and arrow still has its place. Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory—where the world's first atomic bomb was developed—was faced with the problem of stringing wires across a canyon. The walls of the canyon were too steep to climb, and the distance was too great for throwing a line.

So Harold Groves, a laboratory assistant and an expert archer, tied some fishing line to the tail of an arrow and shot it across the canyon.

The rest was easy.

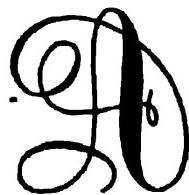
—A.P.

# HE PAINTS

## THE HAPPY WORLD OF LOVE

*Marc Chagall's rapturous, dreamlike pictures are a paean of joy—  
a beguiling hymn to life*

By Malcolm Vaughan



CHANCE incident in his youth changed the life of the famous modern artist Marc Chagall, and altered the whole direction of his now unique art.

In the village of Vitebsk, Byelorussia, where he was born in 1887, he was visiting a friend. There was a knock at the door, then he heard a girl's voice. It "warbled like a bird, like a voice from another world." He did not see the girl on that occasion. But later, when he met Bella, he was instantly attracted. "Her first glance," he said, "penetrated my very being. I felt she had known me always—my childhood, my present life, my future, too. There and then I knew, this is she, my wife."

From that moment nearly every picture Chagall painted was a "love picture," a hymn in praise of womankind and motherhood. At first glance these pictures might strike you as being bewilderingly fanciful. Blissful lovers stand on their heads,

sail through the air, cuddle in trees. Other people walk about tooting horns, or sit on rooftops playing violins. Birds, beasts, even fish join the paean of joy.

Such paintings had never before been seen. Bella recognized them as images of Chagall's rapture. She also recognized that, for all his broad shoulders and muscular build, this fellow with curly black hair and electric-blue eyes was an inspired poet.

Marc Chagall in the early 1900's was an uneducated nobody in a Jewish ghetto in Vitebsk. His father toiled in a herring warehouse. His mother eked out their living by running a little grocery shop. Both his family and Bella's opposed their marriage. A penniless painter, an "outlandish modernist" to boot, he couldn't support her. Determined to earn enough money at painting to be able to make her his wife, he left Russia in 1910 for the art centre of the world—Paris. There, painting



*'The Three Candles' by Chagall*  
*a painting in The Reader's Digest art collection*

rhapsodic pictures of his love for Bella, he strove to get a foothold.

The moment he could afford it, Chagall returned to Russia and married Bella. A few days after the wedding the First World War broke out, forcing them to remain in Russia. Revolution followed; then the Communists, who tried to bend Chagall's talents to political purposes. Failing, they cast him to the dogs; Marc and Bella Chagall lived in poverty, often close to starvation.

In 1923 they were able to return to Paris, and there found that Chagall had become famous. Paintings he had left with friends for exhibition in Holland and Germany had been sold and were being praised by critics in many lands. Chagall set up a studio and began to paint anew—jubilant pictures which sold quickly.

Every detail of these pictures reflects happiness. They often centre on a man holding a woman in his arms, or a woman snuggling a baby to her bosom. The colours take on vivid rainbow hues. Trees burst into exotic bloom; a horse plays a fiddle; a hen's egg lies in a golden nest; a cow leaps over a cottage roof.

Chagall bristles if you call these paintings fantasies or fairy tales. To him they are images of emotions, pictures of our subjective life. He says, "The inner world is perhaps more real than the visible world." The leaping cow, the fiddling horse, the fertile hen represent man's age-long dream of domestic bliss. If you hatch the egg, you may gain another

hen, then a whole yardful of chickens. If you have a cow, you're rich enough to get married. If you have a horse to help you plough, you'll have time to while away carefree moments with your wife and family.

The Chagalls were still in Paris when France was invaded during the Second World War. They fled to a haven in the United States. His pictures of happiness began to be interspersed with profound paintings of the Crucifixion and the sorrows of war. Suddenly in 1944 his wife fell ill and died, plunging him to the depths of grief. In time, however, he began to paint again. Eventually he returned to France where, remarried, he once more began painting the joyous scenes of his colourful, gravity-defying world.

There, too, he took up a monumental task he had begun some 30 years before: his etchings to illustrate the Bible. During the German Occupation a faithful craftsman had hidden the plates Chagall had completed. Now the artist started again the patient, precise work of the etcher. To the engraver he exhorted, "It must sing, it must cry; it is the Bible." When the great book was published in 1956, the work not only placed Chagall in the front rank of etchers; it revealed his profound love for the divine.

Today he still paints the joys of every man and woman in love, "the eternal youth of humanity." But his art has become deeper, stronger. Today it is a hymn to life itself.

# SISTER KENNY.

## *The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met*

By Marvin Kline



ONE COLD winter morning in 1942 my telephone rang. It was 5.30. I was then mayor of Minneapolis and was used to being called at odd hours. Still, I always wondered what I would hear.

This time I heard an imperious feminine voice that was marked by a strong Australian accent. "I have no acute cases and there are some at the General Hospital. What are you going to do about it?"

This was Sister Elizabeth Kenny. I had helped her to get her new method for polio treatment established in our city, and we had just set up the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Institute for her. Now she couldn't wait to get started on acute patients.

I had no idea what I could do about it. To treat the patients, she needed their doctors' permission.

"Your hospital isn't set up for acute cases," I muttered sleepily.

"You have no isolation wards."

"Build me some," she demanded.

"Today! We must get to work with those children at once!"

When I walked into my office at 8 a.m., she was on the telephone waiting to speak to me, demanding to know what I had accomplished. "I have just got here," I pointed out.

"It has been hours since I talked to you," she said acidly. "Can't you understand that this is urgent?"

Within two days she had brow-beaten some half a dozen doctors into giving her permission to move their acute polio patients from the General Hospital into newly constructed rooms at the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Institute.

Until then the standard treatment of polio victims had been to splint and brace affected limbs to prevent deformities, and to give the patient rest.

Sister Kenny believed that, in the early, acute stage of the disease, affected muscles are not weak and flaccid, as had been supposed, but are in a state of painful spasm which should be relieved. By her ministrations she was able, where others failed, to save many victims of polio from the disease's crippling aftermath.

To most medical men it was inconceivable that anyone with so little formal training could have developed a successful method of treatment. But Sister Kenny never wavered in her confidence. She knew that she had a sublime gift,

and that crippled children needed her. That, for her, was enough.

I saw Sister Kenny for the first time in June 1940 when Dr. John Pohl, one of the rising young medical stars in Minneapolis, brought her before the city's Board of Public Welfare, of which I was a member. Pohl and his colleagues at the University of Minnesota Hospital had permitted her to work on some of their patients, and in a few weeks she had achieved amazing results. With soothing hot compresses, gentle exercise and re-training of affected muscles, crippled polio victims were regaining the use of withered limbs. Some, who by all medical logic should have been wheel-chair cases for life, now looked as though they were going to walk! The doctors wanted the city to provide financial help so that Sister Kenny could stay on in Minneapolis.

When her turn came to speak, Sister Kenny drew a sheaf of papers from a brief-case and began to read letter after long letter from Australian doctors, patients and parents of polio-stricken children. All were testimonials to herself and her work. When at length she finished, she announced flatly that, while the medical profession's treatment for polio was unsuccessful, she herself treated the true symptoms of the disease; hence she was often able to restore mobility. Then she sat down.

Her braggadocio struck us as a breach of professional decorum. But since several of our best local

SISTER KENNY's reputation preceded her to Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, Carshalton, England, where the London County Council instituted a year's trial of her system in 1938. As a physiotherapist at the Hospital, I was intensely curious to meet and work with her.

I was not disappointed. She was a tremendous personality--a large woman, dressed dramatically in a flowing cloak and a hat turned up at the side like a bush hat. She never minced her words and was not always tactful when trying to explain her methods; yet those of us who worked with her discovered that she had a great sense of humour and a fund of kindness.

With the children, Sister Kenny was a different person; she was gentle, relaxed and they all loved her. I shall never forget the beautiful movements of her expressive hands as she handled their affected limbs.

Today, as I do my work here at Carshalton, I often look at the equipment and the methods we now take for granted, and remember that they are a direct result of Sister Kenny's ideas.

—Margaret Reardon, M.C.S.P., R.T.,  
Assistant Superintendent, Queen Mary's  
Hospital for Children, Carshalton, England.

medical men thought she had something valuable to offer, we decided to give her a ward in the Minneapolis General Hospital, and the necessary equipment was made available.

During the next two years the Board of Public Welfare occasionally visited the General Hospital to see how the experiment was going.

What we saw was almost unbelievable. The polio ward, once a place of tomb-like silence, was now filled with laughter! One look, and we knew that this granite-faced woman had something good. Only she wasn't granite-faced now. She was smiling a bright, motherly smile as she went from bed to bed, joking with each patient over the muscles he or she was going to work on.

A little girl who had lost the use of one of her anterior thigh muscles solemnly informed Sister that she

had spoken crossly to her *quadriceps femoris* for being so lazy, and she was sure that it would do better today.

"Well, it has been very ill," Sister smiled. "But it is time we put it back to work, isn't it?"

A nine-year-old boy shouted that he wanted his *tibialis anticus*—a lower leg muscle which lifts the foot—put into shape with all haste so that he could kick a certain ward companion in the *gluteus maximus*.

Sister Kenny explained her charges' startling proficiency in Latin: "In the last analysis, it is the patient who must reopen the nerve path between mind and affected muscle. It is a much easier task if he has a speaking acquaintance with his anatomy."

We watched as, gently and patiently, Sister tried to coax a response

from an affected limb. Totally absorbed in the patient's effort, she actually winced when pain was evident, then soothed it away with her wonderful hands. She would always ask for "one last try for today," knowing that the last one would be the patient's best effort.

Each visit we made was more exciting than the last. One boy had lain for nine months in splints, braces and a heavy metal corset—the muscles in all four limbs and the stomach and back had been knocked out. Now he was learning to move about with no support except semi-crutches. He kept shouting at us to watch as he pressed the palms of both hands flat against the floor without bending his knees.

Elizabeth Kenny's urgent desire to pour her strength into others was awakened when she was a young girl. She was born on a farm near Warialda, New South Wales, Australia, the fifth of nine children. "Liza," as her family called her, grew strong and tall, but a younger brother, Bill, was so weak and emaciated that he often had to be carried to school. Liza studied every book she could find on anatomy, painstakingly built a wooden skeleton and pasted paper muscles on it in the proper positions. She sent away for a programme of muscle-building exercises she had seen advertised, then fitted a series of pulleys to the skeleton to see which of the calisthenics might do most for Bill. She made him work diligently

at the exercises, and in time his stick-thin arms and legs filled out with muscle. At school he became a pole vaulter, and in the First World War he was famed as one of the strongest men in the Australian Army.

Liza Kenny had found her calling: she had to be a nurse. There is no solid evidence that she ever graduated from a formal nursing course; but she did attend nursing school, and for years she studied medical books voraciously and sought out doctors in their free moments to ask them questions. Finally, she felt that she was ready to help the poor and isolated families in the wild Australian bush country.

One day in 1910 she rode into a tiny bush village and found six children with high fever and varying degrees of agonizing paralysis. She had never seen this terrifying illness before. She sent a telegram to her friend and mentor, Dr. Aeneas McDonnell, in Toowoomba, Queensland, for advice. He answered that it was infantile paralysis and that there was no known treatment. "Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves," he said.

She did the best she could. The children's muscles seemed to contract in pain. Pieces of blanket, soaked in hot water and wrung out, eased them. Then, somehow, her seemingly magical hands worked new life into the dying limbs, massaging strength into the muscles, reawakening the nerve paths. Then careful, passive exercise, until finally

the muscles could take over again.

A year later, Liza Kenny reported to Dr. McDonnell that all six youngsters were healthy and active, and in no way deformed. Astounded, McDonnell made her show him what she had done. Then he said to her, "You will know heartbreak and humiliation from this day forward. But some day the great cities of the earth will bid you welcome."

During the First World War, Nurse Kenny served in Australian hospital ships. She made 16 round-trip voyages between Australia and Europe, more than any other Australian nurse, and earned a promotion to chief nurse—hence the rank "Sister." Home again, she worked tirelessly with polio-affected children, studied all the medical treatises on the disease she could find. She gave up everything for her work—even a man she loved. When he gave her an ultimatum—her career, or marriage to him—she said, "I couldn't retire and have children of my own, knowing that other children whom I might be able to save were becoming cripples because of my selfishness."

In 1933, in Townsville, on Australia's east coast, someone asked her to look at a young girl who had been cruelly stricken with polio seven years earlier. The child could not stand or walk without support, and it seemed too late to hope for any real recovery. Yet, as Sister Kenny worked with the girl, a vigorous new colour came into the shrunken

limbs. In a few weeks the child was in a wheel chair. Later she got about on crutches. At the end of two years she stood and walked unaided.

News of this triumph spread. Soon victims of polio were coming to Sister Kenny from all parts of Australia. She set herself up under an awning in the back garden of a Townsville home, with a bath-tub, a pan of boiling water and pieces of blanket. She accepted each patient on two conditions: that she should have his doctor's specific permission to work on the case, and that the patient should make no attempt to pay her. She wanted no one to have any basis for calling her a quack.

So began Elizabeth Kenny's lonely war to gain full professional acceptance for her polio treatment. In the following years she knew heartbreak and humiliation as the "Kenny Method" raised storms of controversy in medical circles. Her first official triumph came in 1934 when a state-supported Kenny Clinic and Training School was opened in Brisbane. Then, in 1940, the Australian Government sent her to the United States to obtain the opinions of American medical men. She was brushed off in New York and Chicago; but the Mayo Clinic told her of a polio epidemic in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and sent her to us. At the University of Minnesota she met Dr. Miland Knapp, professor of physical therapy; Dr. Wallace Cole, chief orthopaedic surgeon; and Dr. Pohl. All three let her treat some of

*their patients. At last she had made important allies.*

*As her fame spread, polio victims came from far and wide; so many that a financial problem arose. "We can't ask the taxpayers of Minneapolis to support the recovery of the entire world's polio victims," I said to her.*

*"I will not permit anyone to pay for this treatment," she replied. (She herself lived on a modest monthly stipend and would accept no more.)*

I suggested that a Kenny Foundation should be set up to solicit donations. She agreed, provided that the foundation was international in character. The method, she said, belonged to mankind, not to any city or country. A number of local businessmen contributed heavily and, though I was anxious and determined to return to my own business interests, I agreed to serve temporarily as president.

Sister was right when she said her work belonged to the world. For now the world sent for her whenever there was a polio outbreak. Kenny therapists went to Argentina; Sister herself travelled to London, Paris, Brussels and Moscow. "When my hat's on, my house is thatched," she smiled.

Universities conferred honorary degrees upon her. The United Nations gave her a special citation.

*In 1950 the United States Congress bestowed upon her the right of unrestricted entry to the country, permitting her to come and go as she pleased—the first foreign national to be so honoured since Lafayette.*

Finally, in 1951, she retired and went back to Australia. There, at her home in Toowoomba, she died of a stroke the following year.

The Kenny Method has long since been recognized as one of the most effective treatments for polio, and her work still flourishes. Besides providing rehabilitation for polio victims, the Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation has helped to finance the recently announced tests of a live-virus oral vaccine which may eradicate polio once and for all. Today the Foundation provides a number of research scholarships for doctors, and makes funds available to many universities and hospitals for research in all neuro-muscular diseases and disorders.

I shall never forget the years of struggle, when Sister Kenny would bring me her impossible demands with the blunt, insistent question, "What are you going to do about it?" I have finally answered the question. Last year I rid myself of my remaining business interests to devote all my energies to the Kenny Foundation. Remembering her, I could not do otherwise.

J

B. PRIESTLEY, explaining why he reads detective stories: "When you come to the end of a crime novel, something at least in this huge, chaotic world has been settled." —"London Letter" in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*

# SCIENCE ARMS TOMORROW'S TROOPS

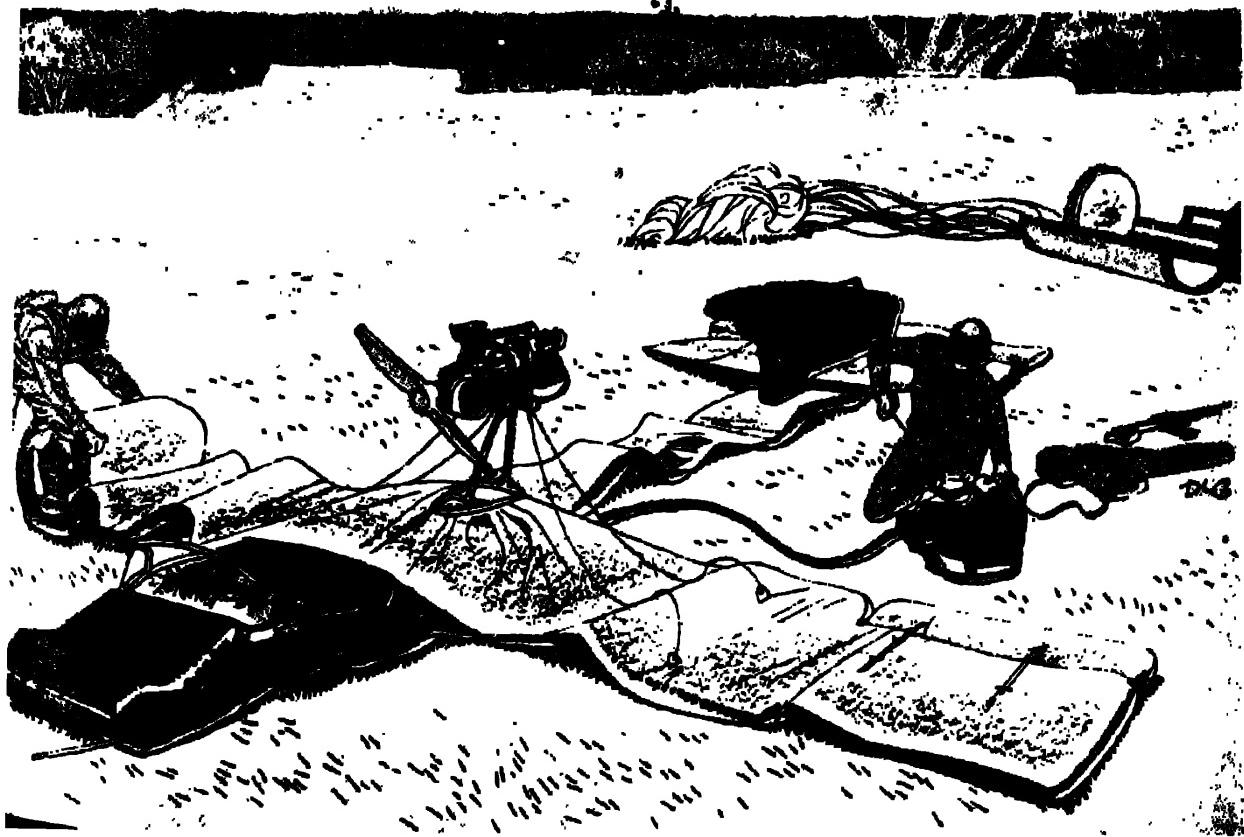
*These fantastic new weapons and techniques make modern warfare sound like science fiction*

By John Hubbell

THE two soldiers hid in a grove of trees at the edge of a clearing deep in enemy territory. Hours earlier, they had destroyed a particularly troublesome missile-launching site.

Now they were anxious to reach their own territory, but certain they could never do it on foot, for fast-moving patrols were hunting them.

One man stood on watch; the other spoke softly into a walkie-talkie-type transmitter. Soon a big cargo-carrying aircraft burst low over the clearing and para-dropped a cylindrical canister about the size of two oil drums. Rushing to it, the soldiers pulled out a piece of floppy, rubbery material and quickly spread it on the ground.



The hose from a compressed-air pump was fitted to a valve. In seconds, a full-blown aircraft stood nearly ready for take-off! All that remained was to lock the light, 42-horse-power engine in place atop the centre of the wing. In less than five minutes the two soldiers were airborne and heading for home.

That incident is from a war that hasn't happened yet. But the Inflatoplane has happened. It is made of tough, lightweight synthetic fabric. It weighs 205 pounds, has a 22-foot wing-span and needs only 100 yards for take-off. Its top speed is 72 miles an hour, and it can cruise at 60 for six and a half hours.

The Inflatoplane represents the kind of thinking being done by America's industrial and military scientists, whose mission is to provide ground forces with the means to fight a war of any size or type—nuclear or conventional—anywhere in the world.

New weapons, already in existence, will make it unnecessary for the foot soldier to crawl to within point-blank range of enemy tanks or machine-gun nests in order to deliver a killing shot. He will have a new grenade which can be launched from a rifle and is powerful enough to destroy virtually any target within 120 yards. There is also a new 3.5-inch rocket launcher, weighing only 15 pounds, which fires a rocket that will pierce any armoured vehicle or pillbox. And there is a 106-mm. recoil-less rifle which is able to destroy

almost anything within a mile. It can be mounted on a jeep and fired rapidly by two infantrymen.

Of great potential use against low-flying planes is the new Red-Eye. Designed to be used by one foot-soldier, the weapon is only four feet long, weighs only 20 pounds. It fires a guided missile with an infra-red "heat-seeker" in its nose that will carry it to any strafing or bombing plane that gets within its range.

A flying jeep and a one-man flying platform—no more difficult to operate than a motor-cycle—have already been built. Being studied is a saucer-shaped, magic-carpet-like device which will lift the infantryman a few feet off the ground and carry him towards his objective at 50 to 70 miles an hour. A jump belt—a belt with five small canisters of solid fuel and a jet exhaust over each hip—has been successfully tested. It will vault a man to the top of a two-storey building, enable him to leap 50-foot obstacles or "walk" cross-country at 35 miles an hour.

A troop-carrier aircraft is being developed which can take off and land vertically in small clearings, like a helicopter. Such aircraft can either land troops behind the enemy or drop them from a low altitude. (Tomorrow's troops will have parachutes which enable them to jump safely from as low as 50 feet.)

Tanks and personnel- and weapons-carriers will be made of lightweight aluminium. They will be air-transportable, fast and highly

manoeuvrable on the ground and capable of "swimming" rivers. Their engines will run on any fuel available—petrol, diesel oil, even liquid gas.

**Logistics:** How will a nuclear-age army, constantly moving vast distances, be serviced? Supplies will be delivered to the troops by air drop; by cargo-carrying guided missiles like the Lobber, now under development; or by train-like, nuclear-powered, cross-country cargo-carriers, currently being studied.

Fuel for a mechanized army will be stored in huge, easily movable rubber bags of such tremendous capacity that they can re-supply major segments of an armoured division. The fuel will be delivered through an assault pipe-line, an easy-to-handle collapsible hose which can be laid at 20 miles an hour over any terrain by a ground vehicle or helicopter.

**Communications:** How will troops fighting a widely dispersed war be instantly advised of changing tactical situations and command decisions? The answer may be in long-range, transistorized electronic devices like one now under test—a radio set no bigger than two packets of cigarettes and weighing only one pound. It fits inside a helmet with a flexible aerial; the power supply and a microphone are in a small cylinder on the soldier's belt.

**Combat Surveillance:** How will the soldier find the enemy at long range? At night? In heavy weather?

Already a "Silent Sentry" radar, small enough to fit on a two-wheeled trailer, can spot a walking man several miles distant.

Not long ago I saw troops fighting a mock battle wearing infra-red binoculars attached to their helmets and using weapons equipped with telescopic infra-red sights. The binoculars provide the soldier with a clear view on the darkest night. The new sights may also be equipped with infra-red detectors, so that if enemy infra-red finds the wearer, a warning buzzes in a tiny ear-plug.

A new, snap-on "Multilite" sight, powered by available natural light, will cut a path of vision through haze, rain, snow, even fog, and give the soldier a clear alignment on any target within 1,200 feet.

An Intrusion Detector will throw down a long, invisible infra-red line in front of secure areas and will instantly sense the heat waves emanating from enemy bodies, weapons or vehicles. Truck-mounted Intrusion Detectors could search an immediate infantry combat area in less than four minutes.

**Security:** Against an enemy who uses nuclear shots with radioactive aftermaths, poison gases or bacteriological agents, tomorrow's soldier will have a variety of protective devices. He may find himself completely wrapped in an air-conditioned, rubberized suit with its own oxygen supply. He will carry an airtight gas mask made of soft, lightweight rubber. It needs no hose, no

*bulky canister of oxygen, and the soldier can speak clearly through filters.*

*He will have thermal protectors—strong, heat-resistant, curtain-like devices to protect exposed parts of the body from the heat of nuclear blasts. He will wear armoured vests and groin protectors not much heavier than a suit of ordinary underwear, yet strong enough to fend off low-velocity shrapnel hits. When he needs a hole to crawl into in a hurry,*

*a small, collapsible tripod will fire a rocket into the ground, blow a fox-hole three feet deep and three and a half feet in diameter.*

*Infantry units will carry small electronic devices which can jam and confuse the guidance systems of enemy missiles and set off enemy shells prematurely.*

*The science of ground warfare has come as far from the Second World War as that war was from the battle of Waterloo.*

### *Time Brings All Things*

***Odd Job.** In London, an industrial accident-claims tribunal heard a claimant's case, ruled that he "is fit for suitable work which does not involve standing, sitting, bending or lying down."*

***Controlled Tantrum.** In San Antonio, Texas, officials noted that inmates of the jail, who rioted for an hour, smashing windows and breaking water pipes, had first covered up their television sets with blankets.*

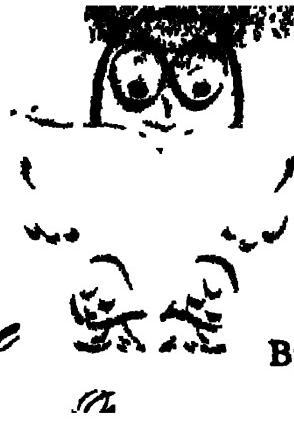
***Baby Sitter.** In Kansas City, Missouri, Harry Rosenthal pulled into a car park in his Isetta bubble-car, with its only door across the front, handed the car over to an attendant, came back several hours later to find the man—who had no idea how to put it in reverse—still sitting in the car, its front end tight against the car-park wall.*

***Sporting Life.** In Sacramento, California, a senator introduced a bill in the state legislature requiring hunters who shoot other hunters to send a report to the fish and game department within 48 hours.*

***Idea Men.** (1) In Buffalo, New York, Michael Gorman, who was upset, along with other mail handlers, by exhaust fumes from post-office delivery trucks at a loading platform, won a certificate of merit and a prize for his suggested solution: turn off the engines. (2) In Great Falls, Montana, after a month-long contest to name a new club for employees of the Great Northern Railway, the prize went to the suggestion of club president Lloyd Warnke: "The Great Northern Railway Employees Club."*

***Life of the Party.** In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, *Concord* magazine describing a woman who works in a mine, said: "Her unique experiences as processed by a lively wit make the lady miner—when she takes off her trousers and puts on her cosmetics—the most amusing evening companion south of the Sahara."*

—*Time*



## *It Pays to Increase Your*

By Wilfred Funk

PSYCHOLOGISTS say that the breadth of a person's mental experience is indicated by a number of words that have a meaning for him. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **diversification**—A: confusion. B: repetition. C: entertainment. D: variety.
- (2) **ruminante** (rōō' mē nātē)—A: to wander around. B: reside in the country. C: ponder. D: make larger.
- (3) **proximity** (prōks im' i tē)—A: nearness. B: state of being almost correct. C: substitution. D: distance.
- (4) **rehabilitate**—A: to acquaint. B: restore to good condition. C: tear down. D: review.
- (5) **decrepit**—A: disreputable. B: mean. C: depraved. D: broken-down.
- (6) **disquietude**—A: calm. B: serious contemplation. C: uneasiness. D: untrustworthiness.
- (7) **commemorative**—A: pertaining to learning by heart. B: arranged in order. C: flattering. D: in celebration of.
- (8) **repetitive**—A: persistent. B: small-minded. C: repeating. D: irritating.
- (9) **artifice** (ahr' tī fēs)—A: clever stratagem. B: skilled workmanship. C: silly vanity. D: framework.
- (10) **habituated**—A: lived-in. B: accustomed. C: extremely bored. D: posed for effect.
- (11) **unilateral**—A: consisting of one letter only. B: belonging to all. C: one-sided. D: unvarying.
- (12) **apropos** (a prō pō')—A: suited to the occasion. B: near by. C: thoughtful. D: stylish.
- (13) **paroxysm** (pär' ök sëz'm)—A: timidity. B: fit. C: deep thought. D: riot.
- (14) **circumlocution** (sur kum lō kū-shun)—A: grammatical error. B: rambling. C: roundabout way of talking. D: prudence.
- (15) **adamant**—A: unyielding. B: jewel-like. C: blue. D: crystal-clear.
- (16) **accentuate**—A: to affect. B: emphasize. C: be eccentric. D: speak with a brogue.
- (17) **alliteration** (ä lit er äy' shun)—A: repetition of the same letter or sound. B: stammering. C: inability to read or write. D: act of lining up.
- (18) **commitment**—A: illegal act. B: prophecy. C: mixture. D: pledge.
- (19) **discommodate**—A: to confuse. B: make uncomfortable. C: dispossess. D: disapprove.
- (20) **fallible** (fäl' ī b'l)—A: indecisive. B: foolish. C: likely to be erroneous. D: fickle.

- Answers to -

## "IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER"

- (1) **diversification**—D: Variety; act of making diverse or varied; as, *diversification* of crops. Latin *diversus*, “diverse,” and *ficare*, “to make.”
- (2) **ruminante**—C: To ponder or meditate; as, to *ruminante* upon the past. Latin *ruminare*, “to chew over again.”
- (3) **proximity**—A: Nearness; as, the *proximity* of two cities. Latin *proximus*, “nearest.”
- (4) **rehabilitate**—B: To restore to good condition; as, to *rehabilitate* the spirit with music. Latin *re-*, “again,” and *babilitatus*, “fitted out.”
- (5) **decrepit**—D: Broken-down from long use; worn-out; as, a *decrepit* car. Latin *decrepitus*.
- (6) **disquietude**—C: Uneasiness; absence of peace and quiet; as, *disquietude* of mind. Latin *dis-*, “not”, and *quietus*, “quiet.”
- (7) **commemorative**—D: In celebration of; designed to keep in memory; as, a stamp *commemorative* of Arctic exploration. Latin *commemorare*, “to bring to another’s remembrance.”
- (8) **repetitive**—C: Repeating; characterized by needless repetition; as, a *repetitive* phrase. Latin *repetere*, “to strive after again.”
- (9) **artifice**—A: Clever stratagem; trickery; as, to deceive an opponent by *artifice*. Latin *artificium*, “cunning or craft.”
- (10) **habituated**—B: Accustomed; made familiar by use or habit; as, *habituated* to rural quiet. Latin *habituare*, “to bring into a condition.”

- (11) **unilateral**—C: One-sided; affecting one side only; as, a *unilateral* agreement. Latin *uni-*, “one,” and *latus*, “side, flank.”
- (12) **apropos**—A: Suited to the occasion; apt; as, an *apropos* remark. French *à*, “to,” and *propos*, “purpose.”
- (13) **paroxysm**—B: A fit or convulsion; as, a *paroxysm* of rage. Greek *paroxusmos*, “great intensity or sharpening.”
- (14) **circumlocution**—C: A roundabout way of talking; use of more or longer words than necessary; as, a wary statement shrouded in *circumlocution*. Latin *circumlocutio*, from *circum*, “around,” and *loqui*, “to speak.”
- (15) **adamant**—A: Unyielding; immovable; as, to be stubbornly *adamant* against argument. Greek *adamas*; *a-*, “not,” and *daman*, “to tame.”
- (16) **accentuate**—B: To emphasize; bring out distinctly; intensify; as, to *accentuate* a discord. Latin *accentus*; *ad*, “to,” and *cenere*, “to sing.”
- (17) **alliteration**—A: Repetition of a sound at the beginning of words in a phrase; as, the first flicker of flame. Latin *alliteratio*; *ad*, “to,” and *litera*, “letter.”
- (18) **commitment**—D: A pledge; promise to act; as, to make a political *commitment*. Latin *committo*, from *cum*, “with,” and *mittere*, “to send.”
- (19) **discommode**—B: To make uncomfortable; disturb; annoy or cause inconvenience; as, “Customs inspection may *discommode* the traveller.” Latin *dis-*, “not,” and *commodus*, “convenient.”
- (20) **fallible**—C: Likely to be erroneous or inaccurate; as, “His judgement is *fallible*.” Latin *fallibilis*, from *fallere*, “to make a slip.”

### Vocabulary Ratings

|                     |           |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 20-19 correct ..... | excellent |
| 18-16 correct ..... | good      |
| 15-14 correct ..... | fair      |



## *Mexico's Teacher-President*

President López Mateos spent many years as a teacher before he became his country's leader. He is still teaching, and his classroom is as big as Mexico

*By Max Eastman*

I RECEIVED my first personal impression of Adolfo López Mateos by mere chance. I was looking at the famous Diego Rivera murals on the first floor of the National Palace in Mexico City, when I heard a rising clamour. A crowd of some 500 people came thundering up the stairs; on an impulse I joined the procession. We crowded into a long, stately hall, jamming it to the doors except for a small space kept clear by uniformed

guards at one end. In a few moments the President stepped into that space, smiling, and was received with tumultuous applause.

He shook hands with five of my "companions"—evidently the spokesmen for the crowd, for after the greetings each of them addressed him in a ten-minute formal speech. In simplicity and quiet composure he listened, with a steady, unremitting gaze into the eyes of each speaker. When the fifth delegate

had spoken, he answered with a few words, shook hands all round once more and withdrew.

It was a typical—and touching—little ceremony. This crowd, composed mostly of villagers and farmers, had trekked all the way from the state of San Luis Potosí, 125 miles north, to thank López Mateos for their liberation from a political boss—*cacique* is the Mexican word. López Mateos had not personally liberated them, of course; they had liberated themselves—but they had done it in the moral climate he had created, and under the stimulus of his political idealism.

Few presidents have entered office with more popular trust and affection, or a firmer admiration, than did López Mateos last December. His administration has almost the quality of a crusade. One reason for this, I think, was his electoral campaign in the autumn of 1958, during which he spent more time listening to representatives of the local population—from farm-hands to bankers—than in talking. Those long hours of listening made him what an ideal president ought to be: of all the citizens of his country the best-informed about its life and problems.

Another reason is that, after the inauguration, the important offices were given not to López Mateos' friends but to men with special training and superior qualifications. His friends, however, have volunteered in astonishing numbers—

some at a sharp sacrifice of their own interests—to serve anonymously in any way they can help him.

It is not hard to see why the President inspires such devotion. López Mateos has many attributes: a keen and clear mind, a sense of humour, candour and honesty, tireless energy and total dedication to his task. He is a scholar, an athlete, a brilliant orator, an organizer, has a genius for conciliating hostile interests, and is so good-looking that you wonder how he ever got past the girls on his way up to manhood.

López Mateos was born in a small village near Mexico City in 1910, year of the birth of Mexico's revolution. His father, a dental surgeon, died a few months later, and his mother brought up her five children alone, instilling in them love of Mexico as well as love of ideas. His tendencies, both of heart and mind, are revealed in a question he asked when just over six years old: "Mamma, why do I have to learn out of a book what Mexico is? Isn't everything I see Mexico? Isn't that mountain Mexico, and the river, and me?"

A brilliant child, he entered a French school in Mexico City on a scholarship when he was nine and studied so feverishly that he earned the right to put "Señor" in front of his name—an honour bestowed on outstanding pupils. At 15, "Señor" López Mateos entered the Scientific and Literary Institute of Toluca, 35 miles from his home. He walked

that 35 miles back and forth many a week-end, partly to save the bus fare, partly because he loves hiking. (He once hiked all the way to Guatemala, 800 miles over the mountains.) To help pay for his education, he got a job as librarian that enabled him to earn 30 pesos a month (then about Rs. 40) and at the same time do something he dearly loved: read books.

"He did more thinking than the rest of us," a fellow student of López Mateos told me. "But he was also full of jokes and laughter, and loved sports. On Sunday mornings he would get up at dawn, put on a pair of thick boots and climb to the top of Zinantécatl, a 15,000-foot, snow-capped mountain. And nobody could beat him at boxing. In fact at one time he held the amateur featherweight boxing championship of Mexico."

When he was 19, the young man won another distinction. *El Universal*, a newspaper in Mexico City, organized a contest among students for the oratorical championship of Mexico. López Mateos won it hands down, with two orations: one on the lyrical beauties of the Spanish language, the other on the folly and barbarity of war.

"His voice was robust, his gestures were expressive; he launched his metaphors with perfect mastery," *El Universal* reported.

But besides "launching metaphors"—an important art in Latin America—López Mateos outlined a

practical plan for a permanent world court of arbitration, elected by the people of all nations.

In 1929 he entered the University of Mexico. It was the year in which the students of the university waged a veritable war for its freedom from control by the state or by any outside authority. This fight for "academic freedom" was so fierce that the President of Mexico called a special session of Congress to pass a law granting autonomy to the university. That victory was so big a step forward in Mexico's democratic progress that when they speak of "the generation of 1929," they mean people indelibly impressed as students with the principles of human freedom. López Mateos belongs to that generation. He was a leader among those embattled students.

Eventually López Mateos got a law degree and was admitted to the Bar, but in 1943 he returned to the Institute of Toluca as its director, or president. On his departure the students invented for him the title "Godfather of Students," which they have since conferred each year on a favourite member of the faculty.

One of López Mateos' friends at that time was a rapidly rising lawyer named Miguel Alemán. In 1945 Alemán was nominated for the presidency and asked his friend for his help in the campaign. López Mateos performed brilliantly; Alemán was elected. The next year López Mateos was elected to the Senate.

Alemán sent him to attend international conferences in Washington, Argentina and Switzerland, and he grew steadily in stature. In 1951, when Ruiz Cortines was nominated as President—in Mexico a President cannot succeed himself—López Mateos managed his campaign. On inauguration day, President Ruiz Cortines appointed López Mateos as Secretary of Labour and Social Welfare.

In this position from 1952 to 1957, he performed a great and unique service to Mexico. He converted this rather unimportant bureaucratic office into an active department, and his success in settling conflicts between labour and management was little short of miraculous.

"Before the personality of this man," said a former colleague in the secretariat, "his good humour, expert knowledge, patience and persistence, there was no problem that couldn't be solved."

His associates say that time and again he would spend the whole night in his office, reasoning with representatives of workers and employers. Once when a strike of the Electrical Workers threatened serious damage to the economy of the country, he lived in his office for seven days and seven nights.

"This man is always bringing me problems," President Ruiz Cortines said, but added with a smile, "—solved problems!"

The number of labour-management conflicts settled peacefully

before López Mateos took office averaged about 3,000 a year; during his tenure as Labour Secretary the average was 10,000. Of the 62,191 disputes handled in six years, only 13 led to strikes. Partly as a result of this record, President Ruiz Cortines backed López Mateos as his successor. Both labour and business organizations endorsed him enthusiastically.

I was received by the President in his charming eight-roomed home in Mexico City, where he lives with his wife, Eva Sámano, a former teacher, and his 16-year-old daughter Avecita. We talked in his library, which I found lined to the ceiling with both modern and classic works of sociology, economics and public law.

Poised and strong and easeful in his movements, López Mateos looks the athlete that he is. There is a sweetness—I can't think of any other word—in his expression, and a thoughtfulness so serious that his laugh comes like the turning on of a light. He laughed when I asked him his "magic formula" for reconciling the interests of capital and labour. Then he said reflectively: "I always started with the assumption that both sides were right."

López Mateos—and Mexico—have many problems, and many opportunities. Since the Second World War, Mexico has been experiencing an industrial explosion. It has given tremendous impetus to the growth of the middle class, which had been slowly emerging in a society that,

before the revolution, consisted of a few rich people and millions of barefoot peons. The growing middle class now numbers perhaps nine million of a 33-million population—with regular earnings, some of the luxuries of life and ambitious dreams for their children. López Mateos himself is a ranking leader of this new middle class.

Absorbed in the scramble towards prosperity, most Mexicans refuse to worry about the cold war or take more than a modest part in the Free World's mutual-security programmes. They have neither asked for nor received foreign aid. Yet it is impossible to remain entirely aloof from the main struggle of our time.

The U.S.S.R., for example, maintains a very large embassy staff in Mexico: some 120 people. Last April the Communists engineered a railway strike as the first step in a plan to break down the country's economy. López Mateos jailed the leader of this subversive strike and about 100 of his co-conspirators. Shortly thereafter two members of the Soviet embassy who were implicated left Mexico. Such prompt and clearheaded action by a man renowned for his genius for conciliation confirms the opinion that López Mateos has, besides his gentler qualities, an iron determination.

One of his major preoccupations as President of Mexico is to hasten

the development of her economy. A government agency called *Nacional Financiera* conceives and finances new industries when sufficient private capital is not available. Since 1946 it has started or expanded more than 200 factories: steel, copper, chemicals, fertilizers, textiles, paper. At the same time, the government provides a welter of expensive social services.

"Aren't you worried," I asked the President, "by the tendency of the state to grow into a kind of monster that swallows everything, free enterprise included?"

He said this did worry him—but insisted that in Mexico private initiative has not yet reached the point where it can dispense with the state as promoter of economic and social development. Such development lies closest to his heart, and in that task he is a radical—even, as they still like to say in Mexico, a revolutionary. But his radicalism is restrained by an absolute belief in the reign of law. "Our Constitution," he has said, "is our faith and our battle flag."

Mexico is, in population, the third largest country of the Western Hemisphere. After as wild and furious an adolescence as any country can remember, she has of recent years been achieving a firm political maturity.

The election of López Mateos was a culminating point in this process.

*Hardening of the heart ages people more quickly than hardening of the arteries.*

—W.W.C.

*Under the right circumstances, today's wonder drugs can be lifesavers. But there's danger in indiscriminate use*

## Why Doctors Hesitate to Prescribe Antibiotics

*By Albert Maisel*

**Y**OU WAKE UP with a raw throat, a mounting temperature, an all-over ache. Plaintively you ask your doctor for an antibiotic. But he hesitates. "Just stay in bed," he tells you. "Let's see what develops."

Should you argue with him? Call in another doctor? Take the leftover pills from a previous illness? Better not. Behind your doctor's hesitation lie sound reasons for caution and delay.

*No antibiotic yet developed has been proved effective against the common cold, influenza and viral—or atypical—pneumonia.* Antibiotics are still generally effective against strep throats, tonsillitis and bacterial pneumonia. But these account for only five per cent of all respiratory infections, and the early symptoms are often similar to those of diseases that antibiotics cannot help. As a

result, the cautious doctor may prefer to delay antibiotic treatment until he can feel reasonably sure what is causing his patient's illness. Good diagnosticians can usually distinguish within 24 hours between those few respiratory infections that will respond to antibiotics and the 95 per cent that won't.

*Antibiotics may evoke allergic reactions ranging from nettle rash to sudden death.* Our first exposure to an antibiotic may cause no visible damage. But if we are allergy-prone—and one person in ten is—once we are primed or sensitized to an antibiotic, any subsequent exposure may mean trouble. In hundreds of cases people have experienced severe allergic outbreaks only after their tenth, or even twentieth treatment with these drugs.

In some extremely sensitive people,

the barest trace of an antibiotic may touch off a major reaction. There is, for instance, the case of a woman who dissolved a penicillin tablet in a sugar solution for her ailing granddaughter. She tasted the solution herself to test its sweetness, and quickly went into shock. Another person suffered a violent reaction a few minutes after applying an antibiotic ointment to a skin abrasion. Still another major allergic response was triggered by merely sucking an antibiotic tablet.

Penicillin—still our number one antibiotic—is the worst offender in provoking allergies. These may occur in about ten per cent of the patients receiving the drug. Fortunately most reactions are mild, but even the severe reactions are becoming more common. In the United States over 1,000 deaths have been traced to penicillin allergies. In Britain the figure is much smaller, but authorities believe that there have been many additional fatalities, mis-identified. As the newer antibiotics have come into ever wider use, more and more of us have become sensitized to them as well.

When penicillin reactions do occur, they can often—but by no means always—be relieved by injections of cortisone, antihistamines or adrenalin. Penicillinase, an enzyme that destroys penicillin in the body, is useful in counteracting acute reactions—but recently several doctors have reported severe allergic shock reactions as a result of using it. The

newest hope for reducing penicillin allergies lies in new synthetic penicillins, still in the testing stage.

*Antibiotics may alter the natural germ balance in our bodies.* Thousands of millions of bacteria and fungi are always present in our mouths, throats and intestinal tracts. Some of them are essential to the digestive process; others, in the colon, manufacture certain essential vitamins. Even those that do us no direct good, at least do us no known harm. But when antibiotics are introduced into our systems, they selectively kill off some of these microbes and upset nature's delicate germ balance. Other microbes may then multiply at an explosive rate and make us the victims of so-called super-infections. Thus, a form of pneumonia may actually develop as a result of penicillin treatment. When antibiotic lozenges are used, mouth sores may develop as a result of microbial overgrowth. Staphylococci may invade the intestinal tract, thus causing a raging bowel disease.

*Antibiotic dosing encourages the development of resistant bacteria.* When penicillin was first developed, it made short work of the boils, bone infections and blood-stream diseases caused by staphylococci. But as the susceptible germs succumbed, mutant strains—resistant to penicillin—survived and multiplied. Streptomycin could knock over these penicillin-resistant staph bugs, but gradually streptomycin also lost its

punch. Then the tetracycline antibiotics came along to save the day. But the same cycle has been repeating itself, and staphylococci and other bacteria have now developed in forms resistant to most of the commonly used antibiotics. The result has been hundreds of epidemic outbreaks of staphylococcal diseases—mostly in hospitals—since 1954. In a recent outbreak in a Glasgow hospital there were six cases—two of them fatal—in 15 days.

One person in 17 in Britain carries in his nose staphylococci that are penicillin-resistant. Of hospital patients with staphylococcal infections, it has been estimated that four infections out of five are penicillin-resistant, one in two is streptomycin-resistant and one in three resistant to tetracycline.

Because of the mounting danger from resistant bacteria, many hospitals and doctors are restricting the use of one or more of the newer antibiotics, such as novobiocin, spontin, erythromycin, kanamycin and vancocin, saving them as reserves to fight resistant bugs.

THESE ARE the major reasons why your doctor—why all good doctors—no longer use antibiotics lightly, as a “shotgun” treatment. For your sake he’s saving them for the time when their wonderful powers may be really essential. So don’t press him for antibiotics before he has diagnosed your illness. Don’t get disturbed if he decides it’s safer not to use them. Never ask him to prescribe an antibiotic, or to renew a prescription for one, over the phone. Never take any antibiotic unless it has been specifically prescribed for your current illness.

If you’ve ever suffered from asthma, hay fever, food allergies or any other allergic reaction, remind your doctor of this fact. To protect yourself, it’s also advisable to carry a card in your wallet, reading: “Allergic, proceed with caution.”

One final word. If your doctor decides you need antibiotic treatment, follow his instructions without fear. He has made his diagnosis, he has determined the proper procedure, and your co-operation is needed if his treatment is to be effective.



*V*ICE-ADMIRAL Rickover, analysing why the U.S. Congress goes steady on funds for education but spends thousands of millions of dollars on armaments: “If the Russians announced today that they were going to send a man to hell, there would be at least two government agencies before the appropriations committee of Congress tomorrow, with their public-relations men, asking for money on the grounds that we’ve got to get there first.”

—Quote

# When the Punishment Breeds the Crime

A distinguished psychiatrist explains why the punishment of criminals is condemned to failure and suggests a more rewarding way to deal with society's outcasts

*By Dr. Karl Menniger*

**S**INCE ANCIENT times, criminal law and penology have been based upon what psychologists call the "pain-pleasure" principle—the theory that human beings, like all other living creatures, tend to move away from pain and towards pleasure. Hence, the way to control behaviour is to reward what is "good" and punish what is "bad." This formula pervades our programmes of child-rearing and education and is the basis of the generally accepted belief that fear of punishment deters crime.

Yet it is no secret that our official,

DR. KARL MENNINGER originally presented this searching commentary in a speech before the Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association. Chief of staff of the world-famous Menninger Foundation psychiatric clinic, Dr. Menninger is also consultant to a number of public and private organizations.

prison-threat theory of crime control is an utter failure. Criminologists have known this for years. When picking pockets was punishable by hanging, the crowds that gathered round the gallows to enjoy the spectacle were particularly likely to have their pockets picked by operators who, to say the least, were not deterred by the exhibition of "justice." We have long known that the perpetrators of most offences are never detected; of those detected, only a fraction are found guilty and still fewer serve a "sentence." Furthermore, we are quite certain now that, of those who do not receive the official punishment of the law, many become firmly committed thereby to a continuing life of crime.

Today the science of human behaviour has gone far beyond the "common sense" of the early legal

statutes. Slapping the hand of a beloved child as he reaches to do a forbidden act is utterly different from the institutionalized process of official punishment. The offenders who are thrown into our prisons are not anyone's beloved children; they are usually unloved children, grown-up physically but still hungry for the human concern which they never got or never get in normal ways. So they pursue it in abnormal ways.

The restraints of conscience, self-respect and the wish for social approval, which deter most of us from conduct which our neighbours would not like, do not necessarily deter the grown-up child of vastly different background. His experiences may have conditioned him to believe that the chances of winning by undetected cheating are vastly greater than the probabilities of fair treatment and opportunity. He knows about the official threats and the social disapproval of such acts. He knows about the risks. But despite all this "knowledge," he becomes involved in waves of discouragement or cupidity or excitement or resentment leading to episodes of social offensiveness.

These episodes may sometimes have an aura of success. In general, though, the gains and goals of the social offender are not those which most men seek. Moreover, it is not generally the successful professional criminals upon whom we inflict our antiquated penal system. It is the unsuccessful criminal who gets caught

—the clumsy, desperate and obscure, the friendless, defective and diseased. In some instances the crime he commits is the merest accident or incident or impulse. More often the offender is a persistently perverse, lonely and resentful individual who joins the only group for which he is eligible—the outcast and the anti-social.

And what do we do with such offenders? After a solemn public ceremony we pronounce them enemies of the people, and consign them for arbitrary periods to institutional confinement. Here they languish until time has ground out so many weary months and years. Then, with a stupidity surpassed only by that of their original incarceration, they are dumped back upon society, with every certainty that changes have taken place in them for the worse. Once more they enter the unequal tussle with society. Proscribed for employment by most concerns, they are expected to invent a new way to make a living and to survive without any further help.

The sensible, scientific question is: What kind of treatment could be instituted that would be most likely to deter such misfits from crime?

If we were to follow scientific methods, the convicted offender would be detained indefinitely, pending a decision as to whether and how and when to reintroduce him successfully into society. The skill and knowledge of modern

behavioural science would be used to examine his personality assets, his liabilities and potentialities.

Having arrived at some diagnostic grasp of the offender's personality, those in charge could decide whether there is a chance that he can be redirected successfully. If so, the most suitable techniques in education, industrial training and psychotherapy should be applied. If, in due time, perceptible change occurs, the process should be expedited by finding a suitable spot in society and industry for him, and getting him into civil status (with parole control) as quickly as possible.

The desirability of moving patients out of institutional control swiftly is something which we psychiatrists have learnt by experience. Ten years ago, in the mental hospital I know best, the average length of stay was five years; today it is three months! Ten years ago few patients were discharged under two years; today 90 per cent are discharged within the first year. Ten years ago the hospital was overcrowded; today there are empty beds.

But some patients do not respond to our efforts and have to remain in the hospital, or return to it after a trial home visit.

And if the *prisoner*, like some of the psychiatric patients, cannot be changed by genuine efforts to rehabilitate him, we must look *our* failure in the face, and provide for his continued confinement. This we owe society for its protection.

The programme of modern penology I have outlined is held back by the continued use of fixed sentences; by the assumption that burying a frustrated individual in a hole for a time will change his warped mind, and that when he is certainly worse, he should be released because his "time" has been served; by the persistent failure of the law to distinguish between crime as an explosive event, crime as a behaviour pattern expressive of chronic frustration, and crime as a business or elected way of life.

We psychiatrists don't want *anyone* excused for misconduct, certainly not anyone who shows serious anti-social tendencies; but neither do we want anyone stupidly disposed of, uselessly detained or prematurely released. In the psychiatrist's view, *nothing* should be done in the name of punishment.

To a doctor discussing the wiser treatment of our fellow men it seems hardly necessary to add that under no circumstances should we kill them. It was never considered right for doctors to kill their patients, no matter how hopeless their condition. Similarly capital punishment is, in my opinion, morally wrong. Punishing—and even killing—criminals may yield a kind of grim gratification; let us all admit that there are times when we are so shocked at the depredations of an offender that we persuade ourselves that this is a man the Creator didn't intend to create, and that we had better help

to correct the mistake. But playing God in this way has no conceivable moral or scientific justification.

Let us return then to the question: "Verdict guilty—now what?" My answer is that now we, the agents of the society which has failed to integrate this man, should take over. It is *our* move. And our move must be a constructive one—not a primitive, retaliatory punishment. There is no need for the frightened vengeance of the old penology. We want a therapeutic programme bent on returning as many offenders

as possible to useful citizenship.

Once we adopt diagnostic treatment directed towards getting the prisoners *out* of jail and back to work, the taboo on prisons, like that on mental hospitals, will begin to diminish. Once it was a lifelong disgrace to have been in either. Lunatics, as they were cruelly called, were feared and avoided. Today only the ignorant retain this phobia. The time will come when offenders, much as we disapprove of their offences, will no longer be unemployable untouchables.

### *Grandmother's Recipe*

YEARS AGO when my mother was a bride, my Kentucky grandmother gave her her recipe for washing clothes. This treasured bit of writing now hangs above my gleaming automatic washing machine as a grateful reminder of today's mechanical blessings.

1. bild fire in back yard to het kettle of rain water.
2. set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is peart.
3. shave 1 hole cake lie sope in bilin' water.
4. sort things. make 3 piles. 1 pile white. 1 pile cullord. 1 pile werk briches and rags.
5. stur flour in cold water to smooth then thin down with bilin' water.
6. rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, bile. rub colored but don't bile just rench and starch.
7. take white things out of kettle with broom stick handel then rench, blew, and starch.
8. spred tee towels on grass.
9. hang old rags on fence.
10. pore rench water in flower bed.
11. scrub porch with hot sopy water.
12. go put on cleen dress—smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tee—set and rest and rock a spell and count bessins.

# Laughter the best medicine

ONE hot day a beggar collapsed in the street. Immediately a crowd gathered and began offering suggestions.

"Give the poor man a drink of whisky," a little old lady said.

"Give him some air," said several men.

"Give him a drink of whisky," said the old lady.

"Get him to a hospital," someone suggested.

"Give him a drink of whisky," said the old lady.

The babble continued until all at once the victim sat up.

"Will you all shut up and listen to the little old lady!" he shouted.

—J. S.

A LONDONER complained to a commuter friend that he didn't know any women and he was lonely. "I'll tell you what to do," the friend said. "This afternoon, catch a Cannon Street train to Sevenoaks. When you get there you'll see lots of attractive women waiting in their cars. Some of them will be disappointed because their husbands won't be on the train. The thing for you to do is to approach one of them, explain that you were expecting someone to meet you, and strike up a conversation."

That afternoon the city man went to Cannon Street and got on a train, but after it had started he discovered he'd taken one that didn't stop at Sevenoaks. It did stop at Tonbridge, though, and he reckoned the same tactics would work there. Sure enough at Tonbridge station there was a beautiful woman in a car looking forlorn because her husband hadn't shown up. The city man struck up a conversation with her. She was in a receptive mood, and invited him to her house for a drink. An hour later her husband came home and showed irritation in his curt greeting to his wife. Then he turned on the man. "And as for you," he stormed, "I told you to get off at Sevenoaks!"

Contributed by Paul Thompson

A TEXAN who started brooding over the fact that he was living in only the second largest state, went up to Alaska and asked: "How do I get to be an Alaskan?" The bartender in the Last Chance Saloon, planning on having a little fun with him, said: "Pardner, you can't be a full blooded Alaskan until you've downed a pint of whisky at one gulp, danced with an Eskimo and shot a polar bear."

"That's for me," said the Texan, and ordered the pint of whisky. He got it down at one gulp, although his eyes were glazing slightly as he lurched from the saloon. The boys waited for him until almost midnight, when he stumbled through the doors all scratched and ripped and bloody.

"Okay," he said, "I'm gonna be an Alaskan. Now where's that Eskimo I'm supposed to shoot?" —W. S. J.

**How to live *with* your family, not *for* them**

# *Do Your Children Run Your Home?*

By Sidonie Gruenberg  
with Llewellyn Miller

**F**AMILY AND friends had gathered to admire the first-born in a young family. One guest, the father of three teenagers, pointed to the sleeping infant. "He looks helpless, but don't be fooled," he said. "There lies a potential tyrant. He is plotting at this moment to run you and this house for the next 18 years."

He was joking, but there is truth in his warning. It is natural for children to test their power over parents and use it to the limit if they can get away with it. I have yet to know a child—from toddler to teenager—who did not make an all-out effort at some stage to run his home.

There is cause for concern only when parents do not clearly understand the vast difference in benefits

SIDONIE GRUENBERG, special consultant to a child study organization, is the author of 12 books on child care. She has four children and 11 grandchildren.

to everyone between a home which is managed with the whole family's interests in mind, and a home managed exclusively for the children. Families are happiest and most secure when parents are in firm control.

The following examples should help you see to what extent, if any, your children are running you and your home.

**Were they babied too long?** Janie, at four, is an expert in the use of the tantrum to dominate her home. When she was a baby, one of her parents rocked her to sleep each night, having read how important Tender-Loving-Care is. As Janie grew older this became a story-telling session—a rewarding time for all, until the parents realized that Janie was prolonging it, especially when they had other plans for the evening.

The first time they delegated the story-telling to a baby-sitter, Janie

## *DO YOUR CHILDREN RUN YOUR HOME?*

was outraged. Before the violence of her temper they gave in and stayed home long enough to soothe her to sleep.

That was all Janie needed. Now the parents accept only after-dinner dates and their own guests are often disconcerted by a long-delayed dinner while either host or hostess dis-

appears to talk Janie to sleep. These parents are confirming Janie's idea that to act like a demanding baby long after infancy pays off handsomely.

Steve is 12, but in a different fashion he, too, is still making a baby's autocratic demands for attention. He bursts in from school, shouting for his mother to help him find skates, biscuits or whatever.

"I'll just get him under way," his mother says indulgently, leaving her guests or dropping her work at the crack of his whip.

Steve's demands show clearly that he thinks the house is run for his special benefit—which it is.

**Is it easier to indulge than to discipline?** Diana is 13. In the division of family chores, her job is to wash the dinner dishes. She is at the telephoning stage, and the minute the meal is over she is on the phone.



After half an hour of chatter, friends arrive and she rushes for the door.

"You haven't done the dishes," her mother reminds her.

"Oh, Mother! My friends are waiting for me! Do I have to?" So her mother says affectionately, "Oh, well—go ahead, darling, and enjoy yourself."

"She is only young once, and it's so easy to keep her happy," the parents say, not realizing that the child who is allowed to run her home in such fashion is not learning the meaning of responsibility and the importance of mutual help.

**Is it easier to serve than to train children?** Eight-year-old Tommy is expected to clean the tub after his bath. But he dawdles, and after 20 minutes the tub is only moderately clean, the room is a shambles and the younger children are late starting their baths. Tommy's mother has

her hands full at the end of the day. "Stand aside, darling, I'll do it myself," she says, rather than take the time to train him to finish properly.

Lila and Ann run in from school full of a plan to make fudge. The mother agrees—"if you'll promise to have the kitchen clear by five." When it is time to start dinner, sticky pots and pans are all over the kitchen. It is easier for Mother to clean up the clutter herself; but if she does, these children will be inclined to think, as they grow older, that Mother should continue to clean up after them.

**Are you afraid of a showdown?** Louise, 13, comes down to breakfast one Saturday morning wearing lipstick and eye shadow. Her father says, "Go straight upstairs and wash that stuff off!"

"Oh, Father! Don't be so old-fashioned. *Everybody* wears make-up! Mother, do I have to be treated like a baby?"

"Well, I certainly don't think you are old enough to wear any to school," her mother says uncertainly, afraid to say "No" and hoping

to stay on both sides—an impossibility in this kind of showdown. The argument that followed this tacit encouragement was anguish-ing.

**Parents have to work as a team.** If they pull against each other, children quickly learn to play the deadly game of divide and conquer.

Many parents fear that they will lose their children's love by crossing them. But only by helping children to curb their impulses, and by guiding them to better uses of their energies, can parents gain that love. Children have a right to be heard—but we can be authoritative without being authoritarian.

The family is a unique character-building institution. No other arrangement can take its place because it gets there first, has continuity and works by love—three important advantages in developing responsibility and consideration. In a well-adjusted family, parents don't live *for* their children but *with* them, happily interdependent, with no one member of the family using power unjustly at the expense of the others.

### Raised Eyebrows

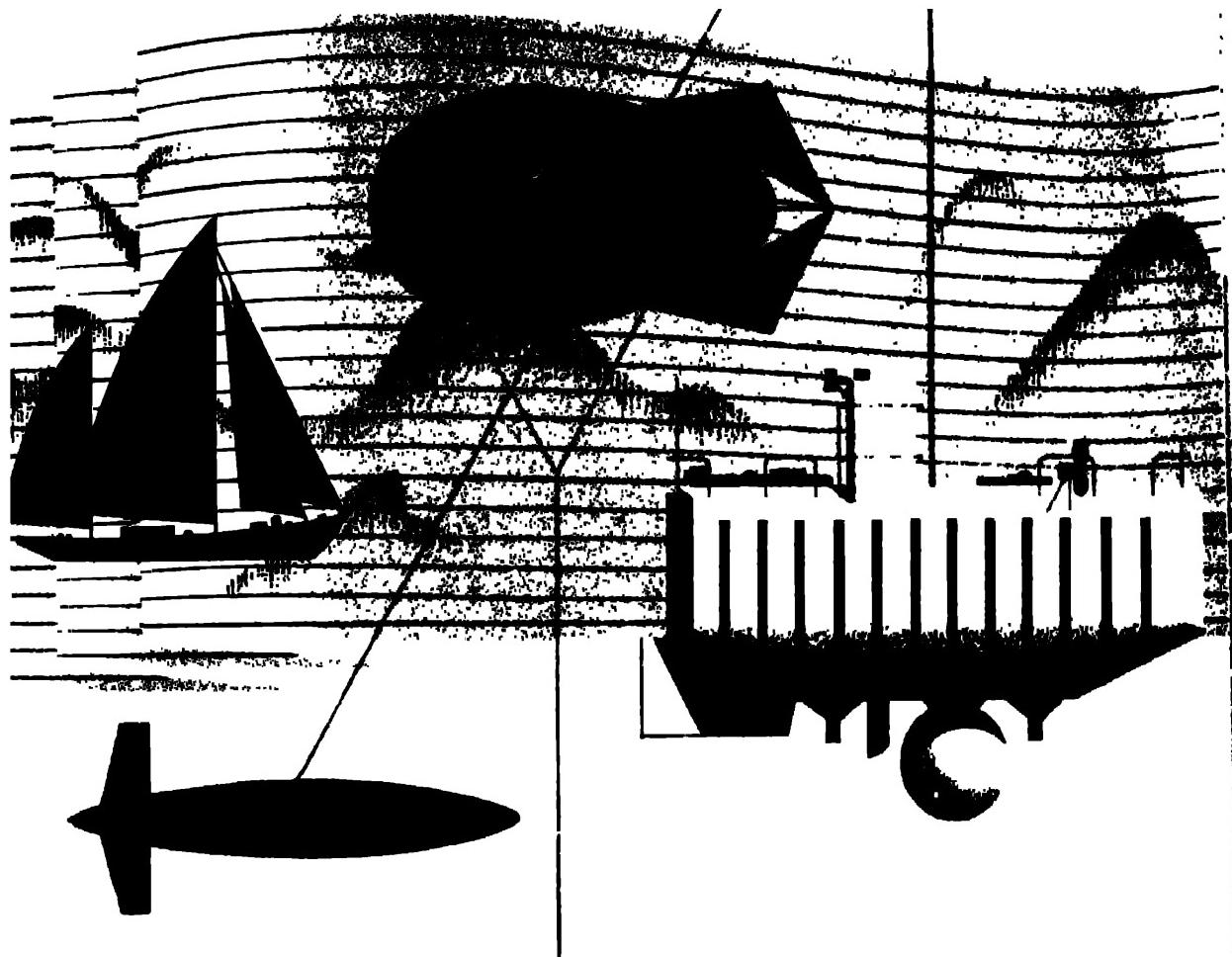
A DOCTOR attending a medical convention was talking to a spectacular blonde in the lobby of the hotel where he was staying when his wife suddenly emerged from the lift. Eyeing the departing figure, the wife snapped, "How do you happen to know her?"

"Oh, just professionally," the doctor replied.

The angry wife raised a sarcastic eyebrow. "Yours, or hers?" she meowed.

—D. N.

*Scientists, led by the oceanographers, rediscover the sea—"an inner space as important as outer space, but different"*



## Man's Newest Frontier: The Ocean

**I**N THE uneasy days before the Second World War a destroyer nosed through the warm waters of Guantánamo, Cuba. An experimental sonar gadget pinged steadily. It had worked perfectly on other occasions. But, in the tropics, it saw targets that were not there, missed targets that were. The best brains of the U.S. Navy were baffled. So an

officer was dispatched to the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on Cape Cod in Massachusetts.

Down from Woods Hole came the United States' only fully-fledged oceanographic vessel, the ketch *Atlantis*. Led by a tall young professor named Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, the Woods Hole oceanographers dropped thermometers into the

water, quickly spotted the trouble. It was a question of temperatures. Tropical sun had heated the water to a depth of 50 feet. The sound waves were bent by this temperature gradient, hiding a submarine as effectively as if it were behind a hill. Equipped with a gadget of Woods Hole's devising, a bathythermograph, many a submarine saved itself during the Second World War by finding a temperature "hill" in the ocean and slipping behind it.

This incident began a wartime romance between the U.S. Navy and oceanographers. In the next few years, oceanographers at Woods Hole and its Pacific counterpart, the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in California, trained hundreds of naval officers. They mapped currents, furnished charts to ships looking for downed airmen, predicted surf conditions for the landings on Sicily and Normandy. For some reason, neither the German nor Japanese navies got in touch with their oceanographers, who were excellent. "This made a hell of a difference in the war," says Iselin.

**New Frontier.** With the ocean now transformed from a barrier into a new and menacing frontier from which guided missiles could be launched, the U.S. Navy's concern with oceanography has expanded it into perhaps the fastest-growing science in the world. The oceanographic fleet has grown to 12 ocean-going vessels, backed by a swarm of small craft and expanding shore

establishments full of expensive apparatus. The Russians, equally alert to the ocean's dangers and possibilities, have 14 full-time oceanographic vessels roaming the seas.

What's more, other scientists have abruptly discovered the ocean. Geographers and geophysicists realize that most of the world's surface lies beneath the ocean, and recite the truism that the bottom of the ocean is not as well known as the near side of the moon. Discoveries follow every voyage. Under the Pacific, oceanographers have found deep trenches, at least one of them big enough to contain seven Grand Canyons, and a 1,000-mile range of high mountains that no one knew existed until a year ago.

Above its still-mysterious floor, the ocean is not homogeneous but is a vast, intricate structure of separate and distinct layers, each with its own character and individuality. Through the layers, mighty rivers stream on largely unknown courses, often flowing in opposite directions close to one another. Realizing ever more clearly that most weather originates over the oceans, meteorologists are studying these mighty motions as the key to the world's climate.

The ocean as a whole is a huge heat-exchange engine carrying heat from the boilers of the tropics to the condensers of the poles. A change in the direction of the flow of an ocean current can change the weather for an area miles inland,

shift the course of hurricanes, bring drought to fertile lands or rain to deserts.

In a world going through the throes of a population explosion, earth scientists have rediscovered the sea, remembering that the ocean contains the bulk of the earth's life and is probably capable of producing more food than the earth's land. Says one oceanographer: "The ocean represents an inner space as important as outer space, but different."

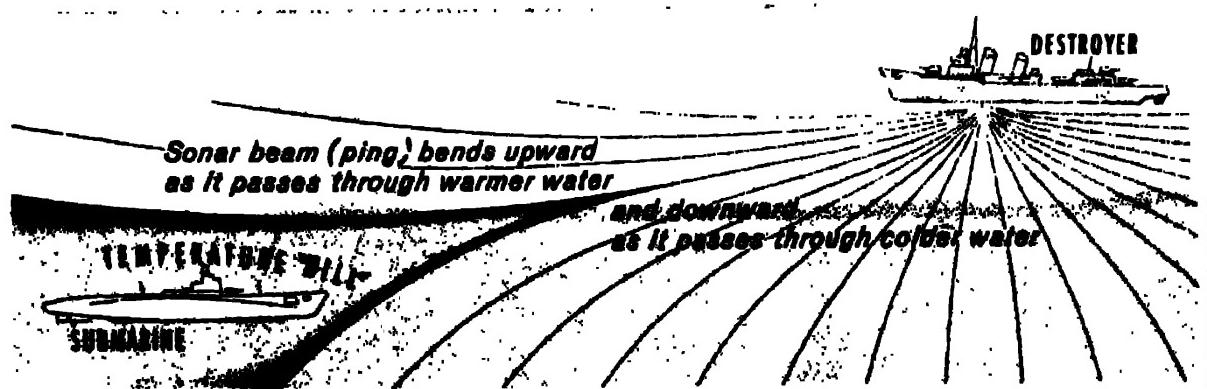
**An Expanding Science.** The man who best exemplifies the growth of oceanography is Columbus O'Donnell Iselin himself. Director of Woods Hole from 1940 to 1950, and again from 1956 to 1958, he has seen its full-time staff grow from a pre-war 24 to the present 300, its fleet from one ship to five. He now devotes himself to research.

Iselin helped to plan the *Atlantis*, specifically designed as an oceanographic ship. A steel-hulled, 142-foot ketch, the *Atlantis* was a small ship to cope with the North Atlantic in all its ferocious moods. She had a rather feeble engine; sails were her main reliance. Such a laboratory

makes oceanography a tough science. On North Atlantic cruises the men are generally cold and wet, and during the first week at sea most of them are seasick. "The best sea-going oceanographers," says Iselin, "are the result of picking the best from a lot of stomachs."

The end of the war marked the beginning of the golden age of American oceanography. War-developed sonar made depth measurements far more sensitive, giving oceanographers a more accurate look at the ocean bed than they had ever had before. The new long-range navigation equipment—loran—which can fix a ship's position within a quarter of a mile in daylight, at night or in the thickest fog, made possible a more detailed and accurate study of ocean currents. Oceanographers launched zealously into new studies with their new tools.

**Current Revelations.** The first order of business was a new study of the great Gulf Stream which exports tropical water to northern Europe. With the aid of loran, the *Atlantis* surveys proved that it is not a wide, steady stream, but a jet that



whips from side to side over hundreds of miles and sometimes curls into eddies. It may run fast or slow or backwards, and only the general sum of its motion carries warm water to Europe.

But the major discovery of post-war oceanographers was that huge currents flow far below the surface; often these currents move faster than their surface counterparts. In 1951 America sent a ship west of the Galápagos Islands to experiment with a Japanese technique of fishing for deep-swimming tuna. The scientists were surprised to see the fishlines drifting eastwards while their ship was carried westwards on the well-known equatorial surface current. Next year, oceanographer Townsend Cromwell established the reason: a hitherto unsuspected current, deep below the surface current and moving in the opposite direction. Later investigation revealed that the Cromwell Current is tremendous—250 miles wide and at least 3,500 miles long. Three hundred feet below the surface, its high-speed core flows eastwards at up to three knots.

The long-accepted notion of nearly stagnant ocean depths is now doubtful: photographs taken of the bottom show ripple marks very like those caused by tidal currents on beaches. The problem is not academic. If oceans are to be used for the disposal of radioactive wastes, oceanographers must find stagnant basins where wastes can be dumped with assurance that they will stay

out of circulation until their activity has been stilled by time. Iselin warns: "If you mess up the ocean with atomic waste, you mess it up for thousands of years."

Only a small part of the ocean bed is known in any detail. Recent surveys have shown that large areas of the bottom are covered thickly with rounded, blackish nodules that have grown as crusts around some nucleus, sometimes a shark's tooth. They are mostly iron and manganese oxides, but they often contain considerable amounts of copper, nickel and cobalt. Scientists say that the amounts are staggering. One ten-million-square mile area in the Pacific is estimated to have nodules worth hundreds of thousands of dollars per square mile.

**The Imp.** Today, oceanography is working to perfect its tools. There are intelligent buoys, which can be anchored at sea and queried by radio for oceanographic and meteorological data. Other buoys sink to the bottom, where they can record currents and take pictures of their surroundings.

Columbus Iselin's pet gadget is an enormous underwater noise-maker designed to explore the bottom by echo-sounding. Called "Imp" (for impulse generator), it is a massive steel casting with a metal diaphragm about eight inches in diameter at one end. Inside are extremely powerful springs, cocked by hydraulic pressure. When the springs are released, an internal

hammer hits the diaphragm and a single, extremely powerful pulse of energy strikes through the water.

The Imp, now at Woods Hole, gives a shock equivalent to the explosion of a good-sized block of TNT, and Imps several hundred times as powerful are a possibility. Less expensive and less cumbersome than explosive devices, they can be suspended under a ship or built into its hull, sending down waves that will strike through the bottom sediments far into the rock beneath.

**Pistols and Red Indians.** Obviously a device like Imp, which simulates the effect of a controlled explosion, could be far more effective against submarines than present electronic devices for echo-ranging. Says Iselin: "We know that sound pushed out by explosives can go, at some levels, for thousands of miles. There isn't an ocean in the world big enough to lose the sound of a pistol fired at the right depth."

Oceanographers are also busy producing detailed maps of new currents, temperature gradients and the topography of the ocean floor, so that a submarine, submerged for days, can have an accurate idea of where it is when it launches its missiles. "Any future war at sea will be one between Red Indians and city boys," Iselin explains. "We want to be sure that our boys become the Red Indians and learn to take advantage of the terrain they live in."

But oceanographers are only incidentally interested in the military overtones of their science. They hope that knowledge of the oceans will lead to knowledge of the earth, then of the solar system and the Milky Way galaxy. In the words of Columbus Iselin: "The cold war and the scientific effort run parallel much of the time. They're both geared towards our learning more. Each has a different motive. One is survival, and the other is curiosity."

### *For Better, For Worse*

SOMEONE suggested that our women's group should help a family with two sick children who needed frequent blood transfusions. Promptly eight women volunteered to donate blood—their husbands'. —AP

AMONG A group of my women friends, the subject of husband-and-wife arguments arose, and each woman told what happened when she and her mate had words. "My husband doesn't give me a chance to argue," I said. "Whenever we disagree he walks out of the house and starts sawing or hammering or pouring concrete."

At this, one of my friends spoke up. "You must have had some terrific rows," she said. "I've often wondered how you managed to add a playroom, a bedroom, a loggia and a garage to your house in two years."

—Contributed by E. M. R.

*Are you going thin on top? Or prematurely grey? Here is the latest information on some hair-raising problems*

# FACTS ABOUT YOUR HAIR

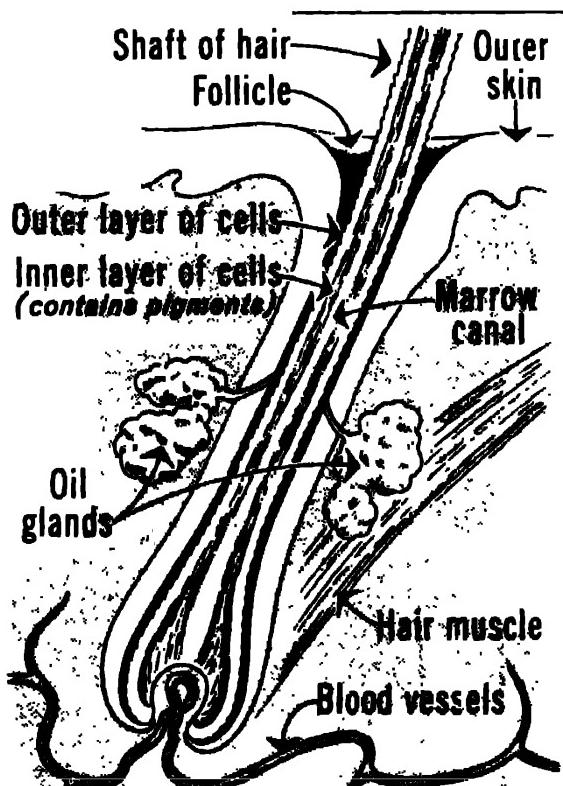
*By J. D. Rutliff*

**D**LICK a hair from your head and examine it.

You are looking at something quite extraordinary — something which has inspired poets and painters for centuries and is the daily concern of more ordinary mortals. We probably devote more time, thought and money to hair than to any other constituent of the human anatomy. We cut, curl, tint and shave it, and industries result worth millions of pounds. In the past decade medical research has learnt more about hair than in all previous time.

Hair has some remarkable attributes. It is as strong as aluminium. If the hairs of your head were woven into a slender rope it could support a suspended weight of almost 18 cwt.—more than that of a small car. Head hair grows three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch a month—faster in the summer than in winter, faster during the day than at night.

Scattered over your body are some



*Diagram of a Growing Hair*

half a million hairs—the only major hairless areas are the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. Under the microscope a cross-section of a hair looks something like the cross-section of a tree. The outer cells

overlap like tiles on a roof. The next layer consists of long, filament-like cells which give hair its strength and elasticity. This layer also contains the pigments which give hair its colour. In the centre is a marrow canal.

Hair is formed in follicles—little tubes folded into the skin. At the bottom of each follicle is a bulb-shaped tissue connected with blood vessels, so that cells can form and grow. The new cells push the old ones up the follicle, and these old cells then undergo a process called keratinization which turns them into hair. (Keratin is a chemical found in such places as fingernails and the horns of a cow.) Because hair is no longer composed of living cells, it may be said to be "dead." That's why cutting it does not hurt us. And while hair tonics serve a purpose in grooming the hair and lubricating the scalp, there is nothing in a tonic that will stimulate the hair root to grow new hair.

Tiny muscles run out from hair follicles; when you're frightened or cold these muscles contract, giving a prickly sensation. Hence the expression : "My hair stood on end."

The shape of the follicle determines what kind of hair you will have. If the follicle is round, your hair will be straight. If it's oval or flattened, curly hair results. Many negroes have elliptical-shaped follicles, which give their hair its characteristic frizzy appearance.

Let us look at some further facts about your hair:

**Dandruff:** Dandruff is by far the most common hair complaint. Dead cells are continually being shed from the body. When this shedding becomes excessive on a greasy scalp you have dandruff. If simple shampooing does not control it, your doctor will prescribe a remedy. Several medications are effective in stopping burning, itching, flaking. Among the most widely used are selenium sulphide, sulphur, resorcin and salicylic acid.

**Greying Hair:** The old saying that in times of great stress hair will turn white overnight is probably untrue. Pigment is built into hair deep in the scalp. After the hair emerges at the surface, pigment cannot be altered. However, as we grow older, pigment production slows down and finally stops. Then hair turns grey and eventually white. From present evidence, a tendency to go prematurely grey is an inherited characteristic and nothing can be done about it.

**Falling Hair:** Individual hairs in the head live for two to five years. Then the follicle that produced them shrinks and goes into a resting phase and the hair drops out. Thus, a certain amount of loss is normal—in the region of 80 hairs a day. When the follicle returns to action, a new hair grows. At all times something like ten per cent of the follicles in the scalp are resting, and 90 per cent are active. On other parts of the body the reverse is true—the greater number resting most of the time.

But for this fact we would all be as shaggy as sheepdogs.

What about excessive hair loss? Almost everything has been blamed for the process of going bald: wearing hats, not wearing hats; too much sexual activity, too little; too much exposure to the sun, too little; too frequent washing, too little. Dandruff has been charged with hastening baldness. Yet countless people have dandruff all their lives and go to their graves with full heads of hair.

Today it is believed that we inherit a tendency to baldness. A man can look at pictures of his grandfather and get a clue as to what the future holds for him. Estimates indicate that baldness affects 43 per cent of men, eight per cent of women. Can anything be done to restore hair to bald pates?

Several years ago the American Medical Association's Committee on Cosmetics made the flat assertion: "If the general health of a man is satisfactory and loss of hair is progressive . . . medical science does not know of any device, substance or method which will regenerate hair."

There is still no practical method of treating common male baldness, yet it is quite easy to deal with a rather rare patchy type of baldness called *alopecia areata*.

Doctors have long noted the effect of hormones on hair growth. They observed, for example, that during pregnancy women with a tendency to baldness often had a luxuriant

growth of hair, only to lose it at the termination of pregnancy. In these cases hair growth can apparently be traced to abundant female hormone secreted during pregnancy. Male hormone appeared to have an opposite effect. In recent years women have been given male hormone as a treatment for breast cancer. Many of them developed male hair patterns—facial and body hair increasing and head hair decreasing.

It appeared that nearly all the glands had some degree of influence on hair growth. A tumour of the adrenal, for example, had a powerful effect, increasing hair growth in some areas, decreasing it in others. A lagging thyroid often led to hair loss. Then it was discovered that the corticosteroid hormones, such as cortisone, were powerful stimulants to hair growth, probably by counteracting *alopecia areata*.

Injecting hormones directly into the scalp is at present under trial at the world's only hair clinic at University Hospital, New York. Dr. Norman Orentreich, in charge of the hair clinic, has found that growth of hair is profuse round the injection spot, and there are few if any side effects. The difficulty is that several hundred such injections would be needed to grow a full head of hair, and they would have to be repeated every few months.

This method is more practical when used in special circumstances: to grow eyebrows, or hair in certain cases of patchy baldness.

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in the  
low-window,  
but...**

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## THE READER'S DIGEST

**Superfluous Hair:** Almost as much time and money are spent in getting rid of unwanted hair as are spent in attempts to grow it. Women apply waxes, chemicals that are often hazardous, and even resort to risky, hair-destroying X-rays. Actually there is only one way of removing hair permanently with reasonable safety—electrolysis. A tiny needle is inserted into the hair follicle and a spark of electricity brings destruction. But the process is tedious—about 100 in a half-hour session—and expensive. Also, in inexpert hands, scarring may result.

**Hair Dyes:** Most dyes are reasonably safe. The greatest danger is that the scalp may be sensitive to a particular dye—which can lead to severe irritation and even temporary loss of hair. A simple test can determine sensitivity: some of the dye is

placed on the skin behind the ear. If within 48 hours no redness or soreness develops, the dye is probably safe.

**Hair Care:** Many people think that too frequent washing "dries" the hair. Actually, it stimulates secretions from the oil glands opening into the follicles. As a rule, good hair care consists of washing in soft water with a good shampoo at least once a week. If hair is too oily, a diluted alcohol preparation will remove excess grease; if it's too dry, a few drops of oil should be rubbed in. Scalp massage—brushing for ten minutes a day—is excellent.

Good hair care does not promise to eliminate the row of bald heads familiarly seen in the theatre stalls. But it will improve the condition and the appearance of our hair while we still have it.



### Taking Sides

#### WARDROBE, SHARED

Our wardrobe's  
a problem,  
you'll have to  
agree;  
She takes what  
she needs;

what's  
left  
is  
for  
me.

S. E. P.

#### BED, SHARED

and leaves the  
Sleepless nights I must endure.  
The reason's plain to see:  
Hubby takes the middle,  
sides for me.

-D. H.

**FINE TOBACCO**

**LIGHT TOBACCO**

**RIPE TOBACCO**

**MILD TOBACCO**

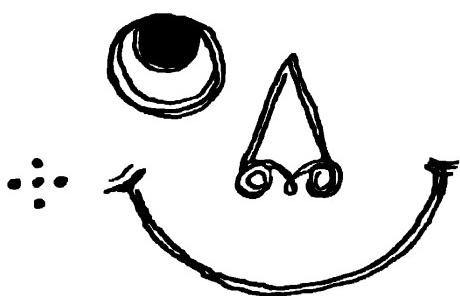
**PANAMA**



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combination  
of right  
tobaccos  
every puff  
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good  
morning  
begins  
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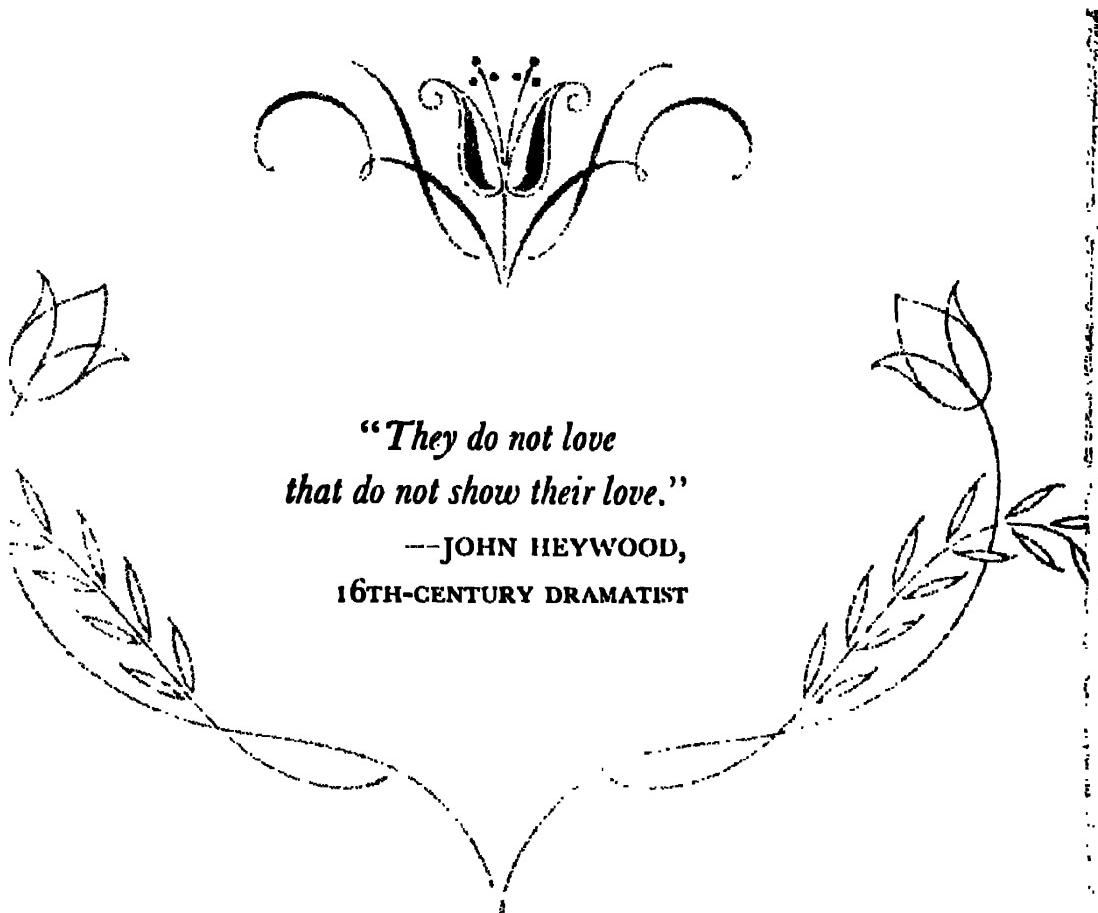
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*"They do not love  
that do not show their love."*

--JOHN HEYWOOD,  
16TH-CENTURY DRAMATIST

## How to Stay Sweethearts

By Donald Culross Peattie

**T**HIRTY-SIX years ago I received an excellent bit of advice about love and marriage—from a man who very probably did not want me to get married at that time.

I was a young botanist in the Department of Agriculture in Washington. The sign on my desk said importantly, "Assistant Plant Introducer." But the real "introducers" were the explorers who travelled to the far corners of the earth collecting new fruits and vegetables, and who

put their work before everything else. They were recruited by David Fairchild, head of the office, who required of all men accepted for such adventurous posts a promise not to marry for ten years. For a man with a wife, when faced with the choice of crossing a rope bridge over a jungle chasm or missing a prize on the other side, will think of his wife first.

I knew Dr. Fairchild had his eye on me. I knew also that there was

talk of a new expedition to the Gobi Desert. So it was with trepidation that I walked into his office and said, "I'm getting married tomorrow."

He slapped the desk, whether in disappointment or pleasure I could not know. "Congratulations!" he said, genially enough. "Now, young man, I've been married a long time and I'm going to give you a piece of advice--just one, to last your lifetime. Never say to your wife, '*Of course* I love you.' Tell her you do in as many ways as you can think of, as many times a day as she wants to hear it."

I never got to the Gobi Desert. And I have never said, "Of course I love you." I have never wanted to. Because the miracle of love is no matter of course. True, there are many ways in which one may take a good wife for granted--in fidelity, in loyalty, in devotion. But the rainbow of love will vanish from your skies if you assume that *of course* it will always shine for you.

It seems so easy, on one's wedding day, to live up to the vows so quickly spoken. But they are never done with. And when we promise to be all in all to each other--for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health--we are recognizing the dark days that are bound to come to all of us. When things are worse, or a pair are in debt, or one is ill, it does not lift the heart to be told, "Of course I love you."

What, then, do you answer

when, prompted by the lonely feeling that all is not the same as when the wedding-ring was slipped on, she asks that wistful question, "Do you love me?" If you reply, "Of course I love you," you're no lover any more. You're just a husband, and getting dog-eared at that. Give her instead a more reassuring reply, and how she will blossom!

It works the other way, too. A wife too can be pretty matter-of-course--she may want to talk about the laundry bill when her husband is feeling like their first date. Or she may expect her man to be a Romeo when his head is full of office problems. I always admired the tactful woman who, exhausted by house and children, met her husband at nightfall with the mild query, "Are you very tired tonight, dear?" "Why, no," said the hearty fellow. "Well, then, I think I'd like to be," said she, crumpling against him happily.

Life, a weary woman once remarked, is so daily. So is marriage, that tried-and-true affair. But it ought to be gloriously daily, like the sun getting up in the morning.

Rabbi Stephen Wise once pointed out that it is important not only to pick the right mate, but to *be* the right mate. Sometimes this means that a man has to pull up his spouse on a short rein. Mine has an exasperating trick of asking me pleadingly, "Do you love me a little?" "No!" I thunder. For *of course* I don't love her a *little*.

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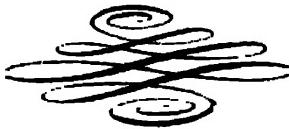
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Indeed, we two have taken our marriage vows so little as a matter of course that on every anniversary morning, the first thing upon waking, we have said them over again to each other, reading out of the little prayer book with the bit of wedding bouquet in it. Sentimental? What should you be sentimental about, if not your marriage?

Perhaps sentiment is not your dish. But there are plenty of ways of reminding each other that the best thing is still here. I know a man who, with his key to the bedroom door in his pocket, climbed up to his wife's hotel window one night to get to her. Nonsense? Perfect nonsense. Sometimes the refresher is a

private joke; sometimes it's an unexpected compliment; sometimes it's just a way of saying, "I love you," that you've never tried before. But it's never "Of course."

And what is the reward for refusing to slump into that forbidden phrase and the lazy attitude that goes with it—of really throwing your heart into showing and telling your love as much as she wants to know of it? Why, you'll stay sweethearts. You'll have a marriage that keeps its sparkle in the morning and its dreams at night. Yours will be a union that is gay in the easy places and gallant in the hard ones. Of course, of course, of course it's worth while trying for that!

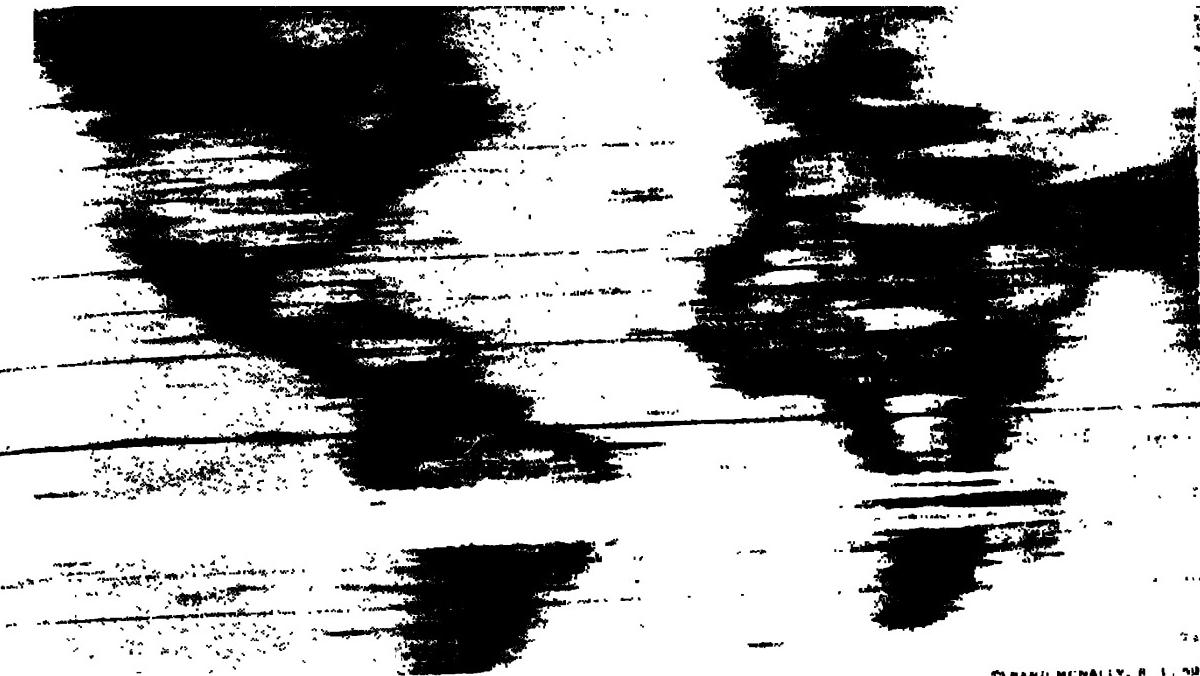


## INDEX TO THE READER'S DIGEST

**A**s a service to regular readers, The Reader's Digest now provides a handy classified Index Booklet covering six months' issues at a time. These will be available in January and July and provide an ideal reference by subject to the material published during the preceding half-year. A nominal charge of Rs. 1.00 each is made to cover postage and despatch.

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WHEN MY husband tried to get a hotel room for us in the Army town where he was stationed, he was turned down because he couldn't prove that we were married. Finally, in desperation, he brought the receptionist out to the car. "Now look, chum," he said. "Would any man in his right mind haul all that junk about if he wasn't married?"

We got the room.

M. S. A.

THE EX-COLLEGE students in my naval unit found reveille rather an ordeal. Finally the commanding officer decreed that any sailor caught in his hammock after reveille would lose his Christmas leave. A crisp and hard-boiled chief petty officer named Mullen did the rounds of our barracks. But we were fortunate enough to receive a timely warning every morning. We would hear a high-pitched voice shout--"Here comes Mullen!"--and when the chief arrived a few moments later we were all on our feet.

The mystery of the unidentified sentry was solved one morning when

I was in the hall shortly after reveille and heard our benefactor call, as usual, "Here comes Mullen!" I looked round the corner and saw that the owner of the voice was Mullen himself, pausing a few seconds after the warning before going solemnly about the business of touring the barracks.

C. L. W.

ON A TRAIN journey, I noticed a pretty Waaf who was obviously a new recruit. An Air Force lieutenant who entered the carriage saw the Waaf and stopped near her. When she looked up, he asked, "Don't you salute?"

"Oh yes, sir!" she cried as she jumped to her feet and executed a smart salute.

"Very good, very good," he murmured. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

As he left the carriage the elderly woman sitting next to the Waaf asked, "Is he allowed to do that?"

"I suppose so," the flustered girl replied uncertainly. "He's a superior officer."

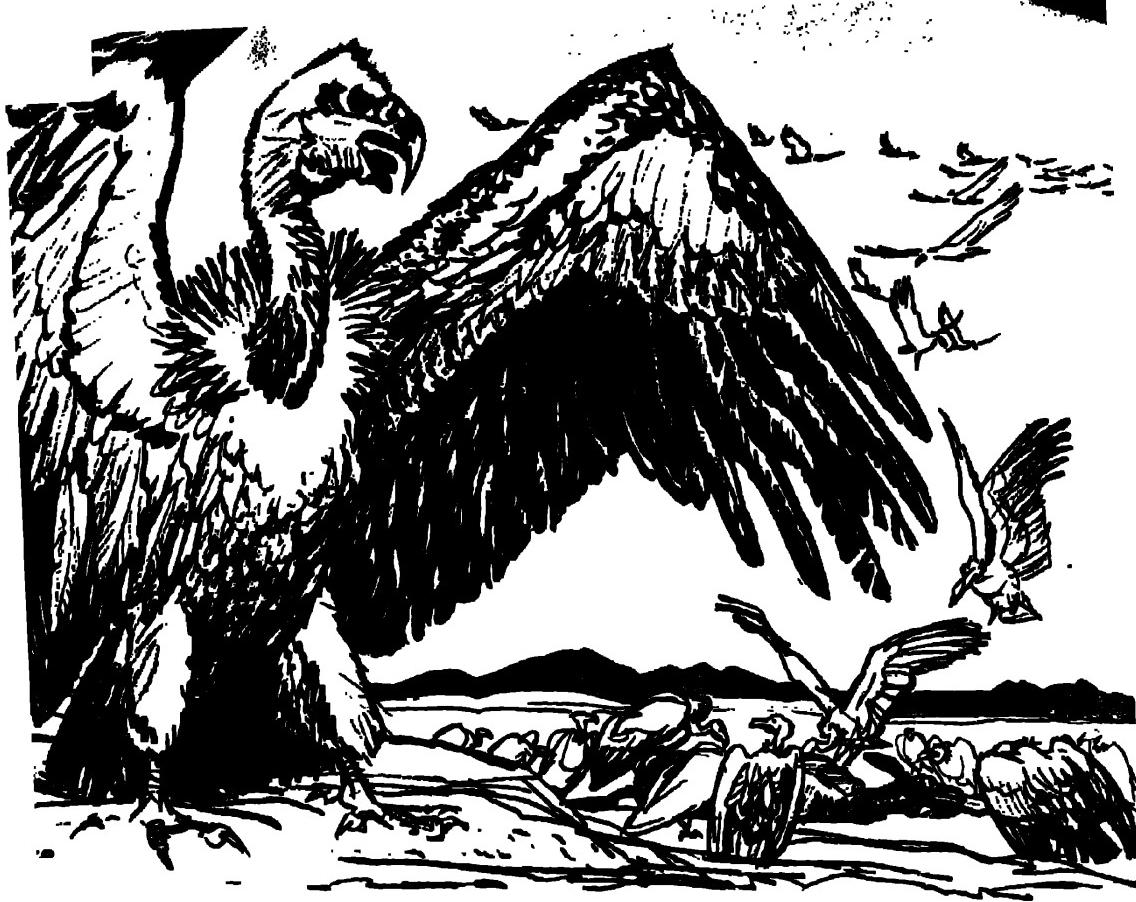
N. C. M.

EVERY DAY while our ship was in port the captain brought his huge boxer dog aboard. Much to the annoyance of the men, he made the quarter master responsible for keeping the dog on board.

One afternoon the captain looked down from the bridge to see his pet loping down the pier away from the ship. The captain called peremptorily to the duty quartermaster and demanded an explanation.

The man appeared deeply distressed as he replied, "I ordered him to halt twice, sir, and he didn't. Should I have shot him?"

B. H. W.



## Vulture Country

By John Stewart

THE ARE three essential qualities for vulture country: a rich supply of unburied corpses, high mountains, a strong sun. Spain has the first of these, for in this sparsely populated and stony land it is not customary, or necessary, to bury

DEAD ANIMALS; WHERE THERE ARE VULTURES SUCH BURIAL WOULD BE A WASTE OF LABOUR. SPAIN HAS MOUNTAINS, TOO, AND THE SUMMER SUN IS HOT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. BUT IT IS HOTTEST IN THE SOUTH, IN ANDALUSIA, AND THERE VULTURES HANG IN HORDES IN THE SKY.

FORTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD author and playwright John Stewart comes from Northern Ireland. He is a civil engineer by profession, and for the past eight years has been in government service at Gibraltar.

---

*High over Spain's sun-baked grazing plains soar the great scavenger birds —watching, waiting*

---

dead animals; where there are vultures such burial would be a waste of labour. Spain has mountains, too, and the summer sun is hot throughout the country. But it is hottest in the south, in Andalusia, and there vultures hang in hordes in the sky.

The summer sun dries up every pond and lake, and almost every river. It kills the food plants and wilts the fig-trees above the heads of the panting flocks. All animals weaken in these circumstances, and the weakest die. The unpitying sun glares down on the corpses, rotting the hide and softening the meat, to the vulture's advantage.

But the sun plays a still greater part in the vulture's life. Its main and vital function, for him, is the creation of thermal currents in the atmosphere, for without these he would be helpless.

The vulture may fly high—to 10,000 feet, round about two or three times in a day—and hang there keeping constant survey over a wide territory. A male griffon vulture weighs up to 16 pounds, and to hoist himself up to that necessary viewpoint might call for 53,000 calories, the equivalent of 50 pounds of meat. To find and eat three times his own weight in a day is clearly impossible; a short cut must be made.

In the dawn of any day, in Andalusia, you may see the eagles, buzzards, kites and falcons already on the wing, quartering the plain fast and low, seeking reptiles and small game. But the vulture sits on a crag and waits. He sees the sun bound up out of the sierra, and still he waits. He waits until the sun-struck rocks and the hard earth heat up and the thermal currents begin to rise. When the upstream is strong enough he leaps out from the cliff,

and without one laborious wing-beat spirals and soars.

By the time the vulture reaches his station, half an hour later and perhaps more, the sun is blazing down on the plain. He cocks his head from side to side and checks the positions of neighbouring vultures, his colleagues and competitors. There they hang, dotted across the clear sky at intervals of a mile or so—at the corners of one-mile squares. Now, circling slowly on his invisible support, the vulture begins his vigil.

At first glance, from below, this griffon vulture appears as one great wing, ten feet from tip to tip and two feet broad. His tail is square and very short, for there are no sharp or sudden quirks in his flight that would call for a strong rudder. His movements are premeditated and leisurely, for his energy must be conserved at all costs.

The vulture's head and neck, too, protrude very little in front of his wing plane—and this distinguishes his flight silhouette from the eagle's. His neck is, in fact, some two feet long, but since it is bare he folds it back into his collar to keep it warm. His head, apart from its nakedness, is like an eagle's; his yellow feet, which never kill and rarely carry, are shorter and not so strong. His plumage is a uniform sandy colour, relieved only by a whitish ruff and the broad black primary wing feathers fingering the air.

The vulture sails in silence (he

croaks, growls and whistles only in his family circle, and at his feasts). His head is in constant movement. He swivels it from one side to the other, bringing each eye in turn to bear on the earth. Then he bends his neck to right or left to check on one of his neighbours to north, south, east or west. The whole vulture network is interdependent. One bird falling, or the resultant hole in the sky, means "Come here!" and his colleagues are relentlessly drawn by the signal.

Many other birds have telescopic eyesight too, so it is not surprising that the vulture can see a small animal from a great height. But a mystery remains: how does he know that the animal is dead? No book, no expert, could answer this question for me, and I carried it through the vulture country for years. Then, one hot afternoon, I lay down beside an old swineherd in the shade of a cork oak on the foot-hills overlooking the great plain of La Janda. For 50 years, he told me, he had watched pigs on that plain—the pigs, yes, and the vultures. I put my problem to him.

The swineherd's theory cannot be proved, but it is a wise one. All herds and flocks, said the old man, lie down together and at one time to rest. When a vulture sees an animal lying alone and apart, he is bound to notice it. He marks it, and waits and watches.

The next day the animal is still there, so he circles a little lower, his

eye riveted, seeking the slightest movement. He sees none, but he continues to circle, said the old man. It takes him two days, at least, to confirm death. The other vultures note his behaviour and every time he falls they move over a little in the sky. Now he is very low. He seeks the heaving of the flanks or eye movements; he sees neither. Then he falls quickly, landing heavily at a little distance from the corpse.

THE SWINEHERD and I watched the first vulture land. We watched him sidling and circling the dead goat, standing erect to see better, wing tips trailing, naked neck stretched to the full, head swivelling rapidly, peering intently. If he could smell even as well as we, his doubts would have been over. But he stood there irresolute, famished yet fearful, with his bill open and his wings ready for use.

A shadow swept across the brown grass, a tall column of vultures wheeled overhead. He hopped to close quarters, stretched forward, pecked the corpse and leaped back. He watched it for a second more; no movement. Then he croaked once, as though to bless himself, and threw himself on the body.

Almost immediately there were eight more vultures at the corpse. Watching them thrusting their long necks deep into the belly cavity, I saw why those necks must be bare. Yet that is the one part the vulture cannot reach to clean.



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Now 16 more vultures swept down, landing heavily in their haste and flap-hopping to the feast. The corpse was submerged in a heaving, struggling mass of broad brown wings. A new column wheeled above us, circling lower. There should be 24 up there, I reckoned. There were 23. The late-comers landed on near-by trees, including our own, and their weight bent thick limbs to the ground. At the height of the carnival I counted just short of 100 birds.

A mule lasts two hours, said the old man, and an ox three. This goat became bones in the sun in half an hour.

As the hundred fed, or hoped and waited, many more vultures circled high above, assessing the situation and treasuring their altitude. When the feasters scattered and exposed the small skeleton, the watchers drifted wearily away to resume their distant stations. But they had fulfilled their function. They had marked the spot and drawn the Egyptian vultures and the kites.

Now the little Egyptian vultures landed daintily and dodged nimbly through the throng of giants. The dirty work had been done; now the long and delicate beak comes into play. The Egyptian vultures attack the skull, the large joints and the crevices of the pelvic girdle—all parts inaccessible to the griffon's heavy beak. They dodge out through the encircling griffons with their spoils, gobble them swiftly and

dance back for more. The griffons, gorged and panting in the sun, pay them scant attention.

Finally, when all but the whistling kites have left, comes the great solitary bearded vulture, the fierce lammergeyer. His whole head is feathered. He lives aloof from all the rest of the vulture tribe; but they serve his interests, so he keeps them within sight. The lammergeyer seizes the largest bones in his claws, carries them high, drops them on the rocks. Then he swoops down and rakes out the marrow. After his work has been done, nothing will remain except an empty skull and some small bones, which the ants and carrion beetles pick and polish.

Our griffon, first on the scene, will not be the first to leave it. Crop, throat and neck distended, he squats back on his tail, with his wings spread to steady him and his beak hanging open; it is an hour, maybe, before the meat subsides in him.

When he is ready, the griffon runs and leaps across the plain, thrashing heavily with his big wings, and labours into the air. He finds a thermal, circles in it to his altitude, then slips sideways and sweeps gently across the sierra to his distant nest.

The female griffon rarely leaves her nest from early March, when she lays her rough white egg, until August, when her huge poult is fledged and flying. The father has to feed and carry for all three. And the voracious chick alone will demand up to eight pounds of meat a day.



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When the male vulture arrives at the inaccessible mountain nest, he settles on a near-by ledge, vomits, and sorts out the result with his beak. The female feeds herself hungrily on the larger relics. Then she offers her gape to her cowering, whistling infant. The chick gobbles madly. With vultures it can never be "little and often." The birds, young and old, must gorge to the neck when opportunity offers. That is their instinct and their nature.

Now that his load is delivered and eaten, the male is likely to be the hungriest of the family. This, too, is as it should be, for the hunger sends him out and up again, however little daylight may remain, to circle in the sky until the sunset reddens the sierra.

Dominated by the constant panic

for food, the vulture leads a competitive and anxious life. But vultures have strong forces for survival.

At times, lying on my back on the plain with binoculars trained on the sky, I have seen vultures circling in two or three layers, each one high above the other. What can this mean? A hungry duplication, or triplication, hopelessly covering the same feeding ground, and using the only available warm currents of air? Or the opposite—idle and well-fed reserves standing by?

No one can tell me. But here in the vulture country there are no birds more spectacular, more fascinating to watch and to study. In time we may find out the last of their secrets. I lie on the plains, and keep on watching them. And they, know, keep on watching me.'

### *Remarkable Explanations*

IN WHITBY, Ontario, motorist Harvey Whale described how his car ran off the road in the dark: "I was following the white line and the white line turned out to be a skunk."

*Liberty*

IN ST. LOUIS, highway patrolman Robert Beck stopped an elderly man for speeding. The driver told him: "This highway is so darned dangerous I was hurrying to get off it."

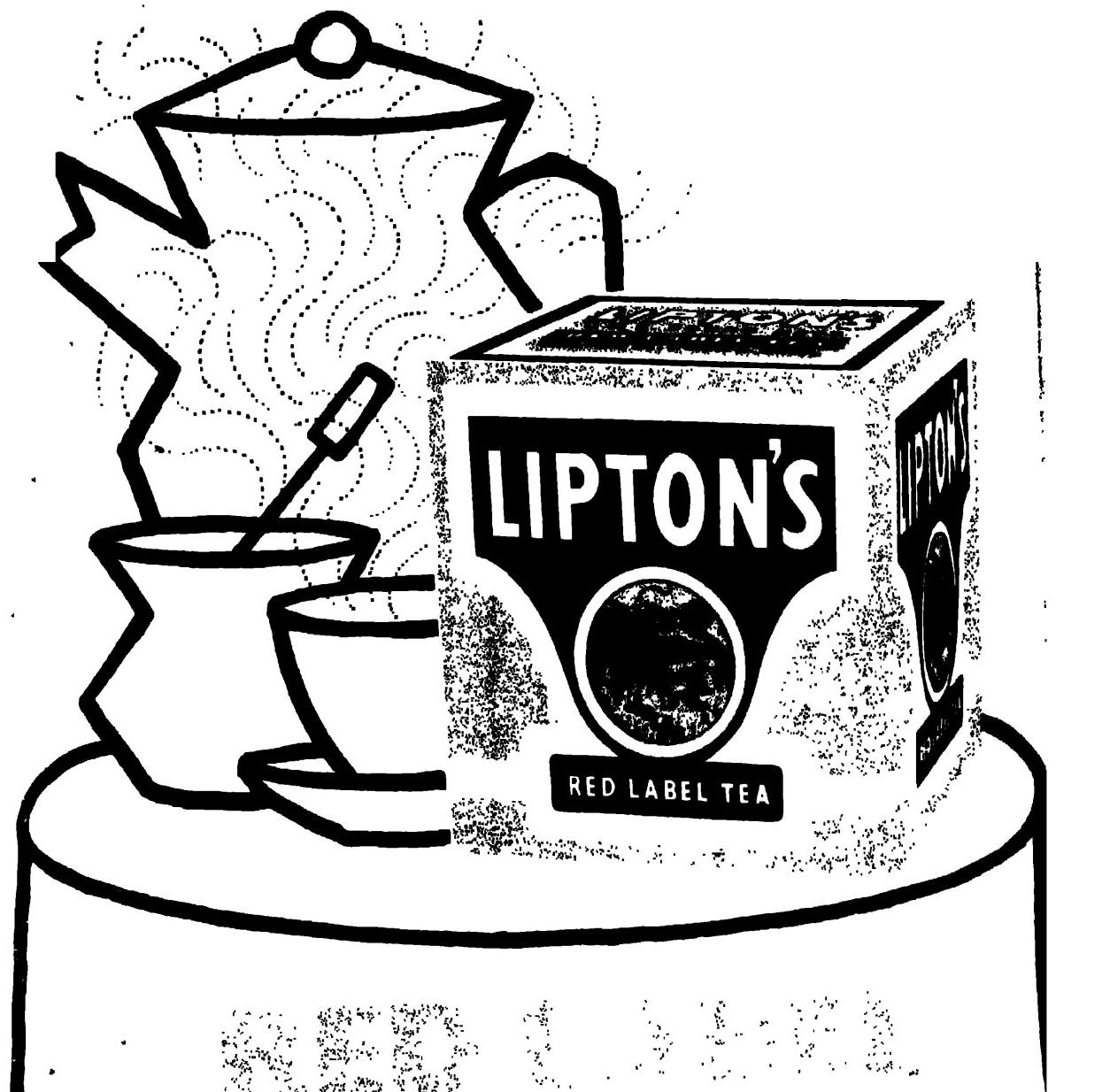
*UPI*

A MAN from Vancouver was sentenced to jail for breaking into a café, despite his protestations that he had stumbled against the window, breaking two panes; entered to leave his name and address; was looking in the till for a pencil when caught.

—Quoted in *Telephone Review*

AN ENGLISH friend of mine, a missionary home from Korea, told me she was going out to buy a dress. "But I'm not going to get one of those sack affairs. They're out of fashion," she said. I asked how she knew, since she lived so far away in Seoul. "Oh, that's easy," she replied. "They're already beginning to come over in missionary supplies."

—Contributed by E. L.



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# Red Skies for Danger

*Communist airfields in Siberia, instead of offering flight information to passing international airliners, threaten to shoot them down. How can anyone explain this frightening contrast to civilized human behaviour?*

By Francis Vivian Drake

THE LIGHTS of Vancouver and Seattle fade into misty pools behind the airliner's tail, and the heavens become brighter than the works of man. In front, the wind-screen is a showcase of brilliant stars that overwhelms the dim green banks of dials. The gauges read 400 miles an hour over the sea, but there is no sense of speed except the faint swish of wind past the thick glass and the drone of the

turbines far out on the wings. The plane seems suspended in space, while the vast ball of the earth turns slowly beneath.

In prospect, it seems a lonely thing to venture 5,000 miles to the Orient over the wastes of the Pacific—the longest ocean flight in the world. Even the brightly lighted cabin, the busy hostesses, the meals and drinks, the blankets spread out in preparation for the night serve to emphasize the intensely cold, unfriendly void outside the thin metal skin. But in practice we have plenty of friends on this leg of our flight. North of our track the route is rimmed by a string of air bases and radio stations, a long arm stretching protectively

FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE has flown in just about everything, from a DH 2 (as a member of the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War) to the Comet IV. The flight he describes was one of the first passenger trips made from Vancouver to Tokyo by the Canadian Pacific Air Lines turbo-prop Britannias.

## *THE READER'S DIGEST*

under the plane. From Annette, King Salmon, Kodiak, Cold Bay, a running stream of challenges, weather advice, emergency-landing information volleys into the cockpit.

Annette speaks: "—Barometer 29 point 4, wind at 30,000 is 60 knots, direction 240, temperature 62, dew-point 57. Repeat. Roger . . . How you doin', Joe?"

"No sweat," replies the co-pilot. "Everything normal."

"Harry driving you tonight? Give him our congrats on the new little Harry. We just heard. Out."

King Salmon chimes in through a barrage of static: "We're reading you, Joe. Tell Harry the same for us!"

The brief, chopped-off voices of the professionals, alert and business-like, are not too busy for a verbal handshake to a captain who has a long night ahead of him.

The eyes are something else again. Night and day, crew after crew, they maintain a ceaseless watch at the radarscopes — for this Alaskan arm lies directly between Siberia and the United States.

But an airliner, whatever flag it flies, is a friend. Every 30 minutes our position is checked by the men on land. No one is to get lost; no one shall seek aid in vain. For all the darkness and the solitude, we seem enveloped in light, sustained by that natural brotherhood between men in safety and those who might be in peril.

Kodiak shows up in our scope, the

crinkled green image of a rocky wilderness. The captain calls Cold Bay in the Aleutian Islands, where we are to land and fill tanks. The tower answers on the instant.

"We have 500, and one mile, wind 40 knots north-west, snow and rain. Harry, do you want runway lights off on your first pass?"

"Yeah, switch 'em on as I turn on to base leg, please."

The refuelling stop is in a wild wind that whips pools of sleet across the runway, and howls round the cabin. The big tail shudders in the gusts while tons of fuel are poured into the plane. Sightseeing passengers swarm hastily back into their seats; the slim Japanese-Canadian hostesses chatter with a group of Aleut mechanics, flat-faced, laughing men in fur-rimmed parkas, who wave and call greetings up to the windows; then the door slams with finality. There is a roar of power; the plane lifts from a runway bordered by trackless tundra; the tiny cluster of lights is swallowed up.

Now there is nothing but utter blackness. The cheerful voices of friends fade out behind and a sinister silence surrounds us. We pass the last finger-tip of the protecting arm, and the hostile mass of Soviet Russia takes its place.

The change seems to typify the world in which we live, divided against itself by the senseless hostility of man. Behind us, all the way back to the United States, the captain of an airliner of any nationality



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*has only to lift his microphone to declare an emergency, and on a dozen American and Canadian bases the runways flash into light, radar crews welcome the troubled wayfarer. If necessary, a rescue plane lit up like a Christmas tree will be sent out to guide the airliner down to safety. Throughout the Free World this is commonplace procedure.*

But ahead of us such an SOS, however desperate, would meet with nothing but silence. The Soviet bomber bases facing America refuse all traffic, give out no advice. An airline captain, even on a scheduled run, advertising every mile of his progress, must keep hundreds of miles out to sea for fear of being shot down. It is an eerie feeling to know that every radio call we have made has served to tell the Russians where we are and where we are going—but that their only reaction is likely to be a hope that some time, some night, a plane will make a mistake and be destroyed.

An airliner may even be lured into a deliberately planned crash. North of the Japan Sea, of the China Sea and north-east of the Mediterranean, unarmed planes have been shot down ruthlessly.\*

Adrift in the immensity, the tragic futility of all this ferocity cuts with a sharp edge into the mind. What conceivable purpose could be served by the destruction of this or any other peaceful airliner? Is this

simply Communist hatred of all free men? Yet everywhere in the world that this plane can fly there is the same relentless wrecking of little people who cannot defend themselves, even to the slaughtering of thousands in Tibet. In Indonesia, India, Ceylon, Africa, the Middle East, there is the sabotage of anything that is a better way of life, every step upward in the march of mankind.

When we meet ordinary Russians or Chinese, they are friendly enough, they wish no harm even to those they have been told to fear. What moves their rulers to hate the world so much? Do they try to pull down every country round them just to make the Communist lands seem taller and more powerful by comparison? Perhaps the answer lies in a corroding sense of inferiority in the face of decent principles to which the Communist rulers are such strangers. But to live feared and to die hated does seem a dreadful prostitution of the gift of life.

The night rolls slowly by. The navigators shoot the stars through the periscopic sextants; little dots of position crawl across the blank white space on the chart; the sun rises astern; the clouds turn from purple to amethyst to gold below us. The turbines hum hour after hour without change of note, as if they would go on for ever given enough fuel. This is the crux. We have entered the breeding place of the greatest west winds in the world, and the

\* See "Flight Path—to Murder?" The Reader's Digest, August, '59.

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## THE READER'S DIGEST

pilots are busy with their slide rules, working out fuel against miles-to-go, calculating the height at which we can achieve the utmost economy.

The radio vainly calls Japan—and calls again—for information about the winds ahead. We are still too far away. The call is noted, however, by a dozen Russian bases; this we know. In emergency, there are ample landing strips in Soviet Kamchatka, the Kuril and Sakhalin islands; but if we headed for them the probability is that a formation of jets would be hurriedly sent to shoot us down.

We are on our own. We seem, indeed, to be in an empty world, the cabin a disembodied shell cut off from everything but memory. Then, infinitely faint but infinitely welcome, comes the first friendly voice. A precise, sibilant accent reaches us from hundreds of miles ahead: "Thiss iss Tok-yo Central, Tok-yo Central. We read you . . . We have good weather . . . Surface winds are

15 knots, visibility unlimited. You are cleared to approach. Welcome!"

And so, out of savage darkness and vindictive silence into the light and kindness of civilization. The darkness was of the spirit as well as of the night itself. But now the sun light is bright, and the wings that carried us past forbidden Siberia gleam in triumph over a friendly sea. The navigator jots down the radioed facts and figures that spell a safe landing. As the throttles are eased back, it seems strange indeed that the welcoming arms ahead are those of a former enemy, and that we have flown safely over the Pacific in spite of our former ally.

The night has been a lesson in the useless hatred that Communism has unleashed on the world. But in the land ahead, rid of the war-lords who once enslaved it, is another lesson: that, given the air of freedom to breathe, man's natural attitude is one of understanding and friendship.

### *At Your Service*

LAST WEEK a new customer drove into our service station. He said that he had tried all the other stations in the vicinity, but their service was poor and their prices were too high. If we satisfied him, he assured us, we would have all his business in the future. When he had finished his speech he asked for his car to be greased, and then proceeded to tell us the jobs he felt should be included in the price. The list was so long that it sounded like a major overhaul, but business was slow and I put the car up on the elevated platform and stepped under it. Neatly lettered in yellow paint, and still clearly visible through the grime on the underside of the oil pan, was one word—SKINFLINT. And just beneath that, scrawled with bright red crayon at some later date, was a fervent—AMEN!!

C. L. C.



*Sinister shadows darken the neon-glittering gambling palaces of Reno and Las Vegas. Behind the scenes, the gangster bosses of America's Underworld are reaping the richest harvest since the Prohibition days of Al Capone*

AN ESTIMATED 3,000 million dollars a year is pushed across the gaming tables of Nevada, home of legalized gambling in America. Seven million tourists flock into the state annually and their bets pour a vast underground torrent of gold into the American underworld.

Through various fronts, big-name gangsters are entrenched in the palatial gambling casinos in Las Vegas and—to a lesser extent—in Reno. They cut in on a gross gambling win from customers that is reported to tax collectors at 150 million dollars yearly. U.S. Internal Revenue Service men, however, suspect that the true total is vastly greater.

The tourists have little knowledge of the gangsters in the woodwork.

*By Lester Velie*

The casinos swarm with muscular, deputized police; there is little crime in the city, and no gangland violence. Mob discipline is administered *away* from Las Vegas. (One recent underworld execution took place in Arizona; another, before that, in California.)

"Come and have fun," the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce advertises, without once using the word "gambling." And, indeed, there's non-gambling fun to be had. You can sun-bathe beside the sparkling waters of hotel pools, and play golf on fine courses. At the Sands, the Dunes, the Flamingo, the Desert Inn and other multi-million-dollar hotel casinos, there are Broadway and Hollywood entertainers.

The prices are not extreme. A fine steak dinner at the Stardust, with entertainment, costs 8.50 dollars (about Rs. 40). And an evening there could cost little—provided you wore blinkers. For, to enter the club you must pass through the lobby. And in Las Vegas the lobbies are casinos, with slot machines and gambling tables beckoning for "action."

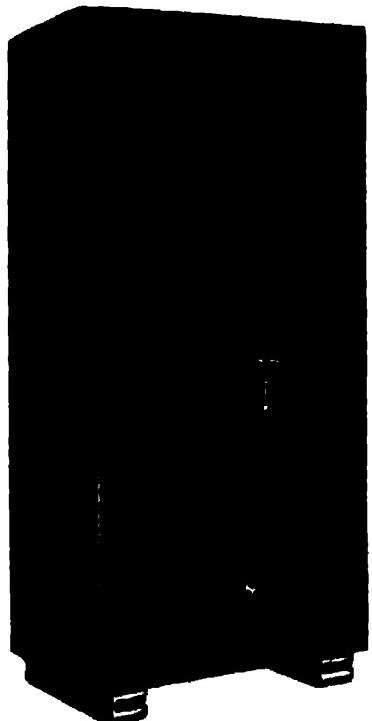
"Gambling is an industry," say the Las Vegas casino men, "and we treat it like one." They do indeed. Well-heeled oilmen from Texas, who may gamble between 10,000 and 15,000 dollars a night, are flown up to Las Vegas in house planes. Big customers—known to the trade as "super droppers"—are housed in the finest hotel suites, get show girls for companionship and have motor

cruisers at their disposal on near-by Lake Mead.

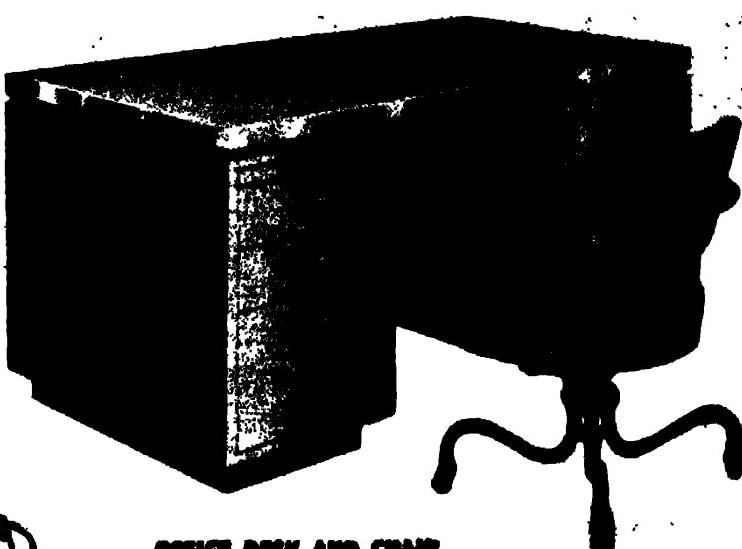
From customers like these, and from thousands of lesser suckers, come astronomical profits. The scope of these profits can be glimpsed simply from the sums the casinos spend on entertainers to bring the customers in. To pay their running expenses, the major casinos in Las Vegas must each win at least 25,000 to 30,000 dollars from the customers *daily* in order to meet expenses. Which means that they must each have a gambling play of about 130,000 dollars *daily*.

They meet expenses with plenty to spare. So rich are the pickings that a casino may win back its cost in two years or less. Try to buy into a casino: one "point" (a one-per cent share) in the Sands, for instance, was being quoted at 92,000 dollars when I was there. That would set the Sands' market value at 9,200,000 dollars. While official lists of casino owners are easy to come by at the Nevada Gaming Control Board at Carson City, digging out the true hidden owners is a tricky business. One informant, choosing a pre-dawn hour to come to my hotel room in downtown Las Vegas, said: "A man can get killed talking to you." Then he went carefully over the room, looking for a concealed recording device. "This hotel is the mob's," he said.

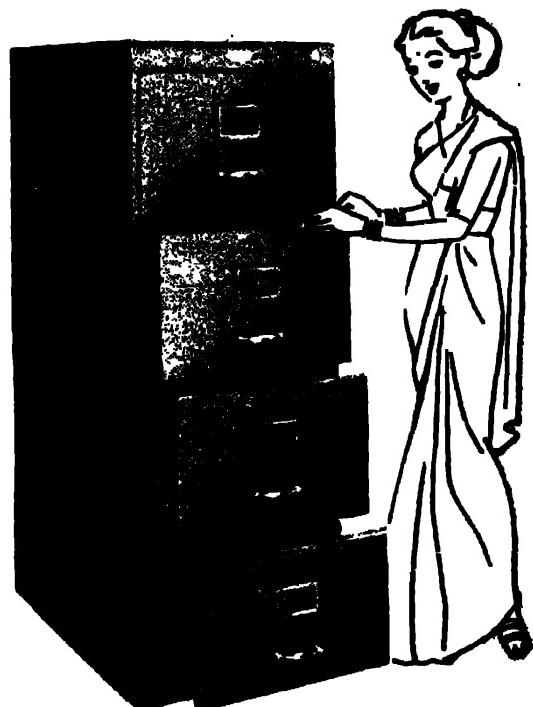
Investors in the Las Vegas hotel casinos fall into two classes. There are first the untainted and legitimate



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owners of shares. These include businessmen, professional men and big-name entertainers like Frank Sinatra and Tony Martin.

But the heaviest investments are held by characters in the underworld or on the fringes of it. Graduates of the lawless Prohibition days, many with criminal records, have found happy refuge in Las Vegas. These men own shares themselves, are suspected of serving as "fronts" for their more lurid mobster friends who comprise a group known in Las Vegas as the "hidden interests." These shadowy ones are so unsavoury that they can't appear in the open themselves. Their names read like a *Who's Who of Crime*

and include Tony "Joe Batters" Accardo, co-chieftain of the Chicago Capone gang; and Meyer "Little Meyer" Lansky and Frank Costello of the New York-New Jersey under world axis. The mobs of Minneapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Miami are all represented at Las Vegas—and their interests in the casinos are so intertwined that it makes the investigator's head spin.

The underworld's enthusiasm for Las Vegas can be understood by noting a key fact of life in the "gambling industry." It's a hard-cash business. When casino men total up the gambling wins there are no prying eyes. Internal Revenue men may question what the casino owners

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have reported to their accountants as the "gambling win" for the day, but they can't know for certain how good these figures are. They're not allowed in the counting rooms.

As the customer hands the "box man" at a dice table a ten-dollar note to buy chips, the box man pushes the paper money through a slot in the table—into a locked "drop box" beneath. Into this box also go the slips of paper known as "fill slips," which indicate how much money has been brought to the table (by the house) from the cashier's cage. Periodically, the box is taken—locked—from the table to the count room, where it is unlocked and counted. By subtracting the fill slips from the total, you

get the house's gross win for that table for the period—usually an eight-hour shift.

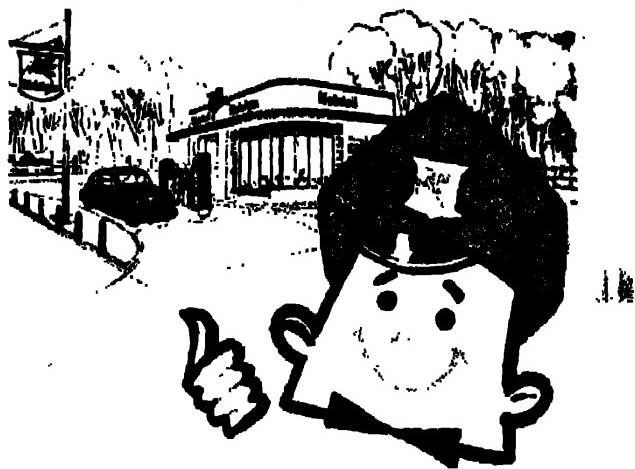
The Internal Revenue men strongly suspect that large amounts of cash are "knocked off the top" at counting time and secretly pocketed by some casino owners or trusted employees. One big casino is reported to take 10,000 dollars off the top daily. This is a fantastic figure—it would come to more than three million dollars yearly—but Las Vegas is a fantastic place.

A method of knocking money off the top at counting time was described by a casino auditor, who got involved in a quarrel with his employers. The auditor testified in a

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## THE READER'S DIGEST

bankruptcy proceeding that the former owners of a casino knocked off so much from the top that the gambling place paid no taxes for the five years he was employed there. A former cashier in the place, now in the Internal Revenue Service, stated in evidence in a lawsuit that when the money from the gaming tables was counted, substantial sums were taken out and put in envelopes in the casino's vault. Weekly, there would arrive from Los Angeles a brother-in-law of one of the casino owners. He would come in at night, collect the envelopes and make for Los Angeles.

Besides knocking it off the top, there are other ways of hiding the true gambling take. The fill slip can be overstated, thus reducing the gambling win. Although owners of casinos are barred from gambling in their own places, there's nothing to prevent them from handing a substantial sum to a conspirator and taking his IOU. The conspirator then gambles the money. If he wins, a loss is established for the house (the conspirator's winnings, of course, go to his fellow plotter—the casino man). If the conspirator loses the money to the house, his gambling is set aside with the statement that he was a house "shill"—an employee who gambles with house money to lure other gamblers.

The set-up is made to order for the underworld, and the Boys have made the most of it. In 1946 the famous three-mile Strip between Las

Vegas and McCarran Airport was largely desert. Only two hotels braved the desert heat. These made money, to be sure, but no important money was involved until the Boys in the mobs made a discovery: the state of Nevada had no laws against gambling and prostitution.

Less than a decade later, more than a dozen new luxury casino hotels were blossoming on the Strip. One of the first gangsters to move in was Ben "Bugsy" Siegel, one-time co-chief (with Meyer Lansky) of the New York gang known as the "Bugs and Meyer" mob. Bugsy had a million dollars of his own, plus some five million dollars of other people's money—including two million from the underworld. With this he built the famous olive-green Flamingo hotel and casino, filling 40 desert acres with imported lawns, date and cork trees, and live flamingos in an artificial pond. But Bugsy proved a poor steward of the gangsters' money, and he was rubbed out.

With Siegel's death, Las Vegans breathed a sigh of relief. The gangsters had gone, so they thought. They were wrong. Only Bugsy was gone. The gang remained. Bugsy's associate, Gus Greenbaum, a former bookie, became president of the Flamingo. Gus lasted longer than Bugsy, but he, too, displeased the Boys. He moved from the Flamingo to the new Riviera hotel, and then came the time for him to die in the line of casino business.



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## THE READER'S DIGEST

Greenbaum wanted to set aside some two million dollars to build an addition to the Riviera. There was opposition to this. Last December, 65-year-old Greenbaum and his wife were trussed up in their Arizona home and butchered with knife slashes across their throats.

Characters like these have been able to operate in Nevada because the state made little effort to police its gambling, or screen out underworld characters, until 1955. Prior to that, it welcomed all comers. Gambling was the state's chief industry, and who were you going to get to go into the gambling business anyway—bishops?

In 1955, a Gaming Control Board finally began screening applicants for casino-owner and employee licences, but by that time the hoodlums were so firmly entrenched that the state could do little but let them remain. So, although the Board succeeded in preventing some gangsters from becoming open owners, the hidden interests continued.

For instance: when the Board discovered that "Dandy Phil" Kastel of New Orleans—for many years a racketeering associate of

Frank Costello\*—was lending the money for the new Tropicana hotel, it ordered the hotel to pay off the loan. Soon after, in New York City, in early 1957, a gunman shot at Frank Costello—grazing his head. At the hospital, a district attorney's man thoughtfully put his thumb into Costello's jacket pocket and pulled out a plum—a sheet of paper on which was inscribed in neat accountant's handwriting the house gambling win at the Tropicana. Whether other shareholders knew it or not, Costello, it was clearly indicated, had a "hidden interest" in the Tropicana—and was getting his own secret report of the casino's business activity.

As matters stand, the Internal Revenue men can only suspect what is going on behind the scenes in the big casinos. They can't prove it.

They suspect that huge sums of hot(untaxed)money are flowing out of Las Vegas, and that this money puts gangsters into an ever-widening area of business in the United States. The gold pouring into the pockets of the underworld is doing more to increase the big-city gangs' potential for evil—including the corruption of officials—than anything since Prohibition days.

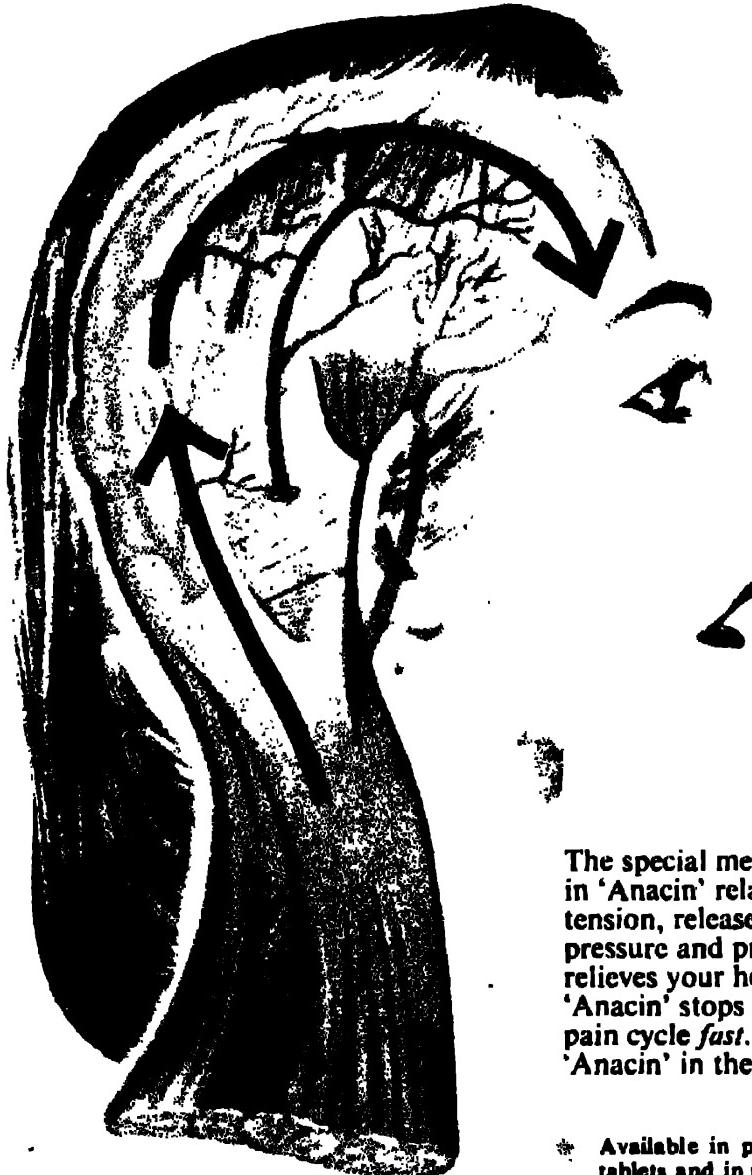
\* See "How the Tax Men Hit Costello's Jackpot," The Reader's Digest, December '57.

*A*n epigrammist's observations after a trip to Europe: In England anything is permitted that is not forbidden. In Germany everything is forbidden that is not explicitly permitted. In France everything is permitted, even what is officially prohibited. And in Russia everything is forbidden, even what is properly permitted.

-Quoted in *Cosmopolitan*, Geneva

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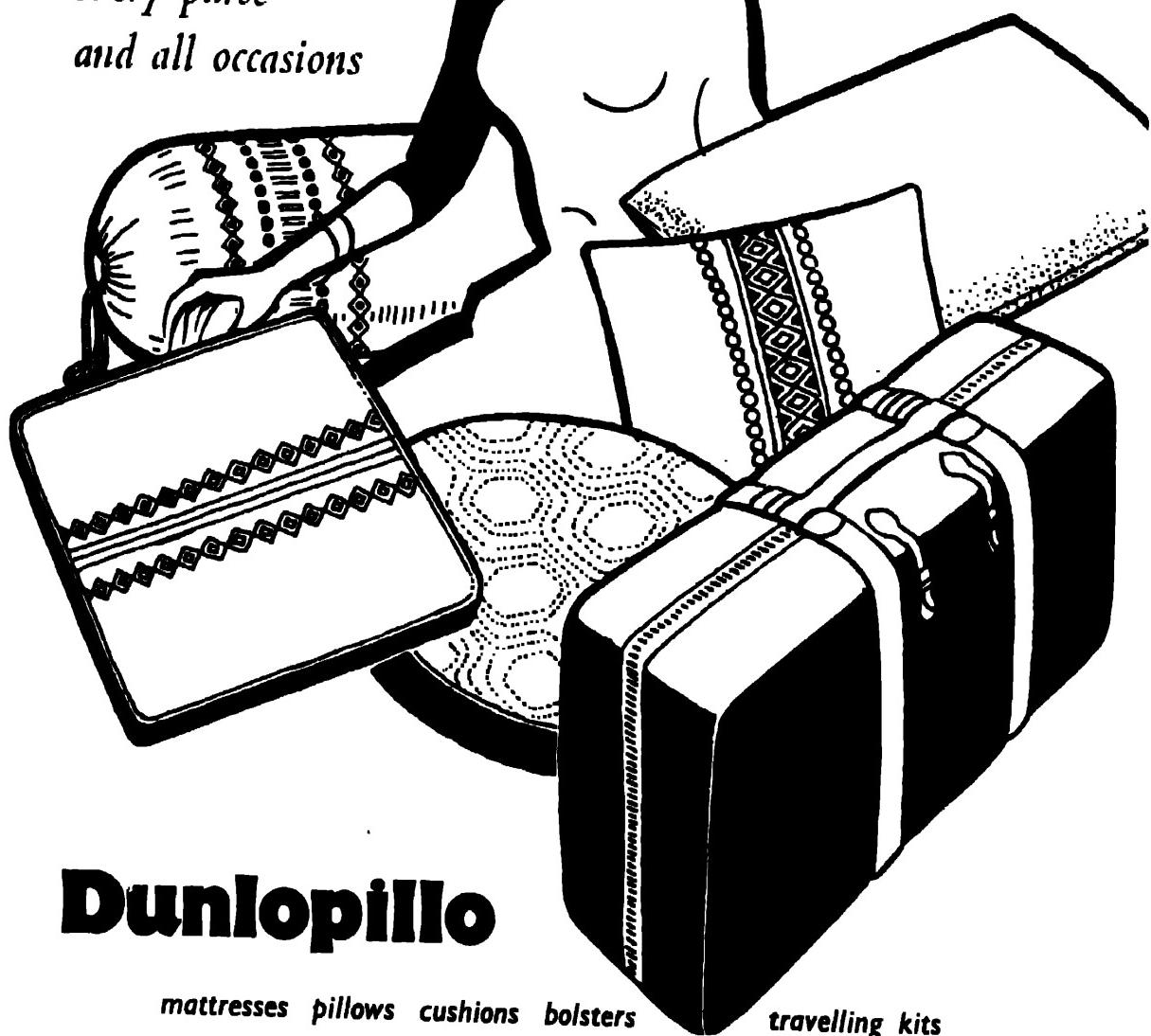
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## Personal Glimpses

FRANCIS LEDERER, the stage and film star, believes that actors should never stop improving their craft. To illustrate his point he tells of a conversation with an elderly woman whom he met on the way to a mutual friend's house.

"We arrived at a suburban station and shared the limousine that had been sent to meet us. We didn't get each other's name, but I was impressed by her imperious, colourful manner and speech. I said, 'Are you by any chance an actress?'

"'Dear boy,' she replied, patting my arm, 'I've been trying for 50 years, and I still think I may succeed.'

"When our host introduced us I learned that my new acquaintance was Mrs. Patrick Campbell—one of the great names in the theatre." — J. M.

HERBERT HOOVER, who has always been a stickler for the truth, says that there was one occasion when his honesty was a mistake. He had a summer job as teamster with a geological survey crew, and one of the mules died. Mr. Hoover sat down and wrote a detailed report of the death. The

mule, he said, was scratching his right ear with his left foot. The foot got caught in the harness around his neck, and he choked himself to death.

The authorities refused to believe the report and said that Hoover would have to pay 85 dollars, the value placed on the mule.

—L. M.

KATHRYN MURRAY, wife and partner of dancer Arthur Murray, is a little dynamo who does everything at top speed. A caller once came to her office at nine o'clock in the morning. "I'm sorry," the secretary said. "Mrs. Murray left a few minutes ago for a holiday. She won't be back until noon."

—J. McC.

I WAS WALKING past the United Nations Building in New York one afternoon when I saw Eleanor Roosevelt coming down the steps. She crossed the pavement and was standing on the kerb when suddenly a car screeched to a stop and a distinguished-looking man jumped out. He hurried to her side, bowed, took her arm, and escorted her across the road. There he bowed again and returned to his car.

Mrs. Roosevelt stood where she was, until he was out of sight. Then she crossed back to the other side, where she soon caught a cab that was going in her direction.

— Contributed by Doris Lewis

IN HIS YOUTH sculptor Gutzon Borglum studied art in Paris. Like most students he had a hard time making ends meet. When winter came his studio was bitterly cold, but since he was unable to buy fuel he had to rely on his imagination to keep him warm.

He would place a lighted candle in

the stove and cover the door with a strip of red glass. The rosy glow gave such an illusion of warmth that he was able to continue his work without too much discomfort. —E. E. E.

**W**HEN the 1917 Ziegfeld *Follies* went on tour comedian W. C. Fields suggested that we should share hotel rooms on the road.

We opened in Boston and in our hotel suite I noticed three theatrical trunks. I was curious about them, for Fields was by no means a dandy. Then one night he started talking to me about books. They were the keys to another world, he said. He went over to one of the trunks and threw back the lid. It was full of books. So were the other two. Fields fished out a copy of *Oliver Twist* and gave it to me. The next night after the show he questioned me about what I'd read. "Why was Nancy loyal to Bill Sikes?" he asked.

Evening classes had started. I kept on reading books—Dickens, Hugo, Dumas, Eliot—and discussing them with Professor Fields. He had an amazing reading background. He was up on science, on politics, on history, as well as literature. The first time he visited Australia, one reporter wrote: "This American knows more about us than we know about ourselves."

Yet he had never had any formal

schooled. He acquired an education by the same patient application with which he had acquired his skill at juggling.

—Eddie Cantor with Jane Keener Ardmore,  
*Take My Life*

At a luncheon in honour of Hollywood magnate Spyros Skouras, the introductions seemed interminable. When Skouras was finally introduced and stood up clutching a bulky prepared speech, the guests could hardly conceal their restlessness. Then Skouras endeared himself to all of them. "Friends," he said, "it's so late I've decided just to mail each of you a copy of this speech." Then he bowed and sat down.

—Solidarity

**M**ARK TWAIN made no secret of the fact that he disliked braggarts. Once when someone was in the midst of a long boastful tale he interrupted with one of his own. "There was a fire in Hanibal one night," he said, "and old man Hankinson got caught in the fourth storey of the burning house. It looked like he was a goner because none of the ladders was long enough to reach him. Nobody could think of anything to do, except me. I snatched up a rope and flung the end of it up to old man Hankinson, yelling, 'Tie it round your waist!' He did as I told him—and I slowly pulled him down."

—P. H.

**W**HEN Archie Moore, the boxer, was invited to an official luncheon to discuss the problem of juvenile delinquency, he took some teasing from his friends. "Have you ever done anything about juvenile delinquency yourself?" he was asked.

Archie, who in his youth spent some time in a reformatory, turned serious. "Yes," he said. "I grew up."

—W. C. H.

Sparkling

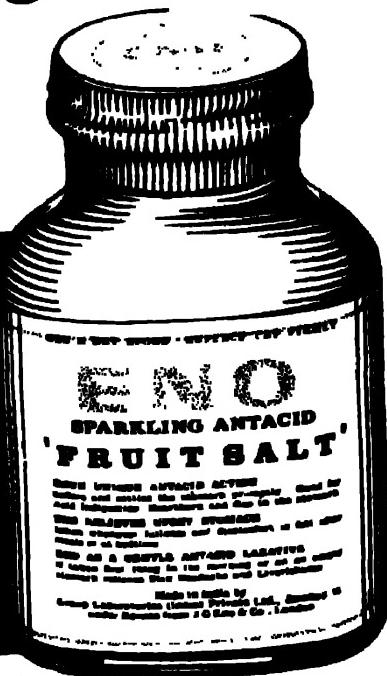
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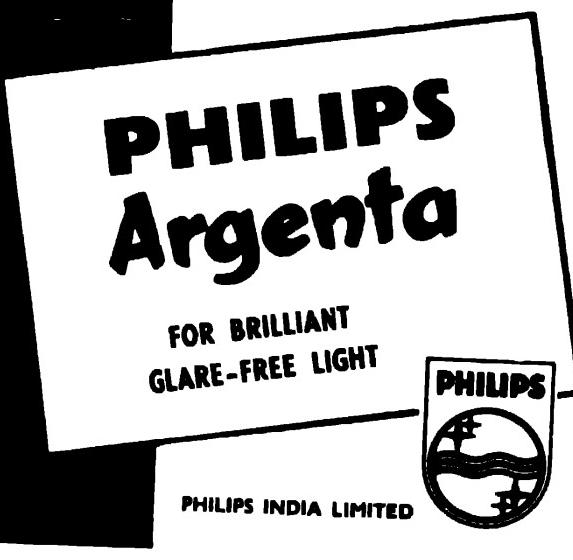
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a miser  
with light . . .

turn wiser  
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# THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

*By Kenneth Irving Brown*

**T**HREE ARE TIMES when a man yearns for his home and the companionship of his friends. I had reached such a state of mind after four months in South America in search of flora for my botanical museum.

I lay back in the native dug-out canoe, lost in pleasant thoughts of home and a land where Nature was tamed. Pedro, a native Carib guide, had told me, between the lazy strokes of his paddle, of Cispacia, a tiny Carib town inland on the Mulatto River, of the villagers' "heart warmth," and of their isolation.

If I understood his lingo of distorted English and incomprehensible Spanish correctly, no white man had visited them for 20 years.

*This is the day before Christmas,* I mused. *We shall spend Christmas Eve at Cispacia; I shall be their Christmas guest.* The thought

*They heaped their offerings at his feet—curiously carved images, great skins of jaguar and lynx. He stood as a man in a dream and still did not understand*

was ironical, and I smiled bitterly.

It was approaching twilight when the village came into view. It consisted of a score of small huts with novel grass roofs, many of them built on sticks for protection against the attack of wild animals. An old man spotted us and stood as if rooted to the ground, staring intently at us. Then with a wild shout, such as have never heard, he cried: "*Hombres, hombres! Venid!*" and instantly men and women came running from the huts. They stopped abruptly when they saw us: with one accord they fell upon their knees.

## THE READER'S DIGEST

and bowed their faces in the dust, all the while making a rhythmic moan, strangely beautiful.

I knew not what to make of this strange performance and my guide offered no information. As I stepped ashore, not a person stood, nor even peered at me through half-closed eyes; evidently that which I had taken for a moan was a prayer.

"Tell them we want to spend the night here," I said to my guide. No sooner had he spoken than they rushed towards me. In no human eyes have I ever seen expressed such emotion as was written in theirs. Their eyes scanned my face with a hunger and avidity that was quite disconcerting.

When I raised my eyes to them to signify that I would be their friend, they fell at my feet; they even kissed my sandals. The entire performance was incomprehensible to me. Amazement at the presence of a white man hardly accounted for their apparent worship.

Presently I strolled down to the bank of the stream and sat in wonder, while the shadows of twilight thickened.

I could see the *hombres* and *mujeres* in the distance. They were talking in soft tones. Suddenly one of the *muchachas*, young and slender, came towards me. She walked with difficulty, leaning heavily upon a staff at each step. Apparently her left side was paralysed. Her foot dragged as a leaden weight, and her arm hung useless.

No one moved among the group in the background, and yet I could see that they were watching her intently. The young girl was trembling violently. I rose, wondering what was expected of me, and even as I did so she stumbled. Her staff fell from her hand and she pitched forward. I caught her easily, and held her trembling body for a moment. Then, with a cry of ecstasy, the young thing leapt from my arms and flew back to the shadows. As if waiting for this moment, her friends raised their voices with hers and there arose a solemn chanting, crude, yet beautiful in its recurring note of joy. I longed to know the secret of the mystery.

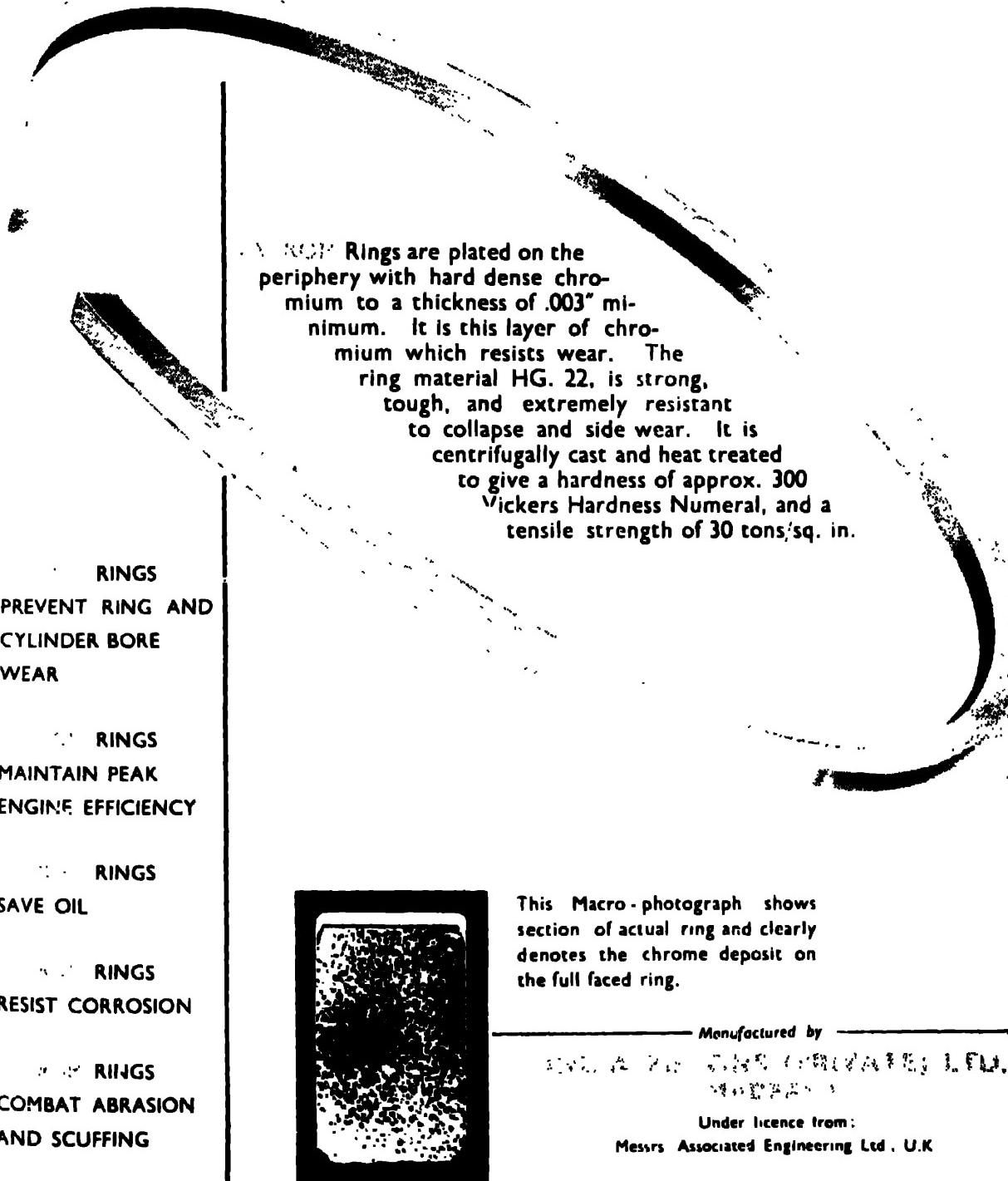
The *muchacha's* staff lay at my feet. Could it be that these poor people, hearing of our progress in medicine, believed in the white man's miraculous power to heal? Faith is the ability to believe the incredible, I had heard it said.

I was so astonished at what had taken place, and so disconcerted by the plaintive chanting, that I hurried to the old father and made signs that I would retire. He understood and led me to the largest hut, where they had prepared a spreading of fresh palm-leaves with a blanket covering — the choicest sleeping accommodation the camp offered, I knew—and I accepted with a gracious heart.

It was dawn when I woke up. Christmas Day—yet how unbelievable. What was Christmas Day in a

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land of wilderness? What could it mean to these Carib Indians? It was with a feeling of wretchedness that I recalled past Christmases.

The dream was dispelled as I became aware of the voices which had awakened me, yet they stirred something within me which quietened the loneliness of my heart. There about the hut were gathered the inhabitants of the camp, with their arms laden. At sight of me they bowed themselves to the ground; then slowly one by one they came and laid their offerings at my feet. I stood as a man in a dream. At the foot of my ladder were heaped great skins of jaguar and lynx, curiously carved images, bananas, and a reed basket woven in intricate design.

I did my best to express my thanks by smiles and gestures, but my confusion was turning to puzzled incredulity. I wanted to question my guide. They brought me food; and when I had eaten I sought my guide. "Pedro," I said, "we must away, at once."

He went to my host with word that we were going. The old man hurried to my side and through Pedro and pantomime begged me to stay.

Then, seeing I was resolute, he motioned me to remain for a moment while he called the villagers together. Grouping themselves about me, they fell on their knees. By frantic gesticulation my host endeavoured to communicate an idea to me. "Bless," said Pedro. They

wanted me to bless them. I, an old, homesick, botany professor! I lifted my hands and repeated the words: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." Then, turning to my companion, I entered the dug-out and we pushed off.

"Pedro, what did it all mean?"

He looked at me with eyes filled with amazement and doubt.

"You know."

"I don't know; tell me." He hesitated; but at last he spoke.

"Christ come." No white man uttered such words with deeper reverence.

"Christ come!" I echoed, as I remembered their greeting and the incident of the night before.

"Yes, old miss'ny tell—Christ come. He come day 'fore Christmas; come up river at shade-time in dug-out with *hombre*. He stay all night at Cispacia. They know at Cispacia."

I sat stunned by the thought. This then was the reason for their reception and their gifts; this the reason for the *muchacha's* confidence.

It was an idea which made me tremble. How inconceivable their childish faith, how perfect their adoration!

The canoe moved on. In the distance I heard music. It was the solemn chant they had sung for me when I came; they were singing it again as I left them. Pedro leant towards me. "It is true, *no es verdad?* You are, you are—He?"

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In contemporary times, however, the name

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*For 40 years France's economy has suffered from ever-rising prices and an ever-weakening franc. Now the French are putting their financial house in order*

## THE MAN WHO SAVED THE FRANC

*By Andre Visson*

**M**N MAY 1959, four months after he had announced plans to put his country's financial house in order, Antoine Pinay, France's 67-year-old Minister of Finance, was able to report astonishing progress.

The U.S.-aid dollar reserve of the French Treasury, down to 19 million when de Gaulle came to power, was up to 1,500 million. France had trimmed expenditure, put an end to costly subsidies for industry and agriculture, and was selling enough goods abroad to pay for her imports. Ninety per cent of the import quotas had been abolished; private enterprise and foreign investments were encouraged by the new possibility of converting French francs into foreign currencies. Confidence in the French franc was restored both at home and abroad, and the inflation-ridden country\* felt

deeply relieved, knowing it would enjoy again the long-forgotten advantages of a stable currency.

Pinay himself modestly insisted that "this French miracle" was only the natural triumph of honesty and common sense.

All his life M. Pinay, a short, bespectacled man with a trimmed moustache and a gentle smile, has believed that it is stupid, if not criminal, to spend more than one earns; that the best protection a government can extend to its people—employers and workers alike—is a sound and stable currency. "Social security bought at the price of inflation is a delusion and a fraud," he says, "and so are price-supporting subsidies."

He is convinced that political freedom cannot survive unless sustained by economic freedom. Government controls, he believes, should be reduced to the indispensable minimum — "something like traffic

\* See "France's Problem: Too Much Money," The Reader's Digest, April '59.

lights." To those who call him "the champion of old-fashioned economic liberalism," he replies that private initiative, integrity, hard work and thrift are not, and should never be allowed to become, outdated virtues.

When in 1952 Antoine Pinay—with his unassuming look, and with a felt hat perched squarely on his head—first entered the limelight as Premier of France, everyone was surprised, including himself. His name was virtually unknown to the readers of the Paris newspapers. During nearly 25 years in public life he had listened and thought much more than he had talked. He had entered politics largely against his will, considering himself as strictly a businessman.

Son of a textile manufacturer, Pinay married the daughter of a tanner in Saint-Chamond, a steel-mill town of 15,000 people in the Rhône Valley. As a young man he took over and successfully managed the two-centuries-old tannery. Personal relations with his workers, who affectionately called him "L'toine," have always been excellent. Challenged once by Communist hecklers in the Assembly, Pinay retorted: "I know my workers, and I'll go by what they tell me rather than by what you tell me for them."

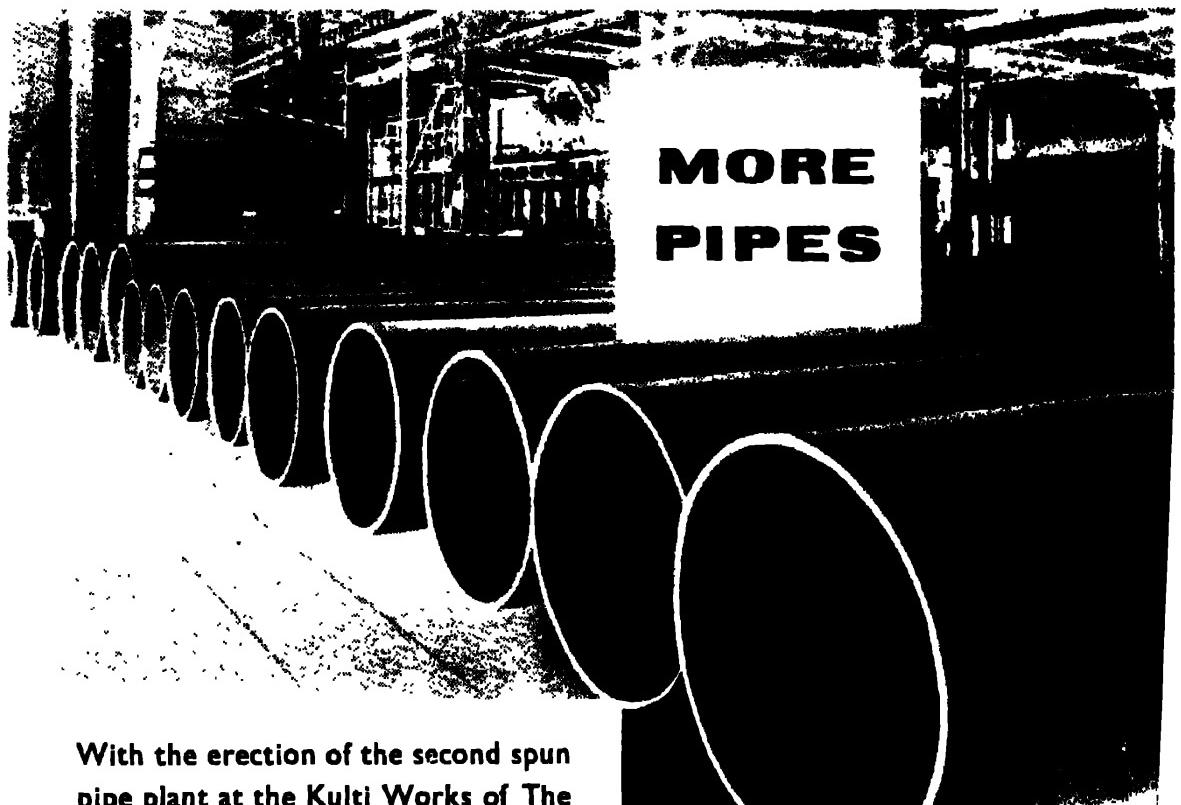
In 1929 the citizens of Saint-Chamond elected him mayor. At a time when construction materials and labour were scarce, he managed to build schools and a 300-bed hospital and to improve homes for the

aged and disabled. To meet the bills, he made housekeeping savings and business-style loans instead of increasing the town's taxes—which, incidentally, are still the lowest in the country. Impressed by these achievements, Pinay's conservative friends urged him in 1936 to stand for the Chamber of Deputies, believing him to be the only man who could beat the local Communist Front candidate. They were not mistaken. Pinay became one of the first deputies from a workers' district to sit on the right in parliament.

After the Second World War, the right-of-centre parties were at the height of their unpopularity. Nevertheless, Pinay stuck to his own philosophy, and with his conservative friends founded a new Independent party opposed to Socialist experiments. Through his efforts the party gained strength, and in 1948 the Premier designate, anxious to secure the vote of the Independents, offered Pinay the State Secretariat of Economic Affairs.

During the next few years he held posts in four Cabinets. Then in March 1952, when he was on the way back from his home district, a messenger from President Auriol entered his train compartment with a summons to try his hand at forming France's 17th Cabinet—the first conservative one—since the Liberation.

Few men have ever taken up the reins of government in less propitious circumstances. Foreign aid



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was alone preventing the final collapse of France, ruined by a costly war in Indo-China and the mismanagement of her finances at home. The franc had shrunk to a 25th of its pre-war value. The right and the left could agree on none of the indispensable urgent reforms.

"The remedies," a determined Pinay told the Assembly, "are neither on the right nor on the left; they are in technical measures, which ought to be taken in a climate of political truce."

His first objective was to stop inflation. To balance the nation's budget, he cut expenditure instead of raising taxes. And then he issued a loan with repayments pegged to the price of gold. "It is dishonest," he said, "to ask people to entrust their savings to you, and then pay them back in depreciated currency."

So successful were his measures that overnight Pinay became one of the most popular men in France. After ten months, the Treasury was in such good state that politicians felt they could resume their favourite game of political musical chairs, and Pinay was voted out of office. From 1955 till 1956 he served as

Foreign Minister. Convinced that for a successful solution of her economic problems France needed a big market, he whole-heartedly adhered to the policy of the European Common Market, European Atomic Pool, and Coal and Steel Community. He became a staunch "European" and established very close relations with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, whom he considers one of the greatest statesmen of our times.

Pinay hardly knew de Gaulle and had never been a Gaullist. But in May 1958, when France was on the brink of civil war, he was one of the first to realize that de Gaulle was

France's last chance for preventing national catastrophe. He informed President Coty and Premier Pflimlin that he was going to call on the General and "tell him all that I have on my mind, even if he throws me out of his house." At de Gaulle's retreat in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, Pinay confronted the wartime leader of the Free French. They talked for two hours. Back in Paris, Pinay declared: "I did not find an autocrat but a very courteous, very human person, passionately devoted to national interests. He is a great



Anton Pinay

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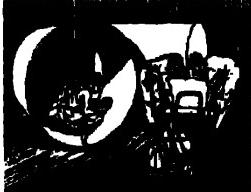
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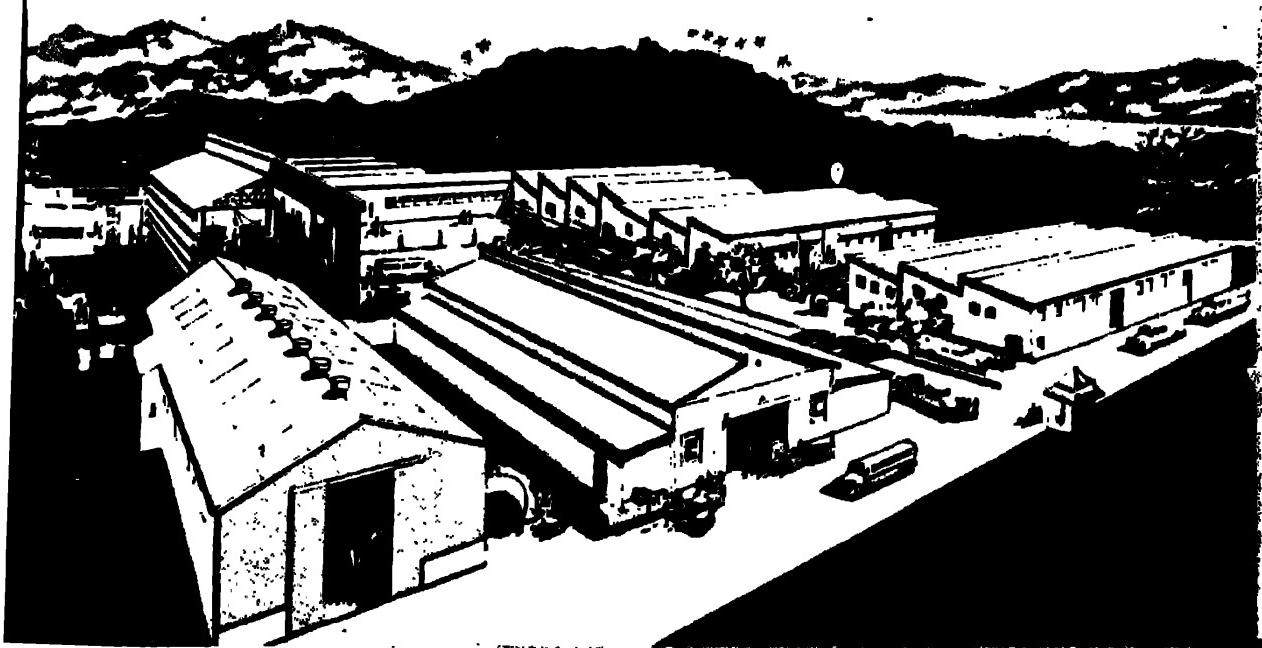
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gentleman—and a great Frenchman."

Having accepted the post of Minister of Finance and Economic Affairs, Pinay gives the General his unreserved support; but when he disagrees he does not conceal it. Once, irritated by Pinay's insistence on the importance of some economic factor, de Gaulle curtly remarked, "Our life is not determined by economic interests alone, M. Pinay!" But when the Cabinet meeting was over, the General came to Pinay with outstretched hand. "I'll never forget," he said, "that you were the first to call for me at Colombey."

Despite occasional minor frictions between the two fiercely independent men, they count on each other in really important matters. Pinay lays down the economic foundation for the strong nation which de Gaulle is building. And de Gaulle's political strength allows Pinay to accomplish his programme.

The programme involves austerity and sacrifice; the French would never have accepted it in the years when any unpopular government measure immediately brought the fall of the Cabinet that offered it. As Premier in 1952, Pinay had learnt that it takes political strength to fight inflation successfully.

To prepare his financial and economic reforms of 1958, Pinay created a committee headed by Professor Jacques Rueff, a strongly conservative economist. Rueff made recommendation for liberalizing the

economy, and Pinay endorsed everything that would be practicable.

The two most significant measures were the suppression of many of the innumerable government subsidies to industry and agriculture, and the virtual abolition of sliding-scale labour contracts with wages tied to a cost-of-living index.

"I am only too well aware," says Pinay, "of the interdependence of many different factors in the modern economy. I think, none the less, that it is absurd to make the price of coal and steel and cinema tickets determine the price of eggs and milk—that merely makes the inflation steam-roller roll ever faster. As soon as the farmer gets higher prices so that he can buy the more expensive coal and steel and cinema tickets, then miners, steelworkers and cinema employees demand higher wages in order to buy the more expensive eggs and milk!"

Among other reforms, Pinay wants taxation simplified. Though aiming at reducing taxes, he insists that they be applied more strictly than in the past.

Pinay is in favour of expansion of the French economy, but not at the price of inflation. "Inflation," he says, "not only undermines the economic foundation of a nation. It weakens its political and social structure, even its morality." He does not want people who live on a fixed income to have to pay the profits of the minority who benefit by inflation. He wants a sound expansion,



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in which the earnings of *all* citizens will maintain their purchasing power. And he knows this can be achieved only if the national budget is balanced—the essential condition for a stable currency.

"A constantly depreciated currency makes people lose their sense of reality," says Pinay. He was shocked when he saw a nine-year-old boy hand over a 10,000-franc note to buy comics. "At his age, I never had more than one or two francs [then about one rupee] in my pocket!" So, Pinay determined to give his countrymen not only a stable franc but a new "heavy" franc, pegged to gold, one that would wipe away two of the inflationary noughts. With the new franc—worth 100 pre-de Gaulle francs—a meal will cost 10 francs

instead of 1,000, a suit 250 francs instead of 25,000, and a workman will get a monthly salary of 700 francs instead of 70,000. By helping his countrymen recover the sense of value in their currency, Pinay hopes to restore their old spirit of thrift as well as other traditional virtues.

The victory over inflation still has to be consolidated. It will prove lasting only if de Gaulle's regime succeeds in halting the new upsurge of prices and the new wage demands of French workers. This implies further sacrifices. But no sacrifices are too hard, says Pinay, if they are essential to beat inflation. And other countries which to a lesser or greater degree have also felt the corrosive grip of inflation, watch with particular interest—and hope—Pinay's experiment in France.



### *Shoptalk*

EMIL TELFEL, of the William Allen White School of Journalism at the University of Kansas, learned the profession the hard way starting as a copy boy, but he didn't harbour sentimental thoughts about it being the best way. "The only thing I learned," he told his classes, "was this: when you go out to get sandwiches for reporters, get the money first!"

—R. K. S.

A GOVERNMENT official called the personnel office in his department to complain about the new clerk they had sent him. "She's an idiot," he cried. Later, when the personnel director transferred the girl to another job, the official was on the phone at once. "She hasn't improved," he said, "but I can't get along without her. She's got the files and the procedures in this office so tied up in knots, no one else here knows what's going on."

—J. K.

Two-Book Supplement

# I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY

*Eight years ago Althea Gibson broke the colour bar to become the first negro competitor in international tennis. Last year, having won both the Wimbledon and U.S. titles, she established herself as the greatest woman tennis player of our time. Her achievement has been more than a triumph over prejudice; it has been a triumph over poverty and the problems of an unhappy environment.*

*Here, in her own words, is the story of Althea Gibson's 30-year struggle to travel the 15 difficult miles separating her home in the slums of Harlem from the exclusive tennis club at Forest Hills, where the American national championships are played. And here, too, is her explanation of her decision to retire from tennis for a while to pursue a new career—singing.*



BY ALTHEA GIBSON

## I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY

OUR MATCH for what tennis players consider the singles championship of the world, the final at Wimbledon, was put down for 1.15 on that July afternoon in 1957. I was eager to get out there and play, be-

I had a feeling that this was going to be my day.

In the dressing-room Darlene Hard, of California, and I were given a series of instructions, including how to curtsy to the Queen, who was to present the trophies. Then we went out on to the hallowed "Centre Court."

It was hot, about 96 degrees, and I never felt more like playing tennis. There is something about a hot, still day that brings out the best in your shots. Anyway, I got off on the right foot, serving hard and well, and I won the first set, 6-3, before two o'clock. In the second set, whenever I rushed to the net I seemed to get the volley; when I stayed on the baseline and Darlene charged the net, I passed her. Before I knew it, I had won the match and was saying —people tell me—"At last! At last!" I knew exactly what Helen Wills had meant when she wrote, "Winning at Wimbledon was the prize for all the games I had ever played since I was a little girl."

A red carpet was unrolled from the royal box, and we stood at attention as the Queen walked gracefully out on to the court. Even in all that heat she looked exactly as a queen should look. I walked up to her, made a deep curtsy and shook the hand that she held out to me.

"My congratulations," she said. "It must have been terribly hot out there."

"Yes, Your Majesty," I said, "but I hope it wasn't as hot in the royal box. At least I was able to stir up a breeze."

The Queen handed me the gold salver, on which the names of all the previous Wimbledon champions were engraved, and I curtsied again and backed away—something I remembered from my constant filin-going when I was a kid. But the days when I was a wild little tomboy, trying to get away from my family's crowded Harlem apartment by hiding in a cinema, seemed very far away just then.

By the time I had dressed, a small heap of telegrams congratulating me had arrived. I barely had time to look at them: it was almost five o'clock, and the Wimbledon Ball was supposed to get under way at seven. Lew Hoad, who had won the

men's singles championship, was to be king of the ball, and I was to be queen. I didn't want to miss a minute of it.

As I walked into the ballroom of the Dorchester Hotel that night, everyone stood up and broke into the most pleasant applause I had ever heard. I was escorted to the head table and seated between the Duke of Kent and Lew. After dinner Lew and I circled the ballroom once to get the ball started. Then everybody joined in, and the joy was unconfined. I danced with the Duke; and Ham Richardson and Vic Seixas insisted on my singing, so I got up on the bandstand and sang a couple of songs. It was a wonderful evening and a wonderful day.

I'm not likely to forget my welcome home to New York a few days later. The city threw one of its ticker-tape parades for me. Afterwards, at a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria, Mayor Wagner gave me the medallion of the city. Perhaps best of all was the letter of congratulation signed "Dwight D. Eisenhower."

When I got home to West 143rd Street that day, Daddy was leaning out of the third-floor window, waving and hollering at me, and everyone in the neighbourhood was standing on the pavement. It meant a lot to me to have all those people come out of their tired old houses up and down the street to tell me how glad they were that one of the neighbours' children had gone out into



the world and accomplished something big.

I'd always wanted to be somebody. I guess that's why I kept on running away from home when I was a kid, even though I took some terrible whippings for it. I guess that's why I took to tennis. It's why I've worshipped Sugar Ray Robinson, the boxer, ever since I was an arrogant girl in my teens, playing ball in the streets all day and hanging around bowling alleys half the night. Ray was somebody, and I was determined that I was going to be somebody too—if it killed me. If I've made it, it's half because I was game to take a wicked amount of

punishment and half because an awful lot of people cared enough to help me.

I was born on August 25, 1927, in a small town in South Carolina called Silver. I don't remember anything about Carolina, but Daddy describes Silver as a three-store town, meaning that it wasn't quite as small as towns with only one store. I was the first child in the family, and Mum and Daddy lived in a cabin and grew cotton and maize. Bad weather ruined the crops three years in a row. "That third year all I got was a bale and a half of cotton," Daddy says. "I knew I had to get out, and when Mum's sister, Sally Washington, came down from New York for their sister's funeral, I made up my mind it was time."

In New York Daddy got a job as a handyman in a garage. For a while we all lived in Aunt Sally's flat. She made good money selling bootleg whisky. There was always lots of food to eat, the rent was always paid on time and my aunt wore nice clothes every day of the week.

I didn't start being a problem until the Gibson family settled into the flat on 143rd Street in which my mother and father, my sisters, Millie, Annie and Lillian, and my brother, Daniel, still live. I was ten years old, and I hated to go to school. I played truant all the time, even though Daddy would whip me with a strap on my bare skin. I didn't hate him for it; somebody had to try to knock a little sense into me.

The only thing I really liked to do was play ball. Basket-ball was my favourite. If I had gone to school steadily, Daddy wouldn't have minded my being a tomboy. In fact, when I was born, he had wanted a son, so he treated me like one. Once he wanted me to be a prize-fighter. He really did. "You would have been the champion of the world," he says. "You were big and strong, and you could hit."

I had the right temperament for it. I wasn't afraid of anybody, not even of him. He would box with me for an hour at a time, trying to make sure I would be able to protect myself. Harlem is a cruel place to grow up in; if Daddy hadn't shown me how to look out for myself, I would have been beaten up many times.

I remember once I was walking down the street throwing stones at things like street signs and letter-boxes when a big girl came up to me and said, "What are you supposed to be, tough or something?" I tried to ignore her, but she just hit me right in the bread-basket. I went down on my knees in agony. Then I ran home crying. When Daddy learned what had happened, he said, "If you don't go back and thrash that girl, I'll thrash you when you come home."

So I went back and beat the life out of her. I kept hitting and hitting, and I wasn't hitting like a girl either. Every time I punched her in the belly and she doubled up in pain,

I straightened her up with a punch in the face. She never bothered me again.

There was a tough boys' gang on 144th Street called the Sabres. The leader of the gang and I used to pal around together, playing basket-ball. No loving up, though. I wasn't his girl. We were what we called "boon-coons," which in Harlem means good friends.

One day, just after I'd visited Aunt Sally, I saw Uncle Junie, her brother, dozing on the front steps. And this Sabre leader was going through his pockets!

"What you doin'?" I hollered at him. "That my uncle. Go bother somebody else if you got to steal!"

I ran downstairs and began to lift Uncle Junie up. As I was doing this, I looked up just in time to see the Sabre leader take a sharpened screw-driver out of his pocket and throw it at me. I stuck my hand out to protect myself, and got a gash on my thumb that still shows a scar.

I got Uncle Junie upstairs as quickly as I could and went back down after that boy. We had a fight they still talk about on 144th Street. First he was down, and then I was down, but neither of us would stay down if we died for it. We were both pretty bloody when some grown-ups finally stopped it, and I guess you would have to say it was a draw. But at least those Sabres respected me from then on.

I never joined any of the so-called

social clubs in Harlem. I didn't care for the drinking and drugs and sex that they went in for—and I didn't care for the stick-ups that they turned to sooner or later. I didn't like to go to school, but I had no interest in going to jail either.

How I ever managed to graduate from junior high school, I don't know. I guess the teachers simply made up their minds to pass me on to the Yorkville Vocational High School, and let them worry about me. I went pretty regularly to Yorkville for the first year, mostly because I was interested in the sewing classes. But after a while I began to stay away for weeks at a time. Then the truant officer would come looking for me, and Daddy would thrash me, so I took to staying away from home too.

Mum says she used to walk the streets of Harlem until two or three o'clock in the morning looking for me. She never had much chance of finding me. I sneaked around to different friends' houses in the daytime, or sat in the movies. Then, if I didn't have anywhere to sleep, I would just ride on the subway all night, back and forth.

I had no intention of going back to school, but I was too young to get permission to work. So I finally made a deal. I was allowed to work on condition that I went to night school. I went for a couple of weeks, but then I stopped, and nobody ever came after me. So I was officially a working girl. I liked it, making my

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own money, buying what I wanted and paying in a little at home.

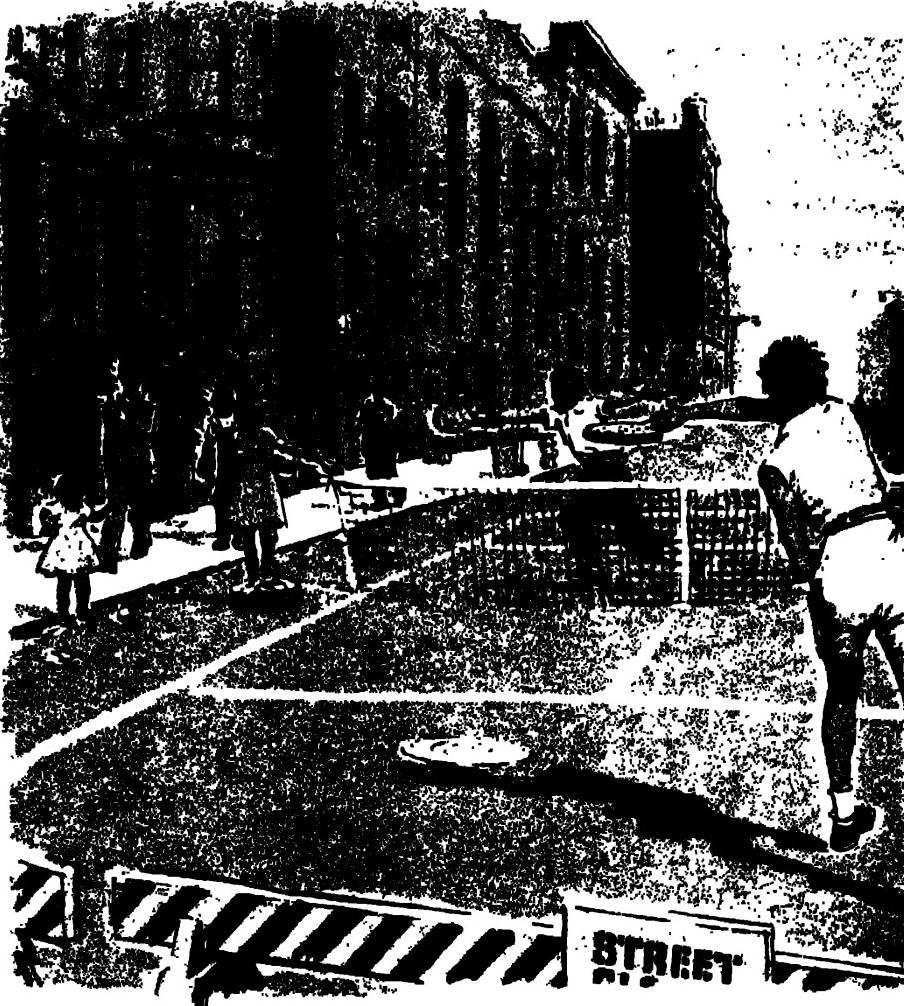
I could never seem to keep a job for long, though. I was a waitress, a messenger, a lift operator. I even had a job cleaning chickens. Eventually I was spending most of my time just hanging around the streets. At this point, a couple of women from the Welfare Department found me and laid down the law. If I wouldn't live at home and if I wouldn't go to school, I would have to let them find me a place to stay with a respectable family and report to them every week. Either that, or I would have to go away to the girls' correctional school—which is polite language for reformatory.

When they put it like that, I said I would do what they wanted. So they got me a furnished room in a private home, and gave me an allowance to live on while I was looking for a job. It was too good to be true. I forgot all about looking for a job and spent my time playing in the streets and the parks and going to the movies. It was during this time, when I was living

in a never-never land through the courtesy of the City of New York, that I was introduced to tennis.

THE WEST 143rd Street block my mother and father lived in was a play street—the policemen closed it to traffic so that we kids could use it for a playground. One of the big games there was paddle tennis, and I was the champion of the block. I even won medals in competition with other Harlem play streets.

Paddle tennis is played on a court marked off much like a tennis court, only it's about half tennis-court size and you use a wooden racket,



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not one strung with gut. There was a musician fellow, Buddy Walker, who is known now as Harlem's society orchestra leader, but who in those days spent the summer working for the city as a play leader. Watching me play paddle tennis one day, he got the idea that I might be able to play lawn tennis just as well.

He bought me a couple of second-hand tennis rackets and started me hitting balls against a wall. He got so excited about how well I hit the ball that he arranged for me to play at the Cosmopolitan Tennis Club. The Cosmopolitan is gone now, but in those days it was the ritzy tennis club in Harlem—all the coloured society people belonged to it. The idea was to have me play a few sets with the club professional, Fred Johnson. If I looked good enough, maybe some of the members would chip in to pay for a junior membership for me and underwrite the cost of my taking lessons.

Luckily for me, that's the way it turned out. I began to learn something about tennis. Mr. Johnson taught me some footwork and strategy, and he also tried to help me improve my personal ways. He didn't like my arrogant attitude. I had trouble as a competitor because I kept wanting to fight the other player every time I started to lose. But the polite manners of the game gradually began to appeal to me. So did the pretty white clothes. I began to understand that you could be

polite to everybody and still play like a tiger.

In 1942, the American Tennis Association, which is almost all-negro, was putting on a New York State Open Championship at the Cosmopolitan Club, and Fred entered me in the girls' singles. I won. I was a little surprised at this, but not much; by this time I had grown fairly accustomed to winning. I think what mostly made me feel good was that the girl I beat in the finals, Nina Irwin, was a white girl.

WHEN I turned 18, my life began to change. For one thing, the social workers no longer had charge of me; I wasn't a minor any more. I was no longer in line for the allowance from the Welfare Department either, but I got a job as a waitress and so I was able to run my own life at last.

About this time I met Sugar Ray Robinson and his wife, Edna Mae. Ray had a set of drums that he liked to play, and I always had a liking for music myself. My favourite instrument was the saxophone. Ray told me that if I was not just fooling around, he would buy me one. Buddy Walker helped me find a beautiful 125-dollar sax, and Ray gave me the money for it. I still have the sax, although I haven't tried to play it for a long time—which is lucky for the neighbours. They're better off when I sing, I hope.

Being 18, I was able to play in the A.T.A. national women's singles in

1946. I lost in the finals and was a pretty dejected kid for a while. But I had played well enough to attract the attention of two tennis-playing doctors—Dr. Hubert Eaton and Dr. Robert Johnson.

"There are plenty of college scholarships available for young people like you," Dr. Eaton told me.

"That would be great," I said, "except that I've never even been to high school."

That stopped them for a while, but the two doctors decided that I was too good a tennis prospect to let go to waste. I suppose they were hoping that I might turn out to be the negro player they had been looking for to break into the major leagues of tennis and play in white tournaments. The plan they finally came up with was for me to live with Dr. Eaton in Wilmington, North Carolina, during the school year, go to high school and practise with the doctor on his back-garden tennis court. In the summer I would live with Dr. Johnson in Lynchburg, Virginia, and travel with him to play the tournament circuit. Each doctor would take me into his family and take care of whatever expenses came up. It was an amazingly generous thing, and I can never repay them.

I MUST have been a sight to behold when I got off the train at Wilmington in September 1946. I had a suitcase in each hand, and Sugar Ray's

saxophone hung from a strap around my neck. Later, leaning back against the cushions in Dr. Eaton's big car, I thought: *Ain't this a blip! This shouldn't be too hard to take.*

Gradually, living in Dr. Eaton's house as one of the family, I learned how to obey rules and get on with people. It was the first real family life I had ever known. The rules that applied to the Eatons' children applied to me too. I even got a weekly allowance, so I could see that the good came with the bad. I chafed under the discipline, but I never did anything really bad.

The doctor's tennis court was a gathering spot for all the negro players in the district, since there wasn't anywhere else for them to play. The segregation set-up wasn't as bad as I'd feared, but it was bad enough. I'll never forget my first bus ride into town. The first thing I saw was the sign: WHITE IN FRONT, COLOURED IN REAR. I was furious. It made me feel ashamed in a way I'd never been ashamed in New York.

During the holiday months, when I went to the Johnsons' in Lynchburg, I really worked on my tennis. I practised with a robot machine that fired balls across the net at me in a steady stream, and with every player who was willing to take me on. I played in nine singles tournaments that first summer, 1947, and won them all. Dr. Johnson and I won eight mixed-doubles tournaments. One of the singles titles I

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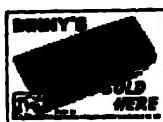
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won was the biggest that was open to me, the A.T.A. national women's championship. For whatever it was worth, I was the best woman player in negro tennis.

Both the doctors were very pleased, and the top officials of the A.T.A. decided that the time had come to press for the acceptance of a qualified negro player into U.S. Lawn Tennis Association tournaments. The first I heard about this was at the A.T.A. championships the following summer, when Dr. Eaton said casually, "Althea, how would you like to play at Forest Hills?"

All I said was, "Hub! Who you kidding?"

"It could happen," he said. "People are working on it."

"I'm ready any time they are," I told him.

My FIRST break came when the A.T.A. was notified that if I sent in an entry form for the 1949 Eastern Indoor Championships, to be played in New York, I would be accepted. I reached the quarter-finals in that tournament; later on I was asked if I would like to play in the National Indoor Championships. This was exactly the kind of progress the A.T.A. people had been hoping for. Once again I lasted until the quarter-finals, so at least I hadn't been disgraced. In both the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association tournaments I played in that winter—my first experiences as the only negro in an

otherwise all-white draw—I was made to feel right at home by the other girls. It wasn't just that they were polite; they were genuinely friendly and, believe me, like any coloured girl, I'm an expert at telling the difference. The whole experience gave me a lot of hope and confidence.

That June I finished my school course, somewhat to my surprise, and came tenth in my class, if you please. Now a college at Tallahassee, Florida, offered me a scholarship, and said that I should start right away.

Early in 1950 I was invited to play again in the National Indoors. This time I went all the way to the finals before Nancy Chaffee knocked me out. Even so, when I got back to college, the band was there to greet me when I stepped off the train.

I had the notion now that, having done so well in the Indoors, I would be invited to play in the summer grass-court tournaments, the big ones. But the U.S.L.T.A. acted as if I weren't there—until a powerful champion struck a blow on my behalf. Alice Marble, one of the greatest women tennis players of all time, wrote an editorial in the July 1950 issue of *American Lawn Tennis* magazine in which she said:

"If there is anything left in the name of sportsmanship, it's more than time to display what it means. If Althea Gibson represents a challenge to the present crop of women players, it's only fair that they



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should meet the challenge on the courts, where tennis is played."

All of a sudden, the dam broke. The Orange Lawn Tennis Club in New Jersey, one of the major clubs in America, accepted my entry for the Eastern Grass Court Championships. I was something less than a sensation, losing in the second round. But next I played in the National Clay Court Championships at Chicago, and got to the quarter-finals. Word was passed to the A.T.A. that if I applied for entrance into the Nationals at Forest Hills, I would be accepted.

To get to Forest Hills from Harlem, I had to walk over to the Sixth Avenue subway station carrying my bag and two tennis rackets. Then I had to take two subway trains, and when I reached Forest Hills I had to walk to the West Side Tennis Club. I couldn't help but think that, in more ways than one, it had taken me a long time to make this trip.

My second-round opponent at Forest Hills was Louise Brough, then Wimbledon champion and 1947 champion of the United States. Louise won the match, but it was a close one and, before I went back to college, the possibility of my playing at Wimbledon in 1951 was discussed. The U.S.L.T.A. had no objections, but they weren't ready to pay my way either. However, it was arranged for me to train with Jean Hoxie, one of the best-known tennis teachers in America.

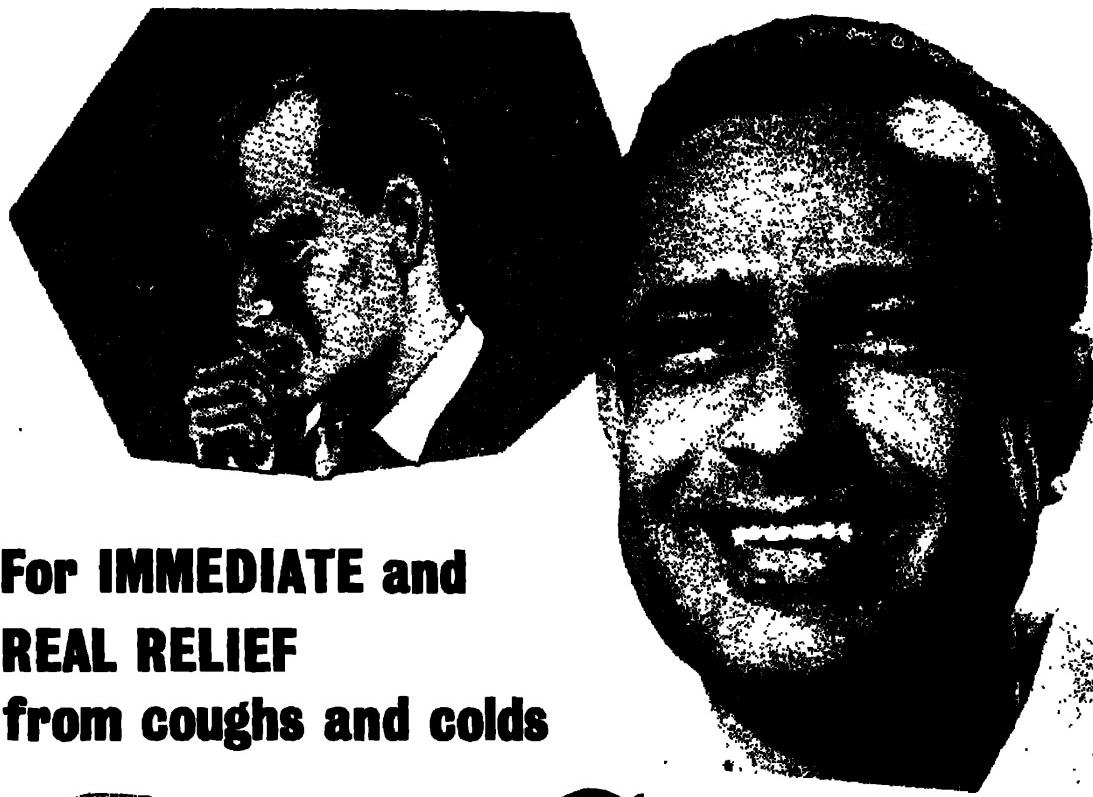
As soon as I finished my college

exams that May, I flew out to Michigan for the coaching. The negro people in Detroit were wonderful to me. Joe Louis left word that I was to use his hotel suite, free of charge. Joe also told me he would have a round-trip air ticket to London left for me at Idlewild Airport in New York. What a guy! Other people put on a benefit show and raised 770 dollars (about Rs. 3,700) for me to use on the trip. I was rich!

Unfortunately, a pocketful of money wasn't enough to make me win at Wimbledon. All I got was more experience. Then it was back to another disappointing season in the United States, and a pattern had been set that was to last for a long time. I didn't advance as fast as a lot of people thought I should. I was ranked No. 9 nationally in 1952, moved up to No. 7 in 1953, fell down to No. 12 in 1954.

In June of '53 I graduated from college and got a job in the physical-education department of Lincoln University at Jefferson City, Missouri. I taught there for two years, and then I had a conversation at Forest Hills with Renville McMann, at that time president of the West Side Tennis Club and a big man in the U.S.L.T.A. Mr. McMann said, "The State Department is thinking of sending a team of American tennis players on a goodwill tour of South-East Asia. They specifically said that they would like you to be in the team."

I said, "Are you kidding?" I



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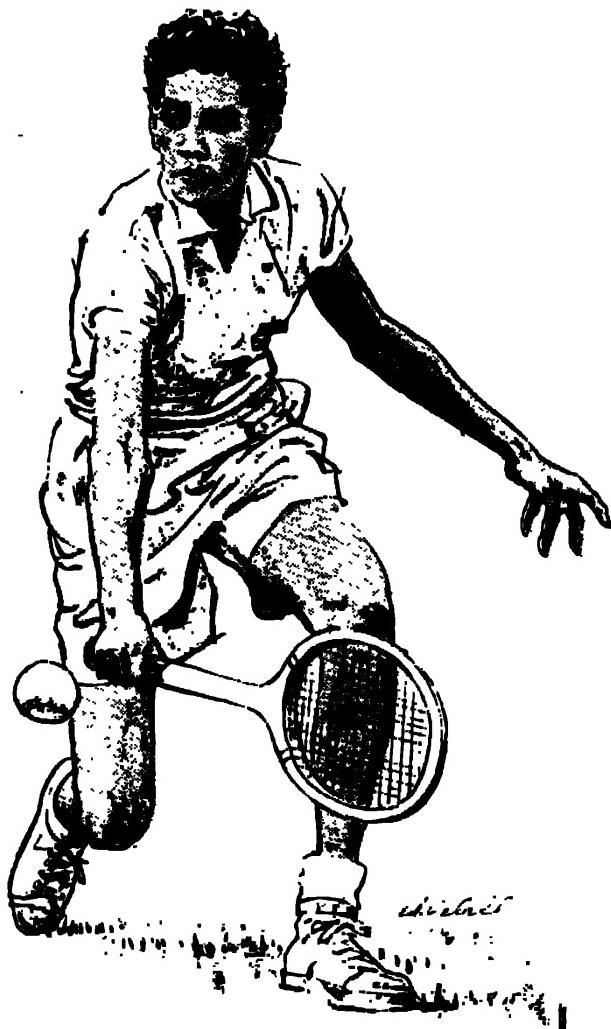
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wasn't exactly the ambassador type. But Mr. McMann said, "I mean it."

I said "yes" right away. When I learned that Ham Richardson, Bob Perry and Karol Fageros would be going along, I couldn't have been happier.

Before we left home for Rangoon, our first stop in Asia, the State Department people warned me that I would probably be asked a lot of questions about the negro's life in the United States. They said that it was up to me to say what I thought was right. To those who did enquire, I always said, well, we've got a



problem, as all countries and all individuals have, but it's a problem which certainly can be solved and which I firmly believe will be solved.

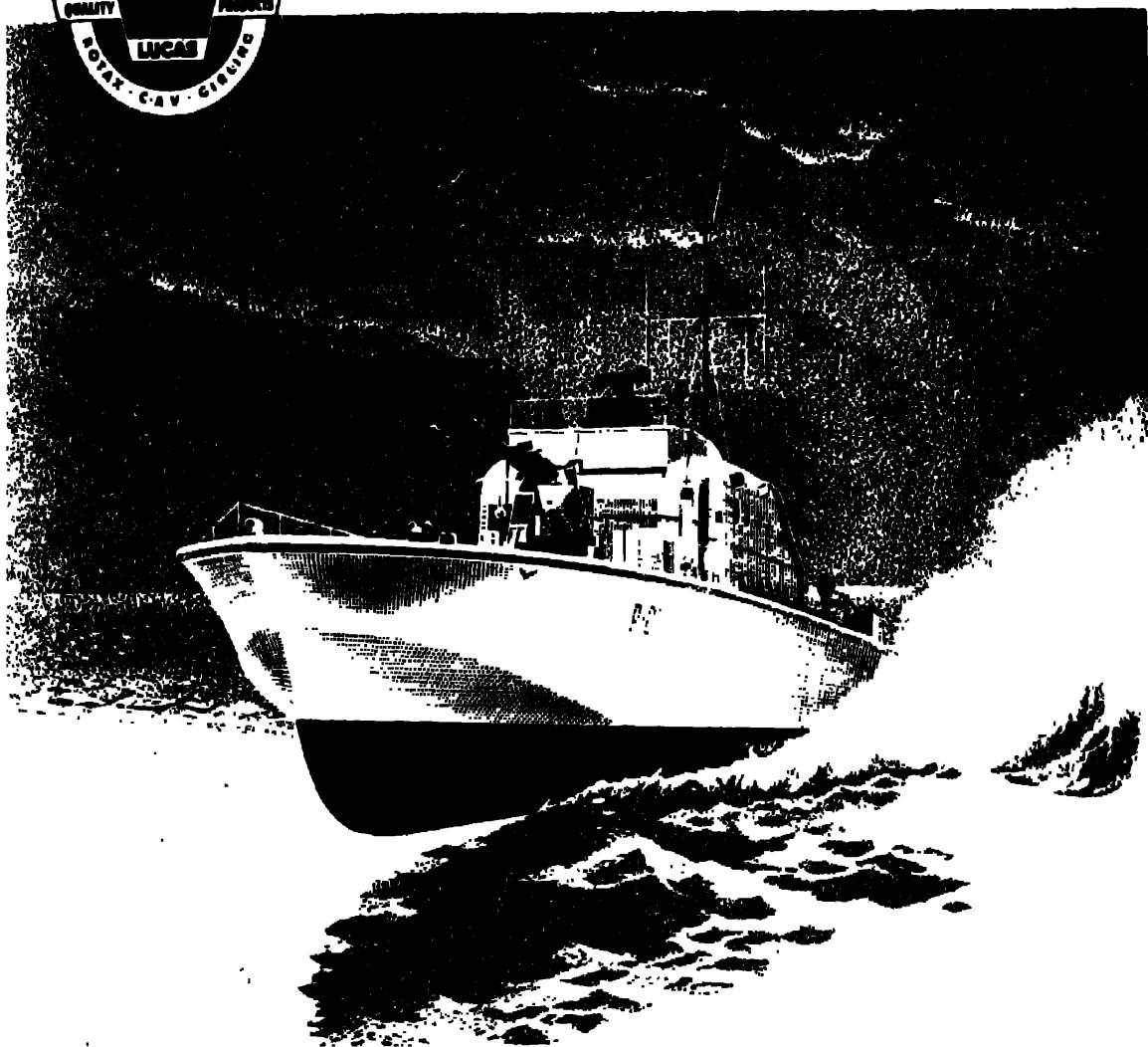
I have never regarded myself as a crusader. Naturally, I'm always glad when something I do turns out to be helpful to all negroes—or, for that matter, to all Americans, or perhaps only to all tennis players. But I don't consciously beat the drums for any special cause, not even the cause of the negro in the United States, because I feel that our best chance to advance is to prove ourselves as individuals.

There are those among my people who don't agree with my reasoning. A lot of them are members of the negro press, and they say I'm big-headed, uppity, ungrateful and a few other uncomplimentary things. I think the deep-down reason is that they resent my refusal to turn my tennis achievements into a crusade for racial equality. I won't do it. I feel strongly that I can do more good my way.

For one thing, I hope that the way I have conducted myself in tennis has met with sufficient approval and goodwill to assure that the way will not close behind me. This isn't, I'm convinced, an isolated proposition. Any other negro man or woman with the ability to compete on the national-tournament level will get a fair chance. It was heartwarming to see half a dozen negro men playing at Forest Hills in 1957. Their presence there, I feel, is the best answer



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I could make to the people who criticize me for failing to do as much as they think I might do to help my people move forward.

The State Department tour ended at Colombo in January 1956, and I headed for Stockholm to play in a tournament there. Then I played in Germany, France, Egypt, England. But if I thought that winning 16 out of 18 tournaments from Rangoon to London would make me a cinch to win at Wimbledon, I was mistaken. I lost in the quarter-finals to Shirley Fry. Then I lost again to Shirley in the U.S. National Clay Court Championships at Chicago, and at Forest Hills. There was no getting away from it: 1956 was very much her year. I was determined to make the next one an Althea Gibson year.

In 1957 I went again to Wimbledon. This time I reached the finals.

On the day when I beat Darlene Hard, Milton Gross of the New York *Post* was with my parents in their apartment on 143rd Street. In his column he recorded exactly what they said.

"I didn't think a negro girl could go that high," Mum said.

But Daddy said, "I knew she would do it. I knew she had the strength to do it."

"Strength?" Milton wanted to know. "What kind of strength do you mean?"

"Physical strength," Daddy said, "and any other kind of strength that's needed."

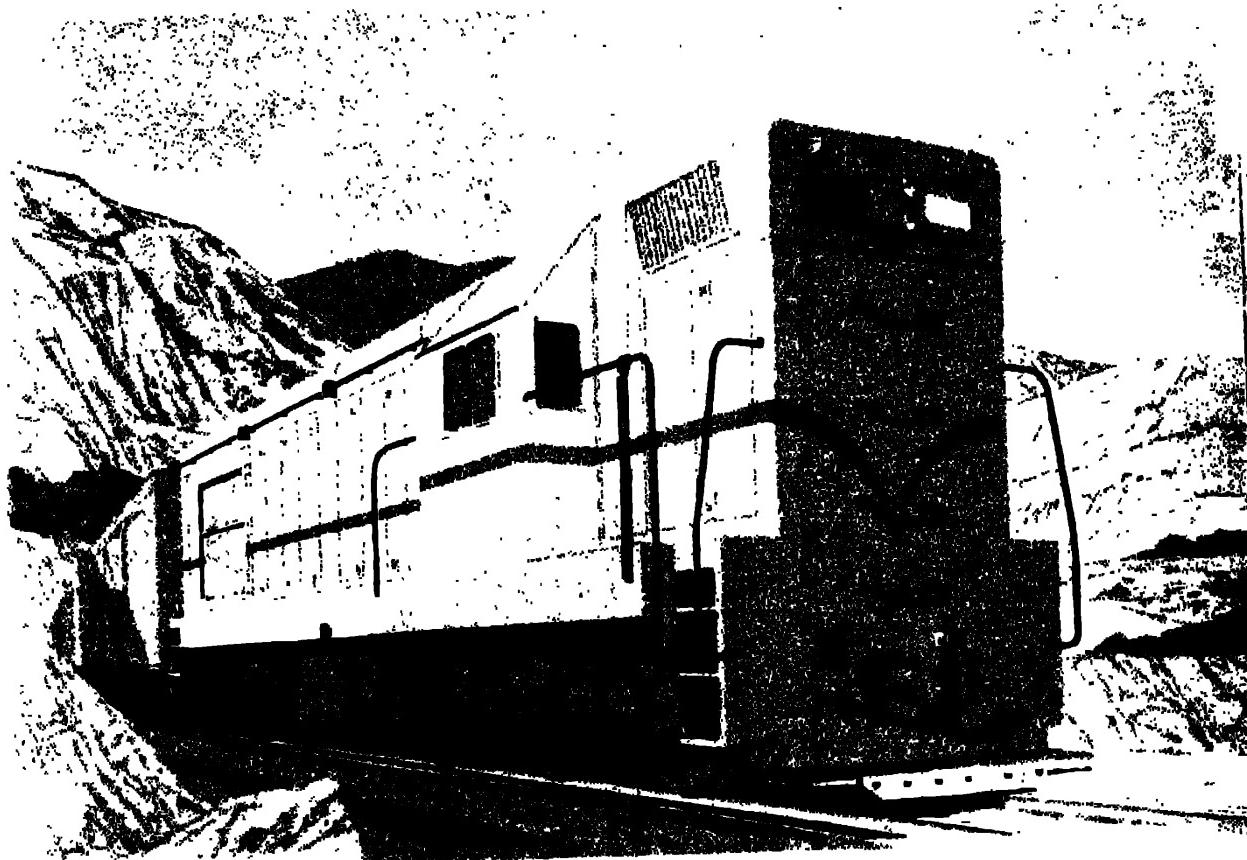
IT WASN'T long before I had to push all the Wimbledon glory into the back of my mind. That August I had the pleasure of playing for the United States in the Wightman Cup matches against Great Britain. Playing for your country is a lot more exciting than playing for yourself. Now I could understand what the boys meant when they said it gives you a funny feeling, when you're playing Davis Cup matches, to hear the umpire call "Advantage, United States," instead of "Advantage, Mr. Smith." I was happy that I played well enough to help our team win.

That September I drove out to Forest Hills to play in the Nationals; it was quite different from my first trip there by train. I was the No. 2 ranking woman player in America. If I won the tournament, nothing could keep me from ranking No. 1 in 1958. It seemed fitting that the girl I met—and defeated—in the final was Louise Brough, who had beaten me seven years before in that first important Forest Hills match of mine.

Of course, all my problems weren't solved just because I had become the champion woman tennis player of the world. I was only 30 years old, and I had the best part of my life still to live. I had to think about making enough money to support myself, about fitting myself, a negro girl, into the larger world that I had come to know and enjoy.

As far as making money was concerned, I decided that I would play

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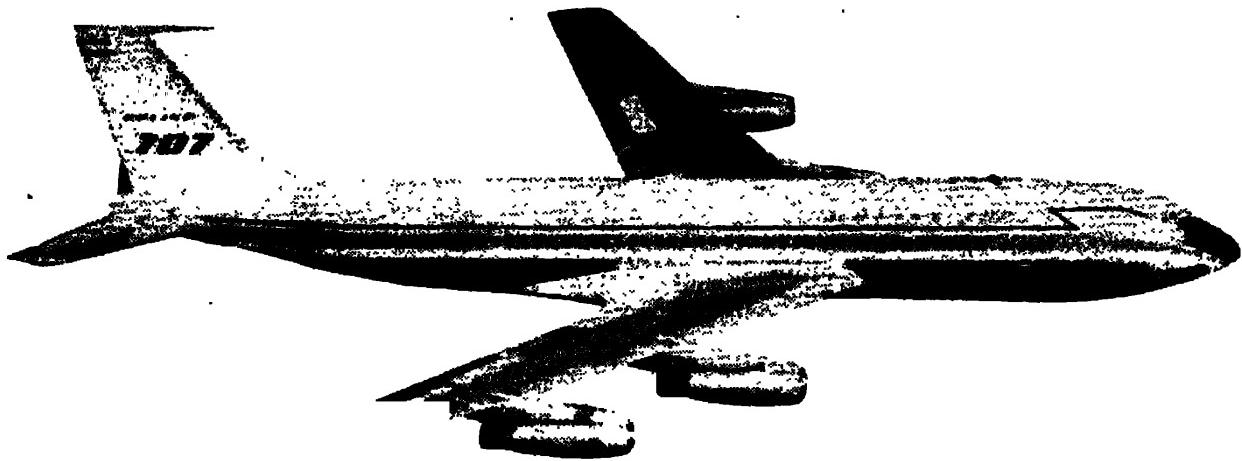
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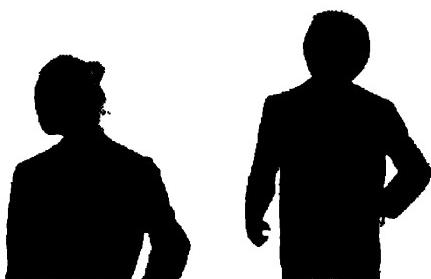
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professional tennis if a good opportunity came along. But unless I saw a chance to make a lot of money at it I would rather remain an amateur, and earn my living doing something else. Furthermore, I knew what that something else would be—music.

My first album of popular ballads

was released last year, and my singing career has begun on television.

I don't know if I shall ever dance at another Wimbledon Ball, but I think I've already got the main thing I've always wanted—to be somebody. I'm Althea Gibson, the tennis champion. I hope that it makes me happy.

THE END

## A Morning to Remember

*By Hal Borland*

I was out in the thinnest light of dawn this fine morning, looking for deer. The deer have been feeding in a small opening on the mountain, where the pines stand tall beyond and a seep spring waters the grass; I have seen their tracks there often. So this morning I was up before daylight. I took my stand in a thicket of saplings where I had a clear view of the glade.

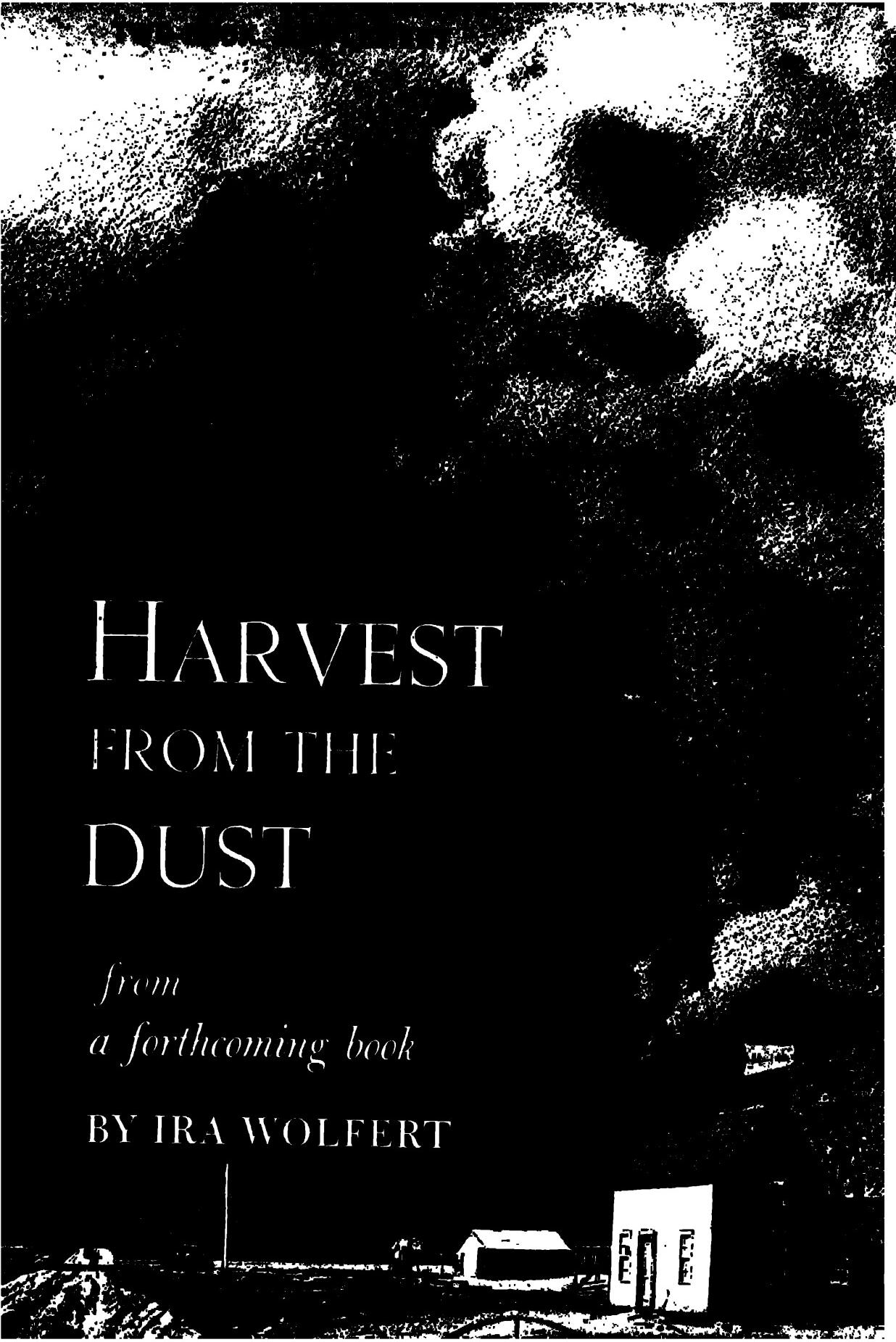
The birds were there before me, of course. A blue jay announced my coming. Then two song sparrows asked my business. As quietly as possible, I made my way into the undergrowth and waited, hoping I looked something like a stump in khaki trousers and an old brown coat. Apparently I looked enough like a stump to get by, for within five minutes the birds quietened down. A chickadee came and perched on a twig within three feet of my face. A fox sparrow scratched his way into the leaves within an arm's length.

No deer came, but within 20 minutes a rabbit hopped towards my stand and sat watching me. He shook his head and flapped his ears as though bewildered, thinking, "There

wasn't a stump there yesterday." Then he approached. He nibbled at the grass, he scratched one ear with a long hind foot, he went twice round a clump of violets. Then he wriggled his nose at me, looked me in the eye and hopped directly to me. He sniffed at my boot toe, nosed the turn-up of my khaki trousers; then he hopped away, only to come back, quite unable to make up his mind, and sniff again. The rabbit went away and the fox sparrow scratched dead leaves on to one of my boots. I was of no consequence to him, none at all. The chickadee perched on my shoulder for a moment. Two field mice, their white bellies gleaming, came out of the grass and stood on their hind feet beside a tiny maple seedling, sniffing the air.

Then the sun rose and the mists began to rise from the seep spring. The bird chorus in the woods began to swell. Still no sign of the deer.

I waited till an hour after sunrise, and then the mosquitoes came after me, and I had to give up. I came home without having seen my deer, but I had a splendid hour and a half with the other folk who live there.



# HARVEST FROM THE DUST

*from  
a forthcoming book*

BY IRA WOLFERT

*Sometimes the dust blew for weeks, seemingly without stopping. It stripped soil from farms and buried houses, crops, cattle and men's hopes. Only a deep and passionate love of the land could have held a man and his wife in the Dust Bowl when all their friends and neighbours were uprooting themselves, heading for California or some other green state.*

*Ed and Pearl Tucker's year-after-year battle to save their farm is a stirring and intensely dramatic story of two people who refused to be defeated, and who fought against tremendous odds until they made their land—and their lives—rich and sweet again.*

)

 **EVERYBODY** in Texas County, Oklahoma, knows Ed Tucker. They know his cool, white farmhouse that drowses under the cottonwood trees 18 miles east of the Colorado line. Ed's neighbours have known his story a long time. To them, it may not seem the remarkable thing it is.

The Tucker place, with its huge barns, spreading fields and mammoth combines, looks like many another prosperous wheat farm. In reality it is not so much a farm as a battlefield. Like Gettysburg during the American Civil War, it was once a deadly arena in which men fought until their hopes, their fortunes and their lives were beaten into the earth.

The Tucker farm is right in the centre of the country that gave the American language a new name for hell: Dust Bowl. The enemy was dust. The dust defeated thousands of men and drove them and their families off the land and into the inhospitable cities.

But the dust didn't beat Ed Tucker, though it all but drowned him. Nor did it beat Pearl, his wife, though she nearly drowned with him. Ed and Pearl stayed with the land and fought until it didn't seem sensible to fight any longer. Then they fought some more.

How great their victory was became clear in the summer of 1958. In that bumper year, the one-time Dust Bowl grew more than eight million bushels of wheat. Ed Tucker, farming 3,000 acres, grew some 40,000 bushels. It was all prime wheat, and it all came from the very fields that in the 1930's had done their best to kill him.

Why had he stayed on, struggling, in the blinding dust, when all round him his neighbours were uprooting themselves and leaving?

"I guess it's just this prairie country," Ed says. "Once you get used to it, no other kind looks good to you."

Ed's land is part of the High Plains. Ed was seven years old when

he first saw the flat, forbidding landscape of Texas County. His father, Schuyler Tucker, had been a school-teacher in Greensburg, Kentucky, before he felt the urge, the quickening in his blood, that has driven so many Americans westwards.

It was 1906. In that year 34 families—more than 125 people—left Greensburg to set up homesteads on the Oklahoma panhandle.\* Before long most of them were homesick and discouraged.

They had homesickness so badly that they had to pass a rule against singing "My Old Kentucky Home" at their get-togethers—it was just too upsetting to hear. Once a wit came to a Sunday social carrying a porcelain article designed for nocturnal convenience in the bedchamber. The shocked women drew away to titter in private, but when he explained it was "to catch the tears in case anyone breaks the rule," they burst out crying.

The trouble was the land. Bone-dry, featureless, timberless, floor-flat, it lay waiting, daring man to make a mark on it. There were no trees, no houses, no barns. It had been designed by nature for nomads. The Kentuckians had known so little about what they were getting into that they had even brought fruit trees with them. They dug a trench round each tree to conserve moisture, and a few trees had survived long enough to blossom.

\* A projection of land in north-west Oklahoma, shaped like the handle of a frying-pan.

Then the wind tore the blossoms off before they could bear fruit.

For the land was savage. It was like the Australian outback, the blank Mongolian plain, the grim reaches of Siberia. Before the Kentuckians undertook to crop-farm it, others had tried to tame this wild, intractable country, and had retreated, licking their wounds.

Cattle barons and homesteaders came hopefully, but were driven out. Finally the Kentuckians arrived. But they, too, found it a fearful struggle requiring more than most men wanted to give. By 1916 the Kentucky colony had gone the way of all others. It was down to two families, the Tuckers and the Prices. G. W. Price's boys hung on until the onset of the Dust Bowl. Then they pulled out, and only the Tuckers were left.

Schuyler Tucker had a deep reverence for the soil. He learned what kind of wheat could stand the searing summer heat of the plains. He learned how to plough so that the wind wouldn't blow his fields away before the wheat took hold. During the lean years he held on, growing just enough to feed his flock. But he knew in his heart that he wasn't going to be able to stick it out—not alone. He knew that if they were going to stay, it would depend on Ed. His son Ed was 18 years old now, and he had a real knack with the land. Everything he put his hand to—whether animal or plant—did a little better than most.

Then something happened that seemed to seal the fate of the Tucker homestead in Texas County. Daddy Tucker went down with influenza. It was a long siege and, when he recovered, it was clear that he wouldn't have the strength to fight this land again. It would be up to Ed. Either Ed would dig in his heels and wrestle with the giant or the giant would shove the Tuckers off the plains, back to Kentucky.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the giant got help and the battle seemed decided. Back in Greensburg, Grandad Perkins, Ed's maternal grandfather, owned what was practically a millionaire's domain—2,000 acres of level bottom land. He offered Ed a rich farm as a gift. Ed merely had to come and pick it out.

All his life Ed had heard about the wonders of Kentucky. There were mountains there. And streams with fish in them. There were trees, and the grass was green. Whenever you wanted it to rain you just had to whistle.

He was off like a shot, catching the same train that carried the letter saying he was coming. His father said nothing to stop him, but his silence concealed despair. As Ed's train pulled out, he saw his hopes for his homestead vanish with it.

Ed himself felt that in going to Greensburg he was, after long exile, returning home. It was an attitude he had learnt from his elders. But it did not work out that way. When Grandad Perkins drove him

round the Kentucky countryside, he'd stop the car at this or that likely farmstead. "That's a pretty valley there," the old man would say, and Ed would take a look. "Yes, sir, it certainly is," he'd agree politely.

But he said it without enthusiasm, for a strange thing was happening in him. He did not feel at home in Greensburg. The countryside was pretty, yes, but only as scenery. The trees smothered him; the hills hemmed him in. And this country was *settled*. All the big jobs had been done by other men. What was there to do that would really stretch his muscles?

Ed kept wanting to tell his grandfather about John Green's well, back in Texas County. This was long before Ed's day. But Ed had heard the story a hundred times, and each time with a spine-tingling shiver of excitement.

John Green didn't have any water on his place, so he began to dig for it. Day after day he attacked the ground with a shovel. He went down ten feet, then 20, then 30. When he got so far down that he couldn't use a ladder, he rigged a windlass at the top. He tied a sawn-off barrel to one end of the rope and a horse to the other. Every morning Mrs. Green would lower her husband into the well; he'd start shovelling earth into the barrel and she'd get the horse to haul it to the surface when it was full.

It took John Green five years of digging before he began to see damp



rock under his feet. Finally, when he was 233 feet down, he reached water-bearing rock. It was a thrilling epic of persistence. Moreover—and this was even more thrilling—he did not have to shore up the hole as he dug. The sides had never once threatened to cave in, because it was all pure soil clear down to bedrock—a 233-foot mine of treasure that a farmer and all his descendants could live off for ever.

Back in Kentucky, Ed thought about that treasure. And then he thought about the men who had tried to claim it.

Nature had presented the farmer on the High Plains with a challenge. Here's all the good earth you'll ever want. Just start ploughing. But when you start ploughing, look out! Keep one eye on the furrow and the other on the weather. Whatever you do, mind the wind! For the dead hopes of men beaten by that ceaselessly surging ocean of wind lay everywhere—sagging fence posts, drifted

fields, warping boards of abandoned houses.

But not all men had been defeated. There was John Green's well. It was still there, and now a grove of willow trees had grown up on the overflow round it. They stood tall and lonely, a beckoning sign to other men. Schuyler Tucker's family often picnicked in their shade. And other settlers came there to draw water before their own wells were dug. Often they stayed to relax and let the children play. But the best playing, Ed remembered, was just to stand under the trees and look out at the land. Here was a prize if a man could find a way to win it. Here was a future waiting, and the horizons stretched as far as a man could see.

In a few days Ed was on the train again, leaving Kentucky, going home to the High Plains. He didn't know then that his home was going to be turned into a dust bowl, and that he was going to be tested, year

after year, as few men since Job have been tested. He didn't know that he was to be cast in the role of David, or that Goliath was waiting.

**T**HE PLAINS had never looked better to Ed than on the morning he jumped off the train. He hitched a lift home, went into the house and pulled on his overalls. It was September, and his father was out beside the barn pouring seed into the boxes on the wheat drill. The team was hitched; when the cans were full of wheat Ed took the reins and stepped into the seat.

The news in Texas County was that some more folks had moved in. They were the Chatwells from Sparta, Tennessee. They had just bought land adjoining the Tucker place, and they had a daughter. In no time at all Ed was tastefully spruced up to introduce himself. Lithe and blade-shaped, moving with a well-bred strut, he looked like a young sporting gentleman and behaved as if he were at a race meeting or quail hunt.

Ed remembers well what he thought the first time he saw Lillian Pearl Chatwell: there goes Mrs. Ed Tucker. And Pearl remembers well what she thought the first time she saw Ed: how did he get stuck behind a plough anywhere, least of all in Oklahoma?

She was a sunny-faced, graceful, deer-like girl. Ed found her washing out some clothes behind the house. Not a man to do things the easy

way, he had to put up some hurdles, just to see if he could jump over them. "Well," he said loftily, "you look as if you'd make a pretty good washerwoman." Then he made sure Pearl would remember having met him by asking her elder sister for a date, even after he'd been told she was already engaged to a boy back home in Tennessee.

Confidence—the mark of the master: Ed had it. Time enough later, after you've caught the girl's attention, to smooth her feathers. The future Mrs. Tucker, all her feathers bristling as she watched Ed strut off with her sister, called it arrogance then. But that was before the long years proved it to be the firm rock on which her life and the lives of her children were founded.

It was 1919. The southern plains were starting to fill up again. It had been like that for almost 50 years now. Ten dry years of nearly desert conditions would empty the land. Then would come the "good" years, when rainfall averaged about half what the rest of the crop-growing country got, and new settlers would arrive hopefully. This time there were a lot of young people. First World War veterans and their brides hoping to start a new life.

A Virginian named Ed Brewer took up land a few miles down the road and put up a big barn which became the scene of regular Virginia-style dances. A few miles in the other direction was the one-room school-house, where the community

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often had picnic suppers and other gay get-togethers. Cars were becoming frequent, making it possible to spend evenings in Elkhart, just across the Kansas border, and in Guymon.

Ed and Pearl didn't lack places in which to enjoy each other's company. But she was too young to consider marriage, she said. She was still saying it four years after Ed had started courting her. But by that time he had got her to admit they were going to marry somebody someday, even if not each other, and they might as well start studying home furnishings together. She took to slipping a mail-order catalogue under the sofa cushion in preparation for Ed's Sunday-afternoon calls.

But Daddy Chatwell usually made a third at these meetings. While the catalogue mouldered lumpily under the cushion, he talked to Ed about strip-tilling, about capillary water, about ways of feeding beef to change its marbling from yellow to white, and countless other topics of Texas County dry-land farming.

Daddy Chatwell got the devil for it regularly from his wife after Ed left. But it was more than parlour conversation to him. Long ago he had discovered that whatever he had learnt about farming in the humid lands was of small use on the plains. Talking to Ed was better than reading books. The boy knew what the books were going to be written

about. Nor did Pearl complain.

In fact, she was almost relieved that the big question was thus being put off. It wasn't Ed or the idea of marriage or young-girl foolishness that made her uncertain. It was the wide-open spaces. She wasn't used to this vast land with its endless, motionless sweep—and then there was all that wind.

"Does the wind blow like this all the time?" a newcomer to the plains asked, turning his back to the gale so that his words might be heard. "No, mister," he was told. "It'll blow like this for a week or ten days. Then it'll take a change and blow like hell for a while."

It was an old-folk joke, but Pearl learned that it was only slightly exaggerated. The winds blow across the High Plains at the same average velocity throughout the year as they do on the seashore. There is nothing on that stupendous floor of land to act as a wind-break. The full impact of the wind blows right along the ground. Any obstruction will make a tricky rapids in the flow. The wind hits, bounces off, then coils up and springs back and hits again. Sometimes this makes trouble. Where a grain elevator is built right alongside a road, for example, they have to put up a sign: *Danger, Drive Slow. Wind Currents.* It's a land that takes getting used to.

At the best of times—in the summer of a good year with crops covering the ground—there is danger of a kind of snow blindness. The sky

will become a flickerless blaze of white, and the ground is so flat that you can shut out the sky only by walking with your head down. When you gaze at cattle in the fields, they look as if they're grazing on the brink of a cliff. You can see the sky above and below them, glaring from between their legs. That's how flat the land is, and Pearl never ceased to marvel at it. Even today she isn't completely used to it.

The enormous, yawning monotony of the landscape produces an affliction that plains people recognize at once. A man would walk about with a shaken look, as if he had just come away from some narrow escape. There would be a glaze of fever over his eyes, but he hadn't got a fever and he had had no narrow escape. He had simply gone down with "the loneliness."

But to some—and Pearl came to be one of them—the levelness has an exalting quality. Mountain-born though she was, she got so that she didn't miss the hills, for she learned that it was not earth but sky that made the plains landscape. Standing in one place she could have an unobstructed view over a circle of earth with an area of more than 300 square miles. She could see a storm begin and end and start again. Here the rainbow attained its fullest range, its colours pulsing as if alive.

The nights in that 3,000-foot altitude were always cool and juicy-sweet. As the sun rose, the sage became warm and fragrant. The

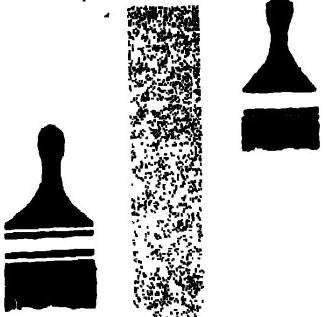
wind, perfumed with sage, came into your bed and woke you. What a land! Its alarm clock was a fragrant silence that made you ambitious to be alive.

And then you were out in the open where even a girl stood up so high above everything else from horizon to horizon that she could feel more a part of the air than of the ground. She could have the same sense of freedom that a bird must have. Elsewhere people could learn it only in love, but here the earth itself taught that there is nothing taller than man except God.

But the stillness had a feeling of death in it, too. The fields had the strange, deep quiet of a cemetery. There was the same quality to the silence as of a crowd of sounds that had been taken away, leaving a sense of loss behind.

Pearl used to think these things, and she used to ask Ed if he felt that way.

To Ed, the stillness and the open spaces meant something different. It meant challenge. Out here, where there was nothing but earth and sky, a man felt mighty tall—or mighty small—depending on how he was accustomed to look at things. If the wind and the everlasting stillness got you down, you became smaller and smaller and sooner or later you were gone without a trace. But if you had a mind to stand up to the land and wrestle with it, before long the land would give in and become part of you. Then you had some of



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its strength. It was working with you. Only you always had to look out.

The land, Ed told Pearl, was like a fickle woman. It could turn on you and make you feel small again. But always you knew the promise of glory was there—if you could manage to find a way of capturing it.

"Isn't that something?" Ed wanted to know. "Isn't that reason enough for a man to stay with the land?"

Pearl had to admit it was—for a man. But a girl has to think of life for children. If a man sometimes felt small out here, what would it be like to be a child? In her mind Pearl saw two children, a boy and a girl, walking hand in hand, lost in the wasteland. But she never spoke of this to Ed.

For all his boldness, Ed was gentle with Pearl; yet he was persistent and eventually she agreed to order furniture by mail. But they would not pay for it yet. They would leave it in the railway station, crated, in case either one of them had a change of heart.

By that time, almost five years had passed since their first meeting. Finally, Pearl set a date—November 26, 1924. But it was only to drive to Guymon. Ed could stop in front of the preacher's house as long as he wanted to. If she didn't want to go in, she wouldn't. They'd have to wait until they got there to see about that. So Ed agreed to wait.

Ed was living alone at that time, on the family homestead. His elder brother was married and had already moved off the plains. His younger brother was away at college, and his parents were living in Hooker, about 25 miles away.

On November 26 Daddy Tucker drove out to the farm. He saw that, although it was only mid-morning, there were tubs of bath water heating on the stove. He looked at them and then at Ed, who remained silent.

"If you're getting married," Daddy Tucker said after a while, "we might get a turkey ready for you tomorrow."

Ed hesitated for a long minute. Then he said, "Go ahead. Catch your turkey."

That was all that was said.

Pearl's parents saw Ed drive up in his new Buick. They saw Pearl come running down the stairs in her new dress, carrying a suitcase. "We're just going for a drive," Pearl explained.

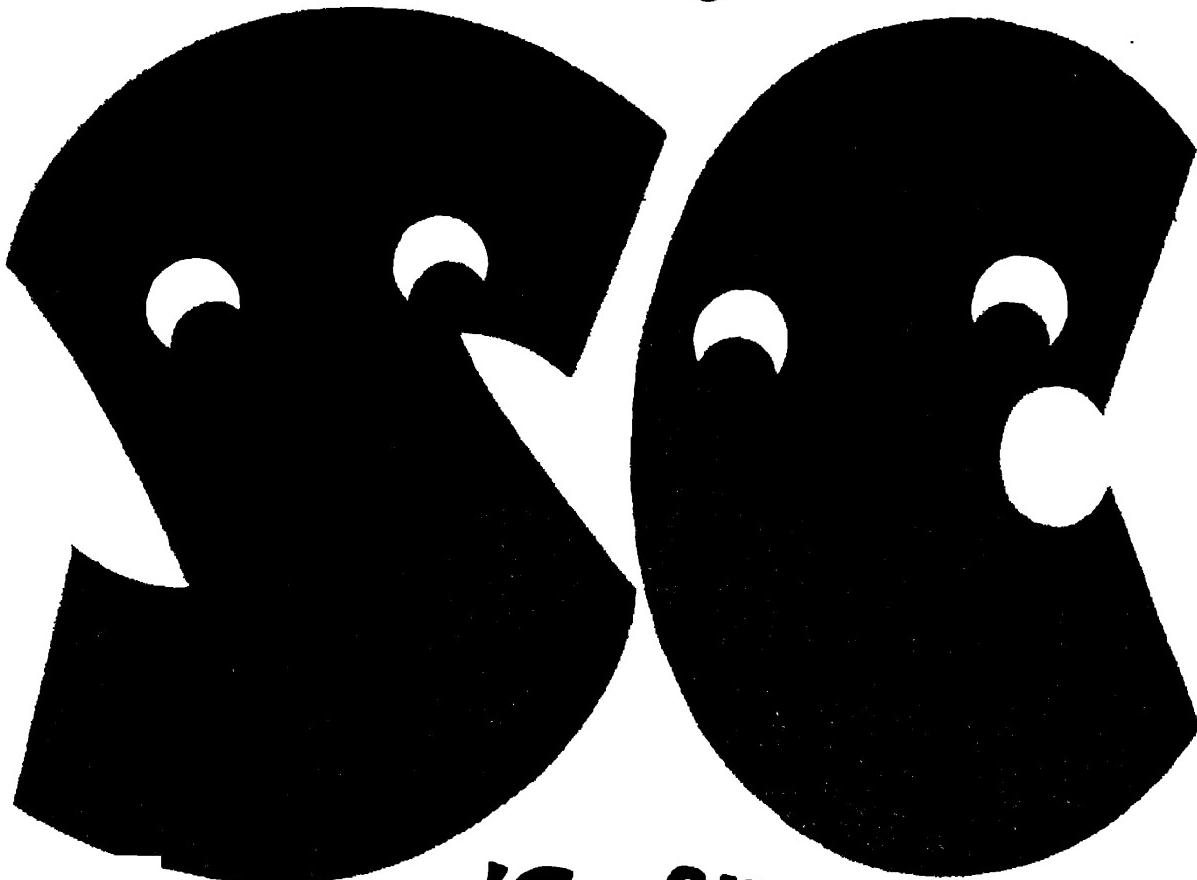
"With a suitcase?" her horrified parents cried.

"We might stay another day with Daddy and Mother Tucker."

So finally Pearl hurried off, trembling, into the wild dimness of a future on the High Plains.

**A**LL THE folks said that Ed and Pearl had chosen a good year in which to be married. The weather on the southern plains seemed to behave according to a ten-year cycle:

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the 1890's had been bad, the 1900's good, the 'teens bad again. Now the '20's were good, and the newly-weds had a right, in 1924, to look forward to six or more years in which to build up reserves for the lean cycle that they knew must follow.

Sooner or later, Ed and Pearl knew, they would run into a year where there would be too much rain, or not enough. Or there would be hailstones that would fall like rocks, crushing and shattering the wheat. They knew they could expect a summer when grasshoppers would come over the land in great wavy plumes like smoke, darkening the sun, eating the fields to naked stubble with a clicking sound that could rattle the windows in a house. Ed had seen these things happen. But as he put down his wheat crop that autumn he felt tall and strong. He thought he had the land tamed for a while. And then the sky opened and cut him down to size.

In his first year of marriage, Ed's crop was hailed out.\* The wheat he sowed never brought back a dollar. They got into the lean cycle sooner than they bargained for. Ed took 400 dollars of his savings and bought a scrapped combine harvester. He fixed it up himself and set to work threshing the crops of neighbours who had not been hailed out. It netted him 1,000 dollars. The bad

year was behind them. Next year would be better.

But in 1925 there was no crop at all for anyone—this right smack in the middle of the good cycle. It was what on the plains they call a skip year. There was plenty of rain overhead, but the wind dried the wretched stuff before it could fall.

"Never mind, dear," Pearl said to Ed. Pearl didn't care what the weather did. She had confidence in Ed. And Ed didn't care either. He had confidence in the land.

In 1925, as soon as he saw he was not going to have a crop again, he got a tractor. It was only a little second-hand Fordson, but it could plough 20 acres in a day, as much as a six-horse team. Ed traded two horses for it and set to work.

HERE WAS plenty of land available that year. The nomads, known locally as "suitcase farmers," didn't come in the dry years; and you could rent their fields for a quarter of whatever crop you raised on them. Ed rented 800 additional acres. His brother Allan had left college and was now living with Ed and Pearl on the family homestead. The two men spent the blistering weeks and months of the growing season summer-fallowing. Their only money came from the milk cows and Pearl's dowry—a flock of turkeys she had raised from poult.

It was a typical skip year. While the crop planted the year before died on one part of the land, the boys

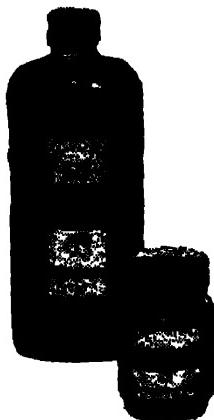
\* One night this past June, a hailstorm covered 60 square miles in the vicinity of Selden, Kansas, with 18 inches of ice. The storm collapsed the roofs of five business establishments, parts of the roofs of many other buildings, and inflicted a total crop loss on the wheat farmers in the area.

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toiled on another, with nothing except Ed's confidence to tell them they would get anything for it next year.

But a good rain came early in September, which was just the right time, and seeds, machines, horses and men were all deployed to race out and get wheat planted before wind and sun snatched the wetness away.

In the spring the wheat sprang up lustily. Pearl had become pregnant during the winter, and the child in her stirred now. Ed would look at his fields, then come back in and "look at Pearl. "Things are busting out all over," he cried once with such excitement that Pearl had to laugh. It was a warm, fond time in life.

All that spring the weather smiled on Ed and Pearl and their spreading, burgeoning fields. In July, just before the harvest, Daddy Tucker came out to see what the wheat amounted to. He took one look and had the best field chained off. Then he called in witnesses to testify to the accuracy of the count. It added up to an incredible 64 bushels to the acre, four times what was then the national average!

"Boys, you've done it!" the old man cried. "You've *learnt* the land." The whole county had done it. "We showed 'em," the men were crowing as they strutted in to market. "We licked 'em, we beat 'em, we taught 'em a lesson." Ed Tucker crowed a bit, too. But he knew in

his heart that the lesson had been taught by the earth. "If you heed the land," Daddy Tucker used to tell his boys, "the land will help you."

Nineteen-twenty-six, a year of blessed memory, R.I.P.—it seemed that the machines had supplied all the answers. The Tuckers marketed 38,000 bushels of wheat during the summer at a price that ranged between one dollar ten cents and one dollar twenty-five cents a bushel. A week after the summer ended—on September 28—there was a second harvest: Pearl gave birth to Elizabeth Allene.

Ed's hat went up into the sky. But he was careful to take it down again. He was 28 in 1926, a veteran with 20 years' experience. If the '20's remained fat years, the '30's must be lean ones.

Ed Tucker bought more land, built a nice new house on it for his new family, bought more and bigger machines—but he paid for everything as he went along. "Always keep a dairy herd," his father warned him; and he did. He was too far from the market to sell the milk, but he could slop it to hogs and sell the cream. "Never eat more than your cream money will buy," his father warned him, and he didn't.

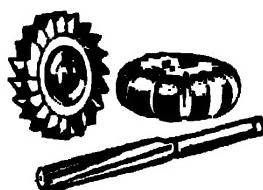
With his taste for elegance, Ed's machines had to be the newest and finest, his hogs prime, his dairy herd prize-winning pedigree Holsteins. Yet as the 1920's ended he

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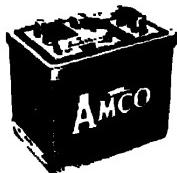


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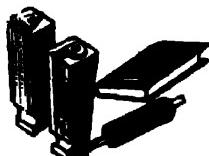
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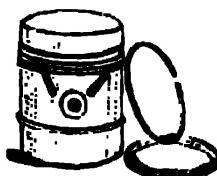


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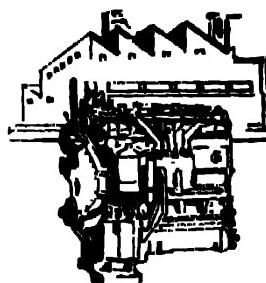
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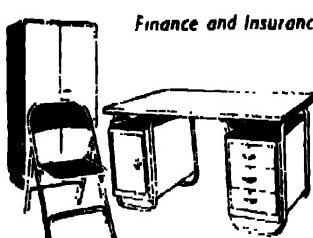
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could look in his books and find that he didn't owe any man a cent.

Now the '30's began, and Ed knew what to expect. It was the dance of life on the plains, the Oklahoma three-step—three steps forward, three steps back. There had been ten fat years. Now look out for ten lean years. As Ed looked at the horizon in a circle around his fields, he wondered when the trouble would come.

Every spring the winds would sweep the plains like a broom. A strong blow turned the Oklahoma panhandle misty. On more and more days people began to wonder what had happened to the sun.

Nobody worried too seriously about it. Dust was inevitable where land was being worked and winds could rove for a hundred miles without bumping into anything higher than a jack rabbit. The dust was all good topsoil anyway.

But before long—in 1931, Ed remembers—he began to have to turn his headlights on in daylight. The dust was pretty thick all that spring. By 1932 there were real storms—regular dusters. The wind would pile drifts up against the houses and fences, and men would groan, thinking of all the extra work involved in cleaning the drifts up. But they learned that they only had to wait. The wind would turn round and take the dust away.

Still Ed became uneasy. Some of his familiar fields began to develop a strange look, for not all the dust

was being taken away. Topsoil on the High Plains had been built up at the rate of one inch every 500 years. Now they were getting that much in a single blow!

Then strange things began to happen. Macy Coultsice, one of Ed's neighbours, got caught out in a wind. Coultsice was within sight of his house when the dust came over and swallowed up everything. He became so hopelessly lost that finally he just had to lie flat, choking and spitting, and wait for the air to clear. Later, Ed Brewer got lost between his barn and his house, and soon there were days when people had to grope to find the way in their own homes. The early-morning air, once so fresh, was now stifling, like the air of an attic.

Macy Coultsice was the first one to go down with what came to be known as "dust pneumonia." He never felt right after the day he spent choking in the dust. Soon he began to have pains in his chest. A few days later he was dead. The "Dirty 'Thirties" had arrived.

They say now that 1926—the fattest year of them all—was the one that did it. But the trouble started long before then. It stemmed from ignorance of the land and from disregard for its ways. The suitcase farmers—the non-resident landowners—came with the rains to make a crop as one might come to a gambling table to lay down a bet. When they drove off after a harvest, they would leave the fields lying bare and

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uncared-for. Hit-and-run farmers, Ed called them.

Credit was another cause of trouble. The plains demanded big-scale farming. The need for speed in working the land demanded machines. And the machines cost big money. To make them pay their way a man needed still more acres. So men bought machines on credit to work the land they would pay for when they hit the jackpot with a big harvest. Although Ed Tucker, Ed Brewer, the Coulteries and many others avoided such wild gambling, easy credit was the rage of the day.

The Depression played its part, too. The businessman could counter falling prices by laying off workers, cutting production and expenses; the farmer's only counter was to increase production. When the extra production drove prices down even farther, the farmer still had only one answer: grow still more crops. So they began to break open the marginal lands—the fields they knew should be left in grass.

This marginal land, rashly ploughed to keep up with falling prices, was the first to become uncovered in the drought. The wind would nudge at and dislodge a naked soil particle. The dislodged particle would roll and slide along briefly, shoot up in the air for a foot or two—in a movement known as saltation—and then, in landing, dislodge another particle.

The soil movement would go on until the particles found protection

from the wind in some depression. There they would collect in a pile until the pile had become big enough to fill the depression. Then the wind would get at it again and send the loose particles bouncing and rolling onward.

The crops went. The plants on the windward side of the field were the first to feel the force of the wind. When the first plant was shoved out by the roots, it would slide along to tangle with a plant beyond. Its naked roots sticking up in the wind like a sail, it would nudge, butt and tug until the second plant was worked loose. Then the two plants would sail on in their fatal embrace until caught by the next plant downwind. This they worked loose in half the time.

That, dissected, was the anatomy of the disaster. By the time half the field was bare, the wind was rolling up the rest of it as quick as peeling. The fatal process began to strip Ed's crops before his eyes, and laid his good land as bare as the marginal land had been. All the earth everywhere was turning into a fog that flew up and fell down to fly up again in the unresting winds.

When he saw a field start to go, Ed would run and get his lister plough. A lister cuts a deep furrow, ridging up the earth on each side, protecting the soil temporarily against the wind.

Ed would work with his face wrapped in wet rags against the pneumonia riding in the storm. He

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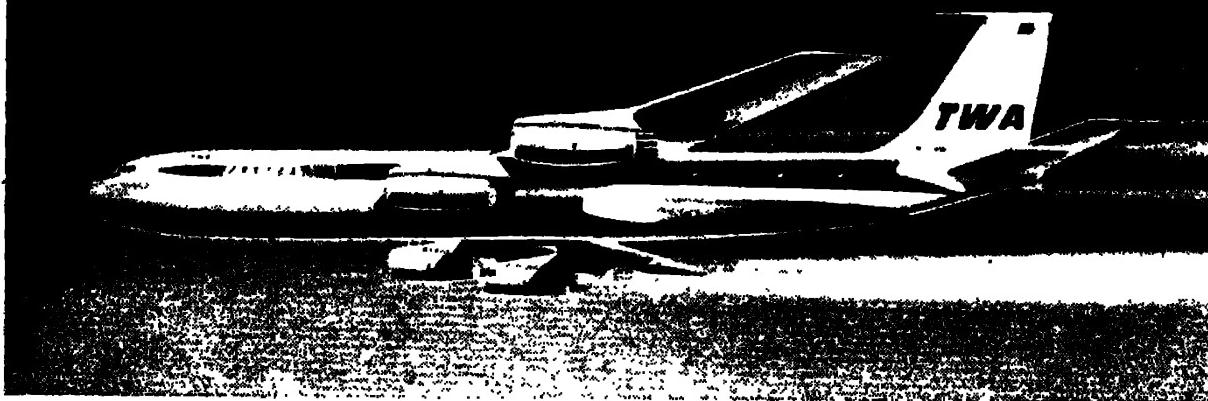
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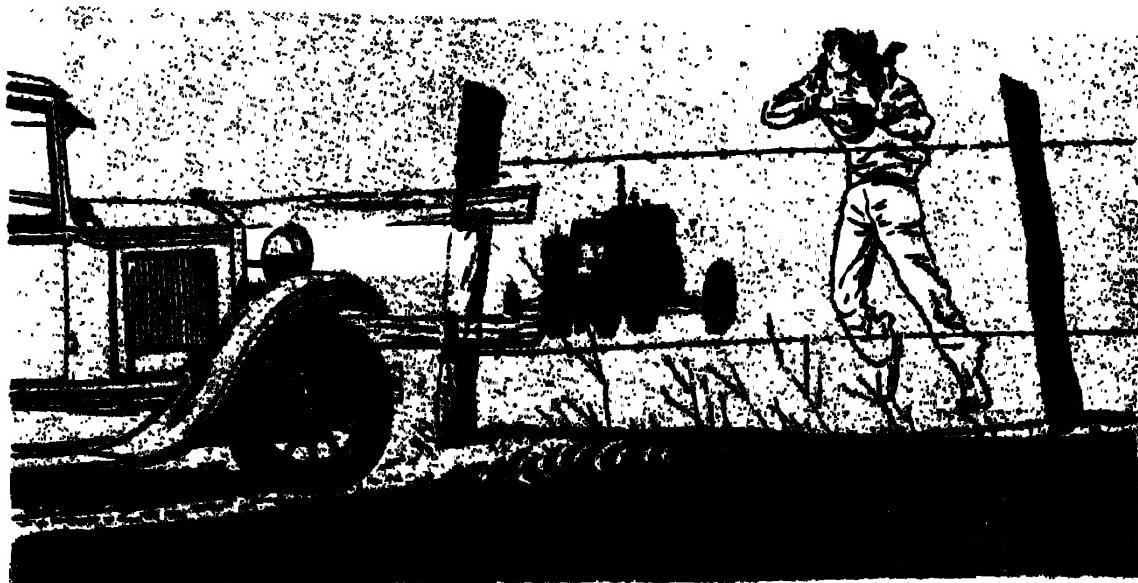
never had much feeling for his own safety, which worried Pearl; and, whenever she felt it had become dangerous for him to work any more, she'd take Elizabeth Allene and young Lloyd (wrapping their faces in wet rags, too) and drive out to fetch him. At the gate to the field she'd start honking the horn. He couldn't hear it very far above the roar of the wind, and he couldn't see the car headlights until he was right on top of them. But she'd leave the headlights on and keep honking. Sometimes it would be an hour or more before Ed would show up.

By listening, Ed could possibly have held his own acres from blowing away—if others had looked after their land, too. But nobody was tending the many fields that were being abandoned, or the fields owned by the suitcase brigade. The

dust from this untended land would flatten Ed's furrows in a few hours. It was like trying to put out a forest fire with a thimble. But, in the first years, he was able to save at least part of his meagre, drought-stunted crops.

As the drought grew longer, the dust grew deeper. The nearly weightless motes rose high in the wind, a dense moiiling whose turbulence subsided only when the wind stilled. In a calm the motes floated gently, descending lower and lower, landing at last on any vegetation in their path. Plants turned black and rotted, dried up by the wind or beaten up by blowing sand.

There was apparently nothing Ed could do to save any of his crops. The whole earth, even the irrigated parts, joined the fantastic



*rush into the air. Not even in the winter, when it was frozen dormant, did the bare ground stop its fatal roving. A blizzard would tear mud off the fields and mix it with snow.*

*It became like a plague out of the Bible. A cloud of dust might grow as solid and dark as a thunderhead and become as wide as two states. It would reach higher than an aeroplane could fly. It would move along slowly, carried by the wind. Once the front had passed, the dust-laden wind might blow for as long as a week.*

By marshalling every possible ounce of courage and determination, some families still bore up under it. But the Dust Bowl had an average of about 100 days of dust storms in the early part of every year for eight years in a row—from 1932 to 1939. When the storms subsided, those who stayed on could see that their very fortitude was bringing them only greater ruin. For after every spring came the bone-dry summer, in which the hot sun further seared and baked the already Sahara-like fields, and no crops grew. What remained for those who held on could hardly be called life. Once men and women, now they were figures groping in a nightmare.

Texas County's population dwindled to roughly half of what it had been in 1907, at the first census. Farms were being sold for what they would bring, which was pitifully little. Nevertheless, the sellers all

*seemed relieved to be rid of them. "I should have done this years ago," they'd say. "It's only sense to go while you've still got something left to make a start elsewhere."*

The agricultural college at near-by Goodwell went down to 92 students. The professors lectured on soil management through throats choked with dust. High schools from which 400 students a year had been graduating closed for lack of attendance. "Why, there's nobody left to make up a bridge game," Pearl realized; and it was true. The nearest neighbour was now miles away.

Soon the letters came back, from California and many other states—letters telling how well those who had been dusted out were doing. There were jobs in shipyards, jobs in factories or green new farms far from the dust area. And as they read this news from the outside world, those who stayed behind often wondered why they did.

The only way a man could get any money here was to sell something he'd had before the hard times began. Ed decided to sell his hogs. To get a top price, he hauled them 250 miles by truck all the way to Pueblo, Colorado. He got two cents a pound.

Ed and Pearl feel today that the presence of others who held solid in that rocked and riven world helped them to see the long years through. Men like Ed Brewer, the Virginian whose barn had been the scene of the merriest dances. Brewer kept reading the local newspaper for



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news from outside: floods on the Ohio, on the Mississippi; earthquakes in California and Japan; frosts in Florida. Ed Tucker read, too. News of a flood in Kentucky made him feel good for a week. Like Brewer, he didn't wish anybody any harm. He just needed help in convincing himself that there would have been natural disasters to cope with wherever he had settled.

Their women held solid, too. Pearl had a terrible fear of the dust. But whereas men trust what they know, women trust love. Pearl felt that if only her family remained together in love, good must come of it.

But the good was a long time coming, for the wind continued to howl and paw at the house like an animal. At night they would hang wet sheets in front of the windows (which were already sealed with tape) and over Lloyd's crib. But morning after morning Pearl would wake up to find that the only clean place left was the white outline on the bottom sheets where they had slept. There was no way to keep the dust out. It permeated bureau drawers and mounded up on the dishes in locked cupboards. Even the brooms had to be swept before they could be used.

Ironically, Pearl's lowest moment came during the first year of the big dust. It happened because of her lawn. It was not just a plain Oklahoma lawn, but pure beautiful blue-grass. She put a white fence round it and worked on it endlessly, making

it a kind of sign, an unspoken promise about Ed's future with her. It thrived so well that the seedsman from Elkhart planned to put a colour picture of it in the seed company's catalogue. Then the dust piled up fence-high on it.

Ed took the fence down, but the dust had packed into a dune. He had to get his tractor and bulldoze it away. Pearl went into the bedroom and locked the door. When the job was finished, Ed could still hear her in there, sobbing.

Ed had felt the same way about his pedigree Holsteins. They were more to him than just a cream cheque. Handsome and costly, they were a sign that he was making good. When the dust began in 1930, he had 20 of them, worth up to 500 dollars each. By 1934 he could neither raise feed for them nor afford to buy it; so he hauled his precious cows to Hooker, where he found a dairyman willing to rent them.

By 1936 that outlet was closed, too. For, as the farms died, the towns withered. The dairyman lost his customers and Ed had to take his cows back. But now he was nearly at rock-bottom. He sold his joy, his pride, his hostages to fortune, for beef. The 500-dollar blue bloods brought 32 dollars each.

When he walked across his empty fields, he felt as trapped and helpless as the wild animals he encountered. Blinded by the dust, they blundered on, falling and getting up, until they were exhausted. He would see a



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## THE READER'S DIGEST

A blinded jack rabbit standing motionless in the dust. He'd nudge it with his foot and it would fall over. He'd nudge a blinded coyote. It would whimper away a step or two, then stand still as death. Ed used to wonder what the difference was between himself and these poor, suffering animals. He was not blind. But he was groping in an endless maze.

Of the more than 125 people who had started out from Greensburg so hopefully long ago, Ed was the only one who had stayed put. Even his younger brother, Allan, went temporarily to California. Many of the people kept the title deeds to their farms, but locked them up and moved to greener pastures for the duration. If the land came back, they'd come back. If not, they'd be that much ahead on a new life for their families. Was Ed right in trying to finish what he had started? Was this being far-sighted, or was it plain mulish blindness?

Ed would talk it over with Pearl after the kids were asleep. "Whatever you decide will be right," she told him. "Suppose you had to decide," Ed asked her, "for yourself, for your own best interests. What would be your decision then?" It was an easy question to answer. Pearl had already made the decision more than ten years before, when they were married. "I think we should all be together, and you should do whatever you want," she said.

We won't go; we'll wait until

they drag us. That was always Ed's decision.

A crisis came one afternoon. Elizabeth Allene was at school and a bad duster started. Children were sometimes kept at school overnight during dust storms, eating cold food and sleeping on the floor. Pearl didn't like that. But her greatest fear was that the storm might separate them for days. She put Lloyd in the car, honked Ed out of the fields and then they all drove off for Elizabeth Allene.

The school was exactly 1.8 miles from the house. They had clocked it several times, as insurance against getting lost. On the return trip, when the speedometer showed 1.8 miles, Ed got out to look for his driveway. He discovered they were not on the road at all but in the middle of some field; there was no way of telling whose field it was. The roadside ditches were filled up, the fences covered over with dust drifts.

"Well," said Pearl, "isn't it good that we're lost *together*?"

One thing was sure: they couldn't be far from home. But that made it the more shocking to Ed. For nothing was recognizable. You couldn't tell earth from sky, night from day. The car windows were shut up tight, but you couldn't even see them. There was nothing to do but wait.

The car radio might have helped pass the time—except that you got nothing but interference when the dust was blowing. You got noises in

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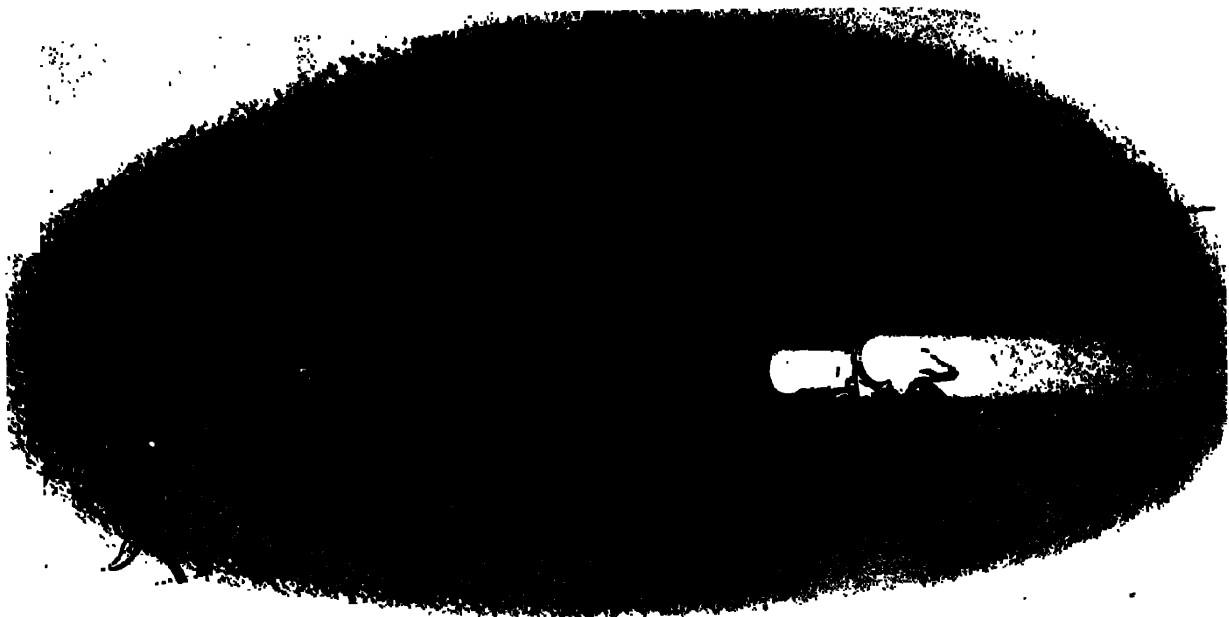
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your own head, too, amid all the howling and battering of that choking dust. Ed sat back and closed his eyes to protect his eyeballs. The dust got in anyway. It put a fur on his teeth. It piled up in his shoes. And above all the interference it seemed to broadcast one clear message: *Move out, move out!*

If we do move out, Ed thought, where will we go?

Daddy Tucker wanted Pearl and the children to move into Hooker. The minister there had left, and they could live in the empty parsonage. But Ed had said no. It would be too much like the beginning of the end. He liked being with Pearl and the children too much to be away from them long. Wouldn't his trips back to the land become fewer and fewer until eventually they stopped altogether?

Ed tried to think about it coherently, but suddenly he knew he could not ask his family to endure further hardships for the sake of the land. Pearl hadn't married a man. She had married a disaster!

It was night when the storm began to slacken. They couldn't tell the exact time because the dust had stopped all their watches. When he could see to drive, Ed never bothered to find out where they had been lost. Instead, he drove straight to Hooker.

They looked in at the parsonage to see what furniture Pearl and the children would need there. Then they drove home. Pearl said nothing until Ed asked her whether she wanted to start packing right now, or wait until morning. Then she asked, "Who'll bring you back from the fields when the dust starts?"

"I'll get back all right," Ed said. "I'll take the car with me." How? Pearl wanted to know. Would he leave the car lights on all the time?

"Now, wife," said Ed sternly, "you just worry about getting yourself and the children to Hooker."

"Don't you 'now' me!" replied Pearl. "I don't care whether the dust blows or not. We're a family."

"But," protested Ed, "you said you'd take the parsonage."

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"I did not!" Pearl cried. "You said I'd take it. I didn't say anything. Go ahead, you take it. The children and I are staying here."

It was like Jacob wrestling with the angel. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," Jacob said to the angel. To Ed, the land was his angel. He could not let it go except it blessed him.

**N**o dramatist arranges life for a farmer. Like his defeats, his victories become apparent only gradually, long after they've actually happened.

In 1938 there was a little rain, enough to settle the dust and make a light crop. Now land was down to four and five dollars an acre. Ed scraped up every cent he could get together and made the down payment on 480 acres. In 1939 there was less rain than ever. But what little there was fell at exactly the right time for a crop. By 1940 the drought was over. The good years had come back—the time of three steps forward.

Had the battle been won? Only the next drought could tell. In the meantime, *work!* The dust had stopped blowing.

**T**HEY WERE heading into a good cycle—the '40's—and the difference between the way they did things now and the way they had done them in the '20's was tremendous.

Science and technology had made big strides towards improving the

use of the land. New seeds were developed. New techniques of soil management were learned. A new method of ploughing, called stubble-mulching, left crop-residues on the surface to protect the soil from blowing. Wind-breaks were created on poor land by planting crops in ten-foot-wide strips athwart the prevailing wind. One strip would be a tall stand of cereals, the next strip the shorter-growing soya bean, and so on, the short and the tall alternating across the field.

There were new kinds of machines, too, doing new kinds of jobs, all of them designed to help the farmer work his land scientifically and wisely.

New blade-like ploughs were developed to aid in the process of stubble-mulching. They could knife under the soil to cut the roots of weeds, yet they would leave the weeds and the stubble of the harvested crops standing above the soil for protective cover.

They were among the scores of new devices. Another was the dammer. It threw little dams of earth across the furrows as they were made. Now the dashing rains, instead of pounding the furrows into a sluiceway and running down them and away, were held and soaked in. All in all, Ed now shivered when he remembered how primitive his farming practices had been in the '20's.

Another thing the farmers of Texas County had to help them in



Any time

Any place

Any occasion

YOU LOOK YOUR BEST IN

# Khatau VOILES



the '40's was water. There had always been plenty of water deep in the earth, but no cheap way to pump it out. There had been a deep-well turbine pump that could bring up 3,000 gallons a minute, but at a prohibitive cost for fuel or electric power. Then, in 1945, the county was found to be part of one of the largest-known natural-gas fields in the world. This discovery brought the cost of running the deep-well pump down to 25 cents an hour. This made it possible to irrigate and to grow just about anything on the plains.

True to form, the '40's were good years on the plains, and as the '50's opened, Ed wondered: *Had they learnt the land this time? When drought came, and then wind, would the dust come again, or would the land hold?*

They say that every drought ends with a rainfall. But nobody can say when a drought begins. Ed noticed that his plants were drooping in the afternoon sun. But they revived as the day drew to a close, and were fresh and crisp the next morning. Yet the earth was advancing towards a stillness. The time came when the plants failed to revive in the night and stood with bowed heads in the morning sun. The drought was on. The days began to march on Ed like an army of enemies in single file. The land turned brown. The grass at the bottom of the ravines and round the tractor-dug ponds was the last to die.

Where there was grass, jack rabbits gathered in milling herds. The farmers would join together in lines spread out over two to three miles and drive the rabbits into a wire pen set up in the fields. There would be about 5,000 rabbits at a time in a pen. Not daring to use guns for fear of shooting each other, the farmers would enter the pens with clubs and beat the rabbits to death. The women would join in, too. It was brutal work, but farmers have to choose daily what must die that others may live and, in a drought on the plains, the choice is limited even more sternly. The living stand on the dead to reach the last haggard bits of nourishment. Only the buzzards get enough to eat.

The year 1952 was drier than the driest year of the Dirty 'Thirties—only 9.16 inches of rain fell. And 1954 was not much better. People stopped looking for rain, but they never stopped looking for dust.

On February 19, 1954, Ed slept late, and so did everybody else. When they realized why, the old fear came back. There had been no light to wake up by! An old, abominable, anguishing spectre had emerged from its grave to blot out the light.

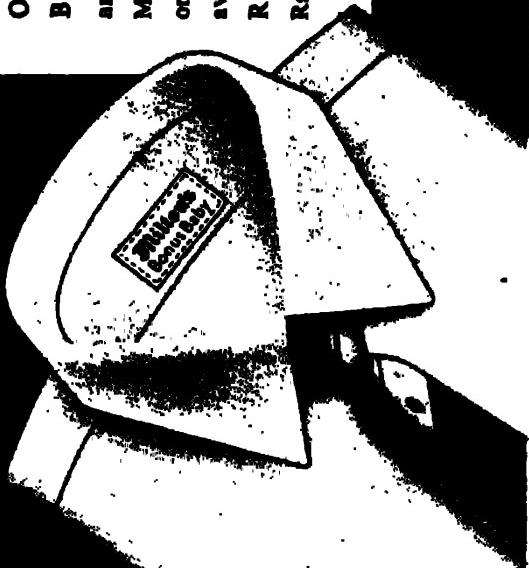
It was a dust storm as gigantic as those of the '30's, but this time it was the dust rather than the men in it that had to battle for survival. All over the plains, men charged out of barns on powerful, high-speed machines. They all listed the land,

# Milton's

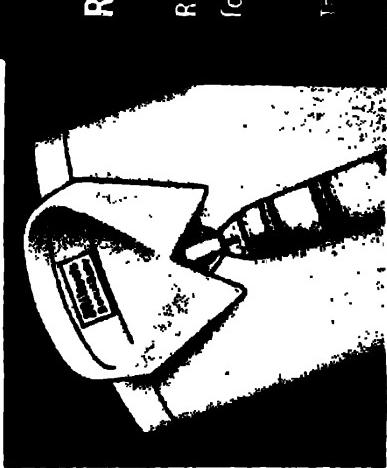
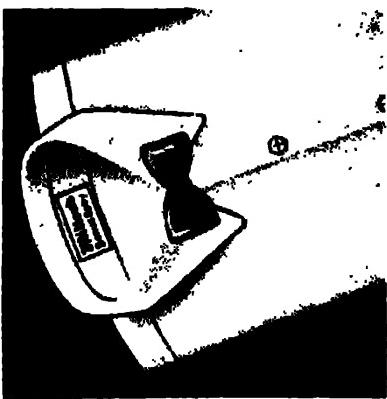
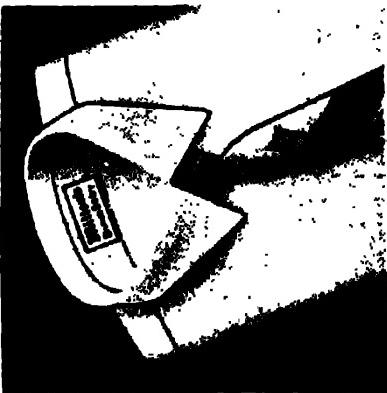
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and the land held. The dust was bedded down in a single day.

But one battle is not a war.

The dust was now coming every spring. It got its head up every day, and every day, gratifyingly, it was beaten down. The new machines, the new ways of ploughing and planting were giving man an edge in this relentless war. But wait for a big wind, Ed told himself nervously. The big wind arrived one day in April of 1956.

The sky kept growing darker and darker. Finally, even though the clock still showed some of the afternoon left, Ed quit the withering fields. It had become hard for a man to see what he was doing.

The black sky lowered a black lip, and Ed knew that a tornado was being born. The sky tried to get the lip back up. The lip of black air could be seen lifting, then dropping. Ed watched sombrely. Thoughts scudded through him like birds, so fast it was hard to know what they were. Abruptly, for no reason, he wanted to laugh. The funnel of the tornado was sashaying as in a real old-fashioned country dance. It was heading straight for Ed Brewer's barn, where he and Pearl had so often gone for their dancing.

Ed watched as the funnel gulped up all the air in Brewer's barnyard in a single suck. The barn gurgled, then exploded. So did a double granary. They went off exactly like bombs, the air inside them expanding instantaneously to fill the

vacuum which the tornado had left.

The roads in that featureless country mark off the sections of land. Since a section is one square mile, you have only to go a mile in any direction on almost any road to come to a crossroads. It's like a chessboard. Now suddenly the chessboard was full of movement.

When he saw the timbers of Brewer's barn hurtling into the air, Ed Tucker jumped into his car. He could see cars racing along with him on either side. They were converging from all directions to bring Brewer help—each spaced a precise mile from another. He could see the little clouds of dust being raised by all the urgent wheels. The cars looked like little bugs scuttling away from the pursuing dust.

Suddenly it occurred to Ed how remarkable it was that he could see to drive so soon after such a violent windstorm had passed. What's more, he could see for miles. He thought back to a storm in 1933, which had kicked up so much dust that it was still dark on Ed's farm the next day.

Storms vary, of course. This 1956 storm hadn't lasted as long but, even though it came in the fifth year of a great drought, it had raised so little dust that Ed could see that the Brewer house itself had been untouched. And when he found that both Ed Brewer and his wife, Ida, were safe, Ed Tucker felt like dancing. He couldn't swear on a Bible which affected him more deeply: the

fact that his old friends had escaped injury, or the fact that there was so little dust. "*Boys, you've done it! You've learnt the land.*" At last, 30 years later, Daddy Tucker's cry was coming true in a way that gave it real meaning. Not only a Tucker but almost everybody crop-farming the High Plains was beginning to learn the land.

When you talk to Ed Tucker today you have the same feeling that you would get if you were to talk to a general who had planned, fought through and won a series of battles in a long and desperate war. It would be fitting if Ed Tucker, in company with other generals, were to write his memoirs, giving the names, dates and strategies of his campaigns. But Ed Tucker's memoirs do not need to be written on anything so insubstantial as paper. They are written, for all to see, on the rich and spreading countryside in Texas County, Oklahoma.

Would that countryside be green and rich today if Ed Tucker had left? No one can say. The most Ed would say if you asked him would be, "Well, some of us had to stay."

Looking at Ed and Pearl, looking at their neighbours, the Brewers, and others, you realize that the people who stayed had, or acquired, a special strength that saw them through. It is as though they poured all their strength into the land; and the land—having tested that strength and matured it—returned it a hundredfold.

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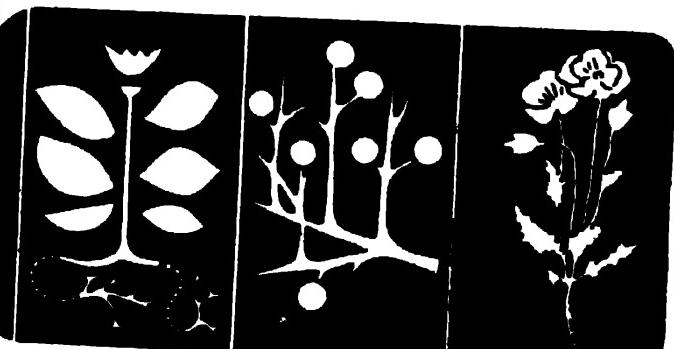
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